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I had the honor of serving as president of the Society of Alumni from 2014-2016. Toward the end of the first year of my term, the Executive Committee of the Society met for dinner at The Mill on The Floss. Our two elder statesmen at the time, John Dighton ’53 and Dan Rankin ’59, quieted the clamor of pre-dinner chatter when they burst into song not with “The Mountains” but several songs about life on campus during their day. It was inspirational to see, and I am sure I was not the only person in the room who felt left out and that we should try to bring some of those old songs back. Over time, John Dighton went on to teach us “Our Mother” and to remind us of the beauty of “’Neath the Shadow of the Hills” and the energy of “Yard by Yard.” Invariably, our enthusiasm, sometimes encouraged by a glass of wine, expressed itself in a collective and often uproarious rendition of “The Mountains.” We stumbled over forgotten lyrics, but our version was no less worthy of celebrating our alma mater.

I asked Brooks Foehl ’88, secretary of the Society, about Williams songs and learned that the last edition of the Williams Songbook was published in 1959. He mentioned that he had long been thinking that there was an opportunity to bring alumni together over a refreshed edition. When I received an electronic copy of the book I could see why we stopped singing the songs within. Many of the songs don’t reflect the community we are today. Indeed, today’s singing groups on campus have incorporated modern songs into their repertoires to reflect current sensibilities, and singing is not as central to campus life as it was in the fraternity era. But the fact that groups of Williams students and alumni continue to so eagerly gather around to belt out “The Mountains” was evidence to me that there is room and desire for songs we can sing together to celebrate our common experience.

At the October 2015 campus launch of the Teach It Forward Campaign, as part of the Purple With Purpose initiatives, the Society of Alumni announced a college-wide competition to select the next college song. A committee was convened to create the process that would not only yield finalists for a competition but would surface new songs for inclusion in a new Williams Songbook. Part of that process included review of the 1959 edition to bring forward songs with particular significance to Williams.

I, along with my fellow alumni members of the committee (whose names are listed on the inside cover), am proud to present to the Williams family the seventh edition of the Williams Songbook. We hope that you will take time to explore both the traditional songs and the recent additions contributed by your fellow alumni; whichever you sing, sing loud and be joyful in celebration of our alma mater.

Leila Jere ’91
President, Society of Alumni
2014–2016
THE WILLIAMS SONG COMPETITION

Singing together connects us. When I arrived at Williams in 1999 I was astounded at how much communal singing takes place on campus, how many groups find connection and identity through song: a cappella groups, faith groups, language clubs, athletic teams, and, of course, the entire college on Mountain Day and at Commencement. But few of us today are aware how much more saturated in song was life at Williams just several decades ago. The college songbooks, last published in 1959, tell this story. Here we find songs singing praise to alma mater alongside songs that cheer (and mock) college life: sports, romance, parties, the landscape, and the seasons. They offer musical portraits of Williams life as it was lived during the first part of the twentieth century.

So it occurred to us: Could we revive the Williams songbook tradition? Could we create a musical collection that both connects us to Williams’ past as well as to Williams today? Could we revive a music resource that could resonate for everyone on campus and, of course, for alumni everywhere?

What better way to bring the songbook back to life than to spur the creation of new Williams songs?

Under the direction of the Alumni Relations Office, a committee was formed that included current students, noted alumni, and me. We put out the call for submissions to our first ever Williams Song Competition and, in short order, received more than twenty submissions — all reflecting the love current and former students feel for the college. After difficult deliberation, ten were selected to be included in the new songbook, three were chosen as finalists for the competition, and one, Kevin Weist’s ’81 and Bruce Leddy’s ’83 “Echo of Williams,” was chosen as an official college song to stand alongside “The Mountains” in our new college songbook.

The committee is grateful to the brilliant, creative work of all who submitted songs, and we look forward to many years of heartfelt singing of Williams songs, old and new, with the help of our new college songbook.

Brad Wells
Lyell B. Clay Artist in Residence and Director of Choral/Vocal Activities
Williams College
In the early years of Williams College, music was mostly played or sung at religious exercises. An early choral society, the Handelian Society, was established in 1834, but little is known about it today. Records of other organized musical activities until the 1850s are sparse, with the occasional visiting band from Boston or Albany gracing the campus.

