**La Belle Dame Sans Merci.**

It was a face, and a fair young face,
That glided along the gray;
Fair, fair and white, in the pale, pale light,
At the dawning of the day.

Why dost thou ride so fast, Sir Knight?
Wherefore so fast, I pray,
Betwixt the darkness and the light
At the dawning of the day?

I follow while my sword is bright,
Till helm and heart decay,
The form I may not lose from sight
At the dawning of the day.

Close, closer I pursue her flight;
She beckons me away.
Love, love invites to reunite
At the dawning of the day.

---Southern Collegian.

**The Old Love and the New.**

When life is bright, and we're far away
From the old love, dear, for many a day,
Our hearts may yield to the fair young face,
To the new love, petite, with her winning grace.

But when the days grow cold and sad,
And harsh constraint may bend our will,
Our hearts will swell
As we feel full well
'Tis the old love that is dearer still.

When sad misfortune comes too near,
And friendships lessen and griefs appear,
The new love passes with proud disdain;
Ah, Sympathy! Where is thy soothing then?
'Tis then we remember the old love dear;
To ever be true shall be our will.
In the days gone by,
For now and aye,
'Tis the old love that is dearer still.

---Yale Courant.

**A Duplex Proposition.**

Oh that two heads were mine like the boy Toccis,
Though most people would care for them not;
For one of my heads could peruse the Greek text,
And the other could read the trot.

---Trinity Tablet.

**Banquet Song.**

Comrades, fill the banquet cup
Brimming up!
Fill it full of love and laughter.
Claret lips and kisses after,
Crown it with a maiden's smiles
And the foam of magic wiles.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

Fill again the banquet cup
Brimming up!
Overflow it with the roses,
Which her timid blush discloses.
With her sparkling eyelight sift it,
Till it flavored is. Then lift it.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

Comrades, fill a parting cup
Brimming up!
Flood it in your praises zest,
For the uninvited guest.
With her charms and graces fill it.
Touch the lips and heart-ward spill it.
Drink it, drain it, clink you glasses.
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes!

---Dartmouth Lit.

When the mail brought this letter for me,
My joy I could hardly restrain;
For I thought it was written by Maud,
In her usual light, airy vein.

I opened the seal; but, alas!
The contents weren't what I supposed;
Yet I'll own they were airy and light,—
'Twas my gas bill I found there enclosed.

---Trinity Tablet.

**Under the Mistletoe.**

She stands beneath the mistletoe,
A coily smiling little miss;
With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow,
She's waiting for the stolen kiss.

The rippling lock of curling hair
That from its fastening gayly slips,
The forehead, shining white and fair,
The sweetly quivering ruby lips,
All coax me with their dainty charm.
She can't be angry if I'm bold,
For surely 'twon't do any harm
To kiss a little six-year-old.

---Dartmouth Lit.