

36 HARVARD ODE 1872

The Months Have Accomplished Their Round

Fair Harvard, the months have accomplished their round
And a year stands full-orbed and complete,
Since last at thy summons, with dutiful hearts,
Thy children sat here at thy feet.
Since last in thy presence, grown youthful once more,
We drank to the past and its joys,
Shaking off every care that encumbered our years,
And dreamed that again we were boys.

To-night once again in thy presence we meet
In the freshness and flush of life's spring;
We wait but thy blessing, we ask but thy smile,
As our sails to the free air we fling.
The winds breathe auspicious that waft us along,
The sky, undisturbed, smiles serene,
Hope stands at the prow, and the waters gleam bright
With sparkles of silvery sheen.

And thy voice, Alma Mater, so potent and sweet,
Still sounds in our ears as of yore,
And thy motherly counsel we hear, wisdom-fraught,
As we push our frail barks from the shore.
From the foam-crested waves of the mountainous sea
As backward our glances we strain,
We see the dear face of our mother benign,
And bless her again and again.

Sources:

Menu of Harvard Club of New York Dinner, February 1, 1872.
New York Weekly, March 25, 1872.
Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.
Alger Street, 1964.