

Alma Mater.

Words by Martha B. Rice '04

Music by Florence D. CALEF.

1. There's a gold - en light in the'
 2. We sing of the gold - en
 3. Thy voice rings loud and thy

sun - set skies, And a blue in the sun - down sea: There's a
 gate thrown wide, Blue hills reach - ing down the sea, Of the
 voice rings bold, And true - to its call we'll be; For

song in my heart when the fair day dies, Of thee Al - ma Ma - ter, of
 gold of the gold on pop - pies pied, And of thee Al - ma Ma - ter, of
 dear - er than life is the love we hold, Of thee Al - ma Ma - ter, of

thee, of thee Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i - for - nia.
 thee, of thee Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i - for - nia.
 thee, of thee Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i - for - nia.