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Pen

Symphonies



BY

MAUDE E. BAKER.

A
319.1
317p
2



PEN SYMPHONIES

—BY—

MAUDE E. BAKER.

HALIFAX, N. S.



HALIFAX, N. S. :
T. C. ALLEN & CO.,
1899.

A
819.1
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7

Go! little book and on your errand speed,
In gentle tones straight to the hearts I love,
Then * * * * *
If scanned by strangers' eyes forbearance plead;
A few stray thoughts from-out a wavering pen.

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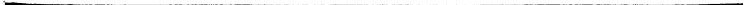


CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The New Year	1
Request	2
A Wish	3
Trouble in the Woods World	4
In June Time	5
Contrast	6
Submission	7
An Autumn Evening	8
Night	9
Hope	10
Elan de L'ame	11
A Reverie	12
Despair	13
We Two	14
Dawn	15
Retrospect	16
Then and Now	17
At Last	18
To One Beloved	19
A Portrait	20
You	21
Summer	22
Difference	23
Memoirs	24
Parting	25
My Garden	26
The Old and New Year	27



PEN SYMPHONIËS.



THE NEW YEAR.

O blythe Young Year with your cheeks rich glow,
And your golden head fearless and proud ;
Crowned with holly and gleaming with snow,
Newly born of the starshine and cloud !
Full of the North Wind's boisterous mirth,
Fresh from the breath of the frost-kissed sea,
What do you bring to this sad old Earth,
Pealing Her welcome to thee ?

*Request.**REQUEST.*

Swift Spirit of the woods, the storm, the sea !

● List ye awhile, and O, abide with me !

Go ! tell the brooks to chant with varying moods,

In the deep silence of the sombre woods !

To lave the green-brown moss with touches wet !

To gem the shadowed ways with violet !

Then bid the dark-browed Storm to hie away

In caverns deep, and tell old Ocean grey

To have His waves in gentle tones to roll

Their softer cadence to the very soul !

Then to my Love, she of the soul-lit eyes,

Plead with her, Spirit, that the swift Time flies !

O Spirit of the woods, the storm, the sea !

The stars are glowing gold, she comes to me !

A WISH.

O, to go back to that year again,
Its dewy nights in starlit gleam,
Brown eyed Twilight with hair aflame,
Lush, sweet meadows in violets' sheen,
To linger where pines stood whispering,
Weaving their shadows, purpled deep ;
Night-dream silence the hour would bring ;
Golden eyed stars their watch would keep.
But now, Beloved, the sky is drear,
With bits of blue, a dash of pearl,
Brown and lemon, just over there
Where you see clouds of night uncurl—
The trees like ghouls in a spectral mist ;
And bright is the gold, for everywhere
Autumn has claimed, and clapped, and kissed,
Yet left me naught, but a mute despair.

TROUBLE IN THE WOODS WORLD.

In the heart of the woodlands, Miss Autumn sat musing,
Her sweet face growing colder, her grey eyes full of care,
For the Pines and the Spruce were so sternly refusing
The gifts which Miss Autumn had given kindly each year.
Now the Birches, the Maples and sturdy young Saplings,
With their dresses of fine crimson and gold, trembled so,
As they thought of the rudeness of these grim old scarred
trees,

To refuse the rich colours which would dress them in glow,
And listening in wonder, as each old tree said,

In deep chorus of sighing, "We would rather be dead,
Than change now our dark robes for the crimson and gold,

We were so dressed for contrast, at least, we've been told,
The old order n'er changeth, sombre and tall,

We'll remain in our dark robes, once and for all."

But, over the hill-top the Sun in his glee

Threw a shaft of gold arrows right into the tree,

And thus for a moment, in spite of the scold,

The gloomy old scarred trees were turned into gold.

Miss Autumn's sweet grey eyes deep gleamed in delight,

And the one star above, simply winked, all its might.

IN JUNE TIME.