The modern-day singing tradition at Williams traces its roots to 1854 with the establishment of the Amateur’s Philharmonia, a chorus. The Mendelssohn Society revived the Philharmonia four years later as student interest in secular singing swelled. At the helm of the Mendelssohn Society was Washington Gladden, class of 1859, who often lamented the lack of secular music on campus. “At Williams in my sophomore year, two or three old Latin songs were occasionally sung, and there was a meager collection of nonsense songs,” he wrote in his memoirs. In his senior year, Gladden compiled the first edition of *Songs of Williams*, which featured an array of the Mendelssohn Society’s repertoire, including Gladden’s own “The Mountains,” the oldest student-composed college song in the United States. The following decade witnessed an outburst of class quartets and informal singing and instrumental groups. At the same time, fraternities and secret societies had gained immense traction on campus (the first, Kappa Alpha, arriving at Williams in 1833). For the next one hundred years, their houses served as additional centers of music, as their members often would sing together informally before dinner, to welcome guests, and in inter-fraternity competitions.

The most notable of these new ensembles was the Williams Glee Club, founded in 1869. The Glee Club is the longest-running musical ensemble in Williams history, performing until 1967 with only a one-year hiatus during World War II. The Glee Club became the center of student musical interest and frequently toured around the United States and internationally. The rising prominence of music on campus attracted the attention of the college administration, and in 1905 Williams appointed its first director of music, Sumner Salter, a noted organist, choirmaster, and composer. Salter’s responsibilities included directing the Chapel Choir, which provided music at religious services, and overseeing the Glee Club, though the Glee Club’s director remained one of its student members.

In 1923, Salter was succeeded by Charles Louis “Tommy” Safford, class of 1892, who continued to promote and encourage music at Williams. Most significantly, in response to student demand, Safford began the first academic course in music in 1927. In 1939, Safford was succeeded by composer and choral director Robert Barrow, who greatly expanded the music faculty and eventually helped to establish the music major.

Barrow additionally transformed the music scene by introducing a cappella to the College, harnessing student interest in singing contemporary numbers and songs from musical comedies. In 1940, Barrow held auditions to expand the College’s Glee Club Quartet, which had performed lighter repertoire during breaks in Glee Club concerts, into a more prominent eight-person group. The group, the Williams Octet, is among the oldest few a cappella groups in the nation and was led in its early years by C. L. Safford ’41, Warren Hunke ’42, and George Lawrence ’43. Clad in coat and tails, they sang original arrangements on campus as well as at sister colleges in the state.

During the Second World War, the V-12 Navy College Training Program took root at Williams and commissioned 1,076 naval officers who attended Williams on a fast-tracked two-year
timetable. During this time, morning military exercises (including songs) continued the musical tradition until the program ended in 1945. Meanwhile, the Octet flourished until the mid-1950s, when interest gave way to jazz groups, most notably Phinney’s Favorite Five, which evolved into the Williams Reunion Jazz Band, still active today. Two other a cappella groups, however, formed in the immediate aftermath of the Octet’s demise. In the fall of 1955, nine first-years, led by Kem Bawden ’59, Brad Smith ’59, and Jack Hyland ’59, started the Ephlats. The group only lasted two years, though its vacancy was quickly filled by the Overweight Eight, another group of nine led by David Paresky ’60. The Overweight Eight eventually disappeared when its members graduated, however not before another group of enterprising Ephs (led by John Conner ’63 and Richard Mitchell ’63) re-started the Ephlats. Today the Ephlats is the longest-running a cappella group at Williams.

Over the next two decades, Williams arguably underwent its greatest change in more than a century, greatly affecting the music scene on campus. The abolition of fraternities effectively ended informal singing around the houses, and song became the preserve of athletic teams and organized musical groups. In 1967, the Music Department merged the Glee Club and Chapel Choir into a new Choral Society. The admission of women to the college a few years later additionally affected the choir by ending the long-running tradition of joint concerts with choral groups from women’s colleges. At the same time, the Choral Society also began including community members in its ranks. The Chamber Singers, a group of students chosen from the Choral Society, performed Renaissance-era a cappella music. With the admission of women, singing became a coed activity almost immediately, with the Ephlats accepting their first cohort of female singers. By this time, however, the Ephlats ceased to be an a cappella group, having incorporated guitars and percussion into its arrangements.

