

FOR A UNIVERSITY YEAR
BOOK

By Genevieve Taggard

When we are old and worn with years, we'll
read

This record of our youth, the day, the place;
And we will suit our memory to our need
And long-forgotten name to faded face.
Sadness will come to us who fail to trace
The dreams we dreamed so certain to succeed;
Time's later generations will erase
The dreamer and the deed and the deed.

Then let us see these tranquil hills again;
Fog-laden trees, the lighted homeward street;
Let us not seek our former years in vain:
Let us find youth unspoiled and living sweet—
For us, once more, the splendor and the pain
Thinking the old earth trembles at our feet.