

**CHILDE HARVARD,
A ROMANCE OF
CAMBRIDGE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649546381

Childe Harvard, a Romance of Cambridge by Nathan Ames

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NATHAN AMES

**CHILDE HARVARD,
A ROMANCE OF
CAMBRIDGE**



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THE BABY AND THE BARDS.

CHILDE HARVARD,

'ROMANCE OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY SEÑOR ALGUNO.

NEW EDITION.

AND

THE BARDS OF LIND:

TO WIT,

**LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, WHITTIER, PERCIVAL, SPRAGUE,
HALLECK, LOWELL, DANA, HOLMES, AND WILLIS.**

COLLECTED AND ADAPTED TO

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES,

WITH

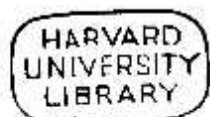
A SOOTHING SONNET, AND A PRELUDE,

BY THE SAME.

**BOSTON:
REDDING & COMPANY, 8 STATE STREET.
1851.**

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file of
Alexander Thomas, U.S.
of Cambridge



1059-18613

PRELUDE.

OHÛSHMYCHILD.

THE shades of night had fallen fast,
As through the Cambridge streets there past
A maiden, with a basket swung
Upon her arm ; but still she sung,
Ohûshmychild !

Her brow was sad ; her eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And, like a whispering angel's, rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Ohûshmychild !

PRELUDE.

In Harvard halls she saw the light
Of students' chambers glimmering bright ;
Onward she pressed through dew and dust,
Still whispering to her helpless trust,
Ohùshmychild !

"Try not the pass !" the watchman said ;
"Bright stars are gazing overhead,
Dark Charles's torrent is deep and wide !"
And low that whispering voice replied,
Ohùshmychild !

"O, stay," the Goody said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,
But still she answered with a sigh,
Ohùshmychild !

"Beware the Proctor's watchful eye !
Beware the awful Faculty !"
This was "Ma'am D——'s" last good-night ;
A voice replied, far out of sight,
Ohùshmychild !

The ghost of Harvard on the blast
Wailed as the mournful maiden passed ;
The church bell sounded ; with a jump
She whispered, hastening to the pump,
Ohùshmychild !

There, in the cold and silent shade,
Her weeping load she weeping laid ;
But, ere she went, she kissed the child,
And murmured low, in accents wild,
Ohùshmychild !

Again she turned, and bending o'er
The babe, she kissed it as before ;
But when a footstep sounded far,
Her voice fell like a falling star,
Ohùshmychild !