Contemporary a cappella returned to campus in 1975 by way of Octet alumni reunion concerts, instigated by Henry “Heinie” Greer ’22 and organized by Warren Hunke ’42, one of the early Octet members. The first such reunion returned seventeen voices, and their third reunion in 1977 inspired sophomores Mike Battey ’80 and Stephen “Chico” Colella ’80 to establish a new Williams Octet (with conspicuously more than eight members), which continues to this day. A year later, Ephoria was founded by Kristan Dale Zimmerman ’81 and Kyle Doherty Hodgkins ’81 as an all-female counterpart to the re-established Octet, performing frequently at the Log (and sometimes with the Octet itself). In the 1980’s and 1990’s Williams saw the establishment of further contemporary a cappella groups, including the Springstreeters (all-male, established in 1980 by Malcolm Kirk ’83), the Accidentals (all-female, 1988 by Lisa Kaestner ’91, Louise Price ’91, Caitlin Osborne ’91, and Brienne Colby ’91), and Good Question (coed, 1995 by Erica Kates ’98 and Bryan Frederick ’98). The Elizabethans, a group specializing in Renaissance sacred and secular a cappella music, was founded in 1994 by Kirsten Rose ’94, David Markus ’94, and Kate Marquis ’96 and ceased performing in 2014. During these decades students also formed singing groups that performed music outside the traditional pop genres. The first of these was Essence, a coed gospel and R&B group active between 1974 and 1991. In 1986, the Gospel Choir, which continues to this day, was established to perform music from African-American religious traditions. In 1999, Plat’num, an all-black R&B a cappella group was founded, performing until 2001, when it disbande after its members graduated.

Coinciding with the enormous surge in popularity of a cappella singing in the 1990s, the Choral Society ceased to have a permanent director. This led to a decline in student
participation and interest and the ensemble’s eventual disbandment in 1998, thereby leaving the Chamber Choir as the only Music Department-sponsored choral group on campus. However, the appointment of Brad Wells as permanent director of choral ensembles led to a resurgence, and in 2000 the Concert Choir, an all-student group, was formed to fill the void left by the Choral Society.

Today, Williams continues its rich tradition in singing, primarily through its choral and a cappella groups and the odd game-time performances on the athletic pitches. If anything, the tradition seems to be growing. The six a cappella groups that have been around for decades (Accidentals, Ephoria, Ephlats, Good Question, Octet, and Springstreeeters) have recently been supplemented by the founding of three additional groups: the Aristocows, which perform Disney songs; Far Ephs Movement, performing Asian popular music; and Purple Rain, a hip-hop and R&B a cappella group.
“The Mountains” has a rich history at Williams dating back to its composition by Washington Gladden in the 1850s and is believed to be the oldest alma mater song written by an undergraduate. “Echo of Williams” reflects the present as the winner of the 2015–2016 Song Competition.
The Mountains

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN, CLASS OF 1859

The alma mater “The Mountains,” thought to be the first composed by an undergraduate, was written by Washington Gladden, Williams class of 1859. In his memoirs, he wrote: “I had been wishing that I might write a song which could be sung at some of our exhibitions; and one winter morning, walking down Bee Hill, the lilt of the chorus of ‘The Mountains’ came to me. I had a little music-paper in my room in the village, and on my arrival I wrote down the notes. Then I cast about for words to fit them, and the refrain ‘The Mountains, the Mountains’ suggested itself. I wrote the melody of the stanza next and fitted the verses to it. …That it would … become the accepted College Song, I could not, of course, have imagined.”
echoes rebounding their woodland heights along, Shall mingle with anthems that

winds and fountains sing. Till hill and valley gaily gaily ring.
We set out to write a song in the tradition of Williams greats like “The Mountains,” “Neath the Shadows,” and “Yard by Yard” — a song simple enough that anyone could sing it after one listen, whether you’re an amateur or professional, undergrad or alum.

“Echo of Williams” tells the story of how, when we’re students at Williams, the echoes of the past and the literal echoes of the mountains surround us and nurture us, and then when we leave that wonderful place they continue to accompany us on our journey. —Kevin Weist and Bruce Leddy
high and climbing far, We can reach beyond the mountains as we follow by your star.

high and climbing far, Oo__

high and climbing far, Oo__

high and climbing far, Oo__ Oh

Sing to thee Williams! Sing loud and clear. Echoes of Williams, Carry through the
years. And though distant we may travel, From your snow-capped steeple's chime, We will never be with

out you in our hearts and in our minds For the echoes of dear Williams are with us for all time.

