In spite of ~~my~~ preoccupation
~~But~~ though so practical
And yet, this sweet June eve-tide,
~~And~~ As I wander through campus and hall
In spite of our wide separation
I cannot help but recall

~~Of the~~ ~~times~~ we stole out to ~~loiter~~ loiter went too soon
~~used~~ to loiter
down the campus lovers lane,
the pretexts ~~we~~ found for chatting
~~And~~ the problems ~~I used~~ to explain.
~~Greek~~

~~I remember~~ ~~we rowed~~ when sailing one moonlight night
~~And~~ you sang a silly song;
I think the gist was ~~the~~ telling
of a love you had cherished long.

And ~~really~~ then - if I remember -
But there would never do
~~Tis that~~ girls in junior science
To know what I said to you.
Should

Well, well, it's my ~~peculiar~~ ~~foolish~~ humour and not at all
~~And~~ some what ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ quite inexplicable, too. absurd ~~too~~ of course
That I, a ~~college~~ Greek professor,
Should have been so weak about you
Was once

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And then if I remember
But there, should never do
that ~~Fr~~ girls in Junior science
Should know my words to you

Well ~~well~~ well it's very foolish
But - I wonder what you'd say
Were you here on the ~~[illegible]~~ campus -
~~with me~~ under the moon's soft ray

Day
gay
Day

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Now I am literary
And ride my hobbies too
Have views for Romans duty
And what by laws her due.

But sober occupation
Can't stand against a moon
My mind is lost in dreaming
Of horns that went too soon

Of times we used to loiter
Along the lover's lane
Of pretexts found for chatting
Of problems to explain

One moonlight night when sailing
You sang a silly song
I think the girl was telling
A love you'd shrinked long

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Maybe it is the moon, Jack
Which makes my thoughts so fly
Back to that Spring at college
A dozen years gone bye
Think we flirted, slightly,
Parted with sigh and vow
How wast that the next summer
We met with frigid bow?

And since we've both been busy
Grive made fame at the bar
And I'm a full professor
And write of pike & gar.
I hear you're fond of "rosebuds"
An indispensable part
Of all the social doings
And win with ease a heart

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Yet, really, I'd give my position
To know you Jack have a weak spot
And that ~~the~~ moonlight on the Campus
Makes you remember you have not forgot.

Ida M. Tarbell.

I wonder were you here, if you'd recall the past
~~If I can be Jack~~
~~would moonlight turn your head~~ And sigh as I
that you too have a weak spot am doing
And that to twitter on this
~~you'd re~~ recall w
In folly too sweet to last

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