

Alto Sax.

# ALMA MATER IOWA

G. Mills  
arr: J. Quinn/A. Boysen, Jr.  
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With feeling  $\text{♩} = 104$

Come all a-lums of I - o - wa, and blend your voic - es true;

Si - ng prai - ses to our Al - ma Ma - ter, as good Hawk - eyes do

Let's keep with-in our hearts a fire to mag - ni - fy her fame; Bring cred - it to these no - ble halls where glor - y and hon - or reign.

The day is near when com - rades here will bid fare-well and part; But each Hawk - eye car - ries on, thy spi - rit in his

heart. Oh! I - o - wa, I - o - wa we drink a toast to you; We pledge our ev - er -

last - ing love for dear old Io - wa U. Al - ma Ma - ter, I - o - wa.