

Drinking Song

Shall we drink a toast to the men who can boast
Of a valiant battle won;
To the men who have shouldered a musket
And fought for a place in the sun ?

Shall we lift the glass to the men of the past,
Who have carved their name in the stars;
To the men who have conquered nations
And flung their banners afar ?

Shall we raise our cup to the men who can sup
In a lavish luxury;
To the men who have gathered a million
From another's misery ?

Or shall we drop our goblets down,
And pause for a little while,—
Just to think of the men, the common men,
Who march in the rank and file ?

Henry J. Koch, '39

"The Holy Cross Purple."