

# ***New Year's Morning***

## *by Helen Hunt Jackson*

Only a night from old to new!  
Only a night, and so much wrought!  
The Old Year's heart all weary grew,  
But said: "The New Year rest has brought."  
The Old Year's hopes its heart laid down,  
As in a grave; but, trusting, said:  
"The blossoms of the New Year's crown  
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."  
The Old Year's heart was full of greed;  
With selfishness it longed and ached,  
And cried: "I have not half I need.  
My thirst is bitter and unslaked.  
But to the New Year's generous hand  
All gifts in plenty shall return;  
True love it shall understand;  
By all my failures it shall learn.  
I have been reckless; it shall be  
Quiet and calm and pure of life.  
I was a slave; it shall go free,  
And find sweet peace where I leave strife."  
Only a night from old to new!  
Never a night such changes brought.  
The Old Year had its work to do;  
No New Year miracles are wrought.

Always a night from old to new!  
Night and the healing balm of sleep!  
Each morn is New Year's morn come true,  
Morn of a festival to keep.  
All nights are sacred nights to make  
Confession and resolve and prayer;  
All days are sacred days to wake  
New gladness in the sunny air.  
Only a night from old to new;  
Only a sleep from night to morn.  
The new is but the old come true;  
Each sunrise sees a new year born.