

33 HARVARD ODE 1869

Dear Guide of Our Youth's Golden Days

Fair Harvard, dear guide of our youth's golden days;
At thy name all our hearts own a thrill,
We turn from life's highways, its business, its cares,
We are boys in thy tutelage still.
And the warm blood of youth to our veins, as of yore,
Returns with impetuous flow,
Reviving the scenes and the hopes that were ours
In the vanished, but sweet Long Ago.

Once more through thy walks, Alma Mater, we tread,
And we dream youth's fair dreams once again,
We are heroes in fight for the Just and the Right,
We are knights without fear, without stain;
Its doors in fair prospect the world opens wide,
Its prizes seem easy to win, --
We are strong in our faith, we are bold in our might,
And we long for the race to begin.

Though dimmed are our hopes, and our visions are fled,
Our dreams were but dreams, it is true;
Dust-stained from the contest we gather to-night,
The sweet dreams of youth to renew.
Enough for to-morrow the cares it shall bring,
We are boys, we are brothers, to-night;
And our hearts, warm with love, Alma Mater, to thee,
Shall in loyal devotion unite.

Sources:

Menu of Harvard Club of New York Dinner, February 23, 1869.
Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.
Alger Street, 1964.