

feel grasp me warm - ly the hand of good cheer. The
 gen - i - al smile 'neath his gray locks of hair. Once
 heard my com - pan - ions tell what each would be. I

veil of the past seem'd to lift from my eyes, I
 more from the cam - pus, the shouts and the noise Came
 pic - tur'd my life in a ha - lo of fame, And

saw all the old scenes be - fore me a - rise, The
 waft - ed to - wards me of gay hap - py boys. I
 saw gold - en lau - rels en - twin'd with my name. But

scenes of my boy - hood, those dear col - lege days, When
 join'd in their pleas - ure, their songs and their glee, And
 while I sat dream - ing I some - how could feel Such