

The Rambles of William Goat

The Institute stood dark and still,
The students had gone home,
No lights gleamed from the window-sill
Nor lit the darkened gloam.

The janitor had gone away,
He was not there about;
And last of all the fire, they say,
Went up the flue and out.

'Twas at the solemn midnight hour
When owls and bats do gloat,
That from his lofty ash-heap tower
Came walking William Goat.

He came, the beast of all most feared,
With slow, majestic tread.
He stopped and stroked his long grey beard,
And this is what he said:

"I long have seen this building here
"Which men call Institute,
"And I would gladly know what cheer
"It holds for man and brute."

Then nimbly up the steps he climbed
And from cathedral spire
The mystic hour of midnight chimed
And William climbed up higher.