In South Dakota’s sunniest corner
Quietly flows the rippling Sioux;
Sloping banks are decked with oak trees,
To the east are hills draped blue.
On a large and well kept campus
Stand the buildings stately, tall,
Waiting for the summer’s ending,
When once more the young folks call.

"Hail to thee, dear Augustana!
Thee we honor, love and praise;
Thou hast been our fount of knowledge;
Thy dear name o’er all we raise."
—Alva Berg.