SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

Words by TALCOTT M. BANKS, '90.  Music by FRANCES SHACKELTON.

1. No need to sing the praises Of any dusty town;  Where grand old Grey-lock raises Its stately wooded crown,
2. When our college days are ended, And we bid these walls fare-well, By doubts and fears attended, Nor dare our fate to tell,
3. And when to the Berkshire valley Our feet shall turn again, When Williams' sons shall rally From busy haunts of men,

We list to nature's voices, The music of her rills, Thro' earth's dark and stormy weather, One thought our mem'ry thrills,
When the same blue sky is o'er us, One love our bosom fills,

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And each loyal heart rejoices 'Neath the shadow of the hills.
Of the years we passed together, 'Neath the shadow of the hills.
Then we'll shout some good old chorus 'Neath the shadow of the hills.