

That refused to burn as it ought,  
And the aforesaid student  
Peering into a coffee-pot.

Was Locke a Hebrew? Did he write  
Of 'meteing out measure to all the rest?'  
Alas! I know naught of such things—  
Go, ask the monopolist.

Calm and serene he moves along  
(I'll tell you who and where),  
The Arts Society president,  
And he treads as if on air.  
For Friday night is study night,  
And sure 'tis no great offence  
If W. A. Dobson prefer to work  
That night at the Residence.

Then shone with dazzling brightness  
The shields o'er two good men—  
I read in their glowing whiteness,  
And laughed, and read again:  
"A rime we sing of the raiding days,  
We can show them how to do it.  
Cape Vincent lies from Kingston a-ways,  
And Watertown, Morrisburg, likewise lays—  
We went, and did not rue it."  
O! the Science Court this quartette bust:  
The Urie-McCammon-Skene-Pilkey Trust;  
The two from '08 who planned the race  
In Westminster Abbey deserve a place;  
For those who blocked the plans of Science,  
And to that Faculty gave defiance,  
Deserve in truth a greater ovation  
Than the gift of a three-dollar invitation.

So they drifted off in the gloaming,  
To enter the world's great school,  
Where all is not laughter and singing,  
And keen is the master's tool.  
And I prayed that the ancient courage  
That guided the knights of old,  
Would be theirs when the burden was heavy,  
And to gray had turned their gold.  
That when the 'graving was ended