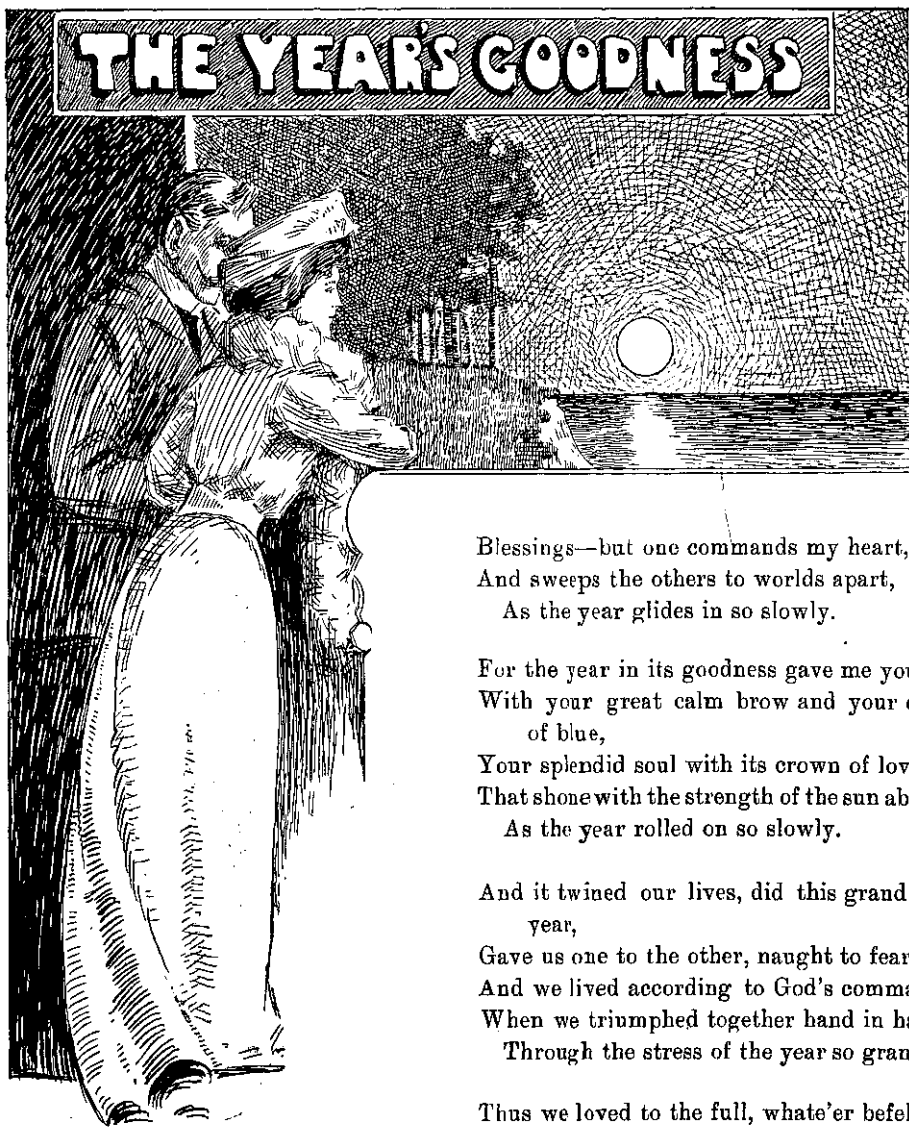


# THE YEAR'S GOODNESS



ON the shoulders of earth is the mantle of  
 night  
 With the moonbeams' silvery lining bright,  
 As, softly as passes one who creeps .  
 In the hush of the dawn past one who  
 sleeps,  
 Glides in the new year slowly.

And now, as the old year sinks to its grave,  
 Let me dwell on the blessings its reigning  
 gave,

Blessings—but one commands my heart,  
 And sweeps the others to worlds apart,  
 As the year glides in so slowly.

For the year in its goodness gave me you  
 With your great calm brow and your eyes  
 of blue,  
 Your splendid soul with its crown of love  
 That shone with the strength of the sun above,  
 As the year rolled on so slowly.

And it twined our lives, did this grand old  
 year,  
 Gave us one to the other, naught to fear,  
 And we lived according to God's command,  
 When we triumphed together hand in hand,  
 Through the stress of the year so grandly.

Thus we loved to the full, whate'er befell,  
 In the glow of that old year's wondrous spell;  
 We loved with the strength of our soul's  
 true might,  
 And now in the hush of the flawless night  
 Thank the old year dying slowly.

From the past to the present—as we stand  
 On the brink of the new year hand in hand,  
 Will the new year smile on this love of ours,  
 Will our passage be deck'd with wealth of  
 flowers  
 Through the new year gliding slowly?