



## The Freshman

(APOLOGIES TO ROBERT SERVICE)

The music box was a-hittin' it up in a careless sort of way,  
And the light that flooded the Sig Alph house nigh rivaled the light of day.

The freshman ate and the grub was great, while he thought of the great outdoors.  
And he longed to be at home and see four walls and a roof and floors.

Were you ever out in the great alone when the night lights seem alive?  
Well you feel like that when you hang your hat any place in the Sig Alph dive.

At four o'clock the freshman died—there are some things you never can tell,  
But I saw him at three and he looked to me like a man who had been in hell.