Con spirito

1. 'Twas in the days of long ago, In a valley 'neath the mountain wall, Our Alma Mater dear was born. The mother of us all. And thro' the count-less years her fame has grown. 'Till loy-al hearts To-ge-ther let us stand. May e-ver-more er song of tri-umph Thro'

now in glo-ry bright. Im-mor-tal e-ver reign-ing o'er us. She stands in all her might. out our moun-tains ring. May e-ver-more her sons vic-to-rous. Thus to old Wil-liams sing.
Hail, Alma Mater! Hail to thy name. Ye sons who know her love, Sing to her fame forever, Long may she glorious triumphant be,

Bright thro' the future years, Our mother, here's to thee!