Classic Poetry Series

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

- poems -

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Felicia Dorothea Hemans (25 September 1793 – 16 May 1835)

Felicia Hemans was an English poet.

Ancestry

Felicia Heman's paternal grandfather was George Browne of Passage, co. Cork, Ireland; her maternal grandparents were Elizabeth Haydock Wagner (d. 1814) of Lancashire and Benedict Paul Wagner (1718–1806), wine importer at 9 Wolstenholme Square, Liverpool. Family legend gave the Wagners a Venetian origin; family heraldry an Austrian one. The Wagners' country address was North Hall near Wigan; they sent two sons to Eton College. Of three daughters only Felicity married; her husband George Browne joined his father-in-law's business and succeeded him as Tuscan and imperial consul in Liverpool.

Early Life and Works

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the fourth of six Browne children (three boys and three girls) to survive infancy. Of her two sisters, Elizabeth died about 1807 at the age of eighteen, and Harriett Mary Browne (1798–1858) married first the Revd T. Hughes, then the Revd W. Hicks Owen. Harriett collaborated musically with Felicia and later edited her complete works (7 vols. with memoir, 1839). Her eldest brother, Lt-Gen. Sir Thomas Henry Browne KCH (1787–1855), had a distinguished career in the army; her second brother, George Baxter CB, served in the Royal Welch Fusiliers 23rd foot, and became a magistrate at Kilkenny in 1830 and chief commissioner of police in Ireland in 1831; and her third brother, Claude Scott Browne (1795–1821), became deputy assistant commissary-general in Upper Canada.

Felicia was born in Liverpool, a granddaughter of the Venetian consul in that city. Her father's business soon brought the family to Denbighshire in North Wales, where she spent her youth. They made their home near Abergele and St. Asaph (Flintshire), and it is clear that she came to regard herself as Welsh by adoption, later referring to Wales as "Land of my childhood, my home and my dead". Her first poems, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, were published in Liverpool in 1808, when she was only fourteen, arousing the interest of no less a person than Percy Bysshe Shelley, who briefly corresponded with her. She quickly followed them up with "England and Spain" [1808] and "The domestic affections", published in 1812, the year of her marriage to Captain Alfred Hemans, an Irish army officer some years older than herself. The marriage took her away from Wales, to Daventry in Northamptonshire until 1814.

During their first six years of marriage, Felicia gave birth to five sons,

including Charles Isidore Hemans, and then the couple separated. Marriage had not, however, prevented her from continuing her literary career, with several volumes of poetry being published by the respected firm of John Murray in the period after 1816, beginning with "The Restoration of the works of art to Italy" (1816) and "Modern Greece" (1817). "Tales and historic scenes" was the collection which came out in 1819, the year of their separation.

Later life

From 1831 onwards, she lived in Dublin, where her younger brother had settled, and her poetic output continued. Her major collections, including The Forest Sanctuary (1825), Records of Woman and Songs of the Affections (1830) were immensely popular, especially with female readers. Her last books, sacred and profane, are the substantive Scenes and Hymns of Life and National Lyrics, and Songs for Music. She was by now a well-known literary figure, highly regarded by contemporaries such as Wordsworth, and with a popular following in the United States and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. When she died of dropsy, Wordsworth and Walter Savage Landor composed memorial verses in her honour.

Legacy

Felicia Hemans' works appeared in nineteen individual books during her lifetime. After her death in 1835 they were republished widely, usually as collections of individual lyrics and not the longer, annotated works and integrated series that made up her books. For surviving women poets, like Britons Caroline Norton and Elizabeth Letitia Landon , Americans Lydia Sigourney and Frances Harper, the French Amable Tastu and German Annette Von Droste Hulshoff, and others, she was a valued model, or (for Elizabeth Barrett Browning) a troubling predecessor; and for male poets including Tennyson and Longfellow, an influence less acknowledged. To many readers she offered a woman's voice confiding a woman's trials; to others a lyricism apparently consonant with Victorian chauvinism and sentimentality. Among the works she valued most were the unfinished "Superstition and Revelation" and the pamphlet "The Sceptic," which sought an Anglicanism more attuned to world religions and women's experiences. In her most successful book, "Records of Woman" (1828), she chronicles the lives of women, both famous and anonymous.

