

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear the student blow;  
You can hear him toss his heavy books,  
With measured kick and slow,  
Like the janitor ringing the lecture bell,  
To summon us from below.

And fellows getting out from class,  
Close the President's door.  
They love to see the flaming board,  
And hear the notices roar,  
And catch the frightened Freshies,  
And rub them on the floor.

He goes on week-days to his work,  
And hears professors shout;  
He takes his chair and goes to sleep.  
Until he's fired out.  
And then he swears with all his might,  
And throws his notes about.

It sounds to him like a gramophone  
Singing in a nickel show!  
He needs must visit it once more,  
And now's the time to go;  
But he puts his hand in his pocket  
And finds he has no dough.

Toiling, rejoicing, borrowing,  
Onward through college he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
No evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, nothing done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, Professor wise,  
For the lessons you have taught!  
Thus on account of college life  
Our fortunes they will rot;  
But on our college desks and chairs  
Our names won't be forgot.

O. B. J., Dalhousie Gazette.