

A BALLADE OF FAREWELL

NOW the May term is gone at last.
In merriment its days have sped ;
Now our brief sojourning is past,
And Cambridge days for us are dead.
The springtime of our youth is fled,
And Summer comes too fierce and dry.
With pale cheek and averted head
The time is come to say Good-bye.

On Life's rough road we travel fast ;
Some to be great, and some to wed.
We are small men, the world is vast ;
With our desires God is not fed.
Some wield gold swords, or steel, or lead ;
Some lose good heart, lay weapons by.
Each lies in his own self-made bed.
The time is come to say Good-bye.

May God defend us from the blast,
And smooth our path, and keep our head !
Be with us when we stand aghast,
And quicken Faith when Hope has bled.
Now, ere our last sun sinks in red,
Clasp hands in friendship, ere we die,
Nor shame us if a tear be shed :—
The time has come to say Good-bye.

ENVOI

Prince, whether in Life's Tripos classed
Or ploughed quite irretrievably,
Our friendship for all time is cast.
The time is come to say Good-bye.