

A winter landscape with snow-covered trees and a sunset sky. The scene is peaceful and serene, with a large, bare tree on the left and a smaller evergreen on the right. The sky is a mix of purple, pink, and orange, suggesting the time is either dawn or dusk. The ground is covered in a layer of snow, and a fence line is visible in the middle ground.

The New Year

We are standing on the threshold,
We are in the open door;
We are treading on a borderland
We have never trod before.

Another year is opening,
And another year is gone –
We have passed the darkness of the night,
We are in the early morn.

We have left the fields behind us,
O'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future
Which none of us can read.

The corn among the weeds,
The stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest –
We hope for sixty fold.

Then hasten to fresh labour,
To thresh and reap and sow,
Then bid the New Year welcome
And let the old year go.

Then gather all your vigour,
Press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto –
"For God and for the Right".

...*Unknown*