

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
 Sweep the red leaves away !
 Would the sins that thou abhorrest.
 O Soul ! could thus decay,
 And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
 There shall be a darker day ;
 And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
 Like red leaves be swept away !
 Kyrie, eleyson !
 Christe, eleyson !

—*Longfellow.*

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow ;
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.

He lieth still : he doth not move :
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
 And the New-year will take them away.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die, across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
 But he'll be dead before.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack ! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

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