

I've chucked up the idea of science,  
And hope soon to be an M.B.,  
My feet are as small as a lady's,  
I think about 10 is the size,  
I hope that they will not be burdens  
As in my profession I rise.

Then, hurrah for Froggy, the Toiler,  
I think I am one of the best,  
You won't find another one like me  
In the South or the North, East or West.

—For the Honours Degree of B.A.—

—Darwin, L. J. (Little Brown Jug).—

Mr. Darwin, here we see,  
The Missing Link he cannot be,  
His namesake he would like to hang  
For mentioning Orang-Outang.

Ha, Ha, Ha, L.J.D.,

Darwin's theory's up a tree,  
The only monkeys we've got here  
Are not included in your year.

—Moyes, John S. (Little Brown Jug).—

If I could be as good as John,  
A parson's garb I straight would don;  
I'd never swear, I'd never smoke,  
Nor put my money on a moke,  
All wicked things I would abjure,  
My life would be devoutly pure,  
I'd never touch another drop,  
Nor visit Carr & Nelson's shop.

—For the Ordinary Degree of B.A.—

—Burnell, R. G. (Yap, yap).—

My name it is BURNELL,  
It is suggestive rather,  
Of smoke and fire and—well  
I will not mention farther;  
But you needn't really be afraid,  
For some day, so I've heard tell,  
You'll taste the waters of that well,  
And as it is as hot as ———  
I'll let you off to-day.

—Dodwell, Geo. Fred., B.A. (Poshful).

Dodwell did well, yes, he did so-very well,  
He has won his fifteen pounds;  
And now he is an awful swell,  
But we fear he'll soon be sad and sorry in ap-  
pearance,  
When he's mended Sculling boats—there will be  
such a clearance.

—Lipham, Kate Caroline (Riding down from  
Bangor).—

Graduating Carrie,  
Is all smiles to-day—  
Just the girl to marry,  
Blithe and sweet and gay.  
Now no more of logic,  
Rats to Henderson,  
Now's the vac for folly,  
And the longed-for fun.

—Miller, R. O. M., M.A. (Ta Ra Ra).—

We would like to have a wet  
Before we start the Alphabet,  
R.O.M. and Miller, too,  
Are really rather much to do. Ta Ra Ra.

Fancy putting if you please,  
Even M.A. unto these,  
A little D we'll also add  
Now R. O. Miller is M A D. Ta, Ra, Ra.

—Sanders, Isbell Mary; Smyth, Agnes Ekin;  
Swan, Warren Alexander; Whitham, Annie Bea-  
trice (Old Hundredth).—

Sanders, Smythie, Whitham, and Swan,  
Your four odd names we put in one.  
Our poets wit (h) am quite run out,  
Your names put all his rhymes to rout,  
We are afraid he's now sneekin!  
All his verses out he's ekin  
You four have made his cheek so wan—  
Isabel Agnes Annie Swan.

—Schulz, A. J. (Ta Ra Ra).—

Mr. Schulz, this is a crime,  
For your name there is no rhyme,  
So of course we must be terse,  
And leave you with this single verse.

—Swan, Warren Alexander. (Old Folks at  
Home).—

There's no rabbits in this Swammy Warren,  
None, none at all;  
There's a B.A. for our bonnie Warren,  
From Chanc'lor small,  
Now the course's just been finished—  
Happy will he be,  
And his books will all be banished  
Far from his home at the sea.

—John Howard Clark Scholars.—

—Schulz, Adolph John Waterhouse, L.M. (Air—  
Blue Bell).—

Goodby, fair Lorna,  
We're glad that you  
Won the John Howard,  
The least you could do.

Pardon the "Lorna,"  
But don't you know  
Our hearts have a corner—  
Where 'twas always so.

—Science.—

—Honours Degree of B.Sc.—Fry, Henry Kenneth,  
B.Sc. (Pol-de-lol-lol).—

Now don't you get a Fryght,  
At our student so clever and bright—  
An angel perhaps,  
But pray don't collapse,  
If he goes on the spree to-night,  
Pol-de-lol-lol.