What is it, Beloved, we mean to do,
You and I in the witching June weather,
So high above us the heaven's clear blue,
All things forgotten, *We Two* together.

Wandering on till the west is fading
Out of its passionate heart, the glow ;
Shadows all deepening, folding, shading
The cherry trees with their blooms of snow.

See the wee aster pale in the farlight
Glow of the night, like a fleck of foam,
Tremulous there in the dreamy starlight,
Wide awake keeping, to see *you* go home.

Hear the lush music of leaves, ashiver,
See the white sheen of the harbor-bar
Glimmer and dimple, all in a quiver,
Enkindled with gold from the laughing star !

O ! then my Dear One my heart is yearning
So deep in its inmost depths, through and through,
Waiting, the June-time with sunset's burning
In rapture and glory, roses and *you*.

*Contrast.**CONTRAST.*

Life is sad in the city street,
 But, O sweet, where the clover blooms,
 Where summer winds with dallying feet,
 Are drunk with the lillie's perfumes.

Life is narrow in city street,
 But 'tis broad on the wind-swept hills,
 Where pines murmur, a rest complete,
 And life seems a song with the rills.

O, to think of the infant lives,
 Which are lived in the city street,
 Cramped with mis'ry in human hives,
 So pallid, so weary, and beat.

Though to His Own the Heavenly Love
 From the Merciful One is sent,
 "Ye lie 'mong pots, ye'll be as a dove,"
 Never seems for these to be meant.

And, yet, His Purpose is right we know,
 Some souls must be spent in the moil;
 The crocus blossoms under the snow,
 The star-flower glows from the soil.

Dear little lives so patient and sweet,
 Playing alone in the grim city street,
 Teach us a lesson, whoever complain
 Loaded with luxury, lives without aim,
 Teach us, O, teach us, wee ones of the street,
 Draw us a-near, to His Glorious Feet.

SUBMISSION.

O, Fate, 'tis hard to bow to thy decree!—
To turn away from all the glorious noon,
The sunlit meadows, blushed with clover bloom,
The laughing brightness of the dimpled sea,
The heart-yearned, hand-clasp, soul-lit sympathy,
And pierce down, deep, the dark abyss of gloom!
'Tis not so very much to ask, this boon;
A less'ning of the distaff, free from dread,
A glimpse of gold athwart the dull-hued thread,
A breath of roses sweet, with summer dew,
To walk as in a glory, pregnant through
With bliss of loving, dull content, a thing of naught,
And, banished for one hour, having all things fraught
To make our life a picture, rich and rare.
Yet, Beloved, if to our lot there fall no share,
Then, I will walk the briers, think it meet,
Since suffering, dear, with Thee, makes all things sweet.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

A white road glimmering athwart the dark,
Broad shadows lying on its rutted breast ;
A clump of firs, crowned with expiring spark,
Of ruddy fire, from the now purpling west :
A squirrel, chatt'ring in brown-richness drest,
A soothing scent of ferns, and forest things ;
An old worn fence, round which, the brier clings,
With heart on fire, to its rough hewn bars ;
A broad expanse of blue, all showered with stars :
The chirp, chirp, of some belated bird ;
A ploughboy, calling to his distant herd ;
The laughter of a brook, with mossy stone,
The croak of frogs, in deepening monotone :
The barking of a dog so sharp and shrill ;
A gold-red moon peeps o'er the long dark hill
Whose crest is fired in a deeper hue ;
Tall birches, with their red veins pulsing through
The satiny whiteness of their limbs of snow ;
Another star gleams through the throbbing glow—
A light is seen to flash from yonder sill,
A gate's sharp click, a step, and all is still.

NIGHT.

