

# POEMS

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Poems by William Walsham How

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**WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW**

**POEMS**



P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

(BISHOP SUPFRAGAN OF BEDFORD, FOR EAST LONDON).

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## Retrospect.



I WAS walking in an old wood  
On the morning of New Year's day :  
In a thoughtful and dreamy mood  
Had I walked along my way.

The tall trees were grey and sear,  
And a red leaf hung on the bramble ;  
And there did I meet the Old Year,  
Like myself, on a lonely ramble.

He was wondrously tall and thin,  
Just like a bare old tree ;  
His bones looked white thro' his skin,—  
I was sure that it must be he.

His head was so snowy white,  
And his eye was so sad with tears,  
That I thought that I must be right,  
That sad look must be the Old Year's.

'Old Year,' I said, 'if it be  
    'That my eyes are not something dim,'—  
(And an awe crept over me  
    As trembling I spake to him,—)

'Old Year, thou art dead and gone,  
    'Buried at midnight drear ;  
'Why comest thou, pale and wan,  
    'To walk like a spectre here?'

'Good Friend,' the Old Year said,—  
    (And his voice was like the breeze  
Mournfully overhead  
    Passing among the trees,—)

'Good Friend, men think that we die,  
    'But their thoughts are blind and vain ;  
'There's a day drawing ever nigh,  
    'When they shall meet us again.

'Face to face we shall meet,—  
    'Ah me ! for the folly of men ;  
'Our birth they merrily greet,—  
    'How will they greet us then?'

'Oh ! I wronged thee,' I cried, 'Old Year,  
    'And thy brothers that long have past ;  
'Had I known them better here,  
    'I could meet them better at last.'