

Within thy mighty grasp revolving years,  
Each burdened with a load of smiles and tears,  
In spectre form appear ; but soon return,  
To rest forever in oblivion's urn.  
E'en now, while as I am, a requiem sound  
Breaks the deep stillness of the night around :  
Hark ! 'tis a solemn sound—a lonely knell ;  
It echoes back in truth that word—"FAREWELL."

Old year ! it was *thy* last farewell  
Which thus with gentle, trembling swell,  
I heard ; and as I wander back  
O'er the wide waste of mem'ry's track,  
Full many a change, in every clime,  
I see since thou wert in thy prime.  
Ah, yes ;—when in thy cradle-bed  
The hosts of war to battle led,  
Rush'd furious on through dust and smoke  
And cannon's roar and sabre-stroke ;—  
Then, horse and rider side by side,  
Their lances deep with crimson dyed,  
Stagg'ring and reeling on the plain,  
Fell lifeless, ne'er to rise again ;  
While ever and anon on high  
Uprose the screaming buzzard's cry.

That scene is changed—the glittering blade  
In its deep scabbard fold is laid ;  
The champing steed on slumber's breast  
Sinks to his evening's quiet rest ;  
The aged warrior now once more  
Sits by his ancient cabin door,  
To tell of deeds by valor won,  
Since first his labours were begun.  
Thank God ! o'er Briton's sea gift Isle,  
Triumphant Peace, with Heavenly smile,  
Extends her reign ; while through each glade  
Floats, free from either stain or shade,  
A flag which has, and e'er will be,  
The champion of true Liberty.