

A FEAST.

PART I.

Scene: A Hall in Old Main.

(Enter a crowd of Sophomores marching in lock-step and singing.)

SOPHS: Merrily on we go, we go.
 Merrily on we go.
 Away with trouble, away with care,
 We're looking for pleasure everywhere
 As merrily on we go.

(They march back and forth several times, singing the same thing over and over.)

LEADER: Company halt! Right face! Dismissed!

(They break ranks with a shout of laughter, and a babel of voices ensues. Then a voice is heard above the noise.)

VOICE: Hear ye! Hark ye! Hear ye! Ye jabbering apes
And monkeys! Sir Oracle wants to speak.

(After much trouble silence is secured.)

SIR O.: I speak? Ah no, my friends, you do me wrong.
I do not wish to speak, I wish to eat,
To eat and drink, to rest, then eat again.
Why, sir! I swear I'd rather have me now
A goodly feast than bags of glittering gold.

(Stops to think, then suddenly exclaims.)

But gad, man, I have neither.

(Cries and groans of sympathy on all sides.)

SIR ORACLE:

But if thou