

THE OLD YEAR.

THE past has gone forever,  
 With its smiles and with its tears,  
 Its shadow and its sunshine,  
 Its trusting and its fears ,  
 Its sorrows and rejoicings,  
 Its gaining and its loss,  
 Its victories and its failures,  
 Its comforts and its cross.

The past has gone forever  
 With its poverty or wealth,  
 Its business and its pleasures,  
 Its sickness and its health ;  
 Its chances oft neglected,  
 Its graces left unwon,  
 The sins we have committed,  
 And the good we've left undone.

The past has gone forever,  
 'Twill ne'er return again ;  
 Though fain we would reca'l it,  
 Our efforts are in vain.  
 Gone to eternal keeping,  
 'Tis slumbering but not dead,  
 And with unerring judgment  
 Its record shall be read.