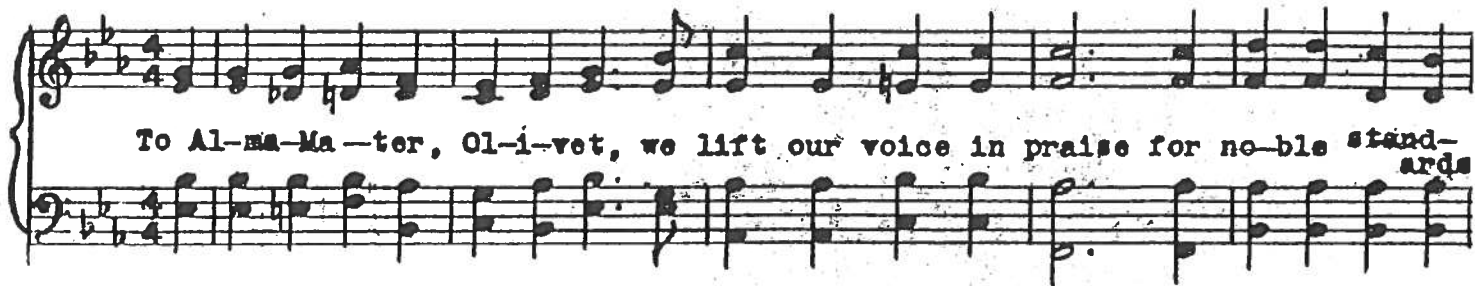


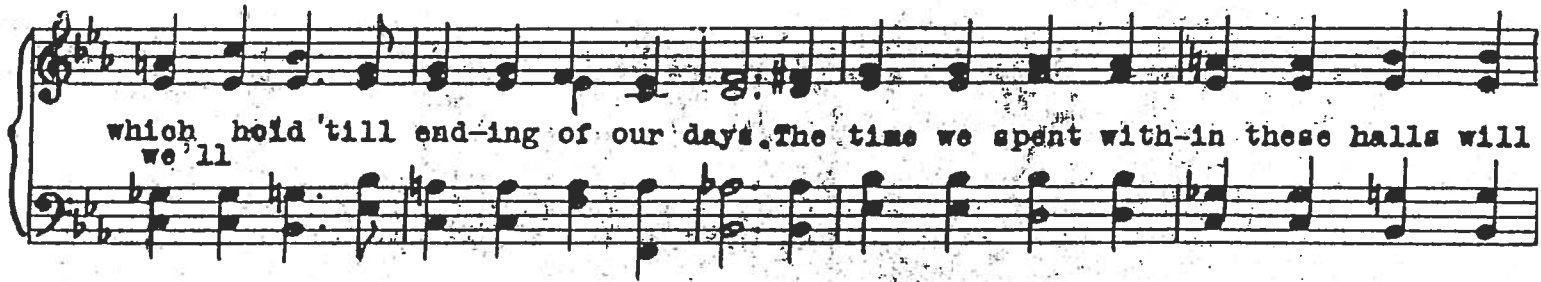
Alma Mater, Olivet

B. M. C.

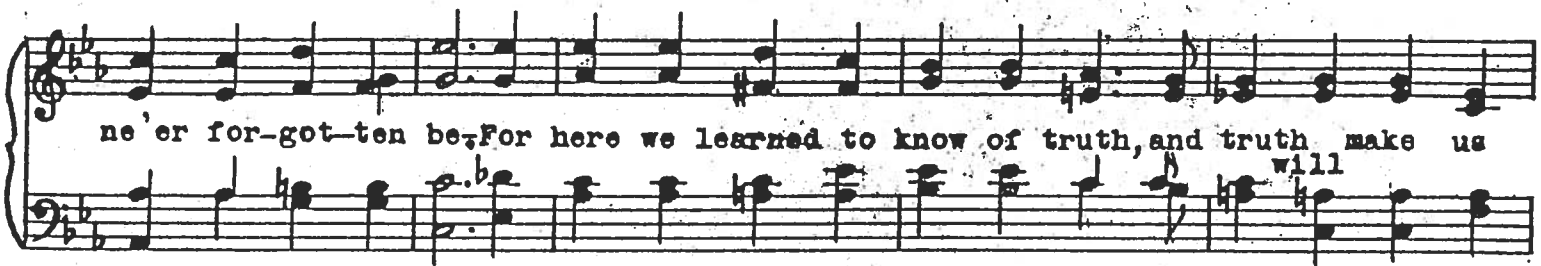
Byron M. Carmony



To Al-ma-Ma-ter, Ol-i-vet, we lift our voice in praise for no-ble stand-ards

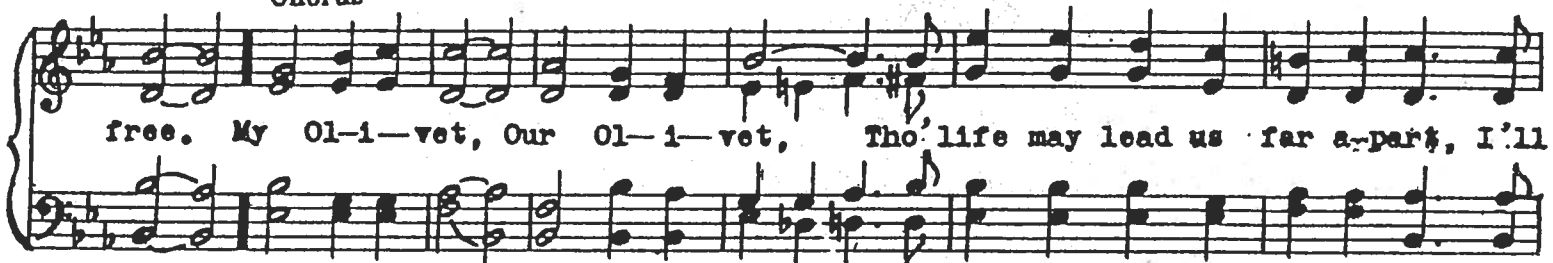


which hold 'till end-ing of our days. The time we spent with-in these halls will we'll

