Song of the Old Love.

By Ingelow, Jean .

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,

My old sorrow wakes and cries,

For I know there is dawn in the far far north,

And a scarlet sun doth rise;

Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,

And the icy founts run free,

And the bergs begin to bow their heads,

And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,

And my love that loved me so!

Is there never a chink in the world above

Where they listen for words from below?

Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,

I remember all that I said,

And now thou wilt hear me no more -no more

Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail

To the ice-fields and the snow;

Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,

And the end I could not know:

How could I tell I should love thee today,

Whom that day I held not dear?

How could I know I should love thee away,

When I did not love thee anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain

With the faded bents o'erspread;

We shall stand no more by the seething main

While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;

We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,

Where thy last farewell was said;

But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again

When the sea gives up her dead.