

June 17, 1940

POEM TO DR. ABRAHAMS

We wonder, on this final day
How quickly all has passed,
The fun we've had in chemistry
Was much too good to last.

We meet, the last time in this room,
Reluctance in each heart,
To know that now the time has come
When we from you must part.

You've been so very kind to us,
You conquered, came, and saw,
Now all of us know perfectly
Each formula and law.

Your sympathy has led us on
To rediscover all,
To smile alike at gain and loss,
To remedy each fall.

To look into our hearts and souls
With truth and honesty,
And with our deeds to show the world
What we were meant to be.

To judge with justice, to define
The things of wrong from right,
If once correct, to carry on
To victory each fight.

The love you've put into our hearts
And minds of chemistry,
Shall always hold you in esteem,
A lasting memory.

What more, dear teacher, should we ask,
What else that should come true,
Just this: that luck and happiness
May ever follow you.

That you may think, in years to come,
Of all of us, your friends,
Recall the pride we have in you,
A pride that never ends.