



Ye Freshman singeth a merry song

(And winketh his eye with a smile.)

Of a feast, and a ride with ye pretty girl

(His gayness will last but a while.)

Ye Sophomore singeth a boastful song

(And holdeth his head full high.)

Of all that he knoweth and the place that he fills

(But soon his great pride low will lie.)

Ye Junior singeth a weary song

(And filleteth the air with a groan.)

Of physics, of duties his years bring on

(But soon he'll no longer make moan.)

Ye Senior singeth a knowing song

(With great words that are solemnly hurled.)

Of the ways of mankind that he thinketh he can mend

(But he knoweth not ye cold, cold world.)