Hemans' poem The Homes of England (1827) is the origin of the phrase stately home in English. The first line of the poem runs, "The stately Homes of England".

Despite her illustrious admirers, her stature as a serious poet gradually declined, partly due to her success in the literary marketplace. Her poetry was considered morally exemplary, and was often assigned to schoolchildren; as a result, Hemans came to be seen a poet for children rather than taken seriously on the basis of her entire body of work. A jocular reference by Saki in The Toys of Peace suggests simultaneously that she was a household word and that Saki did not take her seriously. Schoolchildren in the U. S. were still being taught The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England ("The breaking waves dashed high/On a stern and rock-bound coast...") in the middle of the 20th century. But by the 21st century, The

Stately Homes of England refers to Noël Coward's parody, not to the once-famous poem it parodied, and Felicia Hemans was remembered popularly for her poem, "Casabianca".

However, Hemans' critical reputation has been re-examined in recent years. Her work has resumed a role in standard anthologies and in classrooms and seminars and literary studies, especially in the U. S. It is likely that further poems will be familiar to new readers, such as "The Image in Lava," "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School," "I Dream of All Things Free," "Night-Blowing Flowers," "Properzia Rossi," "A Spirit's Return," "The Bride of the Greek Isle," "The Wife of Asdrubal," "The Widow of Crescentius," "The Last Song of Sappho," and "Corinne at the Capitol."

Casabianca

First published in August 1826 the, poem Casabianca by Felicia Hemans depicts Louis de Casabianca who perished in the Battle of the Nile. The poem was very popular from the 1850's on and was memorized in elementary schools for literary practice. The poem depicts what happened on the ship the Orient as Commander Louis de Casabianca died due to refusing to flee his post. Other poetic figures such as Elizabeth Bishop and Samuel Butler allude to the poem in their own works.

"Speak, father!' once again he cried, 'If I may yet be gone!" And but the booming shots replied, And fast the flames rolled on.

The poem is sung in ballad form (abab) and consists of a boy asking his father whether he had fulfilled his duties, as the ship continues to burn after the magazine catches fire. Martin Gardner and Michael R. Turner made modern day parodies that were much more upbeat and consisted of boys stuffing their faces with peanuts and breads. This contrasted sharply with the solemn image created in Casabianca as Hemans wrote it.

England and Spain, or, Valor and Patriotism

Her second book, England and Spain, or, Valor and Patriotism, was published in 1808 and was a narrative poem honoring her brother and his military service in the Peninsular War. The poem called for an end of the tyranny of Napoleon Bonaparte and for a long lasting peace after the war. The poem is very patriotic towards Great Britain as seen in Heman's multiple references to "Albion" which is an older name for the isles of Great Britain.

" For this thy noble sons have spread alarms, And bade the zones resound with BRITAIN's arms!"

It is seen throughout this poem that Felicia Hemans is alarmed with the thought of war but her overall pride of nationality overcome this fear. She saw all of the fighting as useless bloodshed and a waste of human life. "England and Spain" was used by her to spread her message across Europe, that the wars were senseless and that peace should resume.

Eserleri:

On the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy
Hymns on the Works of Nature, for the Use of Children
Records of Woman: With Other Poems
The Better Land
Casabianca
Corinne at the Capitol
Evening Prayer at a Girl's School
A Farewell to Abbotsford
The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott
Hymn by the Sick-bed of a Mother
Kindred Hearts

The Last Song of Sappho
Lines Written in the Memoirs of Elizabeth Smith
The Rock of Cader Idris
Stanzas on the Late National Calamity, The Death of the Princess Charlotte
Stanzas To the Memory of George III
Thoughts During Sickness: Intellectual Powers
To the Eye
To the New-Born
Woman on the Field of Battle

A Domestic Scene

'Twas early day - and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd -
Still, but with nought but gloom;
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
On his gray holy hair,
And touch'd the book with tenderest light
As if its shrine were there;
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far -
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from the sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said 'I know
That my Redeemer lives.'

