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:

Chorus

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