

Alma Mater

When the golden sun is melting
In the purple of the night
There is promise of the marrow
That it will be fair and bright.
So today we see the gleaming
Through regrets that we must part
Of the beauty of the future
And the hopes that fill each heart.

We go forth with firm endeavor
And a purpose ever true
And our motto is perfection
In whatever we may do.
Though the land and sea divide us
We will cherish dear
Our beloved Alma Mater
And her name we will revere.