

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear, 45
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
 It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more
 of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind; 50
 And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
 And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse, 55
 Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high;
 I long to see a flower so before the day I die. 60

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the
 wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine, 65
 In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.