

Whitman! Here's to You!

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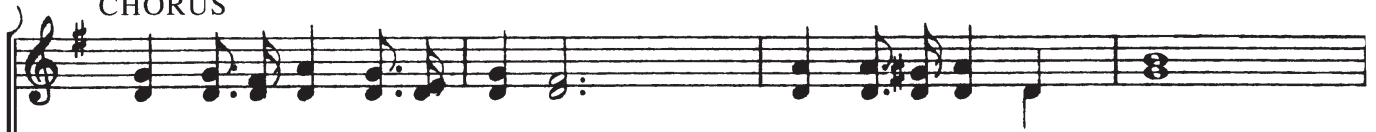


When the morn-ing light is break-ing O'er the east-ern mountain's rim, And the



world to work is wak - ing, Let us sing our hap - py hymn:

CHORUS



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



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 - en's kind-ly blue, ——— And the



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