

## Poetry.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

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

Old Year, you must not die !  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old Year, you shall not die.

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 'em away.  
 Old Year, you must not go !  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim :  
 A jollier year we shall not see ;  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.  
 Old Year, you shall not die !  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old Year, if you must die.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow,  
 I hear—! just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro ;  
 The cricket chirps ; the lights burn low :  
 'Tis nearly one o'clock.  
 Shake hands, before you die !  
 Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out, before you die.—*Tennyson.*