

BALLADE OF TRIPOS FEVER

O SMUG ! in your desolate room.
 Whatever's the matter with you ?
Your face is a picture of gloom,
 Your pulse is a hundred and two,
 Your eyelids are glued as with glue,
A towel is tied to your head,
 You might be a man with the Flu !
" The Trip ! and I wish I were dead ! "

O blood ! Mighty being *re* whom
 Our novelists say what is true !
You swear, and you fuss, and you fume,
 And the saddest of books—if the view
 That I catch of your dainty canoe
Be accurate—heavy as lead,
 Are piled as you yawn and say " Phew ! "
" The Trip ! and I wish I were dead ! "

O ordin'ry persons ! Who 'lume
 Your College (you are but a few)—
You seem to consider your doom
 A natural duty to do
 You won't paint the universe blue,
You won't paint the universe red,
 You'd better join in with us two :—
" The Trip ! and I wish I were dead ! "

ENVOI

Princess, if they ever exhume,
 From the Corn Exchange, me, and we wed,
I shall make this poor joke, with a bloom
Of happiness which, I assume,

You will not consider ill-bred,
As we book for the Land of the Oom :—
“ The Trip ! and I wish I were dead ! ”