For the echoes of dear Williams are with us for all time.
This section includes the two songs that, along with “Echo of Williams,” were finalists in the 2015–2016 Song Competition.
College in the Corner (We Are Williams)

WORDS BY MARTHA WILLIAMSON, CLASS OF 1977
MUSIC BY MARC LICHTMAN, CLASS OF 1978

There's a college in the corner of a valley set apart, where the purple and the gold wrap around the seeking heart Where towers chime and mountains sing and time begins and ends with days of gold and purple and the company of friends And we climb higher, farther, standing together, never a-

friends And we climb higher, we climb farther, standing together, never a-

friends And we climb higher, farther, standing together, never a-

friends And we climb higher, we climb farther, standing together, never a-

friends And we climb higher, farther, standing together, never a-
We are William climbing higher climbing far

When the future asks for wisdom, when tomorrow dreams of peace, when today begins with questions and the challenges increase there's a college in the corner of my heart and in my head where gold and purple whisper, “Just remember all we said.” We said, “climb heart and in my head where gold and purple whisper, “Just remember all we said.” We said, “climb heart and in my head where gold and purple whisper, “Just remember all we said.” We said, “climb heart and in my head where gold and purple whisper, “Just remember all we said.” We said, “climb
home From the valley to the star just remember who you are:

home From the valley to the star just remember who you are:

home From the valley to the star just remember who you are:

You are William! Climbing higher, climbing far!

You are William! Climbing higher, climbing far!

You are William! Climbing higher, climbing far!

You are William! Climbing higher, climbing far!
Climb High
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PATRICK MEGLEY, CLASS OF 2014

\[ \text{Verse 1} \]

F  Bb  C  \[ \text{Verse 1} \]

From the rolling of the ridge to the

steps of Chapin Hall, may your heart find its place among these valley walls, in the

history of these hills may you write your own may you harvest the hopes that you've

sown, and as far as you dare to go and as long

as you have the faith to try let your courage turn the wheels, let your passion be your guide, climb long, climb far, climb high.

In the

longing and the doubt, in the striving and the yield, may the purpose of your life be

forged and sealed, may you find an open road where no one sees the way, may you trust in the steps that you
take, and as far as you dare to go, and as long as you have the faith to try,
let your courage turn the wheels, let your passion be your guide, climb
long, climb far, climb high.
From the steps of Hopkins Gate through the winding of your years, may the wisdom that you've earned lift you high above your fears, may the friends that you found make you strong and whole, may their love resound in your soul, and as far,

Verse 3

F C Bb Bb F C
Performance Notes:

The accompaniment in Verse 3 should be much more spare in order to let the harmonization of the voices come forward. A possible approach would be to land on the first and third beats of each measure; do what feels right. Return to the full accompaniment in measure 46.
This section includes honorable mention songs from the 2015–2016 Williams Song Competition.
Climb Far

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEPHANIE CONNOR, CLASS OF 1982

"Climb high, climb far, your goal the sky, your

aim the star." With the purple mountains in your heart, you will climb high, climb far, you will

climb high, climb far, climb far.
When you think of Williams, what will you remember? Only you can know.
Find a new perspective, draw your own horizon. Where ever you go.

Will it be the changing colors in September? Moonlight on the snow... As you
Travel seeking just-ice, carry with you friendship. Be the best you know.

D.S. al Fine
La Vache Mauve

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TAD CAVUOTI, CLASS OF 1977
WITH APOLOGIES TO CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
DEDICATED TO SANDY BLACK, CLASS OF 1976

Camille Saint-Saëns composed his 14-movement *Carnival of the Animals* for the sheer fun of it (“... mais c’est si amusant!”) to be performed on Shrove Tuesday in 1886. The 13th movement is his sublime “Le cygne” (“The Swan”), originally scored for solo cello and two pianos. The serene arpeggiated piano accompaniment of “La Vache Mauve” pays playful homage to “Le cygne” while using an augmented version of “The Mountains” as a tongue-in-cheek *cantus firmus* with the modern minimalist text “Moo.”
New England (O Williams)

WORDS BY SCOTT SOLOMON, CLASS OF 1981
MUSIC BY DAVID BARNES, CLASS OF 1980

Gently \( \text{I C. 98} \)

I remember years ago,
I came up to New England.
The member who wrote the tune
I would dream them of you Williams.
I'll

9

feathers on my wings were fresh and
I could hardly fly.
Then I celebrate your song of life
whenever I may roam.
And I
grew as young ones grow, and came back to New England as promised my self. I'll never leave you, Williams. No

someone who had just begun to soar across the sky. I matter where I go I know this valley is my home. I

wait for the sunset for my chance to shine. I

look to the mountains for what shall be mine. I
come to you, Williams, for my soul's release.

