


## Another Year.

NOTHER year passed over—gone,  
Hope beaming with the New,  
Thus move we on—forever on,  
The many and the few ;  
The many, of our childhood's days,  
Growing fewer, one by one,  
Till death, in duel with each life,  
Proclaims the last is gone.

Another year—the buried past  
Lies in its silent grave,  
The stream of life flows ever on,  
As wave leaps into wave ;  
Another year—ah ! who can tell  
What memories it may bring  
Of lonely hearts and tearful eye,  
And hope bereft of wing ?