

O the Freshmen are so green
 That we ought to change their hue,
 So we'll take them out a while
 And simply "put them through,"
 Until we change the emerald
 To blue, blue, blue.

And when the task was o'er i' faith that they
 Were blue in body and in spirit too.
 And yet we did not teach them anything
 Because they would not learn. Why I would
 swear

Their necks at last became "peninsulas
 A stretching out to sea." Green! Yet I trow
 They were no whit the greener then than now.

But hold, I am a Senior now, and must
 Behave as fits a Senior's dignity.
 For now that I am older, I am wise.
 Grave meditation open up my eyes,
 Whereby I saw deep in the soul of things,
 And looked upon the moral side of it,—
 Not as from class to class, but man to man.
 And then I asked myself, "when doth a man
 Need help the most throughout his college life?"
 And there is but one answer "'tis at first."

And so I am resolved that I will give
 A helping hand o'er pathways that are rough,
 A kindly word, forgotten it mayhap
 As soon as spoken, yet recorded deep
 Within the heart, "to be remembered till
 Time hath worked wonders to fulfill
 The measure of the sorrow of the years."
 Or I will give at least a thought and care
 To those in need, for it may help them more
 Than any word could do, since it may stay
 My hand when mad impulse would bid me act.
 But where's that Sophomore?

*(Looks around just in time to see the Sophomore appear from behind
 a curtain where he has been hiding and listening.)*

THE SOPH.

Right here am I,
 And may I offer thee this cup?