

## VIII

come,gaze with me upon this dome  
of many coloured glass,and see  
his mother's pride,his father's joy,  
unto whom duty whispers low

“thou must!” and who replies “I can!”  
—yon clean upstanding well dressed boy  
that with his peers full oft hath quaffed  
the wine of life and found it sweet—

a tear within his stern blue eye,  
upon his firm white lips a smile,  
one thought alone:to do or die  
for God for country and for Yale

above his blond determined head  
the sacred flag of truth unfurled,  
in the bright heyday of his youth  
the upper class American

unsullied stands,before the world:  
with manly heart and conscience free,  
upon the front steps of her home  
by the high minded pure young girl

much kissed,by loving relatives  
well fed,and fully photographed  
the son of man goes forth to war  
with trumpets clap and syphilis