

## Locals.

### GAY'S ELEGY.

Written in the O. A. C. Barnyard.

*[With apologies to the first Composer].*

The loud gong calls us at the break of day,  
Its tones resounding through the O. A. C.,  
Its answering echoes slowly die away  
And leave the world to silence and to me.

As fade Lou's lingering footsteps on the floors  
The morning air a solemn silence holds,  
Save from Pat's room whence still unbroken snores  
Come muffled from beneath the bedding's folds.

Save that one hears far up within the tower  
Some 3rd. year student unto Lou complain  
At being called at that unearthly hour,  
Then turns and tries to go to sleep again.

Within those whitewashed rooms on Jimmy's flat  
The drowsy students from their warm beds creep.  
Is there on earth discomfort worse than that  
Of being roused so early from one's sleep?

A scent of breakfast flows upon the morn,  
The knife doth rattle 'gainst the earthen plate,  
And hurrying footfalls now the students warn  
To "get a wiggle on" or they'll be late!

For them once more the porridge bowl is filled,  
For them the juicy sausages are fried,  
Arabia's fragrant berry is distilled  
And milk fresh from the dairy is supplied.

To study then, their merry course they take

Some with their bodies, others with their minds  
Are pleased to labor. Some the pitchfork wield,  
Whilst others practice works of various kinds.

Some tend the cattle, and the fragrant hay  
And silage deal to all with thoughtful care,  
Whilst some in threshing wile the hours away  
Or with the carpenter some things repair.

The harvest doth to their self-binder yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke.  
How cheerfully they labored in the field!  
How fell the bush before their sturdy stroke!

Each as he labors, still finds time for thought,  
And cons the lectures over 'n his mind;  
Puts into practice all he has been taught  
Soliloquizing something in this kind—

"L! not the Shorthorn mock the humble Scrub  
Its simple wants and ancestry obscure,  
Nor Jerseys give the Herefords the snub  
Because their yield of milk is very poor.

"The boast of ancestry, the milking power,  
And all that symmetry or breed ere gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour  
And all this glory leads but to the grave.

"Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the blame  
If owners of these herds no stockbooks keep,  
And by these means perpetuate their fame  
When cold within the dust their bodies sleep.

Can Hugo Reed with all his boasted skill  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Man's boasted power enables him to kill,  
But cannot call the spirit back from death."

List the loud clamor of the supper bell!  
See smiling students flocking to their teas!  
The odors borne upon the breeze foretell  
Of prunes, of mincemeat, or of toasted cheese.

Perchance within the O. A. C. may dwell  
Some student smitten with the dart of love,  
Who loving, loves "not wisely, but too well,"  
And spends weeks doting on a lady's glove.

But rules for their restraint by wiser men  
And laws and punishments have been designed;  
The students must be in by half past-ten  
Or be reported, and forthwith be fined!!

Oh, who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
The fair Guelph ladies hath at ten resigned:  
Or sauntered slowly on the homeward way,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind!

Some first year student may with dauntless mind  
Meander slowly up the front hall stairs,  
Or whilst his pipe with incense fills the wind,  
Light on the President quite unawares.

Full many a pot of strawberry jam I ween  
The dusty shelves of College cupboards bear;  
Full many a damsel languishes unseen  
Because her student lover is not there.