

B  
0  
0  
0  
0  
1  
7  
4  
7  
8  
9

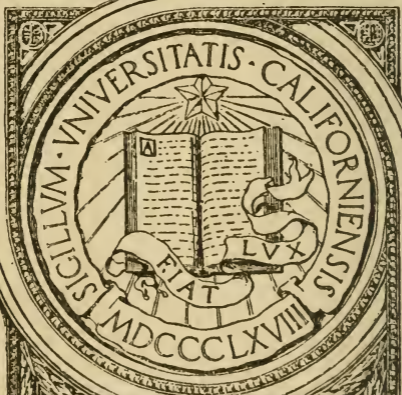


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE  
SOUTHERN  
LIBRARY  
FACILITY



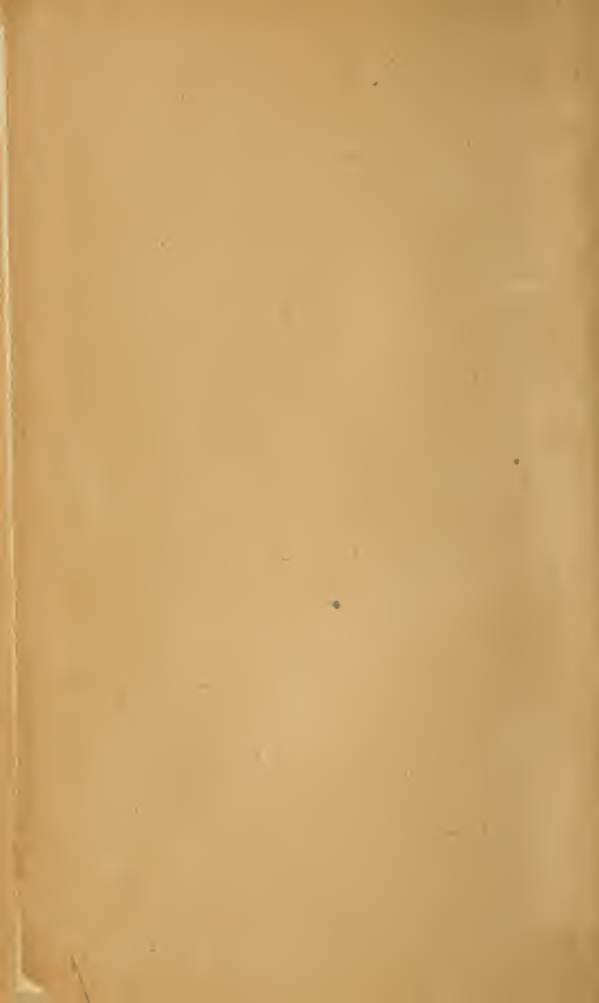
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS

GIFT OF CAPT. AND MRS.  
PAUL MCBRIDE PERIGORD

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA  
AT  
LOS ANGELES  
LIBRARY



Songs of Seven.







“BUT I’LL LOVE HIM MORE, MORE THAN E’ER WIFE  
LOVED BEFORE, BE THE DAYS DARK OR BRIGHT.”



*Collection of "Masterpieces"*

—  
JEAN INGELOW  
—

# Songs of Seven

*With numerous original  
illustrations by*

KIRK ESTÉ



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

136578

*Copyright, 1894, by  
Frederick A. Stokes Company*

PR

4813

A17

1894

Seven Times One. Ex-  
ultation.





"I'VE SAID MY 'SEVEN TIMES' OVER AND OVER,  
SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN."



# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the  
daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven :  
I've said my "seven times" over  
and over,

Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a  
letter ;

My birthday lessons are done ;

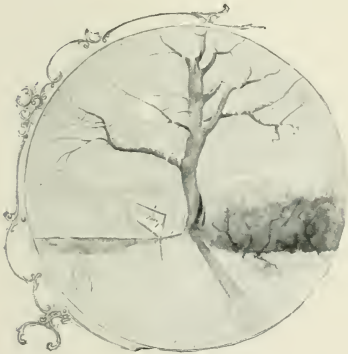




SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

The lambs play always, they  
know no better ;  
They are only one times one.



