

Our Faculty.

How much we love the U. of G.
No human tongue can tell;
We also love the faculty
And the ringing of the bell.

But now, Proty, we can't stand
The way you do go on;
Your inhumanity to man
Makes many sinners mourn.

Leaving Proty and Biology
We come to sleepy Jones,
Whom we all like, but d——n Geology
And all its ancient stones.

From Charby we take Physics
Which is dear to all us boys,
But we had rather steal his tricks
And play with his little toys.

To have Chemistry under White
Fills us all with joy,
But how about his satellite,
That little bow-legged boy?

Professor of belle lettres is old Maj,
Who is loved by all here,
But we think he belongs to the age
Of William Shakespeare.

Next comes old Zip, our ancient dude,
Who teaches French to folks,
And who sometimes acts quite rude
In cracking his old jokes.

Here is a friend to all, old Dave,
Our civil engineer,
Who ofttimes makes the juniors swear,
And also bust I hear.

Here in arms comes a mighty man
With glasses on his nose,
Who is followed by a little band
Dressed up in soldier clothes.

I would mention Boggs and be done,
Without offence I hope,
But here are two excelled by none,
Old Foot and Billy Pope.

Now comes the last but not the least,
The noblest of them all,
All other men must come like beasts
When Doctor Boggs doth call.

He is chancellor, as you know,
And also is a preacher,
But he weeds his widest row
As Metaphysics teacher.

Now let us say to the faculty,
And to Dr. Stillwell too,
You have been a tender muse to us,
But we must part; adieu.

The Yahoo's Prayer.

(The night before Stillwell broke up the house.)

As on this pillow I lay my head
And stretch myself on Stillwell's bed,
I pray that I may soon be fed
On better meat and better bread.

(The night after.)

As once again beneath my sheet
I stretch my weary, worn out feet,
I pray my God once more to eat
Old Stillwell's bread and Stillwell's meat.

Bust, Bust, Bust.

Bust, Bust, Bust,
On the tough exam., O Soph,
And then go out and kick yourself
And curse the stale old "bosh."

O! well for the dear old profess,
As he sits down at night and thinks,
O! well for the problems, dear,
Which from your hair take all the kinks.

And the days and months roll on,
And of the science you've had your fill,
But, Oh! for another, better chance
To change the mark that stops you still.

Bust, Bust, Bust,
Are the words that cause you fear,
But another chance to make a rise
Will come again—next year.