

## THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

The world outside is dark; my fire burns low;  
All's quiet, save the ticking of the clock  
And rustling of the ruddy coals, that flock  
Together, hot and red, to gleam and glow.  
The sad old year is near his overthrow,  
And all the world is waiting for the shock  
That frees the new year from his dungeon lock.—  
So the tense earth lies waiting in her snow.

Old year, I grieve that we should part so soon,—  
The coals burn dully in the wavering light;  
All sounds of joy to me seem out of tune,—  
The tying embers creep from red to white,  
They die. Clocks strike. Up leaps the great, glad moon!  
Out peal the bells! Old year,—dear year,—good night!