

34 HARVARD ODE 1870

As We Meet in Thy Name, Alma Mater, Tonight.

As we meet in thy name, Alma Mater, to-night,
All our hearts and our hopes are as one,
And love, for the mother that nurtured his youth
Beats high in the breast of each son.
The sweet chords of memory bridge o'er the past,
The years fade away like a dream,
By the banks of Cephissus, beneath the green trees,
We tread thy fair walks, Academe.

The heights of Hymettus that bound the near view
Fill the air with an odor as sweet
As the beautiful clusters of sun-tinted grapes
From the vineyards that lie at our feet.
O realm of enchantment, O wonderful land,
Where the gods hold high converse with men,
Come out from the dusk of past ages once more,
And live in our fancy again.

Let us drink to the Past as our glasses we lift,
Let eye speak to eye, heart to heart,
Let the bounds of sweet fellowship bind each to each
In the hours that remain ere we part.
And thou, Alma Mater, grown fairer with age,
Let us echo the blessings that fell
From thy motherly lips, as we stood at thy side,
And thou bid'st us God-speed and Farewell.

Sources:

Menu of Harvard Club of New York Dinner, February 11, 1870.
Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.
Alger Street, 1964.