Ad Alumnos.

The mother sits beside the bay,
The bay swells out to meet the sea,
And gone are ye on every tide
Wherever men and waters be;
Where striving is and faith untouched,
And climbing on the higher way
Your restless, free-set feet are gone,
Your hearts untroubled war to-day.
Men whom her loins have borne in pain,
Sons of the blood who claim her pride
Ye bear the torches of her thought
Wherever run the waters wide:
One where the tireless forges clang
Shall weld upon the sturdy steel
The homely truth ye taught him here,
The homely faith ye made him feel,
And one shall forge his high desire
Upon the souls of Saxon men
And one shall praise her with his life
As one shall praise her with his pen.
But all shall turn when life is done,
And honored heads are grown as hoar
As is the moss, whose tendrils creep
Her mellowed, aging arches o'er,
To see again these fairy towers
Whose prospect sweeps the lands of truth,
And dream again these golden dreams
That blest the slumber of his youth.

The mother sits beside the bay,
The bay goes down to wed the sea,
And gone are ye on every tide
Wherever men and waters be.

W. H. I.