

**ON THE TIBUR ROAD:
A FRESHMAN'S
HORACE**

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On the Tibur Road: A Freshman's Horace by George Meason Whicher & George Frisbie Whicher

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By

GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

AND

GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER

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PREFACE

A few of the following verses are reprinted from *Life*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, and obscurer pages. An asterisk will tell inquiring friends which writer must bear the initial responsibility for each piece. That not all of them were written in the first college year, will be easily inferred; but the critically inclined who conclude that all might have been, will not quarrel with our subtitle. It is a Freshman idea, no doubt, to print the lightest echoes heard along the Tibur Road, especially when so many competent reporters have long ago found acceptance. But why attempt excuse or palliation?

The twittering sparrows build their nest
Unawed in many an ancient fane.
We strew our rubbish with the rest;
Yet undefiled thy courts remain,
Thanks to the seried years, the biting rain.
O Master of the Lyric Strain,
What Worst could dim thy shining Best!

G. M. W.

G. F. W.

*Alderhithe,
Middle Haddam, Connecticut.
September, 1911.*

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