POETICAL WORKS

OF

JEAN INGELOW.

INCLUDING

THE SHEPHERD LADY AND OTHER POEMS.

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HURST & CO., PUBLISHERS.
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INGELOW.

DEDICATION.

TO

GEORGE K. INGELOW.

OFFERS YOU THESE POEMS, PARTLY AS

AN EXPRESSION OF HER AFFECTION, PARTLY FOR THE

PLEASURE OF CONNECTING HER EFFORT

WITH YOUR NAME.

Kensington, June, 1968.

Gladys and her Island, 345 Songs with Preludes: Wedlock, 368 Regret, 371	Lamentation, 373 Dominion, 375 Friendship, 377 Winstanley, 380
THE MONITIONS OF TH OF LOVE ANI	E UNSEEN, AND POEMS CHILDHOOD.
The Monitions of the Unseen	Samuel, aged nine years,
of Three Children: Henry, aged eight years, 439	VII. Fathers,

POEMS.

DIVIDED.

L.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover, Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet, Crowds of larks at their matins hang over Thanking the Lord-for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor, Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring, Twixt the two brown butterflies waver, Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it, We parted the grasses dewy and sheen; Drop over drop there filtered and slided A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faëry bells—
Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dapple sky, a world of meadows, Circling above us the black rooks fly Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather Till one steps over the tiny strand, So narrow, in sooth, that still together On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our bands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
"Cross to me now — for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross"— and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning; No second crossing that ripple's flow: "Come to me now, for the west is burning; Come ere it darkens;"—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them; we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness;
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We to walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare glassy slopes, where kids are tethered; Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined; Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide,
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver, On she goes under fruit-laden trees; Sunk in leafage coocth the culver, And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her beil;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede:
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing (Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

St. north

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide, How hard to follow, with lips that quiver, That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
And knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,

The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever

Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

HONORS.—PART I.

A Scholar is musing on his Want of Success.

To strive—and fail. Yes, I did strive and fail,
I set mine eyes upon a certain night
To find a certain star—and could not hail
With them its deep-set light.

Fool that I was! I will rehearse my fault:
I, wingless, thought myself on high to lift
Among the winged — I set these feet that halt
To run against the swift.

And yet this man, that loved me so, can write—
That loves me, I would say, can let me see;
Or fain would have me think he counts but light
These Honors lost to me.

[The Letter of his Friend.]

- "What are they? that old house of yours which gave Such welcomes oft to me, the sunbeams fall Still down the squares of blue and white which pave Its hospitable hall.
- "A brave old house! a garden full of bees,
 Large dropping poppies, and queen hollyhocks,
 With butterflies for crowns tree peonies
 And pinks and goldilocks.
- "Go, when the shadow of your house is long Upon the garden — when some new-waked bird, Pecking and fluttering, chirps a sudden song, And not a leaf is stirred;
- "But every one drops dew from either edge Upon its fellow, while an amber ray Slants up among the tree-tops like a wedge Of liquid gold to play
- "Over and under them, and so to fall
 Upon that lane of water lying below —
 That piece of sky let in, that you do call
 A pond, but which I know
- "To be a deep and wondrous world; for I
 Have seen the trees within it marvelous things
 So thick no bird betwixt their leaves could fly
 But she would smite her wings;—
- "Go there, I say; stand at the water's brink,
 And shoals of spotted grayling you shall see
 Basking between the shadows—look, and think
 'This beauty is for me;
- "'For me this freshness in the morning hours;
 For me the water's clear tranquillity;
 For me that soft descent of chestnut flowers;
 The cushat's cry for me.

"'The lovely laughter of the windswayed wheat;
The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill;
The sedgy brook whereby the red kine meet
And wade and drink their fill.'

"Then saunter down that terrace whence the sea All fair with wing-like sails you may discern; Be glad, and say, 'This beauty is for me—A thing to love and learn.

"'For me the bounding in of tides; for me
The lying bare of sands when they retreat;
The purple flush of calms, the sparkling glee
When waves and sunshine meet.'

"So, after gazing, homeward turn, and mount To that long chamber in the roof; there tell Your heart the laid-up lore it holds to count And prize and ponder well.

"The lookings onward of the race before
It had a past to make it look behind;
Its reverent wonders, and its doubtings sore,
Its adorations blind.

"The thunder of its war-songs, and the glow Of chants to freedom by the old world sung; The sweet love cadences that long ago Dropped from the old world tongue.

"And then this new-world lore that takes account
Of tangled star-dust; maps the triple whirl
Of blue and red and argent worlds that mount
And greet the Irish Earl;

"O float across the tube that Herschel sways, Like pate-rose chaplets, or like sapphire mist; Or hang or droop along the heavenly ways, Like searfs of amethyst.

- "O strange it is and wide the new-world lore,
 For next it treateth of our native dust!
 Must dig out buried monsters, and explore
 The green earth's fruitful crust;
- "Must write the story of her seething youth— How lizards paddled in her luke-warm seas; Must show the cones she ripened, and forsooth— Count seasons on her trees;
- "Must know her weight, and pry into her age, Count her old beach lines by their tidal swell; Her sunken mountains name, her craters gauge, Her cold volcanoes tell;
- "And treat her as a ball, that one might pass From this hand to the other — such a ball As he could measure with a blade of grass, And say it was but small!
- "Honors! O friend I pray you bear with me:
 The grass hath time to grow in meadow lands,
 And leisurely the opal murmuring sea
 Breaks on her yellow sands;
- "And leisurely the ring-dove on her nest
 Broods till her tender chick will peck the shell;
 And leisurely down fall from ferny crest
 The dew-drops on the well;
- "And leisurely your life and spirit grew,
 With yet the time to grow and ripen free:
 No judgment past withdraws that boon from you,
 Nor granteth it to me.
- "Still must I plod, and still in cities moil;
 From precious leisure, learned leisure far,
 Dull my best self with handling common soil;
 Yet mine those honors are.