

A Happy New Year

Coming, coming, coming!
Listen! Perhaps you'll hear
Over the snow the bugles blow
To welcome the glad new year.
In the steeple tongues are swinging,
There are merry sleigh bells ringing,
And the people for joy are singing,
It's coming, coming near.

Flying, sighing, dying,
Going away tonight,
Weary and old, its story told,
The year that was full and bright.
Oh, we are half sorry it's leaving
Good-by has a sound of grieving;
But its work is done and its weaving;
God speed its parting flight!

Tripping, slipping, skipping,
Like a child in its wooing grace,
With never a tear and never a fear,
And a light in its laughing face;
With hands held out to greet us,
With gay little steps to meet us,
With sweet eyes that entreat us,
The new year comes to its place.
Coming, coming, coming!

Promising lovely things –
The gold and the gray of the summer day,
The winter with fleecy-wings;
Promising swift birds glancing,
And the patter of raindrops dancing,
And the sunbeam's arrow lancing,
Dear gifts the new year brings.
Coming, coming, coming!

The world is a vision of white;
From the powdered eaves to the sere-brown leaves
That are hidden out of sight.
In the steeple tongues are swinging,
The bells are merrily ringing,
And "Happy New Year" we're singing.

~ *Margaret Sangster* ~