

## DEAR OLD STATE.

A STATE COLLEGE SONG.

Oh! thoughts of dear old P. S. C.,  
 The thoughts we love so well;  
 What words of ours can voice your praise,  
 What song your pleasures tell.  
 Oh! College friendship! College days!  
 So gladsome and so free;  
 And brighter than all other thoughts  
 Are thoughts of P. S. C.

CHORUS:—

Oh! dear old State,  
 Our Alma Mater true;  
 We echo loud—we echo long,  
 And wear the white and blue.

The campus where our lagging feet  
 Unnumbered hours have paced;  
 The willow tree, the well-known street,  
 By many memories graced,  
 The class-rooms, chapel, noisy halls,  
 Are each endeared to me,  
 And ever will my mind recall  
 The days at P. S. C.

We soon must leave thee, dear old State,  
 Around the wide, wide world to scatter;  
 We'll keep thy memory sweet and true,  
 And always wear our white and blue.  
 Through years, through change, we'll not forget  
 The love we bear for thee.  
 In after life, fond memories yet  
 Will cling to P. S. C.

## THE DREAM CITY.

I have heard of a marvellous city,  
 Like a dream of an orient night;  
 How its turrets and towers,  
 In the noon's dreamy hours,  
 Shown resplendently, radiantly white.

Spiced breezes fanned ever that city,  
 From the waves of a sweet summer sea;  
 And whoever breathed there  
 Of the dream-haunted air,  
 Caught a glimpse of the lost Arcady.