

# Whitman! Here's to You!

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Alla Marcia

When the morn-ing light is break-ing O'er the east-ern mountain's rim, And the  
With the joys of life be-fore us, And life's bat-tle stern and grim, With a

world to work is wak-ing, Let us sing our hap-py hymn:  
kind-ly heav-en o'er us, We will sing our hap-py hymn:

## CHORUS

Here's to the blue sky a-bove us! Here's to the wheat-fields gold! —

the blue sky a-bove us

Here's to the friends that love us! And our love shall ne'er grow cold — For

friends and fields and moun-tains Un-der Heav-ens kind-ly blue, — And the

Un-der *rall.*

Col-lege mid the foun-tains, Dear old Whit-man! Here's to you!