

**ECHOES FROM
NAPLES AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649398829

Echoes from Naples and Other Poems by Holcombe Ingleby

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HOLCOMBE INGLEBY

**ECHOES FROM
NAPLES AND
OTHER POEMS**

ECHOES FROM NAPLES

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HOLCOMBE INGLEBY

With Illustrations by his Wife

LONDON
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL
1888

[All rights reserved]

AP42581

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BELLA NAPOLI	1
THE NEW YEAR	3
10TH MARCH 1888	5
LOVE'S CAPTIVE	8
FOUND AT SARK (SEPT. 1887)	10
C. M. L.	13
THE RIVER	15
TO SLEEP	17
THE FARINA	18
DOUBT	20
J. M. T. (IN MEMORIAM)	25
SANTA LUCIA	27
LOVE	28
THE STORM	30
ON ASCENDING VESUVIUS	33
A. N. R.	35
ON A MENU	37

	PAGE
THE FRIEND'S RETURN	38
AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION, 1792	39
SUNRISE ON ST. ANGELO	42
SUNSET OVER ISCHIA	43
VESUVIUS	44
CAPRI	45
DE MINIMIS CURAT SAPIENS	48
TRUE LOVE	50
DESPAIR AND HOPE	52
THE ART OF LIVING	54
THE PORTS OF THE DAY	55
THE GALLEY-SLAVE	58
THE CAPTIVE EAGLE	59
THE PLEASURES OF EASTBOURNE	60
LIFE	64
SONNETS	68-78

“ A thing slipped idly from me.
“ Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
“ From whence 'tis nourished ; the fire i' the flint
“ Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame
“ Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
“ Each bound it chafes.”

—*Timon of Athens.*

ECHOES FROM NAPLES.

Bella Napoli,¹

WHERE the bright moonbeams
Dance on the ocean,
Where the Zephyr whispers
With gentle emotion,
Come to my little bark,
Come without fear,
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

Under the awning
Bring out the wine,
Still is the evening
Serenely divine.
Who will not seek thy sweet
Form to be near?
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

¹ It is scarcely necessary to state that this is a translation of the well-known Neapolitan song.