

The College Boy

This is the song of the College boy, as he sits in his room on the bed,
The exams are on, he makes as his song a sketch of the life he has led.
Mad near to swearing, eyes sad but glaring, these are the words that
he said:

I'm one of the student body, an old-fashioned college guy;
I came in first form, a pupil new born, I was lonesome yet didn't die.
I have tried to study my lesson; I've tried to be good at the college;
Looking back I seem to think it's a dream, this scramble and search
for knowledge.

Just look at my eye that is blackened, just see where my ear is
rubbed off.

My left foot is lame, but still I am game, I've even the whooping
cough.

Each one is a mark of some college lark, when I fought as one in
the fray;

And I lay in bed, with an aching head, for all of the following day.

We were just like a great big family—each one of us helped the
other.

We lived a happy-go-lucky life—we'll never live such another.

Until of a sudden came the exams., and they plucked us—yes, every
man.

We may not have been angels before, but that's when the language
began!

Oh, those college days, they seem like a haze which hangs as a mist
in my mind;

For the fellows I chum'd around with then, now appear to be left
behind.

But we all were mad, not to know we had a good chance of one
day being wise;

When grinning we'd shirk our arduous work, and tell a few poor
student lies.