“ O MOON ! IN THE NIGHT I HAVE SEEN YOU  
SAILING AND SHINING SO ROUND  
AND LOW.”



O moon ! in the night I have seen  
    you sailing  
And shining so round and  
    low ;  
You were bright ! ah, bright !  
    but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a  
    bow.

You moon, have you done some-  
    thing wrong in heaven  
That God has hidden your  
    face ?  
I hope if you have you will soon  
    be forgiven,  
And shine again in your  
    place.



SONGS OF SEVEN.



"O VELVET BEE, YOU'RE A DUSTY FELLOW."

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fel-  
low,

You've powdered your legs  
with gold!

O brave marsh marybuds, rich  
and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded  
wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves  
dwell!





"O BRAVE MARSHMARY BUDS."





O cuckoopint, toll me the purple  
clapper  
That hangs in your clear green  
bell !

And show me your nest with the  
young ones in it ;  
I will not steal them away ;  
I am old ! you may trust me, lin-  
net, linnet—  
I am seven times one to-day.



Seven Times Two. Ro-  
mance.





“ I WISH AND I WISH THAT THE SPRING WOULD  
GO FASTER, NOR LONG SUMMER  
BIDE SO LATE.”



# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring  
out your changes,

How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's  
note as he ranges

Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or  
by swelling

No magical sense conveys,





And bells have forgotten their  
old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again,” once  
they rang cheerily,  
While a boy listened alone ;  
Made his heart yearn again, mus-  
ing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your  
good days are over,  
And mine, they are yet to be ;  
No listening, no longing shall  
ought, aught discover  
You leave the story to me.





“MADE HIS HEART YEARN AGAIN, MUSING SO  
WEARILY ALL BY HIMSELF ON A STONE.”



The foxglove shoots out of the  
green matted heather  
Preparing her hoods of snow ;  
She was idle, and slept till the  
sunshiny weather :  
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring  
would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late ;  
And I could grow on like the  
foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear  
hearts shall discover.  
While dear hands are laid on  
my head ;



THE FOXGLOVE SHOOTS  
OUT OF THE GREEN MAT-  
TED HEATHER.









“ The child is a woman, the book  
may close over,  
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds  
cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long  
years, O bring it !  
Such as I wish it to be.





“THE BELLS CANNOT RING IT.”



Seven Times Three.  
Love.





I LEANED OUT OF WIN-  
DOW, I SMELT THE WHITE  
CLOVER, DARK, DARK WAS  
THE GARDEN, I SAW NOT  
THE GATE.







# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt  
the white clover,  
Dark, dark was the garden, I  
saw not the gate ;  
“ Now, if there be footsteps, he  
comes, my one lover—  
Hush, nightingale, hush ! O  
sweet nightingale, wait  
Till I listen and hear  
If a step draweth near,  
For my love he is late !



“ The skies in the darkness stoop  
nearer and nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like  
fruit in the tree,

The fall of the water comes  
sweeter, comes clearer :

To what art thou listening, and  
what dost thou see ?

Let the star-clusters grow,

Let the sweet waters flow,

And cross quickly to me.

“ You night moths that hover  
where honey brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or  
settle or sleep ;

You glowworms, shine out, and  
the pathway discover





To him that comes darkling  
along the rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lieth deep—

“ Too deep for swift telling ; and  
yet, my one lover,  
I've conned thee an answer, it  
waits thee to-night.”

By the sycamore passed he, and  
through the white clover,  
Then all the sweet speech I  
had fashioned took flight ;  
But I'll love him more, more  
Than e'er wife loved before,  
Be the days dark or bright.



BY THE SYCAMORE  
PASSED HE, AND THROUGH  
THE WHITE CLOVER.







Seven Times Four.  
Maternity.







“ HEIGH HO ! DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS. ”



# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

HEIGH ho ! daisies and butter-cups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately  
and tall !

When the wind wakes how they  
rock in the grasses,

And dance with the cuckoo-  
buds slender and small !

Here's two bonny boys, and  
here's mother's own lasses

Eager to gather them all.



Heigh ho! daisies and butter-  
cups!

