



In the Lewis Institute Lobby

Enter the building, go right to the stair—
Up one, nay, two flights, and then you are
there.

If half past the hour no person you'll greet,
So you walk to the window and there take
a seat

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

At the left 'gainst the wall there is a large
grate,
And above hang the pictures of three men
of state,
Who gaze from the canvas with most kind-
ly stares

At the carpet, broad table, and upholstered
chairs

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

This is the lobby, but as yet you've not
found

The numerous bulletins that are hung up
all 'round,

Hung up to attract the attention of all,
On the pillars that stand 'twixt the lobby
and hall

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

But now what is this that strikes on the
ear,
The gong of a clock and a noise we first
fear;

But soon we do know 'tis the noise stu-
dents make

When their hour it is up and their recess
they take

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

First run through the hall a couple small
boys:

They chase up the stairs with all sorts of
noise;

Their mothers should have them at home,
some have said,

And yet we do find them at Lewis instead,
In the Lewis Institute lobby.