

A Toast

I

Here's to the co-ed, passing fair,
With eyes of azure hue;
With noble brow and learned air—
Alas! they are so few.

II

Here's to the college widow gay
In a halo of dance and song,
Who sighs with the Senior, and laughs with the Soph,
And jollies us all along.

III

Here's to the girl we left behind,
With eyes of darkest brown,
Who'll be waiting alone when we return
To our little native town.

IV

Here's to them all! God bless their race—
Oh! which one shall it be?
Deal gently with them Father Time,
'Tis a question that puzzles me.

—*Mark Hodgson.*