

THE BATTALION

Welcome, welcome, all Freshman, to you,
 Welcome all here in the past,
 But welcome most to the writer's heart
 Comes this session's Second Class.

So proud, we are of those and hopeful,
 Bearing now the Junior name,
 For obscured there in minds we see
 Kindling fast a genius flame.

Wake up, wake up, then Junior Classmen,
 These two years of preparation
 Wisely spent will some day make you
 Powers in your state and nation.

Honor the classes sent before you,
 Wish God's speed to those behind,
 But always selfish enough to keep
 This resolve within your mind:

"Bright are the sons forth sent from here,
 But better good surpasses,
 And of them all back through the years
 We'll be the class of all classes."

Do, brother classmen, in earnest do ;
 Let's now make this our solemn pledge,
 Our best to do through all the days
 Here that we spend for knowledge.

Far worse than silly, big fools we'd be,
 Half applied to idly rest,
 When life's so short 'tis plain that we
 Scarce have time to do our best.

And let's be honest, boys to the end ;
 Ride no "ponies" through the race,
 So when Diploma our struggle rewards
 We'll be worthy of its face.

For not alone the sin of cheating
 Mean makes this practice be,