

Speed Forth

Hark Ye, those of you who have arisen,
 Those to whom wisest lore Alma Maters' giben;
 Rise, the struggle is now begun,
 Your work must do from Sun to Sun.

Speed forth, let no one of you bewail,
 That life is short and therefore you fail.
 With unbuckled vestments, gauntlet thrown,
 Arise, and fight for that you call your own.

Of knowledge you have full, in book lore wise are ye,
 For fast locked gates ye have Armour's Master Key.
 Her son thou art, then sonlike, you must raise
 Her gold emblazoned banner, and worthily sing her praise.

Oh, you that forward reach, yea afar and wide,
 And seek from glory, to stem the rushing tide,
 Strike out, with knowledge, brawn and will,
 For in willing, Alma Mater's heart you thrill.

To live, to love, to gain and achieve,
 And achieving, helping world burdens to relieve;
 Yea, even, ever first in knowledge's strife,
 Speed forth, 'tis the doing that makes the living life.

D. B. Lesser, '14.