

## 35 HARVARD ODE 1871

This night we would rest by the wayside of life  
And look back through the wearisome miles,  
With their varying chances, their turmoil and strife,  
And the dust of the world which defiles,  
To the whispering groves of that wonderful clime,  
Still bright with the sunlight of morn,  
Where youth heeded not the swift passage of time,  
And care was a phantom unborn.

There wandered, conversing, the sages of old,  
And the laurel-crowned monarchs of song;  
There alone was it granted our eyes to behold  
The kindly divinities throng.  
From Olympian heights they came down to us then,  
Bringing back the Saturnian reign;  
The lips of immortals were opened to men,  
And mortals made answer again.

Not for us, Alma Mater, those pleasures divine --  
Only once 'tis allowed us to stroll  
'Mid the banquets of gods, and to drink of the wine  
That quenches the thirst of the soul.  
But, rememb'ring, we drink of a vintage less rare,  
And in earthier cups, to thy praise,  
And, to-night, rings the toast "To Our Mother most fair,  
Long Life and succession of days."

### **Sources:**

Menu of Harvard Club of New York Dinner, February 22, 1871.  
The Marlborough (MA) Mirror, September 30, 1874.  
Alger Street, 1964.