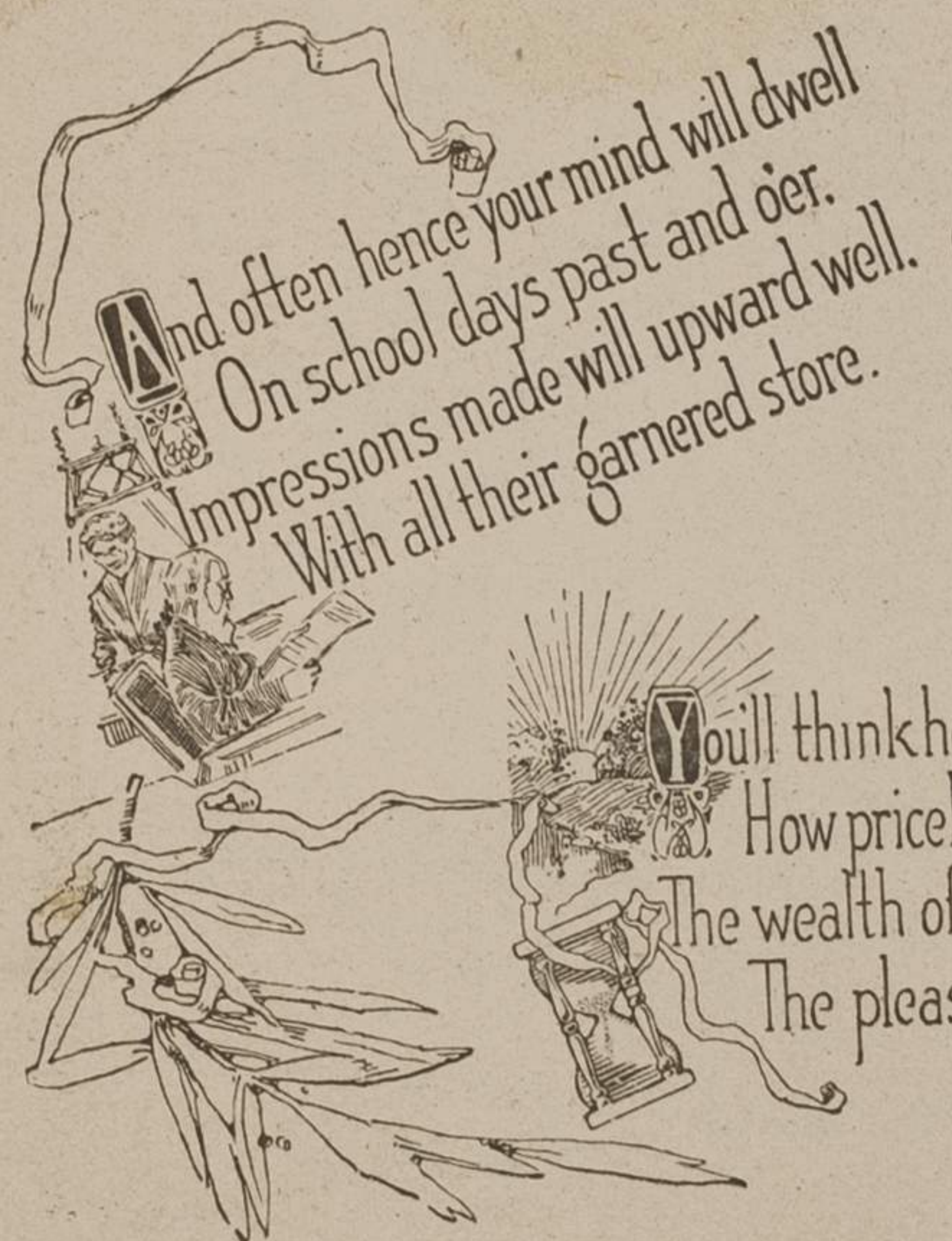


The Close of School

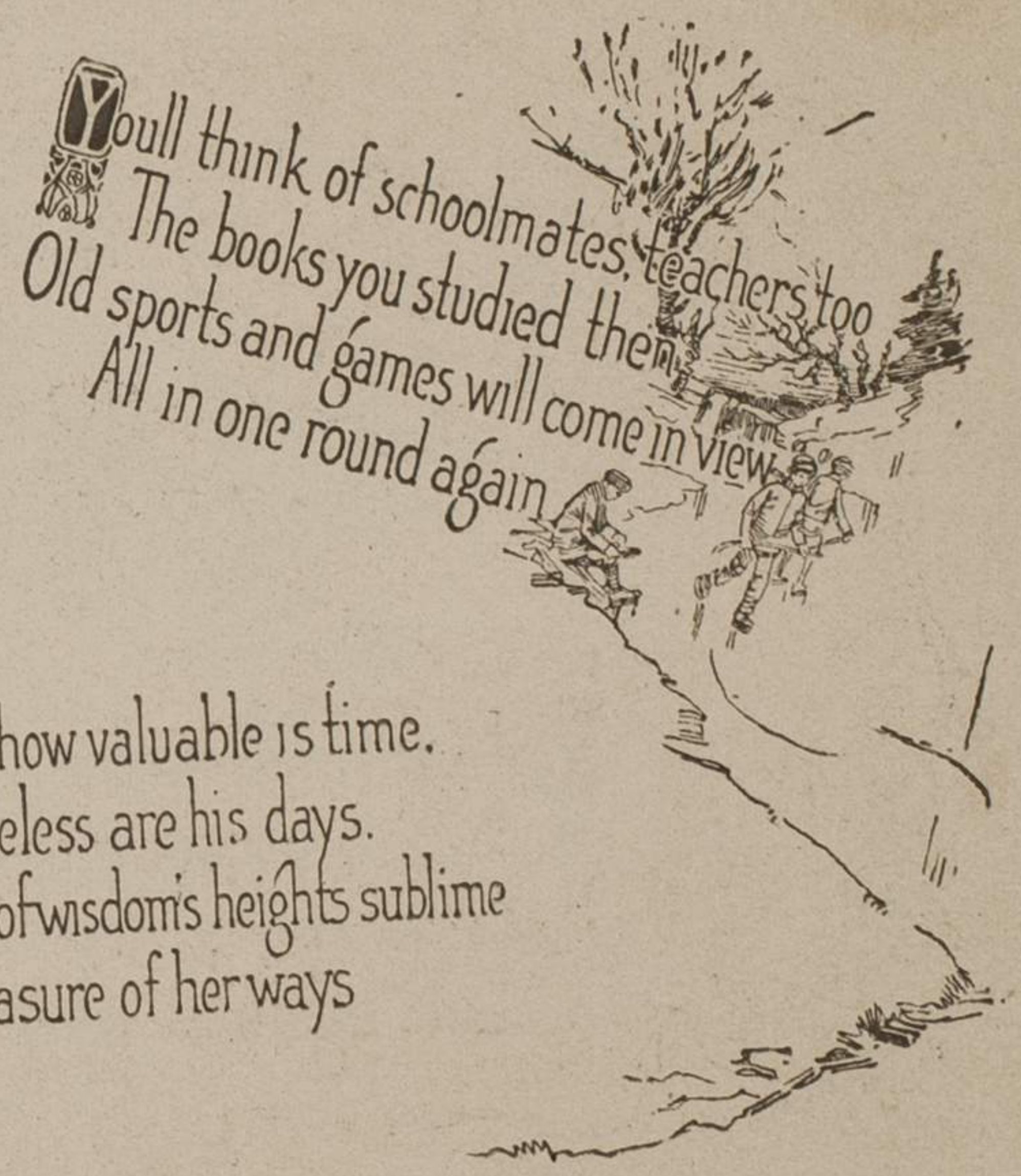
Our school days now we end awhile
 To give you needed rest.
 To banish care, the time beguile,
 And spend as you think best.

Oh sweet has our communion been
 The days have passed in joy
 And nothing ill has entered in
 To mar them with alloy



And often hence your mind will dwell
 On school days past and o'er,
 Impressions made will upward well,
 With all their garnered store.

You'll think how valuable is time,
 How priceless are his days,
 The wealth of wisdom's heights sublime
 The pleasure of her ways



You'll think of schoolmates, teachers too
 The books you studied then
 Old sports and games will come in view
 All in one round again