Mother shall thread them a  
daisy chain;

Sing them a song of the pretty  
hedge sparrow,

That loved her brown little  
ones, loved them full fain:

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide  
though the house be but  
narrow"—

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-  
cups,

Sweet wagging cowslips they  
bend and they bow;



A ship sails afar over warm  
ocean waters,

And haply one musing doth  
stand at her prow.

O bonny brown sons, and O  
sweet little daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and butter-  
cups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately  
and tall !

A sunshiny world full of laughter  
and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious  
of sorrow and thrall !

Send down on their pleasure  
smiles passing its measure,

God that is over us all !





Seven Times Five.  
Widowhood.



I SHALL NOT DIE, BUT  
LIVE FORLORE.







# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOW-  
HOOD.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes  
moan  
Before I am well awake ;  
“ Let me bleed ! O let me alone,  
Since I must not break ! ”





For children wake,  
    though fathers sleep

With a stone at  
    foot and  
    head :

O sleepless God,  
    forever keep,

Keep both living  
    and dead !



“THOUGH FATHERS  
SLEEP.”

I lift mine eyes, and what to see  
    And a world happy and fair !

I have not wished it to mourn  
    with me—

Comfort is not there.

O what an ear but golden brooms,  
    But a waste of reedy rills !



SONGS OF SEVEN.

O what afar but the fine glooms  
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—  
How bitter it is to part!  
O to meet thee, my love, once  
more!  
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!  
O that an echo might wake  
And waft one note of thy psalm  
to me  
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,  
And with angel voices blent;



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

O once to feel thy spirit anear ;  
I could be content !

Or once between the gates of  
gold,  
While an entering angel trod,  
But once—thee sitting to behold  
On the hills of God !



Seven Times Six.  
Giving in Marriage.





# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
    To watch, and then to lose :  
To see my bright ones disappear,  
    Drawn up like morning dews—  
To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
    To watch, and then to lose :  
This have I done when God drew  
    near  
    Among his own to choose.



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart.—  
To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst I smiled,  
For now it was not God who said,  
“Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind !  
To God I gave with tears ;  
But when a man like grace would  
find,  
My soul put by her fears—  
O fond, O fool, and blind !  
God guards in happier spheres ;



That man will guard where he  
did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose  
Thy mother's tenderest words  
are said,  
Thy face no more she views :  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in naught accuse ;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love—and then to lose.



Seven Times Seven.  
Longing for Home.





NAY, BUT THE PORT  
WHERE MY SAILOR WENT,  
AND THE LAND WHERE MY  
NESTLINGS BE.







# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONG-  
ING FOR HOME.

I.

A SONG of a boat :—

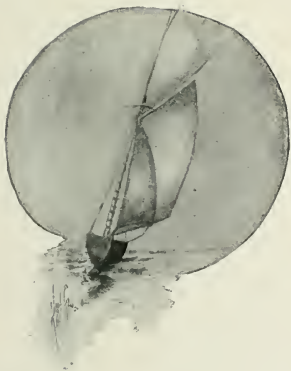
There was once a boat on a  
billow :

Lightly she rocked to her port  
remote,

And the foam was white in her  
wake like snow,

And her frail mast bowed when  
the breeze would blow,





“ LIGHTLY SHE ROCKED TO HER PORT  
REMOTE ”





And bent like a wand of wil-  
low.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day  
when a boat  
Went curtseying over the  
billow,  
I marked her course till a danc-  
ing mote  
She faded out on the moonlit  
foam,  
And I stayed behind in the dear  
loved home ;  
And my thoughts all day were  
about the boat  
And my dreams upon the  
pillow.





“ I MARKED HER COURSE TILL A DANCING  
MOTE SHE FADED OUT ON THE MOONLIT  
FOAM.”



III.

I pray you hear my song of a  
boat,

For it is but short :—

My boat you shall find none  
fairer afloat,

In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad  
she bore,

On the open desolate sea,

And I think he sailed to the  
heavenly shore,

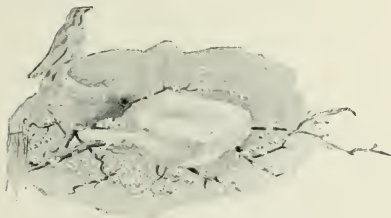
For he came not back to  
me—

Ah me !