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before this solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
Silent - yet did not each young breast,
With love and rev'rence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls - and blest
That home where God is felt!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

A Farewell to Abbotsford

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,
  And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell
  O'er moor and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
  And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls-
  A blessing on thee rest.

While the high voice from thee sent forth
  Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
  Like a chieftan's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway
  As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
  A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
  Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
  And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood, still
  May thy free sward be prest!
-While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
  A blessing on thee rest!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

A Monarch's Death-Bed

A monarch on his death-bed lay -
Did censors waft perfume,
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
Thro' his proud chamber's gloom?
He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a dark'ning sky -
A lone tree waving o'er his head,
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fall'n as warriors fall,
Where spear strikes fire with spear?
Was there a banner for his pall,
A buckler for his bier?
Not so;â€"nor cloven shields nor helms
Had strewn the bloody sod,
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer,
And princely vassals nigh?
And priests, the crucifix to rear
Before the glazing eye?
A peasant girl that royal head
Upon her bosom laid,
And, shrinking not for woman's dread,
The face of death survey'd.

Alone she sat: -â€" from hill and wood
Red sank the mournful sun;
Fast gush'd the fount of noble blood, -
Treason its worst had done!
With her long hair she vainly press'
The wounds, to staunch their tide -
Unknown, on that meek humble breast,
Imperial Albert died!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

A Parting Song

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away,
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread;
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;
So let it be.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

A Spirit's Return

…….'This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality!' ~ Manfred.

Thy voice prevails - dear friend, my gentle friend!
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unsealed,
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend
Over the troubled stream, yet once revealed
Shall its freed waters flow; then rocks must close
For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie;
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
Is mingled into harmony profound;
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
The trembling reeds and fountains - our own dwell,
With its green dimness and AEolian breath,
Shall suit the unveiling of dark records well -
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith!

Thou knewest me not in life's fresh vernal morn -
I would thou hadst! - for then my heart on thine
Had poured a worthier love; now, all o'erworn
By its deep thirst for something too divine,
It hath but fitful music to bestow,
Echoes of harp-strings broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam;
For me the silver cords of brotherhood
Were early loosed; the voice from my home
Passed one by one, and melody and mirth
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burned
For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned
From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,
In every still small voice and sound of power,
And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower
A perilous delight! - for then first woke
My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest
Of secret knowledge; and each tone that broke
From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
But ministered to that strange inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain dells,
In noontide hours or golden summer-eves,
My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells

Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
Shakes out response. O thou rich world unseen!
Thou curtained realm of spirits! - thus my cry
Hath troubled air and silence - dost thou lie
Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
Shut from us ever? The resounding woods,
Do their depths teem with marvels? - and the floods,
And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
Have they bright dwellers? - are their lone domains
Peopled with beauty, which may never still

Our
weary thirst of soul? Cold, weak and cold,
Is earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
Of our deep being! Oh, for gifts more high!
For a seer's glance to rend mortality!
For a charmed rod, to call from each dark shrine
The oracles divine!

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
My kindred with the earth - I woke to love:
O gentle friend! to love in doubt and woe,
Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,
Is to love deeply - and
my
spirit's dower
Was a sad gift, a melancholy power
Of so adoring - with a buried care,
And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
And with a deepening dream that day by day,
In the still shadow of the lonely sway,
Folded me closer, till the world held nought
Save the
one
being to my centred thought.
There was no music but his voice to hear;
No joy but such as with
his
step drew near:
Light was but where he looked - life where he moved:
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
Oh! but such love is fearful! - and I knew
Its gathering doom: the soul's prophetic sight
Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
Too sorrowfully clear! - an under-tone
Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
Whispering of grief. Of grief? - be strong, awake!
Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul?
Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
Death's fastness? - a magic to control

