

## Passing

Four years of life at college  
Are nearing now their close,  
Holding in their bosom  
Hopes, blooming as the rose;  
Going like the merry brooklet,  
Where grows the summer fern,  
Leaving clear their gentle traces  
In memory's golden urn.

Passing, silently, passing,  
O joys, O hopes—what pain!  
O pleasures sweet, so sweet!  
Can such return again?  
Can life glide on forever  
As free as the brooklet plays,  
As free from storm and danger  
As that of college days?

Gently, we are passing  
A threshold, sacred place.  
Here we have toiled together,  
Preparing for life's race.  
In all our undertakings  
'Gainst might, however shown,  
We have won our share of laurels—  
Defeat was never known.

Passing, ever, whither?  
O'er peaks of mountains bold,  
Or lofty, snowy summits,  
Where blows the winter's cold?  
Or cross the barren desert  
Where sands eternal roll,  
With here and there a flower  
To cheer the fainting soul?

Or, mid the cry of tempests  
On ocean's foaming tide,  
When mid the gloom and somber  
The stars their gleaming hide?  
It matters not. No matter  
How rough the fated ways,  
Bring out the old Falernian  
We'll drink to college days.