

PSALM LXXVIII

Give ear, ye children, to my law
 Devout attention lend,
 Let the instruction of my mouth
 Deep in your hearts descend.

My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 Shall parables unfold:
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 And owned for truths of old,

Which we from sacred registers
 Of ancient times have known,
 And our forefathers' pious care
 To us has handed down.

Let children learn the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old,
 Which, in our younger years, we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs, —
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

FAIR HARVARD

Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
 By these festival rites, from the age that is past
 To the age that is waiting before.
 O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
 That has long kept their memory warm,
 First flower of their wilderness! star of their night!
 Calm rising through change and through storm!

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'!
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.