Worlds far removed? - from o'er the grave to thee
Love hath made answer; and
thy
tale should be
Sung like a lay of triumph! Now return,
And take thy treasure from its bosomed urn,
And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,
I said I loved - but yet a heavenly strain
Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream!
I knew myself beloved! - we breathed no vow,
No mingling visions might our fate allow,
As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,
Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
So jealousy! - a thing o'er which to shed,
When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
Lone tears! yet ofttimes burdened with the excess
Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh! sweet friend! we dream not of love's might
Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
The image we enshrine! - Before
that
hour,
We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering power
Within us laid! -
then
doth the spirit-flame
With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame;
The wings of that which pants to follow fast
Shake their clay-bars, as with a prisoned blast-
The sea is in our souls!

He died, -
he
died
On whom my lone devotedness was cast!
I might not keep one vigil by his side,

I
, whose wrung heart watched with him to the last!
I might not once his fainting head sustain,
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,
Nor say to him 'Farewell!' He passed away -
Oh! had
my
love been there, its conquering sway
Had won him back from death! - but thus removed,

Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
Joined with the unknown, the viewless - he became
Unto my thoughts another, yet the same -
Changed - hallowed - glorified! - and his low grave
Seemed a bright mournful altar - mine, all mine: -
Brother and friend soon left me
that
sole shrine,
The birthright of the faithful! -
their
world's wave
Soon swept them from its brink. Oh! deem thou not
That on the sad and consecrated spot
My soul grew weak! I tell thee that a power
There kindled heart and lip - a fiery shower
My words were made - a might was given to prayer,
And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
And a dread triumph! Knowest thou what I sought?
For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought?
- Communion with the dead! - I sent a cry
Through the veiled empires of eternity,
A voice to cleave them! By the mournful truth,
By the lost promise of my blighted youth,
By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind;
By words, which in themselves are magic high,
Armed and inspired, and winged with agony;
By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream;
I summoned, I adjured - with quickened sense,
With the keen vigil of a life intense,
I watched, an answer from the winds to wring,
I listened, if perchance the stream might bring
Token from worlds afar: I taught
one
sound
Unto a thousand echoes - one profound
Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky -
One prayer to-night - 'Awake, appear, reply!'
Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled -
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not! - there is a large lone star
Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,
And under its clear light there lies a spot
Which well might utter forth - Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet - I had wept
My woe to stillness, every night-wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams

And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously: - there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
And I looked up! Oh! for strong words to bring
Conviction o'er thy thought! Before me there,
He, the departed, stood! Ay, face to face,
So near, and yet how far! His form his mien,
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
Within: - Yet something awfully serene,
Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that wore
Of the once beating heart no token more;
And stillness on the lip - and o'er the hair
A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air;
And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie
In the gave sweetness of the illumined eye;
Told of the gulfs between our being set,
And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,
Made my soul faint: - with
fear?
Oh!
not
with fear
With the sick feeling that in
his
far sphere

My
love could be as nothing! But he spoke -
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
My bosom's infinite? O friend! I woke

Then
first to heavenly life! Soft, solemn, clear
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,
Yet strangely seem'd as if the while they rose
From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells;
But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill
Passed from me, like a mist before the morn,
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne
By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,
Possessed my frame: I sought that lighted eye -
From its intense and searching purity
I drank in
soul!
- I questioned of the dead -
Of the hushed, starry shores their footsteps tread,

And I was answered. If remembrance there,
With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air;
If thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
Be treasure in that pensive land to keep;
If love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast,
Find
there
the music of his home at last;
I asked, and I was answered. Full and high
Was that communion with eternity,
Too rich for aught so fleeting! Like a knell
Swept o'er my sense its closing words, 'Farewell,
On earth we meet no more!' And all was gone -
The pale bright settled brow - the thrilling tone,
The still and shining eye! and never more
May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore
That radiant guest! One full-fraught hour of heaven
To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
Was made my own - the ethereal fire hath shivered
The fragile censer in whose mould it quivered,
Brightly, consumingly! What now is left?
A faded world, of glory's hues bereft -
A void, a chain! I dwell 'midst throngs, apart,
In the cold silence of the stranger's heart;
A fixed, immortal shadow stands between
My spirit and life's fast-receding scene;
A gift hath severed me from human ties,
A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
Which never may return: their chords are broken,
The music of another land hath spoken -
No after-sound is sweet! This weary thirst!
And I have heard celestial fountains burst! -
What
here
shall quench it?

