

SURSUM

Ah me! for him my choice
Should be the same;
'Tis well ambition's voice
Men cannot tame,
Bidding them weep, rejoice,
Nor sink to shame.

O college walls that soar
Beside the wave,
Your ancient peace and lore
A child he'd crave,—
Never can ye restore
What once I gave!

Yours are the little room,
The roaring gale,
The flickering light, the gloom,
The lashing hail,
The final hour of doom,
The features pale.

His head he bade me lift,
Half in a dream;