

" Hark, how each cosy couch or studious chair
 " Sighs to the loud horn's awful voice o'erhead !
 " Can we, amidst such noise, our wonted task prepare,
 " Or find repose in bed ?
 " Begone, upstart disturbers of our night's repose !
 " Begone ! " The hoarser murmurs now redouble at each close.

Vocal no more is Rus—I's fated flute,
 J—h—n's high flageolet, or N—ls—'s soft lute ;
 Mute now is Na——th's tongue,
 Past is the noble strain
 That M—r—son so late aloft had raised
 W—te's voice is hushed again
 That voice whose magic song
 Had oft, in class or corridor, his fellow-students pleased.

II.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of nightly storms
 Give ample room and verge enough
 To shroud the Past's nocturnal Forms.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 (The corridor re-echoing to the fray,)
 Which saw such unblest doings put away
 Forever from our sight.

Tumult calmer, noble Dean !
 Quick from his peaceful couch he hies,
 Stills the clamor as he flies
 To soothe the angry accents of turmoil,
 And pour on troubled waters, sweet peace-persuading oil.

Firm do the seniors stern maintain their stand,
 Their various wrongs unfold ;
 While overhead a small determined band
 Of juniors, answer bold.
 In the midst a manly form,
 Whose port proclaims his mild authority,
 Pleads for peace, and stays the storm
 Till calm reflection shows a better way,
 For those who view each others deeds with angry eyes
 To act, when in those deeds they see some palliation lies.

III.

Again resume the song !
 Relate the morrow's deeds,
 How truth severe, with laughing diction dressed,
 Tells how from slightest seeds
 Arose the flagrant wrong,
 And for disturbance caused, grief and regret attest.