Williams, set me free.

wait for the sunset for my chance to shine.

look to the mountains for what shall be mine.
come to you, Williams, for my soul's release.

Williams, set me free.
Marry an Eph!
WORDS AND MUSIC BY GREGORY CROWThER, CLASS OF 1995

“This song was inspired by the oft-quoted but dubious statistic that something like half of all Williams alums marry other alums. It attempts to both celebrate and poke fun at various aspects of academia in general and Williams in particular.” —Gregory Crowther

One Sunday I did wobble on a hike to see Pine Cobble, though no one likes a teaser, so I fled the ancient geezer, and went night before had rendered me half-dead. The trail was fit for running, and the home as fast as safety would allow. His counsel had no purchase in my

C 

overlook was stunning, but I could not comprehend the map I read. And grand, heroic searches for a partner worthy of a wedding vow, In

G   Em   D

then, as I remember, came a bearded sage with tenure, so I asked him if he knew the path across the NES-CAC, every prospect was a setback, each one raising not by spirit but my

F   F   G   Am

head. He paused, as if delighting in the theorem he'd be citing, and brow. And then, escaping defectly from the children of Lord Jeffry, I

G   C   C   G


C   C+   F   G   F

heart will heave with joie de vivre if you heed this motto! At your work and in your 'hood, although your
co-horts may be good they'll have na-ry an Eph. [clap clap] So mar-ry an

Eph! [clap clap] Well, Eph! [clap clap]
Purple Sky

Based on the Class Day poem "The Purple Hills" by Henry Rutgers Conger, class of 1899

WORDS BY MICHAEL COOPER, CLASS OF 2001
MUSIC BY HYEYOUNG KIM

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In the west, the sunset's crimson and the heaven's cry
Hopeful tears-drops stain the edges

of a purple sky I will never forget I'll remember you Traveling through

moving on I will never forget I'll remember you Traveling through
yet never gone Oh my purple sky.

yet never gone Oh my purple sky.

Shadows gather, ever faster Sunset dims to grey

While the calling winds of evening Through the branches play With the stars so pale above them

While the calling winds of evening Through the branches play With the stars so pale above them
Dying echoes fill the valley heralding the night
As we serenade each other in the fading light wherever we go We will return
home, to purple sky I will never forget I’ll remember you
Traveling through and moving on I will never forget

Traveling through and moving on I will never forget

I'll remember you Traveling through yet never gone Oh my purple

I'll remember you Traveling through yet never gone Oh my purple

I will never forget I'll remember you Traveling through and sky. Marching on, we're marching on, we're marching on, we're marching on

I will never forget I'll remember you Traveling through and sky. Marching on, we're marching on, we're marching on, we're marching on
Climb High, Climb Far
WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN BORDEN II, CLASS OF 1982

Gospel Groove \( \text{\textit{j} = 88} \)

