

Dartmouth Undying

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE '21


HOMER P. WHITFORD

TENORS




1. Dart - mouth, there is no mu - sic for our sing - ing,
2. Who can for - get her sharp and mist - y morn - ings,


BASSES




No words to bear the bur - den of our praise, —
The clang - ing bells, the crunch of feet on snow, —



Yet how can we be si - lent and re - mem - ber The
Her spark - ling noons, the crowd - ing in - to Com - mons, The



splen - dor and the full - ness of her days, Who can for -
long white af - ter - noons, the twi - light glow? See! By the



get her soft Sep - tem - ber sun - sets — Who can for -
 light of man - y thou - sand sun - sets, Dart - mouth Un -

get those hours that passed like dreams? The long cool shad - ows float - ing on the
 dy - ing, like a vi - sion starts. Dart - mouth, the gleam - ing, dream - ing walls of

cam - pus, The drift - ing beau - ty where the twi - light streams?
 Dart - mouth, Mir - ac - u - lous - ly build - ed in our hearts.