

“Profs.”



OME Freshmen there were, so goes my rhyme
(Fellows like me and you),
And some of them thought it an awful crime
That “Profs” should make them work all the time,
But they bore their exactions with patience sublime
(Just like me and you).

But their trouble was not in the studies they got
(As an Academy kid might think).
For the next year they found they’d learned a lot,
But toward the faculty thawed ne’re a jot.
To anything praising them they still murmured “Rot!”
(And touched their heads with a wink).

As Juniors they came to know bye and bye
(Same as me and you),
That Professors are friends who certainly try
To treat them as men (though I don’t see just why),
For a Junior is merely a boy (that’s no lie)
(Just like me and you).

And now (wise Seniors) they understand
(Same as me and you)
How kindly and well the “Profs” have planned,
For now they have the knowledge on hand
To earn big bank notes soon on demand
(Wish t’was me and you.)

F. L. F.