Beloved, in golden pomp the day declines ;
See over the ridge of dreamy fan-shaped pines
A young may moon her silver sickle shows ;
A thousand night-blown odours now unclose ;
The mystery of the time enwraps me round,
Whilst distant roofs and spires, to me appear
A city wrought of dreams ; the only sound
The voices of the night, and ever near
In shadowy moss glades, the song of streams,
The stars unveil the beauty of their eyes,
To dark retreat the tiny glow-worm hies
A minim world of fire, the birches gleam
Like yearning arms of Naiads, snowy white
Stretching towards the gold-gemmed brow of Night
Who wraps them soft in perfumed breaths of air.

HOPE.

A dull grey sky, with a single bar of dusky gold near the
outmost rim,
A sea's sullen breast deep flecked with white, where the
sea-gulls fitfully skim,
A lurid, lone beach, swept clean, in the night, by a passionate
sea's deep breath ;
A silence intense, wrapping all the world, like the coming
of stealthy death ;
Yet, behold a change, for the dusky bar is slowly turning
to gold,
For a light, all pearly, in silv'ry hue veiled, is banishing
all the cold ;
And atop yonder hill, where the gloom was wrapped in
sombre fold, is unfurled
The glowing disc of a moon, and her light is bathing in
amber the world.
The sky is deepened to softer blue, like the passion-
depth of soul-lit eyes,
And the Old Earth smiles in her birth anew, like a long
lost Paradise.
Sweet stars with exquisite eyes, threw deep laughing
glances into the sea
Whose waves now awake from their sullen sleep, and
murmur melodiously.
Thus, O Heart! was my lonely life, like the darkened
world, and the dull grey sea,
Till you came, Beloved, and with you, came Hope, and with
Hope a new world to me.

ÉLAN DE L'ÂME.

The night was drowsy with roses' subtile scent ;
Down at our feet the water gleamed like gold ;
The lillies' and the roses' heads were bent
To catch the dear, sweet, story which was told.

The soft pulsations of the summer stars
Grew softer, as they gazed upon you, Sweet,
So calm, so beautiful, the moonlight's silv'ry bars
Were thrown as trophies at your dainty feet.

Why should your beauty haunt me with its witching
grace?

Your pale, cold face has fallen from my view ;
Did you not know when gazing in your face,
I sought for heaven and found it *then* in you ?

But, ah ! we all must dream, and yet,
The wakening only brings such bitter pain !
The heart cries out in yearning, mad regret,
For dreams all dreamed in vain.

A REVERIE.

Sweet, within your cosy curtained room
Where crimson intermingled with the gold,
And firelit shadows, throwing part in gloom,
My fancies lived, and bade themselves unfold.

Heart spake to heart, of things, so sweet, and strange,
And life was music to a dearer strain
Than all years had listed, O, the change,
The sunlit world, the rapture when you came!

The pleasant walks, in meadows summer-hued,
The dewy nights in silv'ry woven beams,
The sea's deep symphony, your changeful mood,
Oh, Love, a time of dreams! a time of dreams!

DESPAIR.

What lack you Night with all your countless stars?
You cannot calm my pulses' surging beat,
Or make my life in rhythm passing sweet,
To chime in unison, with mellow bars.
Your still, deep, dewy sweetness, only mars
That golden summertide, so swift and fleet.
Whose hours now fraught with bitterness complete
That I would fain forget their many scars.
'Twere better far to list the sobbing wind
That tells of hearts in throbbing weary pain,
Or, standing by the sea in passion tossed,
With Nature weep, since love is left behind.
What good were life, since heart throbs were in vain,
Mourn thou thy life, since all thy joy is lost.

WE TWO

O, Love, so sweet and tender is the day,
 All cradled deep in summer's dreamy hush ;
 Wee crickets chirp, and linnet's in the lush
 Warm, clover-scented shadowed meadow-way ;
 Here, in this nook, with just a thought of blue,
 Shy peeping through the green of tender bloom,
 Brought into being, thrilling, strange and new—
 Into a grander, fuller, truer noon.
 Sweetheart, with my thoughts so full of, thee,
 Lulled with the music of the summer day
 Fast fading in the blueness of the sea,
 As if some magic power held the sway.

