

# The Purple Hills

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

**SOPRANO**  
**ALTO**

1. Dy - ing e - choes fill the val - ley, He - ral - ding the night,  
2. Fast the length - 'ning sha - dows ga - ther, Sun - set dims to grey,  
3. Safe with - in our lit - tle val - ley From the out - er strife,

**TENOR**  
**BASS**

5

As we ga - ther on the cam - pus In the wan - ing light.  
And the cal - ling winds of eve - ning Through the bran - ches play.  
Are in - shrined the hap - py mem - 'ries Of our col - lege life.

9

In the west the sun - set's crim - son All the hea - ven fills,  
With the far stars pale a - bove them While day's tu - mult stills,  
And when dar - ker days have found us, Mid this old world's ills,

13

And it's glo - ry rims the ed - ges Of our pur - ple hills.  
Watch - ing us who know and love them Stand the pur - ple hills.  
Still our hearts will turn with glad - ness To our pur - ple hills.