

The Senior's Buck.

Fair Denison upon the hill,
For full three weeks was run by Gil.
To try the Prof's. nerve, just for luck,
The Seniors all did plan a buck.

The Profs. in a large body met,
Said the Seniors were not *it* yet;
Prof. Gil in chapel spoke
And thus the Seniors' buck he broke.

The Profs. will meet their classes all
One day I give you for the ball
To you we're grateful, yes, indeed!
But, now, one day is all you need.

Prof. Swipse to the Preps laid down
The law, and then the news went round;
The Preps decided on that day
To go to school, and go to stay.

A meeting called the girls together,
They said they'd go to classes whether
The boys should buck or go to school,
For they were under Barker's rule.

Now, some big and mighty Senior
(None could play a trick much meaner)
The chapel bell's big clapper stole,
That on this day it should not toll.

The bell was rung by one named Coe,
Who to the belfry on tip-toe;
Now with a hammer he did spring,
Then loud and long the bell did ring.

They went to classes just the same,
And when the Profs. called each by name
A sturdy voice did answer, "here,"
A word not strange to a Prof's. sharp ear.

And thus a lesson taught each man,
Professors, also; understand!
While in our mind this thought lurks still,
Oh! Seniors, Seniors, stung by Gil.