

31 HARVARD CLASS OF 1852
(Reprint of "Harvard Ode 1852: Fair Harvard:
The Ties That Have Bound Us)

As we turn our last gaze on the time-honored courts
That have echoed our footsteps for years,
That have witnessed full many a scene in the Past
Which fond recollection endears,
A shadow of sadness we cannot dispel
O'er the prospect will silently steal,
And the sigh and the tear which unbidden escape
The heart's deep emotions reveal.

Once more, Alma Mater, our voices unite,
Hand in hand as we circle thy shrine,
And the song of our farewell we mournfully breathe
To the friends and the joys of Lang Syne.
To these scenes of past pleasure we ne'er may return,
But, though guided by Destiny far,
Our hearts shall be gladdened, our pathway be cheered,
By the pale light of Memory's star.

O, soft be the sunlight that warms this fair scene,
When the dream of our youth shall have flown,
When the counselling voice and the arm that sustained
Shall have left us to struggle alone.
May the wreath of fresh flowers which our hands have
entwined
And lovingly placed on thy brow,
When the twilight of years darkly shadows our life,
Be as fresh and unfading as now.

Sources:

Newsboy, May, 1974. (Fragment, only final three stanzas published.)