’Neath the Shadow of the Hills

WORDS BY TALCOTT M. BANKS, CLASS OF 1890
MUSIC BY FRANCES SHACKELTON, ARRANGED BY C. L. SAFFORD, CLASS OF 1941

1. No need to sing the praises Of any dusty town. Where
grand old Grey-lock raised Its state-ly wood-ed crown. We list to na-ture’s voi-ces. The
doubts and fears at-ten ded. Nor dare our fate to tell, Thro’ earth’s dark and stor-my wea-ther, One
all of us shall rally, To its bea-ty now as then, When the same blue sky is o’er us, One

2. College days are ended. And we bid these walls fare-well. By
music of her rills, And each loy-al heart re-joici-es ‘Neath the sha-dow of the hills. When our
thought our mem’ry thrills, Of the years we passed to-ge-ther ‘Neath the sha-dow of the hills. And when
love our bosom fills, Then we’ll

3. to our Berk-shire val-ley. Our feet shall turn a-gain. Then
shout some good old cho-rus ‘Neath the sha-dow of the hills.