

*In College Days*

In college days how swiftly goes  
The four brief years. One seldom knows  
That they are gone until, behold!  
We see the seniors smiling bold,  
Bringing their short careers to close.

How free, how full, how fast all flows,  
To see us now, one would suppose  
The universe were round us rolled;  
In college days.

O Vanity! The vision glows  
With colors of the blushing rose,  
And roses fade, We, too, grow old  
And memories alone unfold  
The joys that pen could not disclose;  
In college days.



PICK OUT THE FRESHMAN