



Ryme

To English thrice a week he goes,
And at English he's a hummer,
But with the girls he forgets his words
And all he can say is "Um-um-er."

Found

She lost her head when he proposed,
But he, a trifle bolder,
Made search for it distractedly,
And found it on his shoulder.

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The Senior wears an awful frown,
(Dean Monin jollies him.)
The Junior gets called up, then down,
(Dean Monin watches him.)
The Sophomore thinks he owns the place,
(Dean Monin pities him.)
The Freshman mocks the Sophomore's face.
(Dean Monin weeps for him.)

Mary had a little lamb
Which she thought she'd send to Armour,
But the lamb got wise and away he ran
To the nearest vegetarian farmer.

