The Purple Hills

WORDS BY HENRY RUTGERS CONGER, CLASS OF 1899
MUSIC: TRADITIONAL — "ANNIE LISLE"

1. Dying echoes fill the valley, heralding the night,
   As we gather on the campus in the waning light.

   In the west the sunset's crimson
   All the heaven fills,

   And it's glory rims the edges
   Of our purple hills.

2. Fast the lengthening shadows gather, sunset dims to grey.
   And the calling winds of evening through the branches play.

   With the far stars pale above them while day's tumult stills,
   Watching us who know and love them stand the purple hills.

3. Safe within our little valley from the outer strife.
   Are inshrined the happy memories of our college life.

   And when darker days have found us, mid this old world's ills,
   Still our hearts will turn with gladness to our purple hills.