* * * * *

Along a sandy stretch of snowy beach,
 Where waves in all their crested beauty play,
We two had walked, till, unbeknown to each,
 A subtile witch'ry o'er our souls held sway.
 What was it made your face so sweetly tender ?
 Such earnest glances from your eyes to mine ?
 Passion-sweet in all their dreamy splendor ?
 Ah me, that balmy, moonkissed summer-time !
 The sea is silent now, in rhythmic rapture,
 The beach awaits the coming of our feet ;
 Dear heart, can we evermore recapture
 That June-time, so perilously sweet ?
 Ah ! yes, as long as our hearts are true, dear,
 Such love as ours, can never grow cold,
 Quaff the sweet, forgetting all the rue, dear—
 The dross, the greys, have nothing but the gold.

DAWN.

The Fair Dawn lies wrapped in the arms of Night,
Hushed and dream-hued in her Love's strong embrace ;
Not a leaf is stirring, a gold clear light
Opalascnt, gleams from a moon's pale face.

The olive tinge of the dusky browed hill
Is deep touched in ineffable rose,
And pale saffron, flakes, grey-tinted, until
The luminous eyes of the Dawn unclose.

Her glowing mystery is now revealed
From under her tresses of cloud-blown gold,
The sad lover, Night, hies lone o'er the field,
With the stars' fire Day paled in his fold.

RETROSPECT.

I sadly muse, Sweetheart, with thoughts of you
Across the vista, dim, of silent years;
World-weary, heart-sick with the many fears
That still my pulses' throbbing; till a-through
It all, your brave, sweet face, with eyes aglow,
Perfect, of all there is, that's pure and good.
Here, in this June-tide with her fields of snow
Shy nodding plumes of daisies, with the brood
Of gauzy insects singing life away,
World forgot, amid the rhythmic sway.
And, now, the Night creeps up from o'er the sea;
Crowned with the splendor of Her myriad stars,
This beauty brings *your* beauty back to me,
That absence, Sweetheart, only dimly mars.
There, in your garden, hear you not the thrill,
As roses' petals thirsty hearts upraise,
A murmur sweet from golden daffodil,
Listing *my* message through the star-hued haze?
Faint dreamy music, and I see you stand
With pale, sad face and sweetest words of light;
"My soul has met your soul; I understand,
Heart of my heart, your loneliness to-night."

THEN AND NOW.

Close tight Oblivions lid, O, tired heart !
The dreams are dead, their memory is pain,
The old things tear the gaping wounds apart,
The new, perhaps, will help to heal again.
The mad, sweet hours of June's rose scented night
Lie buried deep in roses crushed and sere ;
Life's wine-vat trod their beauty out of sight,
Their sweetness drenched in many a bitter tear.
But, *now* Beloved, the world is all a-gold
Since first I knew the inmost soul of Thee,
As Dawn awakes the music of the sea,
Atremble with a million hues untold.
O, grand, true eyes, beneath a wealth of hair,
Deep violets, beneath a flash of gold—
Can it be true that you have found me fair,
My soul's own soul, whom some have thought so cold?
Unworthy, though, I can be all that's true,
And noble, as you say in your kind way,
What good undreamt of can a woman do,
Crowned with your love, and willing to obey—
My true, true Heart, and yet, all this I know,
One glance of mine has power thus to bring
Your noblest thought within those eyes aglow,
For I am *you*, and *you* my being's King.

AT LAST.

Together, and alone, at last are we ;
'Twas weary waiting for the rapture sweet ;
The hours dragged on so drearily,
The blue was dimmed, the world was grey and bleak ;
What care I *now*, low lying at your feet,
That yearning eyes had fought back bitter tears ?
A calm has fallen, O, so deep, so deep !
And I can banish all the foolish fears,
Since I can see your tender love-lit eyes
Radiant with glory, as summer sun-kissed skies,
Caress your hair, and kiss your crimson lips,
Like unto roses, and yet them eclipse ;
Draw near, Sweet One ! round me your arms enfold !—
What matters *now*, the sneering, bitter world ?

