Along the Indian River

By

George E. Merrick

A brown-eyed child looking through the car window…

Oh baby, what seest thou there in the tide,
That holds thy brown eyes so close to the pane?
Is't visions of wonder that to us are denied,
That rise from the sea by the swift-moving train?

What seest thou there in the far-away blue,
Where ocean waves roll ro the palm-tufted shore?
What glimples of beauty,—seen only by you—
What mysteries dwell where the soft surges roar?

Oh Baby that breaker so fleecy and white
That sports with it'sfellows in gambolling play,
Holds figures and pictures of splendid delight,
Unseen by thy friends of the soberer day.

The oak-boughs that blow by the water's low marge,
Are happy Elfs' play-grounds that shake with their glee,
The silver-rigged clouds, and the light skimming bargeg,

Are all heavy laden with treasures for thee.

The blue of the sea, and the blue of the sky,
The brown of the fields and the green of the trees,
The scarlet and purple where Night-Angels fly,—
Are but gowns of the Beings thine innocence sees.

That rainbow of glory that strains each wide eye,
Is the Highway of travel for Elfin and Fay,
Across it's great arch the bright joyous throngs fly,
To and fro on their errands of roseate play.

Oh Baby, that gull that is circling so free
Beyond, and above, seest Earth as dost thou;
The soils and the stains thou as yet dost not see;
But sweetness and Beauty are visible now.

As move o'er the water the clouds in the skies,
Reflecting again to the day-dreamer's gaze;
So the pureness and sweetness that shine from thine eyes
Come back all undimmed by reality's haze

As I look in thine eyes, oh Baby, I know
How far, O how far, from me is the day,
When trusting and faithful, in innocence' glow,

I laughed upon Life as thou look'st o'er the bay.

I see in thy gaze a wide world that is lost,
A country of Past and of old; and I feel
As sad hearted travelers, by troubled seas tossed,
When turns the mind backward to times of good weal.