

## The New Year

A Poem by Emma Lazarus, written for  
Rosh Hashanah, 5643 (1882 C.E.)

*Lazarus is also the author of "The New Colossus, which is engraved at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. She devoted the last part of her life writing about her heritage and her people.*

Now while the snow-shroud round  
dead earth is rolled,  
And naked branches point to frozen skies,  
When orchards burn their lamps of fiery gold,  
The grape glows like a jewel, and the corn  
A sea of beauty and abundance lies,  
Then the New Year is born.  
Look where the mother of the months uplifts  
In the green clearness of the unsunned West,  
Her ivory horn of plenty, dropping gifts,  
Cool, harvest-feeding dews,  
fine-winnowed light;  
Tired labor with fruition, joy and rest  
Profusely to requite.  
Blow, Israel, the sacred coronet! Call  
Back to thy courts whatever faint heart throb  
With thine ancestral blood, thy need craves all.  
The red, dark year is dead, the year just born  
Leads on from anguish wrought  
by priest and mob,  
To what undreamed-of morn?  
For never yet, since on the holy height,  
The Temple's marble walls of white and green  
Carved like the sea-waves, fell, and the world's light  
Went out in darkness, -- never was the year  
Greater with potent and with promise seen,  
Than this eve now and here.  
Even as the Prophet promised, so your tent  
Hath been enlarged unto earth's farthest rim.  
To snow-capped Sierras from vast steppes ye went,  
Through fire and blood and  
tempest-tossing wave,  
Mighty to slay and save.  
High above flood and fire ye held the scroll,  
Out of the depths ye published still the Word.  
No bodily pang had power to swerve your soul:  
Ye, in a cynic age of crumbling faiths,  
Lived to bear witness to the living Lord,  
Or died a thousand deaths.  
In two divided streams the exiles part,  
One rolling homeward to its ancient source,  
One rushing sunward with fresh will, new heart.  
By each truth is spread, the law unfurled,  
Each separate soul contains the nation's force,  
And both embrace the world.  
Kindle the silver candle's seven rays,  
Offer the first fruits of the  
clustered bowers,  
The garnered spoil of bees. With prayer and praise  
Rejoice that once more tried, once more we prove  
How strength of supreme suffering still is ours.  
For Truth and Law and Love.