

The Senior's Swan Song

The day draws near when, our classes and
Our duties done, shall leave these halls and classrooms
Now with memories filled, to venture forth.
And carve our names on Fame's bright page. Four years
We've spent beneath thy roof, dear school of ours,
And many lessons have we learned from thee.
Our path has not been easy; we have learned
That hard work only is the key to true
Success. We came here Freshmen, how remote
The days we juggled x and y with dazed
Brain, beneath the lash of Campbell's quips
And wanton wiles at our expense.
Successfully we've striven year on year;
Physics, with all its kindred woes, is now
A page of dim and hoary history;
We've mastered it and passed to greater things.
Ah! How wise we are, and soon
The World shall realize our greatness.

We're anxious now to leave, but when the years
Have flown, and Time in her relentless spite
Has branded us with all her senile scars.
Our thoughts mayhap will wander back to thee,
O Alma Mater, and the hopes we'd built,
In all our childish ardor, here within
Thy walls, blasted and thwarted by Necessity,
Or aided by Sweet Fortune's smiles; to the
Friends you gave us, who have meant so much
To us through long affiliation. Will
We wish to be back beneath thy learned roof?
Nay, that were puerile; but in leaving thee,
We won't let foolish glee at parting, hide
Our truer feelings. Dear old School, good-bye.

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