

**IN MEMORIAM.
MAYMIE:
APRIL 6TH, 1869**

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In Memoriam. Maymie: April 6th, 1869 by Kate Harrington

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KATE HARRINGTON

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IN MEMORIAM.

M A Y M I E .

APRIL 6TH, 1869.

BY

KATE HARRINGTON. *presented*

R. (S.) Pollard

~~W. W. W. W.~~
~~W. W. W. W.~~
~~W. W. W. W.~~
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GATE CITY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1870.

DEDICATION.

I O W A .

BLEST name! significant of peace profound;
Of sleep unbroken—of calm, quiet rest;
My brightest moments in thy arms I've found,
And laid my dearest treasures on thy breast!
And now, when cherished hopes and joys are dead,
Before I turn to sing the vanished Past,
I breathe my benediction on thy head,
And pledge thee true devotion to the last.

I thank thee for each vine-clad hill and vale,
For each rejoicing stream that flows between;
For Springs returning bloom and Autumn's gale,
For billowy blossoms on thy seas of green;
For every bright-winged bird that lent its voice
To cheer the ear and make the earth less sad;
For every sound that bade HIS heart rejoice,
And every scene that made HER young heart glad.

'T was here the vows were breathed that made us one;
And here the parting words in grief were spoken;
Here, too, her brief and fleeting life begun,
And here the "golden bowl" by death was broken,
For this, I lay my tribute at thy feet,
And on thy constant bosom pour my tears.
For this, my opening lay, thy name would greet.
And link it with mine own through coming years,

Wilt thou not gather all thy children here
Who mourn, despairing, o'er some buried joy;
A life, unto their inmost souls most dear,
A cherished daughter, or a darling boy?
And bid them sit with me to hear my dirge,
And tell me if they feel a kindred woe;
If the deep waves of sorrow round them surge,
And threaten to o'erwhelm them in their flow?

If thou can'st find a mother who has loved
And lost a child as dear as mine to me—
It matters little what her station proved,
Or of what nation, race or tribe she'd be—
I'll place her sympathy beyond all price—
I'll give her confidence and perfect trust;
Such friendship true and strong as never dies,
But lives when lips that pledged it turn to dust.

O! where can sorrowing ones as well be found
As here, upon Iowa's verdant plain?
The marble stone and the unlettered mound
Both tell how human blood has flowed like rain.
And these not half that heard the battle cry
And sprang, responsive to their country's call;
But never more returned with kindling eye,
To greet the waiting ones who gave their all.

To thee and them my burthened heart I bring:
To thee and them I dedicate my lay;
The mothers, chilled like me, by Death's dark wing,
And thee that hold'st for them their pulseless clay.
"Here let me rest" until my summons come;
Then let me sweetly sleep in thine embrace;
Beside the dust of those first welcomed home,
Prepare thy bosom for my resting place.

M A Y M I E .

A P R I L .

HAIL! holiest month of all the year!
Meet emblem of a smile and tear!

Though calmer tones my lips would frame,
My voice still trembles with the name
To which sad memory fondly turns,
As mourning friends to hallowed urns,
And cries, as falls the blinding tear,
" Hope, joy, life, all are buried here! "

Words are too weak to sing thy praise
Thou blessedest of all the days,
Sweet April, child of other years,
That came with smiles and went with tears;
Whose morning beams seemed sent to trace
An image in a sacred place,
A dearer self whose love should be
Mine own throughout eternity.

My heart was such a lonesome thing,
Unfed by Love's exhaustless spring
Save the pure streams that ever flow
From kindred bosoms here below.
And friendships, too, it claimed and shared.
Yet these were empty, when compared
With what, from out each secret fold,
It gave for what it learned to hold.

Who dares to say when first we met?
I ask'd it then, I ask it yet.
True, my fond heart leaps up to sing,
"An April day in early spring."
(Sweet memory! thou can'st never die,
The clasped hand, the kindling eye,
The recognition of the soul
That baffles will and spurns control!)

But surely we had met before,
Perchance on some elysian shore
Before our spirits came to stay
Within a prison-house of clay.
I mind me how, in after days,
He sat and wove in poet lays
This very thought, and bade me try
To frame a metrical reply :

“Did we not meet in soul communion, long
Before we gazed upon each other’s face,
And, in the rapture of impassioned song,
Mingle our spirits in a sweet embrace?
From the low murmurs of the heavens afar
We caught the music of an answering tone,
And in the throb of night’s remotest star
We felt a thrill of life, all, all our own;
And, by the language of that mystic spell,
Our kindred hearts were bound—we knew each other
well.

“And we have met—have lingered side by side,
And heart to heart, till our two souls became
One thought—one impulse—one o’erflowing tide
Of feeling, lit by one commingling flame.
And thus, supremely blest, we floated on,
And knew not heaven from earth, nor earth from
heaven;
For all of joy that we had ever known,
Or dreamed, to that betrothal hour was given,
And if we paused to ask what world could win us,
We felt that heaven—our heaven—was less without than
in us.

“With thy dear head upon my bosom bowed,
Thy soft hand clasped endearingly in mine;