THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS

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The Birthday Book of American Poets by Almira L. Hayward

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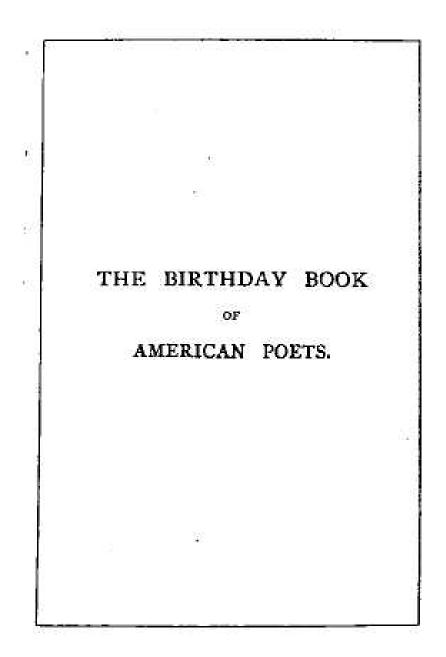
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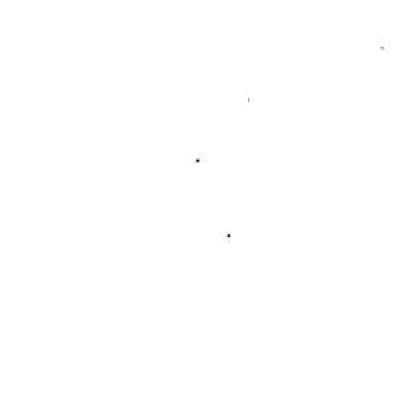
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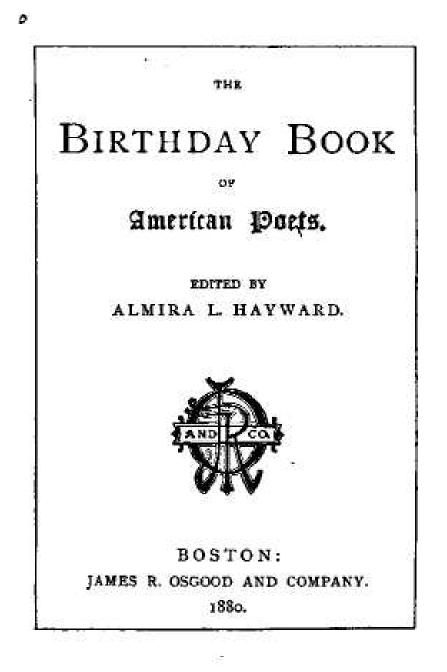
ALMIRA L. HAYWARD

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DEDICATION.

POETS! crowned with years and fame, Ys need not here be called by name, As at your feet I humbly lay This sheaf I've gathered day by day, Its fairest, ripest grain was found In your own fields, rich, world-renowned; And that of lesser worth will gain A deeper value, if ye deign To take it in your honoring hands. In this your own and other lands, Your birthdays have been loved and kept By many who with you have wept The vanished face of him who, led By "an unfaltering trust," is dead, Yet lives, as ye shall live, revered, By every year the more endeared.

A. L. H.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1880.

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THE NEW YEAR. NEW YEAR, if you were bringing Youth, As you are bringing Age, I would not have it back, in sooth ; I have no strength to wage Lost battles over. Let them be, Bury your dead, O Memory ! Good-by, since you are gone, Old Year, And my past life, good-by ! I shed no tear upon your bier, For it is well to die. New Year, your worst will be my best -What can an old man want but rest? R. H. Staddard. The years have linings just as goblets do: The old year is the lining of the new; Filled with the wine of precious memories, The golden was doth line the silver is. C. F. Bales.

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