

The Death of the Old Year.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die:
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste;
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend—
A new face at the door.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

SONG AND CHORUS.

ROBERT JACKSON.

SONG. *Slow, and with expression.*

1. Full knee - deep lies the win - ter snow, And the

p

This block contains the first line of the musical score. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and common time. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a dotted half note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a half note Bb3, followed by a quarter note C4, a dotted half note Bb3, and a quarter note A3. The lyrics '1. Full knee - deep lies the win - ter snow, And the' are written below the staff. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed below the first measure of the bass line.

win - ter winds are wea - ri - ly sigh - ing: Toll ye the church - bell

This block contains the second line of the musical score. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, a half note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The bass line continues with a half note G3, a quarter note F3, a dotted half note E3, and a quarter note D3. The lyrics 'win - ter winds are wea - ri - ly sigh - ing: Toll ye the church - bell' are written below the staff. A fermata is placed over the G5 note in the melody.

sad and slow, And tread soft - ly and speak low, For the old year

This block contains the third line of the musical score. The melody continues with a quarter note E5, a half note D5, a quarter note C5, and a half note Bb4. The bass line continues with a half note C3, a quarter note Bb2, a dotted half note A2, and a quarter note G2. The lyrics 'sad and slow, And tread soft - ly and speak low, For the old year' are written below the staff. A fermata is placed over the Bb4 note in the melody.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

rall. e dim.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

lies a - dy - ing.

1. Old year, you must not die; You
 2. Old year, you must not go; So
 3. Old year, you shall not die; We
 4. Shake hands, be - fore you die. Old

came to us so rea - di - ly, You liv'd with us so
 long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have
 did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to
 year, we'll dear - ly rue for you, What is it we can

stea - di - ly, Old year, you shall not die.
 seen with us, Old year, you shall not go.
 die with you, Old year, if you must die.
 do for you? Speak out be - fore you die.

Slow.

2. He li - - eth still: he doth not move: He
 3. He froth'd his bum - pers to the brim; A
 4. How hard he breathes! . . O - ver the snow I

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will not see the dawn of day. He hath no o - ther
 jol - lier year we shall not see. But tho' his eyes are
 heard just now the crow - ing cock. The sha - dows flick - er

life a - bove. He gave me a friend and a true true -
 wax - ing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of
 to and fro: The crick - et chirps: the light burns

rall. e dim. *Repeat Chorus after each verse.*
 - love, And the New - year will take 'em a - way. . . .
 him, He was a friend to me. . . .
 low: 'Tis near - ly twelve o' clock. . . .

