

38 HARVARD ODE 1892

O friends and classmates, true and tried,
How long it seems, since, side by side,
With girded loins and earnest face,
We stood equipped for Life's great race!
To us it seemed a happy dream,
The four years passed in Academe, --
Our serious tasks with pleasures blent;
Four years that as they rolled along
On heart and brain left impress strong,
And kindled in each glowing eye
A hopeful fire, a purpose high.
When on the border-land we stood,
 Life's serious duties yet untried,
The sun shone bright on hill and wood,
 The landscape all seemed glorified.

Those vanquished years, those happy days,
Seen through the dim, autumnal haze,
Leave in our hearts, remembered yet,
The shadow of a vain regret.
No longer boys, but toil-worn men,
We meet around the board again.
We meet and pass in calm review
 The dreams that no fruition saw, --
Vague aspirations, lofty hopes,
 Youth nurtured, that are now no more.

Grown older now, we will not mourn
Those exhalations of the dawn;
The heroes that we hoped to be
Will never live in History.
No knights or paladians are we,
 Plain toilers only in the mart;
Yet let us hope on Life's broad stage
 That we have played a worthy part.

When Alma Mater, dear to all,
Her sons shall pass in glad review,
We trust her heart will thrill with pride,
As pass the boys of '52
Loyal in heart, in purpose true.
What we have learned be ours to teach;
And may an ever-strengthening tie
Bind each to all, and all to each.

Sources:

Annual Dinner of Harvard Class of 1852, July 21, 1892.

Annals of Class of 1852, 1922.

Alger Street, 1964.