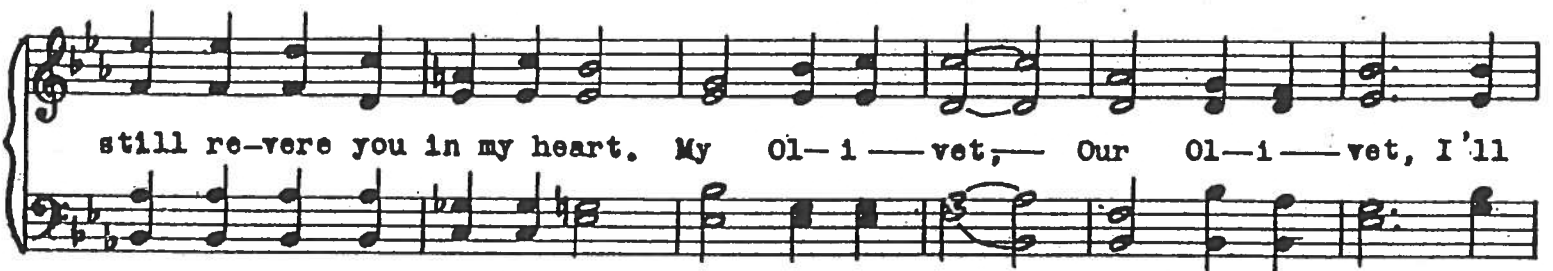


ne'er for-got-ten be, For here we learned to know of truth, and truth make us will

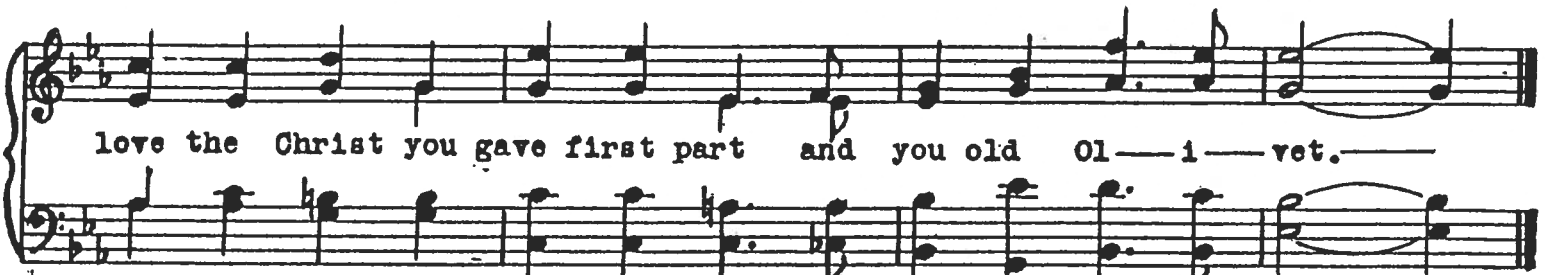
Chorus



free. My Ol-i-vet, Our Ol-i-vet, Tho' life may lead us far a-part, I'll



still re-vere you in my heart. My Ol-i-vet, — Our Ol-i-vet, I'll



love the Christ you gave first part and you old Ol-i-vet. —