The Whitman Hymn
Harmonized by
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Whitman! Here's to You!

Alla Marcia

When the morning light is breaking, o'er the eastern mountain's rim, and the world to work is waking, let us sing our happy hymn:

With the joys of life before us, and life's battle stern and grim, with the kindly heaven o'er us, we will sing our happy hymn:

Here's to the blue sky above 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 mountains under heaven's kindly blue, and the

colleague mid the fountains, dear old Whit-man! Here's to you!