

THE SENIOR: Hello! Didst hear me call? No? Well come here
 And cease from plotting mischief for a time;
 And say, thou knave, why dost thou take delight
 In planning ever some new deviltry
 To plague Freshmen withall? Take thou this cup,
 Go get it filled with cider, fresh and sweet,
 For I recall there was a cider scrap
 Last night. Go get it filled, and do not let
 Thy footsteps wander till the errand's done.

(The Soph takes the cup, but stops to say.)

THE SOPH: Wander till the errand's done?
 That I will, in search of fun!
 Hey, Sir Senior hypocrite!
 Thou, I trow, art little fit
 At the Sophomores to rail.
 Rumor tells a pretty tale
 Of the deeds done here before
 When thou wert a Sophomore.
 Say, and canst thou not recall
 Scenes enacted here that Fall?
 Go and search thy memory,
 Answer thou this truthfully,—
 Where's the evil that we do
 That we did not learn of you?
 Aye, Sir Senior hypocrite!
 Thou, I trow, art little fit
 O'er the Sophs a judge to sit.

THE SENIOR: What impudence to chide a Senior so,
 Nor his estate respect; but cease and go.

(The Soph departs upon his errand.)

THE SENIOR: Now must I wait until he back returns.
 The graceless knave, such disrespect to show,
 And yet forsooth he speaks in part the truth.
 A merrier Soph than I ne'er wore a mask,
 Nor plied the rod to save a Freshman child.
 Such Freshmen too, Great Cæsar! they were
 green.
 How well I do recall a song we sang,—