

**FATHER
RYAN'S POEMS**

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Father Ryan's poems by Abram Joseph Ryan

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ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

**FATHER
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FATHER RYAN'S

POEMS.

"All Rests with those who Read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing; or like the air,
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,
Sweeping miles broad o'er the far southern woods,
With mighty glimpses of the central light,—
Or may be nothing—bodiless, spiritless." —FESVUS.

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1879.

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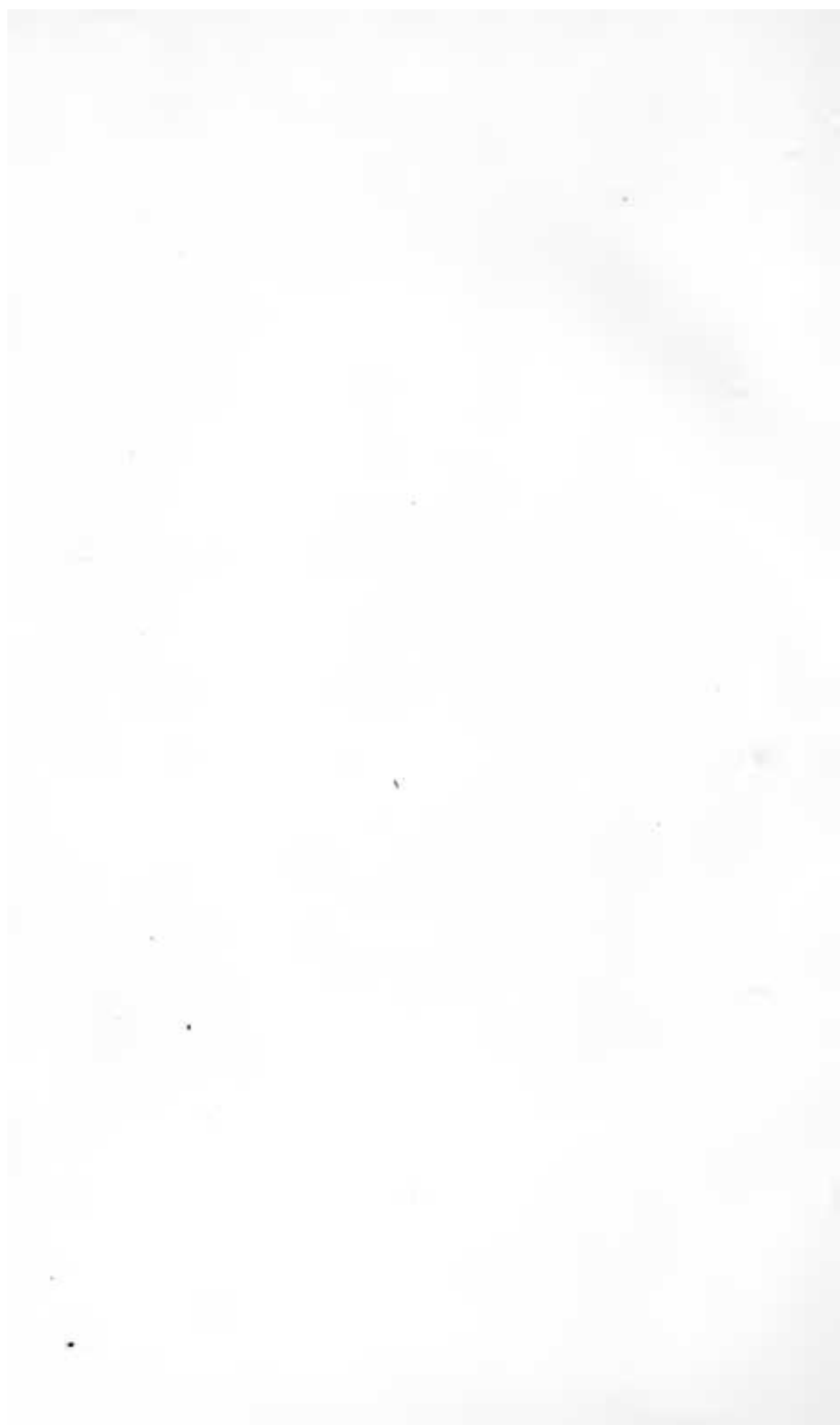
BY ABRAM J. RYAN,

1879.

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

THESE
SIMPLE RHYMES
ARE LAID AS A GARLAND OF LOVE
AT THE FEET OF HIS MOTHER BY
HER CHILD, THE
AUTHOR.

