

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT.

WHEN Cambridge elms are green, and many an
oar

Beneath the Charles' muddy wave is dipt,
And Boston spires, Venetian-sunset tipt,
Watch gliding gondolas from shore to shore,

Then doth Fair Harvard open wide her door,
And speak her annual welcome, magic-lipped,
To all her sons, of age and honors stripped
Again, boys still at forty or fourscore.

Grave statesmen then drink healths from ruddy bowls,
And Freshman follies laughingly recall,
And reverend parsons, sober, spare, and tall,
Relax the tension of their long-strained souls.

O Cambridge elms, O College growing gray,
Guard well the secrets of Commencement-day!