

Commencement Poem.

Class of '03 A. S. A.

I.

Now bloodless wanes the west of yon gray sky
Whence whose translucent light the royal sun,
With regal red and dazzling shafts, defies
The gath'ring hosts of shrouded shades. Undone,
Its hues, grown dim, dull mottle the falling dusk
While upward deeper blends the twilight's gloom.
New mown, the stubble scented fields breathe musk,
In rows, the sterner weavings of great Nature's loom.
Faint drowsy tinklings waft from yonder town,
Whose spires in dim perspective distant rise,
And stud the crest of all pervading brown
With jutting peaks and stacks in blurred guise.
The work of day is o'er and weary swains,
From honest toil that satisfaction brings,
Turn homeward hand in hand while ought remains
Of dusk to sooth the flushed cheek. Whisp'rings
Soft lull the throbbing pulse and quiet waits
Until the tones of yonder bell steal kind
Unto the heart, with sobbed farewells and gates
Of wholesome thought bright ope to famished mind.

II.

Also, for us, the gray creeps low and sun
Has set on halcyon day. Its golden haze
No more for us shall glow except to run
In thought—remind us of blissful student days.
Our path lies yon, for far behind there rise
The spires of a peopled past, and near
Our feet the gathered sheaves of labor lie.
And fainter sounds the distant bell to ear
With mingling voices in the last good-bye.
What gifted one shall show the future's store
Or now with eagle eye full well decry
The dim elusive distance and its lore?
And yet the way is plain and easy found
For rings the bell, its message and its tone
So that wherever on high or lowly ground
Our feet shall tread, there will remain alone
Their words. And ours to be a sacred way
To character, to hope, our symphony
The symphony of charity, alway
Of cheer, let this then be our prophecy.

CLARENCE VREDENBURG, '03.

(NOTE.—The Class of '03 A. S. A. left as a memorial, a water color picture by Hendrick Valkenburg, the celebrated Dutch artist. When Mr. Vredenburg wrote his commencement poem, it was from this picture that he drew his inspiration.)