

KEY-NOTES

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Key-Notes by J. C. Peabody

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J. C. PEABODY

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BY J. C. PEABODY.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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The Old Year and the New.

Once more Old Time unbars the silent tomb,
In the past land where his dead years are lying
All side by side, amid the eternal gloom ;
For now is last born in the night is dying.

He bids adieu the solemn, dark robed hours,
That one by one, glide by his snowy bed—
And now the great bells, from a thousand towers
Chant out his requiem— for the year is dead.

But lo! a new-born Cherub hovering near,
Whose wings shall sweep the starry circle through ;
For the death struggles of the passing year
Were still the birth-pangs of the coming new.

Schwartz "Nov. 1873

BY P. L.

Now Janus wears a smiling face before,
Yet backward looks a sad, a long adieu ;
From the same fountain doth Aquarius pour
Tears for the old, libations to the new.

Time buries his dead, and from the tomb comes forth,
Rolls to the stone, and writes above the door
Another epitaph, that all the earth
Shall read and ponder through the evermore.

There is the story of the by-gone years,
Their joys and sorrows, and their love and hate ;
And there the lachrymals of bitter tears
Stand full, forever, by the frowning gate.

There hang the scutcheons of departed nations ;
There glows the red page of their growth and strife ;
There lie the ashes of the dead creations—
A world, or state, a creed, or mortal life.

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And all the legends on those stony pages
Shall grow to oracles in coming days ;
And unborn minstrels, in the unborn ages,
Shall tell them over in their sounding lays.

Then write no record of our woe and crime ;
Let no dirge drown the pæan of that day—
“What I have written” cries the voice of Time,
“That I have written, and it stands for aye.”

There is no resurrection of the past—
Its ghost may haunt thee, but it lives no more ;
Yet mourn it not—behold the future vast,
The eternal future, stretches on before.

Take then the book of fate into thy hand,
And for the new year write the great decree ;
And what thou writest shall forever stand ;
And what thou willest, that the end shall be.

The Voice of the Spheres.

I sauntered forth at eventide,
When paled the regal robes of day,
As out the golden gates he hied,
And vanished down the western way.

And then his queen, the holy Night—
Around her brow the starry crown,
The sceptre raised which, in his flight,
Her abdicating lord threw down.

Then Luna drew her coursers' rein,
And drove her chariot up through heaven,
While followed in the royal train
Orion and the Sisters Seven.

And as rolled on the Eternal Spheres,
We talked together, they and I,
Till in an hour a thousand years
Seemed passed in question and reply.

Still unto every problem given,
To every riddle I propounded,
One answer was inscribed in heaven,
And through the earth one voice resounded.

For all that was or is to be,
All mysteries, to which we bow,
Are parts of one infinity—
Of one eternal is and now.

Ask why thou art—"that I might be,"
Comes up from Nature's broad domain;
"For I'm in thee, and thou in me—
Links of one endless golden chain."