TO ONE BELOVED.

Beloved, as I walked alone to-day,
The world was wrapped in misty golden glow ;
And overhead, the deep blue heavenly way
Seemèd to kiss the wonder of the snow ;
For, far away, o'er fields of trackless white
Unshadowed yet, by any thought of scars,
Naught, but the sea's deep music, and the light
Of dusky Night's attendants, golden stars.

And, as I came unto the tall dark pines,
Outlined so strong against the amber light,
Weaving their music born of lonely winds,
Or tired hearts alone, as mine to-night ;
Thou art to me, the fragrance of the rose,
The still starlight, that dreams in garden close ;
Thou art the dew in silver all empearled,
Thou art the mist that o'er the sea lies curled !—

Thou art the lightning's flash, in summer noons ;
The golden wonder, of the autumn moons ;
The pensive twilight and the midnight deep ;
The calm, sweet blessings of the hours of sleep—
Thou art the fulness of the salt sea's breath ;
The pink sea shells that gem the dark old shore—
Thou art my Life, without thee would be Death—
And darkness, and despair, for evermore.

A PORTRAIT.

Leonie, with deep, dark pathetic eyes,
Like unto dusk of autumn's midnight skies,
Crowned with a cloud of sun-gold wind blown hair,
Fit setting for a brow so pure and fair.

A mouth ripe, rich, like to a cloven rose,
Steeped in the witchery that the god, Love, throws,
For weal or woe, a mouth to woman given,
Whose passion-touch would make this earth a heaven.

Arrayed in softness of old rich brocade,
Falling in lines of beauty fold on fold,
Behind you, the deep shadows of the glade,
Illumined with the sunset's clouds of gold!

Nestling 'mid laces near your bosom's snow
A blo d-red Rose, with sweetly perfumed tips,
Yearns madly upwards, with its heart aglow,
In wild desire, to your crimson lips.

YOU.

Have you watched the creamy pink of roses' petals, Sweet
Unfold themselves to mysteries of sunlight, air and dew,
Tremulous with ecstasy, with heads down-drooped and meek?
So has my heart unfolded all its wealth of love for you.

Have you watched the great, grey Sea flush deep as ruby
wine,
When rosy fingered Dawn has gently touched His sullen
breast,

And with a murmurous melody the waves in tones divine
Have lulled the lone, dark shore, into a haven of rest?

Have you watched the violet in modest blue-tipped hood,
Emerge from out the winter snows like tiny crystal star,
How dearly loved, the wee thing is, by all the deep dense
wood,
To whom it tells of golden hours—that Summer is not far.

Dear One, the twilight's falling, and the hours are lone and
drear,

While purple mist all starry lies à-dream upon the lea,
I want you my Beloved One, I want you ever near,
While watching all these beauties, dear, of violet, rose and
sea.

SUMMER.

O, the thrilling and the pulsing of the blood, in days like these,

With the sky a blaze of glory, and the sun-kissed laden breeze

Quivering all the sombre branches of the patient waiting trees

With caresses sweet with love, kindling hope and peace and ease!

Telling of the pinky splendor of the mayflower and wild rose,

Gemming jewels in the stilly ways of forest dark, and close:
Telling of the dusky-dressed fields flecked in gleam of golden rod,

Wondrous stars, a dream-lit silence, peace and beauty shed abroad,

Till the Old Earth rests in blessing, underneath the smile of God ;

Of the Sea in laughing beauty, stretching arms out to the shore,

For his heart is full of music never dreamed of yet before,

Where the sea-shells shyly nestle with their sweetly crimsoned cheeks,

For a love song 'tis he sings, a love song 'tis he speaks.

