

The Passing of '15

When we go out, When we go out
 It seems to me, That none there'll be
 To sing, to laugh, to shout
 Of the wonderful ways, and the happiest haze,
 And the glory of college days;
 For there's none that have lived,
 And none that can live
 In this same old silvery maze.
 For there is no race that can take the place
 And can set the pace we've known
 And there's never a class that can ever surpass
 The glories we have shown;
 And it makes me muse, oh mates of mine,
 Who'll nurse the seeds we've sown,
 When we go out.

When we go out, When we go out,
 On either hand, The records stand
 Of a thousand there about
 From other gay years, who have shed the same tears
 And left these old halls in tears
 That the college would fall, as it could not but fall
 When they should withdraw their spears;
 Who with anguished eye and with deep drawn sigh,
 Have bid this same old goodbye,
 And wondered how long before things would go wrong
 And the spirit old would die,
 For each class must be an idol grand
 (With the accent on the "I")
 When it goes out.

When we go out, When we go out,
 It strikes me I wean, Those of Sixteen
 Will come with a lusty shout,
 With the deep disdain they did long restrain,
 Which will never be had again;
 And the place they'll fill, that we think we fill,
 And they'll fill it with might and main.
 For the deeds we've done and the ways we've won
 They'll think are but stories spun,
 And as our heads swell, so will theirs as well,
 Till their hats will not rest thereon,
 For they only wait to show us
 Just the way things should be run,
 When we go out.

J. C. DOLAN, '16