

*THE YOUNG MAN THAT WAS*

*You who were young and are old  
Who were foolish and are wise,  
Who gutted the years recklessly and now  
    number the days in wisdom.  
Who desperately clasped young girls and  
    now fondly pat wives.  
Take down the books,  
Sniff the dry roses of regret.*

*Then come; let us fill a cup with love  
And drink to that most noble, sublime,  
    ridiculous, departed figure in all  
    our lives,  
The Young Man That Was.*

*Let us drink to his dreams for they were  
    rainbow hued.  
Let us drink to his pain for it was sharp.  
Let us drink to his blunders  
    for they were huge.  
Let us drink to his time for it was brief.  
And let us drink to his end-for it was  
    to become one of us.*

*But in that land where sunshine never  
    fades,  
And the flowers are spring flowers,  
And the grass is an April green forever,  
He still walks in his jocular, infinitely  
    mistaken way.*

*God pity us all  
With what precious coins have we bought  
    our philosophy.*

*On the occasion of the Second Annual Wharton Graduate  
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