

S C H O O L

FROM "A PSALM OF LIFE"
With apologies to Longfellow

Tell us not, O bygone classes,
School is but an easy dream;
For the student works who passes;
Lessons are not what they seem.

School is real, school is earnest,
And today we but begin;
"Weak thou art—to school returnest!"
Oft is spoken ere we win.

Not beginning, and not ending,
Is our school of life today;
But to pause, our memories blending
With our hopes along the way.

Tasks seem long, yet class time fleeting,
Yet we all seem brave and gay,
Though our hearts like drums were beating
On examination day!

Oft we make the book shelves rattle
With the zeal of learning's strife;
In each day's returning battle,
Here we have our taste of life.