

The Orange Moon

The orange moon now softly shines, softly shines,
Through sable lace of stately trees,
And Nassau Hall is bright with vines, bright with vines,
Of ivy whisperin' in the breeze.
The ivy whispers to the moon
Of olden days when age was youth
And life ran smoothly as a tune, ran as a tune,
That sang of friendships lasting truth.

They gather 'neath the Nassau moon, Nassau moon,
Discover here the golden spring
That gives the fabled fountains boon, fountains boon,
Eternal youth that memories bring.
Old friendships forged anew tonight
Are young defying ages law.
Our voices and our hearts unite, our hearts unite,
To sing in praise of old Nassau.