



*Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present  
With color of romance.*

*Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,  
The white presidio;  
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,  
The priest in stole of snow.*

*Your voices break and falter in the darkness—  
Break, falter, and are still;  
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill!*

F A C U L T Y

