

# “TO AN INGRATE”

BY

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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 limed.

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.