

NEW YEAR



As the old year sinks down in Time's
ocean,
Stand ready to launch with the
new,
And waste no regrets, no emotion,
As the masts and the spars pass from view.
Weep not if some treasures go under
And sink in the rotten ship's hold,
That blithe bonny barque sailing yonder
May bring you more wealth than the old.

For the world is for ever improving,
All the past is not worth one to-day,
And whatever deserves our true loving
Is stronger than death or decay.
Old love, was it wasted devotion?
Old friends, were they weak or untrue?
Well, let them sink there in mid-ocean,
And gaily sail on to the new.