The first poem is attributed to Stephen Grellet, a French Quaker missionary, who is credited with writing the often-quoted phase “I shall not pass this way again.”

The second “I Shall Not Pass this Way Again” may have been written as a moral tale and comes from an anonymous poet. *The Daily Illini*, a student paper at the University of Illinois, publishes this poem at the beginning of exams each semester.

I Shall Not Pass This Way Again #1 (Stephen Grellet, 1773-1855)
Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once and only once I pass,
If a good deed I may do,
If a kindness I may show
To a suffering fellow man,
Let me do it while I can,
No delay for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.

I Shall Not Pass This Way Again #2 (Anonymous)
And it came to pass.
Early in the morning toward the last day this semester,
There arose a great multitude smiting the books and wailing.
And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth,
For the day of judgment was at hand
And they were so afraid, for they had left undone
Those things which they ought to have done,
And they had done
Those things which they ought not to have done
And there was no help for it.

And there were many abiding in the dorms
Who had kept watch over their books by night,
But it availed them naught.
But some there were who rose peacefully,
For they had prepared themselves the way
And made straight paths of knowledge.
And these were known
As wise burners of the midnight oil.
And to others they were known as “curve raisers.”

And the multitude arose
And ate a hearty breakfast.
And they came unto the appointed place
And their hearts were heavy
And they had come to pass,
But some of them
Repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate,
But they had not a prayer.
And at the last hour there came among them
One known as the instructor; and they feared exceedingly.
He was of diabolical smile,
And he passed papers among them
and went his way.
And many and varied
Were the answers given,
For some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds.
Others had fallen among the fallows,
While others had fallen flat.

And some there were who wrote for one hour,
Others for two,
But some turned away sorrowful,
and many of these
Offered a little bull
In hopes of pacifying the instructor
And these were the ones who had not a prayer.

And when they finished,
They gathered up their belongings
And went their way quietly, each in his own direction,
And each vowing unto himself in this manner:
“I shall not pass this way again.”