

NEW YEAR.

THE midnight grew
Wherein I saw the old year giving place
Unto the new.

Above my head
Confusedly the firmament's high face
With cloud was spread.

And from the dark
Now here, now there, upon the silent space
Some starry spark

A moment gleamed,
Then paled and of itself left no more trace
Than if one dreamed.

So unto me
Did love and hope appear a little time;
So cease to be.

Then did I grieve
Until they shone again within my clime,
Again to leave.

But now, meanwhile,
Grown 'ware of the unchanging and sublime,
I lose and smile.

O star, thy light
Is merged for me within eternal day
And lost to sight.

O changeful hope,
O passing love, ye must henceforward stay
For larger scope.

I give to you
And make you part of what flees not away
And hath no lieu.

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From 'neath the dim
Horizon of the east, slid up the sky
A golden rim.

Above whose side
A vasty, shining orb mounted on high
With morning-tide.

Down from the crest
Of heav'n, the empty moon moved slowly by
Into the west.

Oh, as unfit
For me, as that faint moon for morning's glow,
Vanish like it,

And fade before
My sunny spirit, not for thee to know
Or dwell with more.

Without a tear
O olden self of mine, I bid thee go—
This is new year.

Evelyn Durand.