



THE BALLADE OF THE LONESOME LOBSTERS.

What shall we do through the dreary day—
Where shall we flee from these cheerless halls—
How can we memory drive away;
That many a happier time recalls !
The girl-less gloom on our spirit palls—
Life is as dull as dull can be.
Hence from these light-forsaken walls !
There's nothing doing at A. I. T.

We wander around in a listless way—
The echoing lonesomeness appalls.
In Tech. and Academy both, we pray
For a blissful vision of skirts and shawls.
Each torpid hour like a tortoise crawls—
Life is as dull as dull can be—
We're tired of the click of billiard balls;
There's nothing doing at A. I. T.

The beer and the pipes are pushed away
For nothing can kill the care that galls;
The Sophomore says its the devil to pay:
The poor little Freshman sits and bawls.
In the library, none make social calls—
Life is as dull as dull can be
We're ripe for revolt, with riots and brawls !
There's nothing doing at A. I. T.