

Oi troied exams at Christmas, and oi didn't pass at
 all;
 But oi can have another whack at thim nixt spring
 and fall.
 In toime oi'll pass in iverything, and masther all they
 taiche;
 Oi'll go through ivery faculty, and come out hid in
 aiche.
 And whin oi've conquered all, loike Alexander oi will
 soigh
 There is no more to conquer, and oi'll lay me down and
 doie.
 They'll birry me with honors, and erict in my behalf
 A monimint which shall disphlay the followin' epitaph:
 "Here loies shwate Tim O'Gallagher,—sure he had wits
 to shpare,—
 His father came from Donegal, his mother came from
 Clare.
 He was a shplindid scholar, for he studied at McGill;
 He drank the well of larnin' dhroy (and, faith! he got
 his fill).
 Was niver mortal craythur larned to such a great
 degree,—
 B.A.M.A.M.D.C.M.B.Sc.LL.D."