

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

To-night is New Year's Eve, and God! I'm lonely,  
It's the saddest, hardest night of all the year,  
Yet it wouldn't be so desolate, if only  
There were one spark of love, one soul to cheer.

Thirty below, and the willows white and ghastly,  
A glowing saffron halo rings the moon;  
In the cloudless dome of heaven rounding vastly,  
The stars shine cold upon the misty dune.

There's something 'bout this night that makes my  
heart ache,  
—A roving ship of ever changing ports—  
For those shadowed barks at wharves which each  
some part take  
In the Land to which to-night my soul resorts.

Loves I have ever known, longer than living,  
Loves that I knew but for a month, a year,  
Big, generous souls, the cheerful halloo giving,  
This night I want to feel, to know them near.

This teeming heart with gratitude's o'erflowing,  
Yet selfish in the thought of love soon lost,  
But richer, ever richer in the knowing,  
Soul stirrings on the toiling barks that crossed.