

[The audience will please join in the singing and keep time with the leaders.]

UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL SONG.

1795.—U. N. C.—1895.

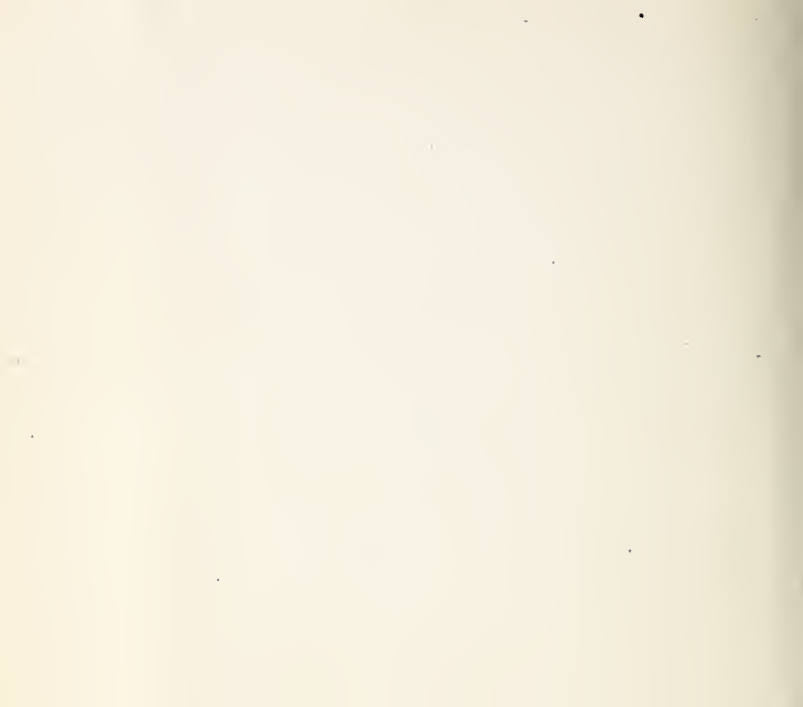
BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

AIR: "ROSIN, THE BEAU."

Come forth with your garlands and roses,
Entwined with the Laurel and Bay,
All that fair Carolina encloses
Be ours this festival day.
All Hail! to our glorious old Mother,
Her century's crown is complete,
With loyalty due to no other,
Our homage we lay at her feet.

Tho' dimly her morning unfolded,
And tempests oft darkened her sky,
Still, to all the true hearts she has moulded,
Her colors in radiance fly.
Still she welcomes her sons to her portals,
Her cloisters re-echo their tread,
While a witnessing cloud of immortals
Drop honor and strength on her head.

All the Love that Religion has taught us,
All that Freedom and Culture bestow,
All renown that our Heroes have brought us,
To her century's vigil we owe.
Fond memory recalls her gray Teachers
Intent on their labor of love,
Her Poets, her Statesmen, her Preachers
In Temple, and Forum, and Grove.



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Ye sons of fair Science still cherish
A spark from the Spirit Divine,
Ne'er a hope for our country shall perish
Wherever His watch-fires shine.
For oft as a noble endeavor
Points out where our brothers have trod,
To His altars we trace the fair river
That gladdens the city of God.

Long, long may this fountain be flowing,
Carolina be honored and blest,
The lights on this Hill-top be glowing,
While centuries pass to their rest.
Then Hail! to our glorious old Mother,
Allegiance we pledge her anew,
With homage we pay to no other,
ALL HAIL! TO THE WHITE AND THE BLUE.



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