Musings of An Ancient Pedagogue

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Cover Page Footnote
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Swiftly they pass
Me by,
These fledglings crass,
And I
Who twice their years
Almost
This 'vale of tears'
My post
Have kept, must hie
Aside
And let them fly!
Alas,
Unfeeling hand,
Run, pass!
Fly on, nor stand
To view
My temple's gray
With hue
Of ash, nor stay;
Though meet
It be that you
Retreat...
For this I sue,
My due:
Just give me place
(My due!)
To set the pace
For YOU!

Gay, carefree band,
Too soon
You'll learn to stand —
Too soon
You'll learn to wait
While boys
Of flying gait
And joys
Unclouded, dash
You by,
Unthinking, rash.
As I
Do now, then you
Will be
Too quick to rue
their glee
And mourn their waste
Of zeal...
And curse their haste
And feel
Your patience tried
And bruised,
Your cherished pride
Abused!
Run then! Be gay!
You'll know
Too soon the day
You'll slow . . .
When then
With halting gait,
Denied
Your place, you wait
Aside
And helpless stand,
Forbear
To reprimand;

And there
Benignly greet
These boys
Of flying feet
And joys
That mock defeat —
But pray
As now do I
That they
Will one day fly
To truth
That never bends
And youth
That never ends!

CLARENCE AMANN

Godiva

By G. Koepsel

"You're really going out like that?" I said.
"Why not?" She said.
"You could catch cold like that."
She laughed for a moment, and came to me smiling and bit my finger.
"Ouch!"