

## To an Ingrate

This is to-day, a golden summer's day,

And yet —; and yet

My vengeful soul will not forget

The past, forever now forgot, you say.

From that half height where I had sadly climbed,

I stretched my hand,

I lone in all that land,

Down there, where, helpless, you were lamed.

Our fingers clasped, and dragging me a pace,

You struggled up.

It is a bitter Cup,

That now for naught, you turn away your face.

I shall remember this for aye and aye.

Whate'er may come,

Although my lips are dumb,  
My spirit holds you to that yesterday.