

## New Year's Eve, 1907

Here starts another year, the old one dies,  
 Another year of laughter and of sighs,  
 O that we may live through it, and indeed  
 Learn from its joy, its pain, all that we need  
 To make our life, and those we love most dear,  
 A little better, happier, and less drear,  
 Than they have been throughout this passing year.

How small, how wasted does the past year seem,  
 When looking back, 'tis little more than dream,  
 With all the opportunities we miss'd;  
 Perhaps taken by the hand, but then dismiss'd.  
 A little good, a little wrong we've done -  
 A little sorrow; yet! a little fun.

## New Year's Night

'Tis the midnight I hear chiming  
 And yet starts another day;  
 And some soul has cast its bondage  
 E're the chimes have passed away.

Many tears no doubt are falling,  
 And some hearts are sad and cold,  
 As the new year bells cease chiming  
 And another day grows old.

In this mist of midnight silence  
 Angels seem to pass me by,  
 While some new pledg'd soul they pilot  
 In its path to God on high.

*Sydney G. Ievers*

These two short poems are taken from a little booklet entitled "Impromptu Poems and a few Sonnets" published in Limerick by George McKern & Sons Ltd. in 1917. \* The author of the poems wrote a short preface, which is worth reproducing.

**"As a flower is sometimes found in a wilderness of weeds, I hope a little poetry - even a very little - may be found in this gathering of words."**

SYDNEY IEVERS  
 Belfield,  
 Limerick,  
 1917.

*\*Thanks to Des Long the owner of the booklet, for permission to reproduce these poems.*

