

God Speed

Ye wisest brethren, of the wise,
Whose breath has lifted Armour's plane,
Go forth and let the world arise,
In glory o'er thy might and main.
Quiet and calm and full of life,
Armour Seniors, equipped for the strife.

God speed, and may we meet anon,
And know each other, Alma Mater's sons,
And may thy banner be unfurled upon,
The tents of glory, tents of fame, oh gracious ones
Go forth, explore life's unknown sea,
With fame blazing, as the sun o'er the lea.

So greet we ye, and bid ye go,
Beseeching the most high thy way to keep;
Serene, and void of fear, and so —
Offering joy, for thy life to reap,
We speed ye forth, with a mighty cheer,
A handclasp fast, a smile, yea a tear.

D. B. L., '14.