

*It has been written that the measure you give will be the measure you get . . .
To some this seems a harsh writ, but consider the following thoughts.*

F. Com. S2009 1

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose
the good we oft might win, by fearing to
attempt.

Alack! when
once our
grace we have
forgot,
Nothing goes
right: we
would, and
we would not.



The miserable
have no other
medicine but
only hope.

Some say – those that hold old wisdom –
That LITT majors live who have not
Partaken of the splendours of the Bash,
And yet the food, lovelingly crafted
Measure by measure, and the camaraderie,
Joined with the festive circumstances,
Surely provides a plenitude of happiness.

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Please join us on Friday, April 17th, from 4:30 until 6:00 or so,
Upper G-Wing, for the Really, Really Big LITT/LANG
End of Year Workshop Bash.*

Q. "These are all really swell quotations. Where do they come from?"
A. Attend the play on Friday after the Bash and find out (or ask Ken Tompkins).