THE GRINNELL ALUMNI SONG.

Words by W. B. Otis, '01. Music by W. B. Olde.

1. When the Autumn tiptoes softly and the summer days are told, And the air grows crisp and
2. When a wintry gray comes booming down the north-wind, and the snow Whisks and piles in mounds of
3. When soft whisper rings from the south-land coax the trees to take their green, And the leaves cast phantom

...crinkles all the leaves to red and gold; When soft colors tint the distance ere the
white ness as the ed dyes come and go; When the frosty vines hang drooping with a
shadows where the moonlight sifts between; When with raptured heart go strolling manly

evening glow is on, And the woodbine blushes crimson to the woo ing of the sun:
mass of fairy hair, And the jingle of the sleigh bells shakes out laughter on the air;
youth and pretty mail, And a far is heard the music of an evening serenade:

CHORUS. Faster.

Come ye back to old Grinnell to the College loved so well, Can't you feel your pulses

...throb bing when you come to old Grinnell? Oh, 'tis back to old Grinnell, where rings

...out the classic bell, Come ye back, ye students loyal, come ye back to old Grinnell