'Tis a joy to sit and listen to the birds whose music floats

In the gleaming rose-hued dawn-time in their sweetest rippling notes ;

Singing "Summer," Summer "Summer," from a thousand sweet tuned throats.

DIFFERENCE.

Wrapped in silence, Love,
So deep, so deep,
None but the stars above,
Know the watch I keep.

Sunlit-time, enraptured, Love,
Old world born anew,
All the sunlight captured, Love,
In that hour with you.

Ah! my life is weary, Love,
Bleak and gray,
'Reft of joy, and weary, Love,
This winter day.

Now the embers dying, Love,
In a sullen glow,
And the world is lying, Love,
Wrapped in snow.

MEMOIRS.

It grieves me that the golden time is dead ;
The amber-tinted flower-scented June
Haunts all my memory, as one, fancy led,
Sees rose leaves faded, in some sacred room.

That night I wove a garland for thy waist,
Of poppies rare besteepled in moonlit dew ;
Thy lips rich crimson often did I taste,
For all my life was colored with their hue.

The distant hills were peaceful, O my Love !
The moon had kissed them with her sil'vry sheen,
One tiny star was shining far above,
Whose light, reflected, was in yonder stream.

Glad Nature spoke, and all things answered her :
The night's sweet music made the rose unfold ;
The lily swayed, to catch the faint sweet stir
Of pinky petals from each other curled.

My heart is weary with its restless pain ;
My life is grey as yonder sobbing sea ;
Its yearnings kill me, for the dream is vain,
The dream I dreaméd of thee.

PARTING.

We said farewell by waters chill and deep ;
We two *alone*, though many were the feet
That passed us, ever in their aimless quest,
Their faces lined with care, for few had rest ;
Thus it seemed, as you to me were all the world :
For in *you* were my dreams and hopes unfurled,
Sweetheart, I did not wish, from me, that you should go,
E'en though the length of days be one or two
My heart was weary, aching, aching so.
I count not *time* by weeks, or months, or years ;
By joys and sunny laughter ringing through,
But, pent up fountain of resisted tears.
O, Love, my Love with eyes of greyest blue,
I saw the tears, within their tender depths
A moment, ere our parting thrilled me through ;
I could have wept, Sweetheart, I could have wept.
Some golden thought from soul to soul flashed too.
I was *alone* with memory of my kiss
Pressed down and folded, soft as dew on rose,
Dear Heart, good by ! and as the day tides close,
And dusky midnight wings its dreams to thee,
May angels guard thy silent, sweet repose,
With thoughts all true, and bring thee soon to me.

MY GARDEN.

There is a dear quaint old garden,
Sheltered by cliffs from the sea,
Where Spring winds riot, and barred in
With creepers wild and free.

With daffodils, dahlias, and pansies,
With pinks snowy-flaked, and deep red,
Where the lily's gold heart full of fancies
Lures the bee dusky-hued to her bed.

O, how the stars love that garden,
Its shadowed ways, claimed by the Night !
And Day in sunshine all starred in,
Glows sweet in her roseate light.

O, how my heart loves that garden ;
Bathed deep in the Night's tender tears !
O, my soul loves that garden,
As she refills the urn of the years !

TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Farewell Old Year, so gaunt, so white, so grim !
Standing so still, amidst your winter scars,
Take with you all regret and harrowing sin,
Save but the truth all crowned with golden stars.

Throw back the dross of self, leaving the glint
Of soul-lit pity, like the Christ above—
The heart-felt hand-clasp, in its touch no stint
Of courage, cheer, deep full of hope and love.

Thou hast been kind, and yet the bitter pain
Is furrowed on the faces of the poor ;
The hardened want, the oft illgotten gain
We need'st must see, we fain would see no more.

Throw round the discontent of human lot
The hallowed beauty of the crown of Peace—
O ! New Year blythe with hope, and newly fraught.
Bring in the blessings which shall never cease !