THE FLIGHT OF TIME, AND OTHER POEMS

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The Flight of Time, And Other Poems by Herman Bernstein

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HERMAN BERNSTEIN

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HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

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TO

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D.,

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The Flight of Time.

What changeable visions are passing before me, As I from the train-window look! Here rises a mountain, there passes a meadow, Now flashes a serpent-like brook.

Now, swiftly revolving, the trees and the bushes Indulge in a wonderful dance, Now pass, in an instant, a hut, or a mansion, A fair maiden's innocent glance.

The train keeps on rattling, and rushing and roaring;
And woe to the careless and faint,
That fall 'neath the wheels of that merciless monster—
They perish without a complaint.