



THE YOUNG YEAR

LYING IN A BED OF CHRISTMAS ROSES,
AWAKENED BY ELVES AND FAYS.

My ancient symbol thus do we

Try to divide Eternity ;

And our dwarf'd measure of the Year,

Picture in form of infant dear,

Lying on bed of Christmas flowers ;

And,—as Aurora by the Hours,—

Waited upon by Elves and Fays,

Who waken with him the fairy lays.

Since the New Year His will fulfils,

Who made this Earth, its vales and hills,

Gives Man his sorrows and his joys,

His earnest purpose, childish toys ;

O'erwhelms the false, upholds the true,

May it bring peace and joy to you.

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BIRTH OF NEW YEAR

USHERED IN BY FAIRIES.—GNOMES
RINGING HIM IN.

Fairies ! usher forth Gnome's Mein,

Man's fresh wonder, the New Year ;

Gnomes and Fays ring forth the bell,

At once a greeting and a knell.

The Old Year hath passed away,

The new Mein is born to-day.

What awaits us 'neath his reign ?

Defeat or triumph, pleasure, pain ?

Loist the tones upon the air,

Try to read the Future there.

Trust—have faith ; unto the Gnome

Dought can ever go askew.

If dark it's but one trial more

So brighter make the days in store ;

If bright 'twill cause a thankful heart,—

Go thou forth and do thy part.

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THE OLD YEAR

DRIVEN OFF THE EARTH BY THE ELVES OF FROST
AND SNOW.

Pelt him with Snow-balls as white as his beard
(Gnomes have no pity and Elfsins no heart)—

The Year has grown old in his sins, we're afeard

He'll do us more mischief ere he shall depart.

Let him go with his follies, his failures, his crimes,

Drive him off, jolly Gnomes, from the edge of the world ;

Set the Bells ringing to bring in New Times,—

Into space and forgetfulness yesterday's hurled :—

Off with the old Love, and on with the New,

And may the New Year be a glad one to you.

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ROBIN

PREPARING HIS SONG FOR CHRISTMAS,
UNDER THE TUITION OF THE ELVES.

Robin were your taskmasters,

Little tricksey creatures !

Quaint in feature, form, and garb,

Very quaint in features.

Listen to the Christmas song,

We'll be gently singing

By cottage door, or Squire's hall,

While the bells are ringing.

Sing of Peace, of Love, of Joy,

And comfort after trial ;

The Triumph over death and sin

Which brooks not Hell's denial :

Sing of Christ as born to-day,

And His glad Evangelists ;

Which banished us from man's belief,

Giving place to Angels.

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