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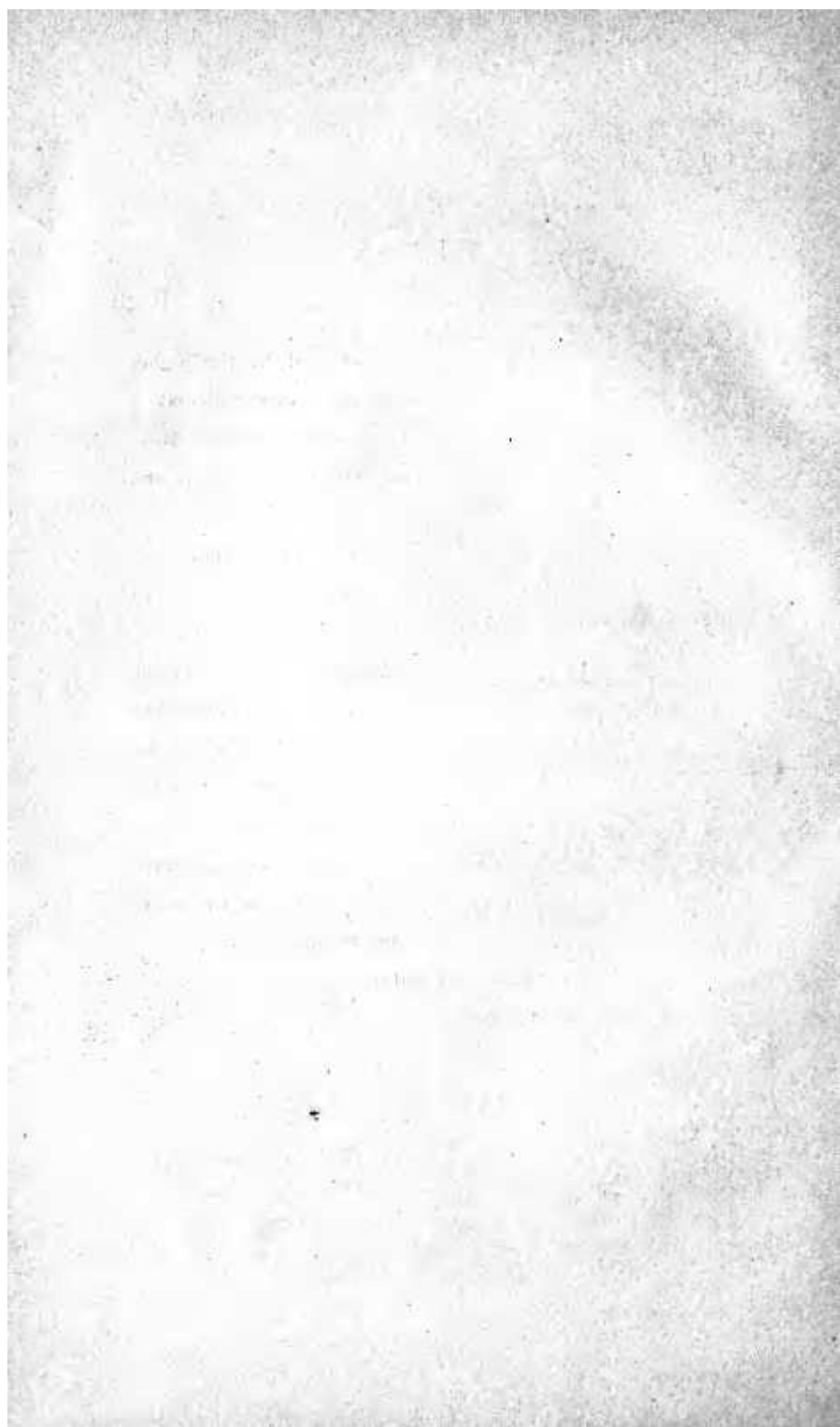


PREFACE.

THESE VERSES (which some friends call by the higher title of Poems—to which appellation the Author objects),—were written at random,—off and on,—here,—there,—anywhere,—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art,—and always in a hurry.

Hence they are incomplete in finish, as the Author is;—tho' he thinks they are true in tone. His feet know more of the humble steps that lead up to the Altar and its Mysteries, than of the steeps that lead up to Parnassus and the Home of the Muses. And souls were always more to him than songs. But still somehow,—and he could not tell why,—he sometimes tried to sing. Here are his simple songs. He never dreamed of taking even lowest place in the rank of authors. But friends persisted; and finally a young lawyer friend, who has entire charge of his business in the book, forced him to front the world and its critics. There are verses connected with the war published in this volume not for harm-sake, nor for hate-sake, but simply because the Author wrote them. He would write again in the same tone and key under the same circumstances. No more need be said, except that these verses mirror the mind of

THE AUTHOR.



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