

DITTY

(E. L G.)

Beneath a knap where flown

Nestlings play,

Within walls of weathered stone,

Far away

From the files of formal houses,

By the bough the firstling browses,

Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,

No man barter, no man sells

Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair

"Here is she!"

Seems written everywhere

Unto me.

But to friends and nodding neighbours,

Fellow-wights in lot and labours,

Who descry the times as I,

No such lucid legend tells

Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was

Ere we met;
(Such can not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it)--none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed -
Loved as true -
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through.
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe--severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot

That no spot on earth excels,

--Where she dwells!

1870.