

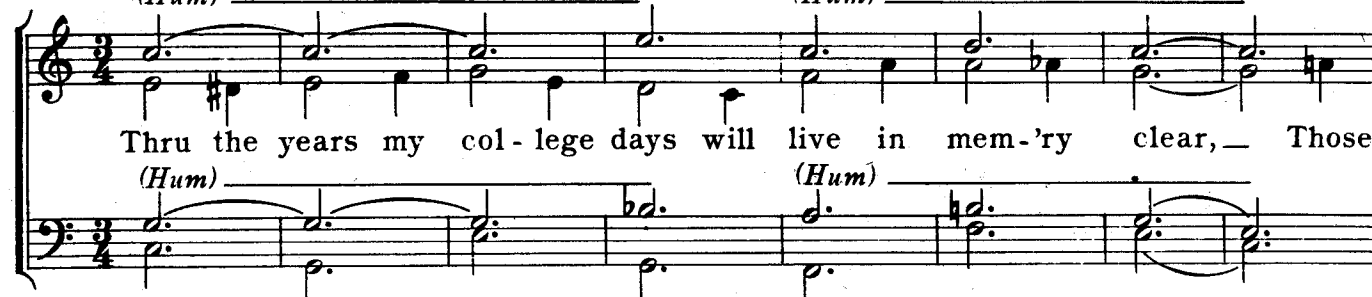
# College Days

Words and Music by  
LORING PRATT  
(Bowdoin)

Arr. by Sigmund Spaeth

## VERSE

(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_



Thru the years my col-lege days will live in mem-ry clear,— Those

(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

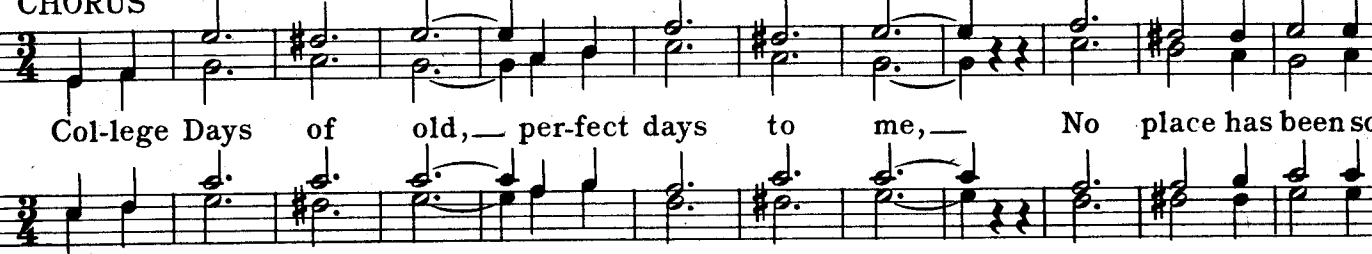
(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

hap - py days, those care - free ways at al - ma ma - ter dear. —

(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

(Hum) \_\_\_\_\_ (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

## CHORUS



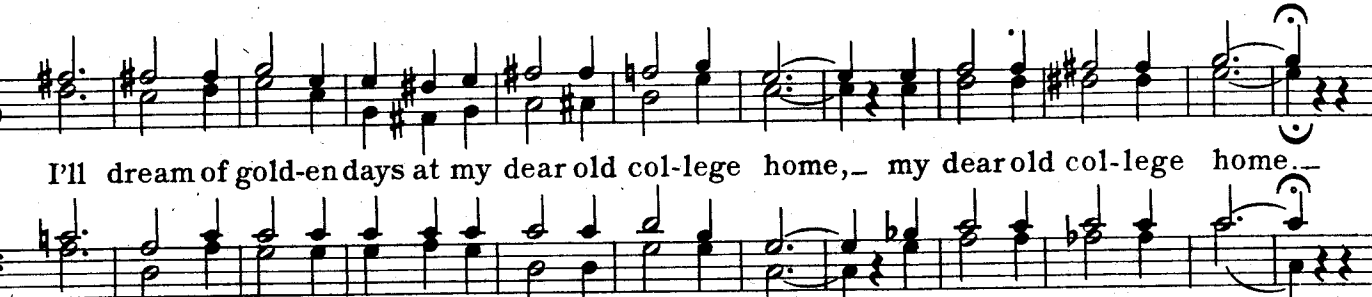
Col-lege Days of old,— per-fect days to me,— No place has been so



fair and none can be. — Tho' I wan-der far,— where-e'er I may roam,—

can be.

can be.



I'll dream of gold-endays at my dear old col-lege home,— my dear old col-lege home,—