

Owing to pressure on the space  
Alas, I must omit  
All mention, in this classic hymn,  
Of slender Harris' slender limb,  
And as for Jens's fighting trim,  
I may not speak of it.

And possibly it would be well  
If I should intimate  
That I leave out each scrap or fight  
In that first half when the score was tight,  
'Tween Soph and gentle 'Cademite,  
Lest I should talk too late.

\* \* \* \*

Let now the ancient chronicler  
Take out his fountain pen,  
Or grab a pencil, sharpen it,  
Or brush his shorthand up a bit.  
His system? William taught him it  
In 66 and 10.

The intermission came, and all  
Was silent as the tomb,  
When suddenly a yell there came,  
Shaking the building's great big frame  
(And no connection with the game)  
That circled thru the room.

The worthy Sophomores obtained  
A bit of paper. Then  
They painted there in figures tall  
"Naught, two," and mounted on the wall—  
Or pranced around on nothing at all—  
And then came down again.