\begin{align*}
    &Eb/G &\text{Ab} &Eb &Bb &Cm &Eb/G &\text{Ab} &Cm7 &F9 \\
    &\text{\textbf{Ma-ny roads} } &\text{\textbf{have led us} } &\text{\textbf{here}} &\text{\textbf{And ma-ny roads} } &\text{\textbf{will take us where we're}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{go-ing} } &\text{\textbf{So we stand} } &\text{\textbf{strong with no} } &\text{\textbf{fear} } &\text{\textbf{Not a-fraid} } &\text{\textbf{of new and not kno-wing}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{count-less op-por-tu-ni-ties} } &\text{\textbf{And end-less pos-si-bi-li-ties}} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{goal} } &\text{\textbf{the sky}} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our aim} } &\text{\textbf{the star}} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{goal} } &\text{\textbf{the sky}} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our aim} } &\text{\textbf{the star}} &\text{\textbf{Wil-liams' ban-ner lif-ted high}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{High as the moun-tains seen from the val-ley}} &\text{\textbf{A pur-ple gold re-min-der, nigh}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{That e-v'ry dream} } &\text{\textbf{can be re-a-li-ty}} &\text{\textbf{With great am-bi-tion in our hearts}} &\text{\textbf{And}} \\
    &\text{\textbf{pur-ple passion in our veins}_} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our goal} } &\text{\textbf{the sky}} &\text{\textbf{We climb high, climb far}} &\text{\textbf{Our aim} } &\text{\textbf{the star}} &\text{\textbf{We climb}}
\end{align*}
Despite Williams’ reputation for the highest level of academic inquiry, it would appear that the College fund-raisers have chosen to rely most on the “athletic tug” to loosen the purse strings of alumni. Hence the hype surrounding the “big game” against Amherst, and, even more-so, the thirty-two varsity sports listed by name on the Williams donation webpage. In the spirit of the classic spoof songs of Harvard alumnus Tom Lehrer, “Thirty-Two Sports” is offered as a tongue-in-cheek inclusion for the new 2016 edition of *Songs of Williams*. —Tad Cavuoti

We have thirty-two sports, both for women and men. We have thirty-two sports, so let’s sing it again. We have thirty-two sports, oh what joy divine! We have thirty-two sports, so contribute online. We have thirty-two sports, both for women and men.
thirty-two sports labeled varsity. We have thirty-two sports both for thirty-two sports spreading Williams' fame. We have thirty-two sports and no thirty-two sports where you get to sweat. We have thirty-two sports, don't ya thirty-two sports just to keep you fit. We have thirty-two sports, just to you and for me. We have thirty-two sports, and we are real proud. We have two are the same. We have thirty-two sports, so ya aught'ta know. We have ev ah for get. We have thirty-two sports, yes, for either sex. We have keep us close-knit. We have thirty-two sports, dig deep in your stash. We have thirty-two sports, so we'll sing it aloud. We have thirty-two sports, we need lots-a your dough. thirty-two sports, so start writ-ing those checks. thirty-two sports, give us some of your cash.
thirty-two sports, both for women and men. We have thirty-two sports, so let's sing it again. We have thirty-two sports in Division Three. We have thirty-two sports, needing your money!
“Craven A” has been a standard of both the men’s and women’s rugby clubs for many years. While the original lyrics are bawdy, the song was revered by both clubs due to its steady cadence and use of wit.

The reinterpreted lyrics were written by Paul Hogan, Anne Melvin, and Diana Roberto and designed to capture both the light-hearted spirit of the clubs and our passion for competition, Williamstown, Williams, and its role in teaching us social justice lessons that carry us through life.

4. The eighties saw divestment of the Williams purse
   Of all the era’s ills, apartheid was the worst
   The college did the right thing: old walls were smashed
   As we gazed from Billsville the chimes of freedom flashed

   Chorus

5. We take every chance to come to old Billsville
   Returning to the site of our youthful thrills
   We’d like to claim that study was our common spark
   But ‘twas really the nights we spent in Mission Park

   Chorus
This section contains songs from previous editions of *Songs of Williams* that the Editorial Committee felt deserved continued inclusion in the current edition. Some of these songs, such as “‘Neath the Shadow of the Hills,” have endured to the present. Other songs were included because it was felt that they represented the history of communal singing at Williams.
’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

2. College days are ended.
And we bid these walls farewell.
By

3. To our Berkshire valley
Our feet shall turn again.
Then

grand old Grey-lock raises Its state-ly wood-ed crown,
We list to nature's voices, The
doubts and fears att-ten ded,
Nor dare our fate to tell,
Thro' earth's dark and storm-y wea-ther, One
all of us shall rally,
To its beauty now as then,
When the same blue sky is o'er us, One

music of her rills, And each loyal heart rejoices
’Neath the shadow of the hills.
When our
thought our mem'-ry thrills, Of the years we passed to-gether
’Neath the shadow of the hills.
And when
love our bosom fills, Then we'll

shout some good old chorus
’Neath the shadow of the hills.
Come, Fill Your Glasses Up

WORDS BY HENRY S. PATTERSON, CLASS OF 1896
MUSIC: “CORCORAN CADETS” BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

March time \( \frac{\text{J}}{\text{= 120}} \)

1. Come fill your
2. Come sing a

3. Come glasses up
4. Come hearty song

5. Come Williams, to Williams, to Williams.
6. Come Williams, to Williams, to Williams.

7. Come
8. Come
fill a loving cup to Williams, to Williams, to Williams.
as we march along From Williams, from Williams, from Williams.

