

BEST



IN the gruesome night and the wintry
weather,

I watched two dear friends die,
And I buried them both in one grave
together.

Oh ! who is so sad as I ?
For the old love, and the old year,
They both have passed away ;
And I never can find the old cheer
Come what will or may.

I heard the bell in the tall church steeple
Clang out a joyful strain.
And I thought, ' Of all the great world's people,
I have the bitterest pain.'
For the old year was a good year,
And the old love was sweet ;
And how could my heart hold any cheer
When both lay dead at my feet.