IV.

A song of a nest :—  
There was once a nest in a  
hollow :



“ I PRAY YOU HEAR MY SONG OF A NEST,  
FOR IT IS NOT LONG.”

Down in the mosses and knot-  
grass pressed,  
Soft and warm, and full to the  
brim—





Vetches leaned over it purple and  
dim,  
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a  
nest,  
For it is not long :—  
You shall never light, in a sum-  
mer quest,  
The bushes among—  
Shall never light on a prouder  
sitter,  
A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
A softer sound than their tender  
twitter,  
That wind-like did come and go.



VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
Ah, happy, happy I !  
Right dearly I loved them : but  
when they were grown



“O, ONE AFTER ONE THEY FLEW AWAY  
FAR UP TO THE HEAVENLY BLUE.”

They spread out their wings to  
fly—  
O, one after one they flew away  
Far up to the heavenly blue,



Now all its hope hath failed ?  
Nay, but the port where my  
    sailor went,  
And the land where my nest-  
    lings be :  
There is the home where my  
    thoughts are sent,  
The only home for me—  
                                    Ah me !

THE END.



## COLLECTION OF MASTER-PIECES.

This Collection of certain of the most successful and best-loved works by various authors has been entered upon by its publishers with the intention of making it as exquisite and perfect in form as possible. Each volume contains a large number of original illustrations by well-known artists, made especially for the Collection, and printed with the utmost care.

The typographical details are somewhat in the best modern French style, and the paper is of the highest grade, and has been manufactured especially for this Collection, which is issued in a variety of beautiful bindings, to correspond with the dainty interiors of the books.

The following volumes are ready, each of which can be had in either of the bindings described:

### Masterpieces of Prose and Verse.

“SELECTIONS FROM POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS.” BAKER. *Illustrated by C. Moore-Smith.*

"A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR." DICKENS. *Illustrated by Elizabeth S. Tucker.*

"THE DAY DREAM." TENNYSON. *Illustrated by W. St. John Harper.*

"EVANGELINE." LONGFELLOW. *Illustrated by Charles Howard Johnson.*

"THANATOPSIS." BRVANT. *Illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson.*

"SONGS OF SEVEN." INGELOW. *Illustrated by Kirk Esté.*

"Violet" binding, with backs of canvas, richly ornamented in gold, and with outer sides illuminated with design of purple violets, with gold background. Gilt top. In a box.

Per volume, . . . . . 75 cents.

Full dull brown cloth, or full white cloth, with artistic ornamentation in gold. Gilt top. In a box.

Per volume, . . . . . 75 cents.

Half calf. Gilt top. In a box.

Per volume, . . . . . \$1.50.

Limp calf. Red-under-gold edges. In a box.

Per volume, . . . . . \$2.00.

*Other volumes in preparation.*



Specimen Pages,  
“Thanatopsis.” Bry-  
ant.

*Collection of “Masterpieces.”*



THANATOPSIS.

---

Nor in the embrace of ocean,  
shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nour-  
ished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to  
earth again,



“THE SLUGGISH CLOD, WHICH THE RUDE  
SWAIN TURNS WITH HIS SHARE, AND  
TREADS UPON.”



Green House

Specimen Pages,  
“Evangeline.” Long-  
fellow.

*Collection of “Masterpieces.”*



“ ‘PATIENCE!’ THE PRIEST WOULD SAY.”



"This is the forest primeval"

Silenced, but not convinced, when the  
story was ended, the blacksmith  
stood like a man who fain would  
speak, but findeth no language ;  
And all his thoughts congealed into lines  
on his face, as the vapors  
freeze in fantastic shapes on the win-  
dow-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen  
lamp on the table,



“ WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND.”





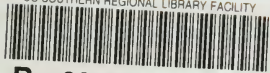
“HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS.”





**This book is DUE on the last  
date stamped below**

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**B** 000 017 478 9

PR  
4819  
A17  
1894

VENUE