We will drink our wine tonight, Drink the wine that makes hearts
We will rally on Pratt Field, We will make our rivals

light Come fill your glasses up To
yield Vict’ry shall crown the shield Of
Williams, to Williams, to Williams.
Williams, of Williams, of Williams.
Our Mother
WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARENCE F. BROWN, CLASS OF 1909

Con spirito

1. 'Twas in the days of long ago, In a valley 'neath the mountain wall, Our Alma Mater dear was born, The mother of us all. And thro' the count-less years her fame has grown, 'Till loyal hearts To-ge-ther let us stand. May e- ver-more er song of tri-umph Thro'

2. Long may we dearg-ly che- rish her, And e-ver rest be-neath her hand, When e'er she calls with now in glo- ry bright, Im- mor-tal e-ver reign-ing o'er us, She stands in all her might. out our moun-tains ring, May e- ver-more her sons vic-to- rious, Thus to old Wil-liams sing.

Con spirito
Hail, Alma Mater! Hail to thy name. Ye sons who know her love, Sing to her fame forever, Long may she glorious triumphant be,

Bright thro' the future years, Our mother, here's to thee!
Alma Mater Song
WORDS AND MUSIC BY DWIGHT MARVIN, CLASS OF 1901
DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF 1901

In marching time

SOPRANO

ALTO

1. Come, raise a song to Alma Mater As from her temple we repair, And
2. Where the tide of life may bear us, Although we wander far from home, When
3. Tho’ foes should fight and friends should fail us, And all the world deceptive prove, We
4. And if we conquer in the battle, Or Fortune’s smile become a frown, When

TENOR

BASS

on the altar lay our offerings Ere we leave her tender care. Hail to Williams! Our Alma
ever Alma Mater calls us, May we hear her voice and come. know that she is ever faithful, And will never cease to love,
ever we turn our footsteps homeward, She will pour her blessings down.

Ma - ter! To our mother tried and true! May we

10

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e - ver stand at her own right hand And do what she bids us to do.
Sweet and Low

WORDS BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
MUSIC BY JOSEPH BARNBY, ARRANGED BY C. L. SAFFORD, CLASS OF 1941
moon and blow, blow him again to me.
While my little one,
of the west, Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one,

moon and blow, blow him again to me.
While my little one,
of the west, Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one,

moon and blow, blow him again to me.
While my little one,
of the west, Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one,

While my pretty one sleeps.
Sleep, my pretty one,

While my pretty one sleeps.
Sleep, my pretty one,

While my pretty one sleeps.
Sleep, my pretty one,
The Purple Hills
WORDS BY HENRY RUTGERS CONGER, CLASS OF 1899
MUSIC: TRADITIONAL — "ANNIE LISLE"

1. Dying echoes fill the valley, Herald ing 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.

MUSIC: TRADITIONAL — "ANNIE LISLE"
“Gaudeamus Igitur” is one of the oldest “college songs” in the Western Hemisphere and has a long history of association with many colleges and universities. Though the Latin text, the occasions at which it is often performed, and the quality of the melody give the song a formal air, it is in fact a light-hearted take on university life. The Latin text traces its origins to a 1287 manuscript, and the song in its current form first appeared in late-eighteenth-century Germany. “Gaudeamus Igitur” is included here as a nod to the long history of college and university singing.
4. Vivant omnes virgines
   Faciles, formosae.
   Vivant et mulieres
   Tenerae, amabiles,
   Bonae, laboriosae.

7. Quis confluxus Hodie
   Academicorum?
   E longinquo convenerunt,
   Protinusque successerunt
   In commune forum.

5. Vivat et res publica
   et qui illam regit.
   Vivat nostra civitas,
   Maecenatum caritas
   Quae nos hic protegit.

8. Vivat nostra societas,
   Vivant studiosi;
   Crescat una veritas
   Floreat fraternitas
   Patriae prosperitas.

6. Pereat tristitia,
   Pereant osores.
   Pereat diabolus,
   Quivis antiburschius
   Atque irrisores.

9. Alma Mater floreat,
   Quae nos educavit;
   Caros et commilitones,
   Dissitas in regiones
   Sparsos, congregavit.
“I Wear My Silk Pajamas” is included in this new edition of *Songs of Williams* to represent the history of informal singing at Williams and for its utter comedic value.