Dost thou not rejoice,
When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
Through the young woods? Thou dost! And in that birth
Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
Thousands, like thee, find gladness! Couldst thou know
How every breeze then summons
me
to go!
How all the light of love and beauty shed
By those rich hours, but wooes me to the dead!
The
only
beautiful that change no more -
The only loved! - the dwellings on the shore
Of spring fulfilled! The dead! -
whom

call we so?
They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
Things wrapt from us! Away! - within me pent,
That which is barred from its own element
Still droops or struggles! But the day
will
come -
Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
The sea at last; and the winged flower-seed meets
A soil to rest in: shall not
I
, too, be,
My spirit-love! upborne to dwell with thee?
Yes! by the power whose conquering anguish stirred
The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,
Whose agony of triumph won thee back
Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,
Yet shall we meet! - that glimpse of joy divine
Proved thee for ever and for ever mine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

A Voyager's Dream Of Land

His very heart athirst
To gaze at nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire;
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find:
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more. ~ Cowper

The hollow dash of waves!–the ceaseless roar!
Silence, ye billows! vex my soul no more.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;
Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!

And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws,
Thro' the feathery fern and the olive boughs,
And the gleam on its path as it steals away
Into deeper shades from the sultry day,
And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,
They haunt me! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
I thirst for its rills, like a wounded roe!

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry!
My spirit sickens, as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round?
Know ye it, brethren! where bower'd it lies,
Under the purple of southern skies?
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines
In thro' the cloud of its clustering vines,
And the summer-breath of the myrtle-flowers,
Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
And the fire-fly's glance thro' the dark'ning shades,
Like shooting stars in the forest-glades,
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall
Speak! have ye known, have ye felt them all?

The heavy rolling surge! the rocking mast!
Hush! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast!

Oh! the glad sounds of the joyous earth!
The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,
The murmurs that live in the mountain pines,
The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
The wings flitting home thro' the crimson glow
That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill

To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still
I hear them! round me they rise, they swell,
They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell,
They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time,
And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high away, away!
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray!

It is there! down the mountains I see the sweep
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
With the burden and glory of flowers that they bear,
Floating upborne on the blue summer-air,
And the light pouring thro' them in tender gleams,
And the flashing forth of a thousand streams!
Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go,
To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,
To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest,
Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,
To the rocks that resound with the water's play
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount give way!

Give way! the booming surge, the tempest's roar,
The sea-bird's wail, shall vex my soul no more.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Address To Fancy

OH, queen of dreams! 'tis now the hour,
Thy fav'rite hour of silence and of sleep;
Come, bring thy wand, whose magic pow'r,
Can wake the troubled spirits of the deep!

And while around, on ev'ry eye
The 'honey-dews of slumber' lie,
Oh! guide me to the wild retreat,
Where fays in nightly revel meet;
And gaily sport in mystic ring,
By lonely glen, or haunted spring!

Now ev'ry sound has died away,
The winds and waves are lull'd to rest;
The sighing breeze forgets to play,
And moon-beams tremble o'er the ocean's breast—

Come, Fancy! come, creative pow'r!
That lov'st the tranquil reign of night:
Perhaps in such a silent hour,
Thy visions charm'd the bard of Avon's sight;
Oh, poet blest! thy guiding hand
Led him thro' scenes of fairy-land;
To him, thy favor'd child, alone,
Thy bright, Elysian worlds were shown!

Come, Fancy, come; with lov'd control,
Bewitch thy votary's pensive soul!
Come, sportive charmer! lovely maid!
In rainbow-colored vest array'd;
Invoke thy visionary train,
The subjects of thy gentle reign.

