

# THE SONG OF THE OLD ALUMNUS.

~~~~~U. N. C.~~~~~

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

AIR: "AULD LANG SYNE."

Fair Hill! thy woodlands, lawns, and streams,  
Deep graved in memory's truth,  
Full oft have mingled with our dreams,  
And called us back to youth.

REFRAIN—The golden days of youth  
When hope and joy combine  
To fill the cup with Love made up  
In "*auld lang syne*."

Our Mother! Rádiant, fair, and free,  
Of age she bears no trace,  
To such as she, a century  
But adds a fresher grace.

REF.—A century's crown of grace,  
Where all along her line  
Th' award was won, "Servant, well done!"  
In "*auld lang syne*."

Born in the storm, and cradled low,  
Who could thy course foretell?  
Foresee thy star, in ranks of war,  
Shine where thy heroes fell?

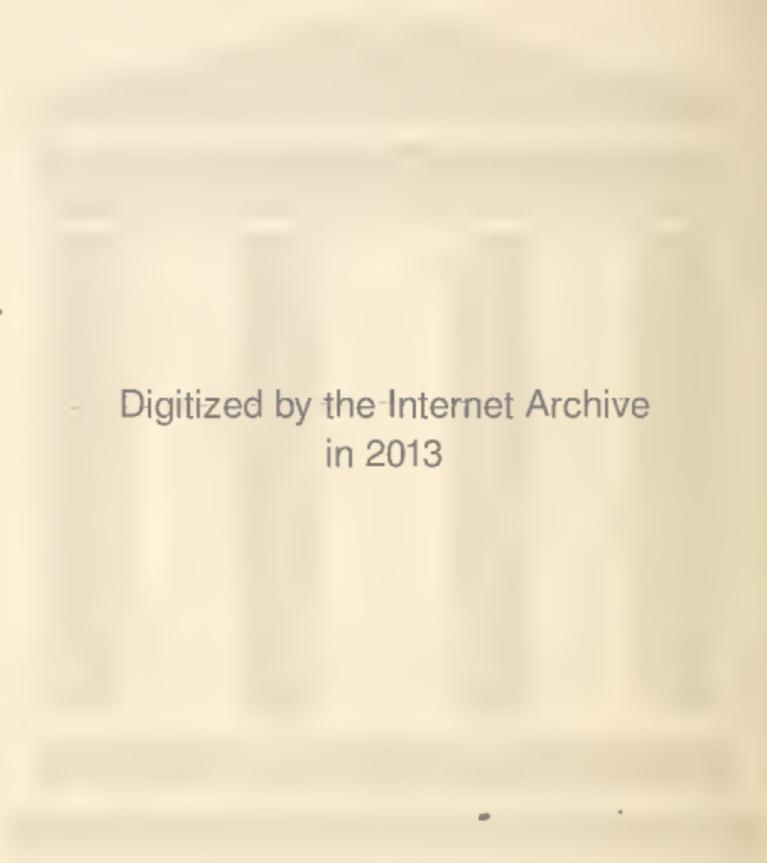
REF.—Shine o'er thy fallen sons,  
Where flew the battle sign,  
And honor called the soldier on,  
In "*auld lang syne*."

With pride we mark thy stately wall,  
We mark the ardent through  
Age after age obey thy call,  
These haunted groves among.

REF.—O, haunted groves and springs!  
There breathes a love divine,  
O, hearts that trod with us the road,  
In "*auld lang syne*."

'Tis "Welcome" now,—and then "Farewell";—  
Let not thy men be few,  
Thy sons shall yet to their sons tell  
How dear the White and Blue.

REF.—Advance the White and Blue,  
Full high their folds entwined,  
Oblivion's cloud shall ne'er enshroud  
The days o' "*auld lang syne*."



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# THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

AIR: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Dear University!  
Thy sons right loyally  
Thy praises sing.  
For thee, our Mother dear,  
May every coming year  
Fresh-crowned with joy appear,  
Fresh honors bring.

Heaven bless the genial ray  
Of that October day,  
When at thy shrine,  
Under the poplar shade,  
Their vows our fathers paid,  
Thy corner-stone they laid  
With rites divine.

That blessing hath remained,  
Dishonor ne'er hath stained  
Thy record fair.  
Still Carolina's pride,  
Still with her best allied,  
Her sons from far and wide  
Still boast thy care.

Fair may thy hours roll on,  
As, numbering one by one,  
Thy tuneful bell  
Now rings for duties done,  
Now calls to honors won,  
Or, for the comrade gone,  
Tolls out a knell.

O! Thou, whose promise nerved  
Our fathers, when they served  
For Liberty,  
Still be their children's God,  
Still with Thy staff and rod,  
Show us the path they trod,  
The path to Thee.

