

P R E F A C E

When you are a lonely student
And you come to London Town,
And you seek you for a lodging,
Weary wandering up and down:
Some you find are very dirty,
Some too small, and some too large,
Some unpleasantly located,
Some but poor, yet high their charge -
Turn you then from weary seekings
Into little Bulstrode Street,
Short and wide and quiet it lies,
But the students need supplies;
Pause you then at number four,
Ring and maid will ope the door,
Here a refuge you will find
From the scuffling humankind.
'Tis not luxury and ease,
'Tis but living in a squeeze.



Six by six feet is your space,
Room to sleep and wash your face -
Sittingrooms of course below,
Where for study you can go.
Curtains buff and red are hung
All around, on iron rods strung;
One room in portions five divided
Called Cubicles - when you've decided
Which on having you are bent,
Settle there and be content,
Suffice you then nor dream of home,
Where for miles and miles you roam,
Full of freedom, full of joy,
Four good sisters to annoy,
Bravely face another life
Full of hardships, rubs, and strife,
Thankful for your daily bread,
Let your eyes look straight ahead;
Onward then, nor turn you back,
Heed not comforts that you lack,
Know that what we here would gain
Must be bought with tears and pain,
For what's worth having we must fight -
Be therefore strong and seek the right.