60 NEW YEAR'S DAY

The merry bells with joyful peals
  Ring in the glad New Year!
What matter though the skies are grey,
  And meadows bleak and drear?
Our hearts are warm, our fires blaze bright,
  Our homes are full of cheer.

The grandsire sits beside the fire,
  His race is well-nigh run,
And near the low horizon's edge
  We see his setting sun,
But golden clouds irradiate
  The life that's almost done.

There's Charles just outside the door,
  With bright young cheeks aglow,
Pelting his brothers merrily
  With rounded balls of snow,
While Mary greets each lucky hit
  With laughter sweet and low.

From the tall chimney's deep recess
  The curling smoke-wreaths rise,
And float on filmy wings of air
  Up to the bending skies,
A tribute from the blazing fire
  That winter's cold defiles.

O light-winged messengers of air,
  Bear up our thanks as well,
That not alone when song-birds sing,
  And coming harvests swell,
Or roses load the fragrant air
  In meadow, grove and dell,

God's mercies reach our waiting hearts,
  And fill our lives with cheer,
But also when the winter sun
  Shines on the meadows drear,
And ushers in, however chill,
  The welcome, glad New Year.

Sources:

Gleason's Literary Companion, January 2, 1869.
Alger Street, 1964.