

**LINES READ AT THE  
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF  
THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB OF  
HARVARD COLLEGE: 1795-1895**

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THE dying Year a gray-beard old and broken  
 The Almanacs and Calendars portray,  
 The blithe New Year, his message all unspoken,  
 Comes tripping lightly on a flower-strewn way.

Can any care his smooth young forehead wrinkle?  
 Or cruel blow his dimpled fingers deal?  
 Shall sorrow dull his clear eyes' merry twinkle?  
 Do the sweet flowers a dread abyss conceal?

A band of Penitents, the Years have hidden  
 Their sad old faces in the Century's tomb;  
 Yet, each when but a merry boy, was bidden  
 To rid the world of evil and of gloom.

Each promised fair. And was its promise broken?  
 Though no year banished care, or sin, or strife,  
 Yet each behind it left some precious token,  
 To make the richer our old planet's life.





This gave man ether ; this, the locomotive ;  
This power to whisper over leagues of space ;  
Each in the Temple hung an offering votive,  
Each gave some treasure to the human race.

Richer each year the fortune we inherit,  
Keener the insight of the seer and sage,  
Deeper does science in God's marvels ferret,  
Yet, comes it not, — the longed-for Golden Age.

The pot of gold lies where the rainbow arches  
Its filmy prism o'er the distant plain,  
But after toilsome climbs and weary marches,  
We find the crock has fled and fled again.

But the birds sing of it, and children prattle  
Of wondrous fairylands of gleaming gold,  
We catch it glimpsing through life's weary battle,  
Nor cease to hope for it when worn and old.