I wear my silk pajamas in the summer when it’s hot; I wear my flannel nightie in the winter when it’s not; And sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall, I slip right between the sheets with nothing on at all. Glory, glory to the springtime,
Glory, glory to the springtime, Glory, glory to the springtime,

When I slip right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.
Nineteen Forty-One Class Song

When orb of gold has fallen O'er Grey-lock's towering dome And flashing silver stars Across the sky do roam Then in calm serenity We gather all to sing We shout the name of Williams Her praises e'er shall ring Onward float the purple high

Onward our foes will ever die And e'er to thee the conquer'd foe will
bow its vanquished head  Thy name we love, thy praises sing  'Til mortal crown is shed.
These songs, including the classic “Yard by Yard,” represent the tradition of athletic songs at Williams.
“Yard by Yard” has long been Williams’ traditional fight song, sung at athletic events, alumni meetings, and other occasions. “Yard by Yard” originated in the spring of 1909 as two different songs, both entered in the that year’s interclass singing contest, where members of each class wrote and performed an original song. After the contest, Brown and Wood decided to combine their compositions into a single song, with Brown’s song used as the verse and Wood’s as the chorus. Contrary to popular belief, neither Brown’s “March to Glory” (as it was called) or Wood and Potter’s “Yard by Yard” won the 1909 contest. “Yard by Yard” first appeared in its current form in the 1910 edition of Songs of Williams, of which Wood was one of the editors.

In march time \( \text{\textit{j} = 120} \)

Daughters and sons of Williams sing, As we march on the field.

Cheer till the hills and valleys ring, There’s never a thought to yield.

We’ll back the team thro’ ev’ry game, With them in ev’ry play.
Fling out the purple hail, for once again comes William's day. Yard by yard we'll fight our way. Thro' Amherst's line, Ev'ry one in ev'ry play, striv-ing all the time. Cheer on cheer will rend the air, All be-hind our
friends, For we'll fight for dear old Williams And we'll win and win again.
The Purple Team

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARENCE F. BROWN, CLASS OF 1909

March time \( \frac{1}{4} = 120 \)

We will sing this song as we march a-long to old Williams and her fame,

Let the

March time \( \frac{1}{4} = 120 \)

mountains sing and the valleys ring with the glory of her name,

And when to the fray in bold array she_

5

11

turns her might, We will cheer, cheer, cheer, for the purple dear and fight, fight, fight.
Cheer for the purple team as we march along.

Cheer for the purple team with voices strong.

Cheer for the victory in purple and gold aglow.

We will never give in, we will fight till we win, all hail! The purple team.
The Royal Purple

WORTBS BY F. W. MEMMOTT, CLASS OF 1895 AND F. D. GOODWIN, CLASS OF 1895
MUSIC BY B. T. BARTLETT, CLASS OF 1895

Tempo di marcia \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{m}} = 120 \)

1. If you ask us why our mother
   Took the purple for her
2. They may drive us back by inches,
   We strive to get the
3. They may lead us every inning,
   We keep them hard at
4. While in life's stern game we're striving,
   Our pluck can never

choice. And why each loyal brother
At its beauty should rejoice.
Tis because this color
ball; We hold our own by clinches,
Their gains are always small.
Their rushes may be
work; And with little chance of winning,
We not a moment shrink.
They may be batting
fail; That firmness, still surviving,
We're never known to quail.
Then we show a spirit
choos-ing, Wise mo-narchs wear with pride,
And when our boys seem los-ing
The

cle-ver, Their in-ter-fer-ence fine;
There comes their last en-dea-vor,
We’re

strong-ly, Their field-ing may be great;
You rea-son mat-ters wrong-ly,
The

roy-al, As in the ninth our nine,
There’s still a “Stone Wall” loy-al,
When we’re


Pur-ple turns the tide. Some vaunt the crim-son, some the blue,
And some their hon-est green; We’re

on our five-yard line.
ninth will make all straight.
on our five-yard line.
to the regal color true. Of Berkshire's peerless Queen. Tho' rivals fain would scorn it. And

mingle it with white. It's our grand old royal purple, And we triumph in its might.
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