

The Senior's Dream

Old Armour, by the railroad line,
That rocks and trembles every time
A passing train's swift undulations
Sends tremors through its deep foundations.

We who are leaving in the spring
Now to thy feet our tribute bring.
To lay upon thy murky shrine.
"All honor and respect be thine."

In times, when from the busy mills,
Or running lines across the hills,
Or rearing buildings to the sky,
Our thoughts shall turn to days gone by.

And, carried swift in memory's dream,
Return to thee, and we will seem
To sit again before the dons
To crib our books and stifle yawns.

And, in our fancies, see once more
Faces of friends known here of yore,
And wander through thy smoky halls
Enclosed within thy blackened walls.

Here, through the "Mech Lab," first we stroll;
A crowded, greasy, gloomy hole,
And see again where we went through
The mystic rites, x r and q.

And flow of air, hydraulic head,
Friction of oil and centers dead,
And all the wise concatenations
Of theory's considerations.

Into the wash room, too, we go
And see the tanks there in a row,
And think of the recorded fakes
To cover up our raw mistakes.

Then up the stairs where dynamos
And motors stand in even rows.
Where E and I and R conspire
To send their thrills through tangled wire.

Across the hall, where tier on tier
The myriad volumes gathered here
Awe us to silence as of yore
When struggling with their complex lore.

And still in silence we pass by
That room with door and windows high
Wherein, in thoughtful pose, is seen
To work and plan, the learned dean.

And yet another stair ascend
Where through the stained glass doth descend
The light whereby a youth may walk
Unless he destiny would balk.