

CLASSES

JUNE, 1923

Behind us lie four fleeting years,
Four crucial years they seem;
Before us now, obscured, appears
That time of which we dream.
Forward our thoughts are turned
To that fate which the future holds;
To the fame for which our hearts have yearned;
To the guerdon fair our toil has earned;
To the page which Time unrolls.

O, Alma Mater, thine the praise
If future days are bright:
If vistas wide and pleasant ways
And golden years invite.
Thine was the guiding hand
Directing us to fame;
Thine was the voice that gave command;
And thine the cheer that made us stand
With firm, unwavering hand.

Without thy care we venture forth;
Each goes his separate way.
We'll miss the comradeship and mirth;
These happy hearts and gay.
Each to his separate place,
To struggle and to fight;
Each one will set a steady pace,
And each with honor run his race
According to his might.

—Harold Walker Munday.