Oh how they try to induce them back
But all without avail
Then they all sorrowfully bid adieu
And continue on their trail.

At Hillsdale they secure a guide
Who shows a way much nearer,
Each rugged path and steep hillside
Render's their goal the dearer.

At last the grounds they do esp'y
And to the tables wish to rush,
While "pilot John" drags off his form
In the shade of a cooling bush.

Swings, Croquet, and Foot ball too
Amuse those restless swains,
Maidens fair, with golden hair
Flash love - dart at their veins