

The College Song

By Annie Pike Greenwood

All hail the College that we love
At the throne, the throne of wisdom's sway,
O let us lift our songs above
The thronging multitude today.
No pride nor riches here may sue
The head the heart the hand, united must be true
Be true to thee our white and blue,
When they join our happy band.

CHORUS:

Then cheer anew for the B.Y.U.
We've come to work, to live, to do
We'll raise our standard bear it through
Our hearts are true to the B.Y.U.

No college emblem half so sweet
As our colors, colors pure and true,
No college banner that we greet
Like thee, our dear old white and blue.
No youth its beauty e'er denies
Such tho't no maid allows for blue is in her eyes,
For blue is in her bonnie eyes,
And of white her thoughtful brow

CHORUS:

Then cheer anew for the B.Y.U.
We've come to work, to live, to do
We'll raise our standard bear it through
Our hearts are true to the B.Y.U.