Memories

Music by
A. LOUISE MIGNIN, '16

Words by
CLEMENTINE M. GLOCK, '16

When all our college days are o'er,
First come our aimless freshman ways,
And student joys we feel no more,
When we have time to sit and study

Sophomore days,
The Junior year the best one
Dreams.
The by-gone memories seem happy yet,
And then the Senior with regret.

We think of each one can
ev'rey moment past — Un'til we find ourselves at
read-ily re-call That Gold and Blue had out-shone

last In memory's flight, borne on wings so very
all Tears dim our eyes at the thoughts we've learned to

Slow

light And we're back again at old U. of A.
prize Hearts with rapture thrill for our U. of A.