

Waiting

(Dedicated to the Sigma Delta Sorority.)

*Shortly after the school time
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the waiting hour.*

I hear in the hallway above me
The echoes of many feet,
The rattle of checks in the cloak room,
And voices soft and sweet.

From the hallway I see in the distance
Descending the broad marble stair,
Our friends, Louise, Berenice and Hortense,
And Clara with coal black hair.

And besides these there's Millie and Jennie
With Sylvia right in line;
But we don't forget Mary and Gertrude
And Edna's always on time.

They stop to speak for a second
Then go to adjust a veil,
Then a few hurried looks about them,
And away from the building they sail.

Alone? Ah, I hate to tell it,
They never alone depart,
For always there stand in the hallway
A few boys ready to start.

They've been waiting and waiting since bell-time,
For the girls to get ready to go;
And then when the time is fast coming
Where is the girl to say "no?"

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