

The Dying Year.

The earth is wrapp'd in winter's snowy shroud,
Triumphant conqueror o'er the vanquish'd year;
The storm-king wildly sings his requiem loud,
And Nature weeps, sad mourner o'er the bier.
And man, too, weeps, for dead and buried here
Lie blighted hopes, and many cherished dreams,
That cheer'd the heart, and banish'd every fear.
On youthful visions broke Hope's morning beams,
Gilding Fame's temple dome, that flash'd with meteor
gleams.

Thou dying Year! how bright thy rising sun
To thousands sailing o'er life's tempting sea!
What tempests swept ere half thy race was run!
Upon the waves what strife for victory,
Where strong Ambition fought for mastery

O'er Fortune's ills. Oh, Year! the scene behold!
The shore is strewn with trophies brought to thee.
But now the bell of time thy knell has tolled;
On history's blotted leaf thy deeds are all inscrolled.

And yet, alas! not all; the darkest page
Is written only on the human soul.
That sacred grief which words can ne'er assuage,
The recording angel marks, and hides the scroll;
For hope would perish, did man know the whole.
Enough, insatiate year, thy records show
To weary millions, struggling to their goal,
Of strife, and blood, and every form of woe,
Scourging the trembling world, and man, of man the foe.

Still Hope survives amid the wreck of years,
Though tyrants triumph, and though empires die.
On Europe's soil, wet with her children's tears,
The waving fields invite the reapers nigh.
Come to the harvest! is the startling cry

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That wakes an echo in the soul's vast deep;
And lo! to lead the van a chief appears.
Great Kossuth! Heaven-appointed guard to keep
The famished nations' trust! with joy thy hand shall reap.

Sad, fleeting Year, though now thy twilight flings
A darker shadow, deepening into gloom,
Be thou precursor of the day that brings
The reign of Justice, and Oppression's doom,
When Truth divine man's pathway shall illumine
To stand forever on the roll of Time,
Be this, oh, coming Year, upon thy tomb:
"Here Liberty awoke; here Faith sublime
Viewed, as from Pisgah's top, Freedom's immortal clime."

