

Ode to the Night

All Hail! To the Night, the time for noble deeds and daring
actions,
The time for plots and plans and new distractions,
The time for executing latent thoughts and hidden schemes
And fulfilling all our wildest hopes and choicest dreams.

We have read, how, in the welcome darkness of the night,
The warriors of old went forth in valiant fight;
'Twas at Thermopalæ that in the night the soldiers fought;
'Twas in the night that sleeping Troy was caught.

And, so the modern heroes of the class of '09,
Their purpose secret, hidden their design,
Went forth into the inky blackness of the night
To do their deeds of daring and of might.

Then, Hail! To the Night, and our gallant fight,
And the time when the Sophs were beaten outright;
Defeated and routed by our cunning and might;
Tho' the Sophs claim the vict'ry defeat, too, is theirs.
We know it, can show it, by our trophies of hairs.

Then peace to the battle, and peace to the rush,
And o'er shaven heads let us silently hush;
Then, Hail! To the Night, and that great undertaking,
With abundance of spirits, and courage not lacking.

When at night, on the staff our flag was raised,
And in vain the cringing Sophomores gazed;
It proved a sign, an emblem, of the spirit of '09,
Work hard! Aim high! Be brave! The vict'ry shall be thine!