Where, oh where, are the lectures that vexed us,
Where, oh where, are the books that perplexed us,
Where, oh where, are the fears that oppressed us,
On May-day, so lately now flown?
Gone, like the tea and the toast we expected,
Gone, like the tea and the toast we expected,
Gone, like the tea and the toast we expected,
Then we were summoned down town.

Where, oh where, is young Nicodemus,
Dressed in his new Sunday best?
Gone like the twins to the realms of the "whatnots",
Long there in peace may they rest.

Where, oh where, are the problems so weighty,
Of life and our ancestors fine? (the apes).
Gone, like the ghosts of the subjects that chased us
Down from the attic at nine.

Where, oh where, are the drugs that we smelled at
And the soldiers, who lived on quinine?
Gone, like the eyes into which croton oil was dropped,
Three times a day by the Dean.

Where, oh where, is the light of the annex?
Shining in war-like Madrid.
Trying to unite conventions and "matrimony"
In that far land of the Cid.

Where, oh where are the brilliant juniors,
How have they vanished away?
Leading the march as next year's seniors
Monarchs of all they survey.

Where, oh where, are the dear young freshmen?
Like Atlas, the world they uphold.
Gone to find Monte Cristo's treasures
To enrich the college, I am told.

Where, oh where are the loving memories
Of all that has gladdened us here?
Laid away in our heart's deepest niches
To blossom for many a year.
Dear Alma Mater,

Time has come to part
We pause to reflect here
As we do depart

Grateful for the healing
It our chosen art.

Farewell, Alma Mater.