

The Revolution of 1900

The Dean, he sat in his office chair
As the light was growing dim,
His mind was quiet and free from care
And he smiled as he stroked his raven hair,
Or cracked a joke at his grave confrere,
Who sat across from him.

They heard from the nearby campus then
The sound of voices sweet
As the various teams, on the budding green,
Were practising; and there could be seen
The college river, which might have been
The gutter in the street.

The elevator started up
With Willie in the cage;
The library stood dark and grim,
Empty of every her and him,
For they were crowding to the Gym,
Maiden, and fool, and sage,

Picture yourself a floor of cork,
Of rubber and of glue.
Also a bunch of howling 'Cads,
Matrons and maidens, men and lads,
A few co-eds and under-grads,
And one alumnus, too.

Such was the crowd that filled the hall
This sombre winter's day.
And when the teams came on the floor
From that packed mass there came a roar.
From pinnacle to basement door
It scared the rats away.