WILLOW SONGS AN OLD COLLEGE MEDLEY

For SATB Voices

Music by BRUCE TRINKLEY

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Come, seniors, come, and let us sing, Let all our voices raise; Let's sing a song, a good old song, For dear old bygone days!

It seems so short, since first we met, And yet it's four years past, Now, here as seniors all, we stand, To graduate at last.

Long will the memories remain, Of scraps and feeds and such, And often we will long to see Old Harry, Bill and ''Dutch.''

We may burn in far Luzon, Or freeze in Labrador, But our hearts will ever linger In our college days of yore.

So, ere we leave, for parts unknown, No matter where we delve, Let's sing a song, a parting song, To dear old Nineteen Twelve!



Bruce Trinkley









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