

MEMORANDA

Ring out the old, ring in the new
 Ring happy bells across the snow,
 The year is going let him go;
 Ring out the false ring in the true.

As the clock is on the strike of
 twelve at the close of the year,
 I am ringing our bell lively,
 to hail the birth of the New Year
 1875.

MEMORANDA

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.

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 fool on the floor,
 my friend,
 And a new face at the door,
 my friend,
 A new face at the door
 Alfred Tennyson.