

P O E M S.

NEW YEAR.

Ah me ! my thoughts are very sad, and sable winged woe
Broods like a nightmare on my heart, and bids my sorrows flow,
All day I seek their forms in vain, and in the silent night
I mourn the friends that never changed, now hidden from my sight.

Can the dead praise Thee in the grave ? The sleepers in the tomb ?
What hymns come up from those who dwell within the nether gloom ?
Now Earth that holds in dark embrace that grim and solemn crowd,
Lies glittering ghastlily herself, wrapt in her snowy shroud ;

A corpse laid out before the Heavens—all cold, all calm, all still ;
Her million veins no longer throb through valley and down hill ;
The waves that laughed to meet the sun, in icy death reposed,
Gleam like the light in dead men's eyes before the lids be closed.

The birds are mute ; the breath of Earth, the sweet and loving Air
Is frozen to a deadly sleep :—the woods stand gaunt and bare ;
The flowers have hid their tender heads, and wheresoe'er I tread,
I seem beneath the crackling snow to trample on the dead.