

The Campus Rubaiyat

By Omar Kyssam

I.

Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The Poker players, who sat up all night,
Dawns on the Tower of College Hall and strikes
The little Gargoyles with a Shaft of light.

II.

Before the Bell rang many stood before
The Dining-room and shouted, "Ope the door,
You know how little Grub we have to eat,
That tasted once is never relished more."

III.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
To-wit: Good grades to send Home to our Sires.
The thoughtful Soul begins to grind and bone,
And keep Night-watch around Minerva's fires.

IV.

Each morn a bunch of Classes brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Class of Yesterday?
The lectures are forgotten and the Notes
You took, perchance, are long since cast away.

V.

A Book of Verses, underneath the Bough,
The Jug and Loaf can go, if only thou—
O little Book of Verses, art a Jack,
And I shall read my Latin well enow.

VI.

Some for Phi Beta Kappa sign, and Some
Sigh for a "V" to proudly wear back Home;
While others, 'yond their Generation wise,
Just make their grades and let what will come, come.

VII.

Strange is it not? Of all the Myriads who
Before us use the Books that we use too,
How few left Notes upon the Margins that
Are any use in helping me and you.

VIII.

The studied Spots we set our Hopes upon
Turn Ashes, or they prosper, anon
The little Knowledge that we gained from them
Is lost or used; but, anyway, it's gone.

IX.

Myself, perforce the Chapel do frequent
Four times a Week, and hear great Talk, anent
This Thing and That, but never, never I
Forget the use for which my Cuts were meant.

X.

Think, in the battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals swing to Freshmen every day,
How Senior after Senior 'bode his hour,
Put on his Cap and Gown and went his way.

XI.

Ah, make the most of what you here may be,
Before you leave the Harbor for the Sea;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, sans Degree.

XII.

Fear not, lest some Commencement closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more;
Each Year a lot of anxious Freshmen brings,
And sheepskin is no cheaper than before.

XIII.

But when that gala Week you pass
Amid the capped and gowned and favored Class,
And come at length upon a vacant Place,
Remember me, and murmur low, "Alas!"

—A. S. W.