

## The Sophomore's Song of Emancipation.

(With the usual shamefaced apologies.)

I wish my mother could see me now, as I walk decorously gowned,  
 With a cynical smile upon my face as I order the freshies round,  
 And a feeling of pity in my heart for the creature I was before,  
     For I used to be a Freshie once,  
     Green little hair-ribboned Freshie once,  
     Once, thank heaven, and only once,  
     But now I'm a Sophomore!

My head whirls from doing psychology, and Livy is rather steep,  
 And the sight of an economics book is enough to make me weep,  
 But I wouldn't be a Freshie again for a million dollars or more.  
     I used to take mathematics once,  
     Sprinted over to physics once,  
     Played little tunes with kindlings once,  
     But now I'm a Sophomore.

The Freshies all come up from home, with a vain contempt for a supp;  
 With thoughts of the work they're going to do, and the way they'll keep  
     it up:  
 But we know they'll be pulled in Latin for sure, and maybe something  
     more.

O, we used to—"keep our work up" once,  
 Carefully went to lectures once,  
 Tried to please our professors once,  
 But now we are Sophomores.

O, I wish myself could talk to myself as I left her a year ago,  
 I could tell her a lot that would save her a lot of the things that she ought  
     to know,  
 When I think of that ignorant freshie child, it makes me feel quite sore—  
     Though she went to a kindergarten once,  
     Primary, grammar and high school once,  
     And she thought she knew all about college once,  
     She wasn't a Sophomore.

That is what we are known as—we are the ones that have been  
 Over a year at the business—handled it, known and seen.  
 We'll furnish all information on "plate-taking," "rising," and "doors,"  
 For we are the ones with experience! We are the Sophomores!

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**Don't go to bed at ten, stay up with the "Midnight Sons."**