



Flight
Montgomery, Alabama
Photo by Dan Hardison

Lines (Sometimes, from the far-away)

By Abram J. Ryan

Sometimes, from the far-away,
 Wing a little thought to me;
In the night or in the day,
 It will give a rest to me.

I have praise of many here,
 And the world gives me renown;
Let it go - give me one tear,
 'Twill be a jewel in my crown.

What care I for earthly fame?
 How I shrink from all its glare!
I would rather that my name
 Would be shrined in some one's prayer.

Many hearts are all too much,
 Or too little in their praise;
I would rather feel the touch
 Of one prayer that thrills all days.