

‡ Class Tree Song '87 ‡

Old eighty-seven's going,
 While her class tree 's growing,
 To show what she can do ;
 And unless the Judgment Day
 Causes trouble and delay,
 We're going to put things through.

CHORUS : A great class, and a good class,
 Old Alma Mater's pride,
 The best men and the wisest,
 Since old George Washington died.

O, really 'tis a pity,
 To paint the classic city—
 'Tis monstrous I declare ;
 But I think I'd like to see 'm
 Just touch up the Athenæum,
 To let 'em know we've been there.

When the sheep skins are given,
 In July eighty-seven,
 I hope we will make a rise ;
 And by the laws of nature
 We'll be in the legislature
 Before the old "dip" dries.

 YE * MUSINGS 

They say there's a grief
In the graduate's heart,
That surpasseth belief,
When the time comes to part.
But awful the grief—O, bitter the tear—
And huge the regret that I ever came here.

Yea, I will be durned
If I don't wish that I,
Unknown and unturned,
Could lay down and die.
So greatly unfortunate—more is the pity
That I e'er trod the dust of the classical city.

In Memoriam

JOHN RUTHERFORD, '27.

JOHN T. GRANT, '33.

JAMES JACKSON, '37.

WALTER S. GORDON, '68.

ROBERT P. HILL, '76.

DANIEL P. HILL, '77.

In Memoriam

John W. Lamar,
CLASS '88.

Died

February 21, 1887.

— Resolutions on the Death of John W. Lamar —
CLASS '88.

WHERAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in His unerring providence, to take from our midst our beloved friend and classmate JOHN W. LAMAR, be it resolved

I. That it is with inexpressible grief that we have heard of this sad calamity, and that our hearts go out in deep sympathy for the bereaved and sorrow stricken family.

II. That in his death we lose a valued classmate, a genial companion, and a warm friend, whose place can never be filled, and whose memory shall be cherished by us always.

III. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his family, and be published in the UNIVERSITY REPORTER and THE PANDORA.

LUCIAN L. KNIGHT, Chairman.
EMMET J. BONDURANT,
VICTOR L. SMITH.

Nonne Conveniemus ?

When the ties, which now may bind us,
 Shall be severed and forgot ;
 When the friends, now gathered 'round us,
 Shall have left this classic spot ;
 Shall we meet each other never?
 Shall we part, to part forever?

When we go forth to the battle,
 Scarce prepared for war's alarms,
 Out into the noisy contest—
 Clashing, clanking, crash of arms ;
 Shall we not as friends meet ever?
 Shall we part, to part forever?

Shall conflicting int'rests ever
 Fix a gulf we cannot pass ;
 Will not cherished recollections
 Bind us, somewhat, to the last?
 Shall we meet in mem'ry never?
 Shall our hearts be sep'rate ever?

Though our fates and lives be diverse
 As the tinted leaves of Autumn,
 Shall we not in thought or fancy,
 Meet again? — Shall hearts grow dumb,
 Not responding, callous, ever?
 Shall they part, to part forever?

Shall we be so widely severed—
 So distinct in thought and heart—
 That we may not feel in common,
 In some common thought take part?
 Shall we not, in thinking, ever
 Meet again, in the forever?

Shall not youth's sincere affections,
 Rosy hued and ardent love,
 Last beyond the College portals,—
 Form a lasting bond above?—
 May we not, in spirit, ever,
 Meet somewhere, in the forever?