

SHORT FLIGHTS

BY
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*With a weak, uncertain wing
And a short flight, faltering
Like a heart afraid to sing.*

INDIANAPOLIS

TO MY UNCLE
WILLIAM MORTON MEREDITH

SHORT FLIGHTS

TO THE SEASONS.

*SEASONS that pass me by in varied mood,
As on the impressionable land you leave a trace,
Molding sometime a delicate flower's sweet face,
Touching again with green the somber wood,
Or drawing all beneath a snowy hood,—
Am I not worthy as they to have a place
In your remembrance? Am I made too base
To know what weed and thorn have understood?
Fair vernal time, I need your quickening
Even as the sleeping Earth! O summer heat
Make flower and fruit in me that I may bring
Full hands to Autumn when above me beat
The serious winds; and Winter, make me strong
Like the glad music of your battle song!*

SAT EST VIXISSE.

I.

To have lived!
To have felt a quickened beat
Of the heart in spring;
To have known that something sweet
Moved the birds to sing;
To have seen dim waves of heat
O'er a field of green retreat!

II.

To have found the hiding-place
Of the wild wood rose;
To have held, a little space,
Any flower that grows;
To have known a moment's grace
Looking in a loved one's face
To have lived, to have lived!

III.

Still, doth it suffice alone
That the world is fair?
O'er what fields have these hands sown?
Are they gold or bare?
And though all the flowers are flown,
If to God my heart is known,

Then shall I in truth be shown
How to live, why to live!

SONG.

GLAD and sad make rhyme, my dear,
Glad and sad make rhyme.
Though the sun may not appear,
Though there be a time
When the hours are very long,
And there is no joy for you,
Weave this thought into a song:
Glad and sad make jingle true—
Happy jingle true!
They are joined together, dear,
Joined together they,
Like the dark sky and the clear
Of an April day.
Like the grief that dies in gladness
Turmoil into peace will grow,
Soon there is an end of sadness—
Glad and sad make rhyme, you know,
Perfect rhyme, you know.

They make perfect rhyme, my dear.
Perfect as can be;
Falling sweet upon the ear,
Telling you and me
That the thorn and rose are wed,
That night holds in store the dawn,
And till hope and trust are dead

Glad and sad will jingle on,
Jingle, jingle on!

'TIS NEVER NIGHT IN LOVE'S DOMAIN.

'T WAS morning when one found his way
Within the garden lands of love.
He lingered till he thought the day
Should surely unto night yield sway.
But morning's sun still shone above
In skies unmarred by evening's gray,
While on the air rang this refrain—
'Tis never night in love's domain.
Love's palace beauteous is, and tall,
And broad, and grand is his estate.
Gay courtiers throng each spacious hall
Where laughing echoes ceaseless fall
And mock the silent outcast, hate,
Who ever cowers by post and wall.
And scowls as rings the glad refrain—
'Tis never night in love's domain.

And thence through groves with myrtle grown
He followed Venus' dove-drawn car
By paths he ne'er before had known,
And yet, the morning had not flown,
And yet, fresh winds blew from afar
As came, in ne'er decreasing tone,
The song through which ran this refrain—

'Tis never night in love's domain.
Ah, love of mine, how well we know
The glories of those garden lands
Through which Lethean waters flow!
Oft we have wandered to and fro
Down those bright halls, and seen the hands
Of tiny elves that beckoned so
They kept the time to this refrain—
'Tis never night in love's domain.

ESTRANGED.

IT was but yesterday that thou
Wert with love-whispers eloquent,
Yet come and look upon her now
That life is spent.
How strangely white the face hath grown,
No longer prest by kisses fond;
Why turn'st, now that her soul hath flown
And rests beyond?
Why enter'st not the darkened room
To touch again those cold, white lips—
So cold and white, seen in the gloom
Of Death's eclipse?
Thou wert so loving once, but now
Take that cold hand as lovers may,
Implant a kiss on that calm brow,
Nor turn away.
It was but yesterday that thou
Wert with love-whispers eloquent—
Thou wilt not look upon her now
That life is spent.

WHEN FRIENDS ARE PARTED.

TIME keeps no measure when true friends are parted,—
No record day by day;
The sands move not for those who, loyal-hearted,
Friendship's firm laws obey.
It is not well to note with dull precision
The flight of days or years;
Memory depends not on a proof by vision,
And has no foolish fears.
The migrant birds when they are Southward flying
Have no regrets; they go
Full of the knowledge born of faith undying,
That they again shall know
The homes and nests which they have left behind them
Unmarred by change the while;
The Southern lands they seek will but remind them
Of the North's summer smile.
And so I know that you will come to meet me
In the old, well-loved way;
That, though a year go by, you still will greet me
As kindly as to-day.

WHEREAWAY.

WHERE are you going my bright blue eyes,

My boy so happy-hearted?

You are very young and very wise,

And early you have started.

Where is the city you're bound for, lad?

Come tell me of it truly;

Is it one that is fair, and one that is glad

And was it builded newly?

Oh, tell me whereaway my lad—

Whereaway?

The day is fair and the skies are blue,

Come rest awhile and listen:

By far too great is the world for you,

The spires in dreams that glisten

Are far away from this quiet place

With many a mile between,

So rest, blue eyes, for a little space

Here where the slopes are green—

Oh, tell me whereaway my lad—

Whereaway?

Oh, dim and vague is the early haze

That holds your world of seeming;

This day is fairer than other days

Only in boyish dreaming,—

So do not hasten but pause to tell

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