Dedicated to the class of nineteen hundred

The Palisades

Arr.by Cleveland Vernon Childs, 1900

Very slowly

O grim grey Pal - i - sades, thy shad - ow up -
Here as the ev - ning shades are fall - ing, and
No hap - pier lot could e'er be fall - us, No
But col - lege friend - ships all must sev - er, And

on the rip - pling Hud - son falls, And the mel - low min - gled tints of
gone is ev - ry care of day, We gather - er, and the cam - pus
boon we crave of great - er worth, Than here to gath - er in the
fade as does the dy - ing day, And clos - est kin - ships all be

cresc.

sun - set il - lu - mine now our clas - sic halls; While
ehch - oes with laugh and song of stu - dents gay; Thy
gloam - ing, And blend our hearts in col - lege mirth; No
brok - en, As out in life we wend our way: And

cresc.

stu - dents gath - er round thine al - tars, With tri - butes of de - vo - tion
sons well guard - ed from all sor - row, Linked firm in bonds of vio - let
scenes we've learned so much to cher - ish, No friends we've found so staunch and
yet what - ev - er be life's for - tune, Tho' mem - 'ry fails and friends be

cresc. rit.

true, And min - gle mer - ry hearts and voi - ces in praise of N. Y. U.
hue, For - get the cares that come to - mor - row, and praise old N. Y. U.
true, As those who pledge with us de - vo - tion To dear old N. Y. U.
few, We'll love thee still, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Our dear old N. Y. U.