

The University at Buffalo Libraries' tradition of printing a poem for the winter holidays dates back to 1968. This version of the Poetry Collection's 2009 Holiday Broadside is published in an edition of 1,200. There is also a limited letterpress edition of 100, of which the first 50 have been signed by the artist Harry Jacobus. Born in 1927, Jacobus studied painting at the California School of Fine Arts and was an important member of the San Francisco Renaissance in the 1950s. He currently resides and works in Foley, Alabama.

"Song for New Year's Eve" by Robert Graves (1895-1985) was first published in 1958. The holograph facsimile of the poem below is from a manuscript in the Robert Graves Collection in the Poetry Collection, which is now developing a Robert Graves digital archive.

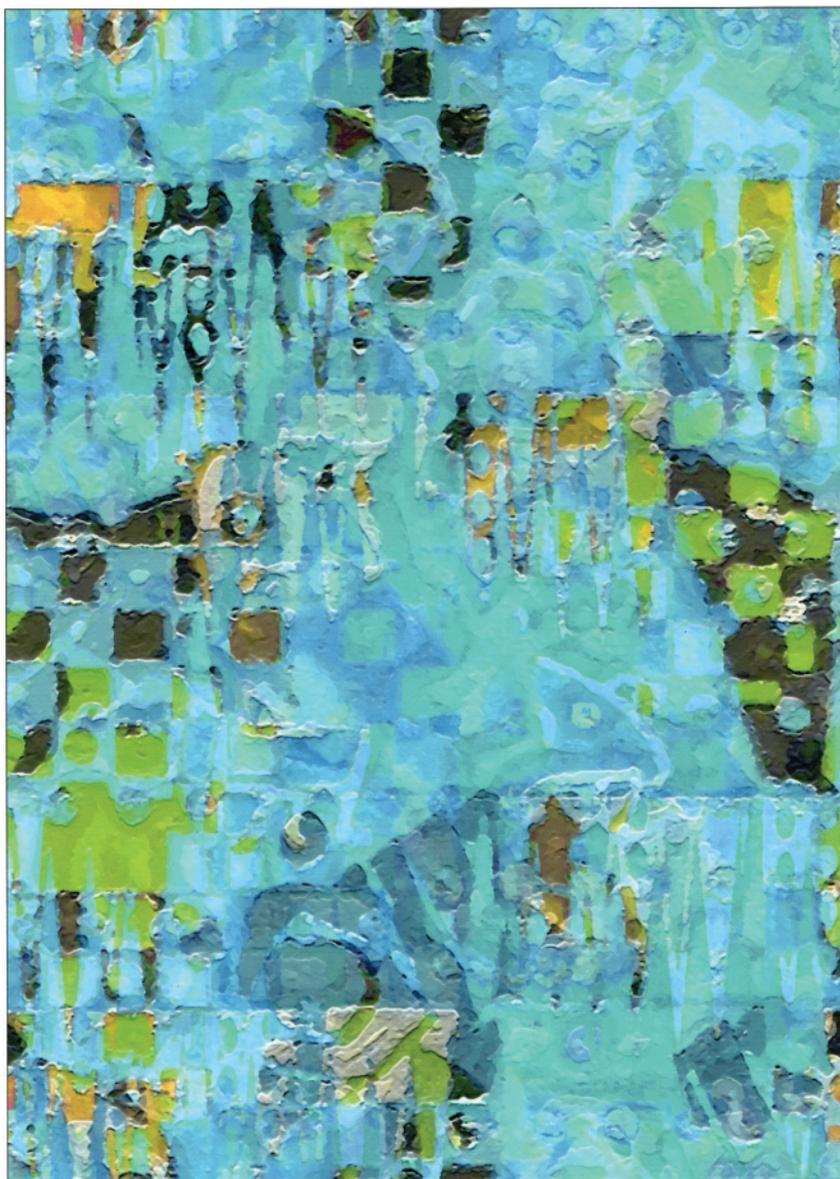
Song for New Year's Eve

^{chill} Cold moonlight flooding from ^{chill} the sky
 Has browned the amber-glow;
 You ~~the moment~~ ^{the pale, hot hand glitters;} ~~comes when you~~ and I
 Out in the fields will ~~be~~ ^{fields will} ~~must~~ go,

Where cat-ice glazes every rut
 And firs with snow are laced,
 Where wealth of bramble, oak and nut
 Lies tumbled into waste.

The ovelts raise a hoarse din,
 The fox has his desire,
 And we shall welcome New Year in
 With frost instead of fire.

THE POETRY COLLECTION
 HOLIDAY
 BROADSIDE



Harry Jacobus (untitled print, 2006)

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

Chill moonlight flooding from chill sky
Has drowned the embers' glow.
Your pale hands glitter; you and I
Out in the fields must go,

Where cat-ice glazes every rut
And firs with snow are laced,
Where wealth of bramble, crab and nut
Lies tumbled into waste.

The owlets raise a lovely din,
The fox has his desire,
And we shall welcome New Year in
With frost instead of fire.

Robert Graves