—Ellis, Annie Rita, B.Sc. (Wearing of the  
Green).—

Oh, Rita dear, we see you here, with yellow hood  
arrayed,  
Tho' working with Bill Fuller you were sensible  
and staid,  
Ned Stirling's work you hard did stow and Ren-  
nie's subjects too,  
The sweetest girl of the graduates and just the  
one to-woo.

—Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.—Holden, Edward Whee-  
wall, B.Sc. (Holy City).—

And new as old Sammy's speaking,  
There comes a boy so fair (?)  
A. B.Sc. full-blown is he  
As he looks at Sammy there;  
Old Sam takes Teddy's hand in his,  
He looks at Whcewall's phiz:  
I hear congratulations from Sammy's sweet lips  
ring.  
I hear congratulations from Sammy's sweet lips  
ring.

He's Holden him,  
He's Holden him,  
Hold on with all your might!  
He's Holden him,  
He's Holden him,  
Hold on with all your might.

—Phillips, Tarlton, B.Sc. (Captain Cook).—

Now Tarlton Phillips has got his degree,  
He will be off fresh sights to go and see  
He's got a great big station,  
He will work with perturbation.  
In fear of Bush Fires, Drought and Billy Tea,  
But all these posts he'll bankish from his rum,  
Bush Fires and Drought he'll shoot them with a  
gun.  
While Billy Tea—oh! blow it!  
Tarlton he will never know it,  
Unless he drinks it once a year for fun.

—Ronald Trudinger, B.Sc. (Daisy Bell).—

Trudy, Trudy, show us your visage do,  
For we've been wond'ring why Bragg  
Has let you thro'.  
It must be the devil's own luck,  
At Physics you always were stuck,  
But you look neat before the seat  
Of Chancellor Way and his Blue.

—Heseltine, A. F. (Creole Bella).—

Gus Heseltine you're looking fine,  
I wish that your lot could change with mine,  
How long before you're crushing ore,  
On the Great Boulder, Gus Heseltine.

—Music.—

—For the Degree of Bachelor of Music.—Puddy,  
Maud Mary. (Absent Minded Beggar).—

When you've stewed your counterpoint, when  
you've done instrumentation,  
When you've finished banging ivory with your  
paws,  
You can tak a trip to Europe to complete your  
education  
In a manner that is bound to win applause.  
You've been grafting for Mus. Bac., and the  
course is rather hard,  
But succeeded in obtaining your degree:  
And can play old Mozart's music and the classics  
by the yard.  
Or set it to a comic or a glee.

Chorus.

Maudie, Maudie, you're so musical,  
The hearts of men you set aflame with strains so  
beautiful;  
And many a man would give his life,  
Or anything dear for such a wife,  
Who charms the soul enchantingly like you,  
Maud dear.

—Davis, Angelita Pintoreilla. (Old Hundredth).—

Beware now all ye people pray,  
A learned person now we see,  
For what else could Angelita  
And Pinetoreilla ever be—

Miss Davis, you should rise in wrath,  
Cry all us cheeky students down;  
We sing this 'cause we see come forth  
A very wrathful looking frown. Amen.

The Chairman of the Board of Commercial  
Studies will then present to the Chancellor the  
undermentioned students who have obtained the  
Advanced Commercial Certificate and the winner  
of the Fisher Medal:—

—Advanced Commercial Certificates.—

—Annells, Herbert Edward; Donnelly, Albert Lau-  
rance; Kirkman, David. (Little Brown Jug).—

You are very lucky men,  
Lots of knowledge now ye ken;  
You have got certificates  
Through the wonders of your 'pates.

Ha, ha! it is rot!  
They should say advanced in what—  
For they might mean, don't you know,  
You're advanced in language low.  
God bless our noble land,  
And send us Jurisprudence,  
And bless His Noblest Band on Earth—  
The Adelaide 'Varsity students.