

AU REVOIR

How sad and yet how sweet the sound which rends that
golden chain

Of friendship firmly linked, or hearts entwined.

The sadness now, the sweetness in the hope to meet again

And brighten ties, then dimmed perhaps, by time.

For life has thrown her battle gage; you must accept the
call,

As soldiers true, as stalwart knights of old,

And strive like they to 'grave your names on fame's exalt-
ed scroll,

And win, withal, that precious Crown of gold.

Now go ye forth with confidence, with courage firm and
true;

The hallowed halls behind you seem to say,

As you with lingering footsteps pass their echoing portals
through:

"That God may speed them on their chosen way."

—P.D.M., '32