

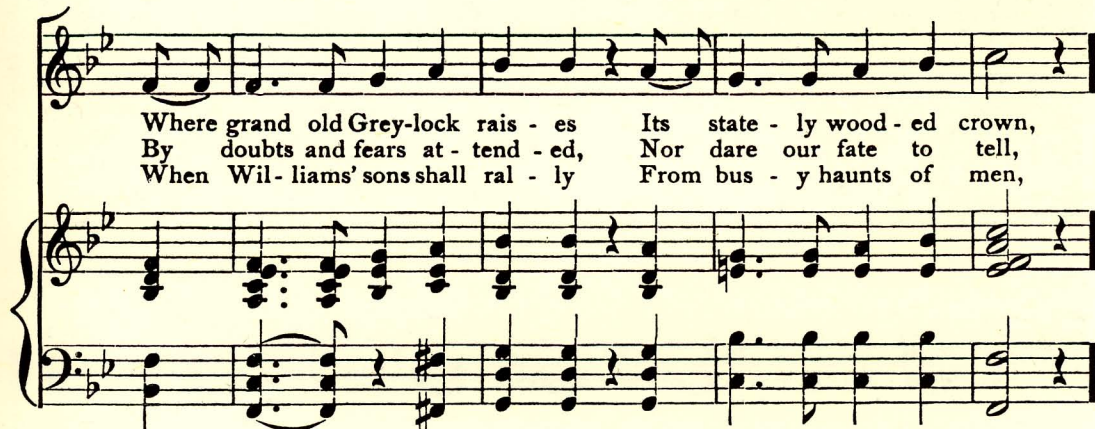
'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

Words by TALCOTT M. BANKS, '90.


Music by FRANCES SHACKELTON.



1. No need to sing the prais - es Of a - ny dust - y town ;
 2. When our col - lege days are end - ed, And we bid these walls fare - well,
 3. And when to the Berk - shire val - ley Our feet shall turn a - gain,



Where grand old Grey - lock rais - es Its state - ly wood - ed crown,
 By doubts and fears at - tend - ed, Nor dare our fate to tell,
 When Wil - liams' sons shall ral - ly From bus - y haunts of men,



We list to na - ture's voi - ces, The mu - sic of her rills,
 Thro' earth's dark and storm - y weath - er, One thought our mem - 'ry thrills,
 When the same blue sky is o'er us, One love our bos - om fills,

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And each loy - al heart re - joice - es 'Neath the shad - ow of the hills.
Of the years we passed to - geth - er, 'Neath the shad - ow of the hills.
Then we'll shout some good old cho - rus 'Neath the shad - ow of the hills.