If e'er ethereal spirits meet,
On earth; to pour their dirges sweet;
Now might they hover on the moon-beam pale,
And breathe celestial music on the gale.

And hark! from yonder distant dell,
I hear angelic numbers swell!
Ah! sure some airy sylph is nigh,
To wake such heav'nly melody!
Now soft the dulcet notes decay,
Float on the breeze and melt away;
Again they fall—again they rise,
Ah! now the soft enchantment dies!
The charm is o'er—the spell is past,
The witching spell, too sweet to last!

Hail, Fancy, hail! around thy hallow'd shrine,
What sylphid bands, what radiant forms appear!
Ah! bless thy votary with thy dreams divine,

Ah! wave thy wand, and call thy visions dear!

Bear me, oh! bear me, to thy realms unknown,
Enchantress! waft me in thy car sublime!
To bend, entranc'd, before thy shadowy throne,
To view the wonders of thy fairy-clime!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Address To Music

OH thou! whose soft, bewitching lyre,
Can lull the sting of pain to rest;
Oh thou! whose warbling notes inspire,
The pensive muse with visions blest;
Sweet music! let thy melting airs
Enhance my joys, and sooth my cares!

Is there enchantment in thy voice,
Thy dulcet harp, thy moving measure;
To bid the mournful mind rejoice,
To raise the fairy form of pleasure?
Yes, heav'nly maid! a charm is thine,
A magic art, a spell divine!

Sweet music! when thy notes we hear,
Some dear remembrance oft they bring,
Of friends belov'd, no longer near,
And days that flew on rapture's wing;
Hours of delight that long are past,
And dreams of joy, too bright to last!

And oft 'tis thine the soul to fire,
With glory's animating flame,
Bid valor's noble sons aspire
To win th' immortal wreath of fame
Thine too, the soft, expressive tones,
That pity, tender pity owns!

Oh harmony! celestial pow'r!
Thou syren of the melting soul!
In sorrow's reign, in pleasure's hour,
My heart shall own thy blest control;
And ever let thy moving airs,
Enhance my joys and sooth my cares!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Address To Thought

OH thou! the musing, wakeful pow'r,
That lov'st the silent, midnight hour,
Thy lonely vigils then to keep,
And banish far the angel, sleep,
With all his lovely train;
Come, pensive thought! with thee I'll rove,
Through forest wild, sequestered grove,
Or twilight plain.

The lone recluse, in hermit-cell,
With thee, oh nymph! delights to dwell;
Forsakes the world, and all its charms,
Forsakes the syren pleasure's arms,
In peaceful shades to rest;
And oft with thee, entranc'd, may hear,
Celestial voices warbling near,
Of spirits blest!

When slow declines the rosy day
And ev'ning smiles with parting ray,
When twilight spreads her magic hues,
When moon-beams tremble on the dews,
Be mine to rove retir'd;
By fairy bower, or dimpled stream,
To muse with thee some heavenly theme,
Oh! maid inspir'd!

'Tis thine on eagle-wings to soar,
Unknown, unfathom'd realms explore;
Below the deeps, above the sky,
Beyond the starry orbs on high;
(Can aught restrain thy flight?)
To pierce the veil of future time,
And rise, in Fancy's car sublime,
To realms of light:

At midnight, to the guilty breast,
Thou com'st, a fear'd, appalling guest;
While lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Accusing conscience wakes the soul,
And bids each fear increase;
And, while benignant slumber flies,
With awful voice, in whisper cries,
Farewell to peace!

But oh, dread pow'r! how sweet thy reign,
To Virtue's mild and hallow'd train!
The storm around may wildly rave,
And winter swell the mountain wave,
Yet soft their calm repose!
Their minds unruffled and serene,
And guardian-seraphs watch unseen,

Their eyes to close!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Alaric In Italy

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?
His steps have tracked that glorious clime,
The birth-place of heroic time;
But he, in northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dad,
Nor heard the voice, whose pleading cries
From temple and from tomb arise.
He passed - the light of burning fanes
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;
And woke they not, the brave, the free,
To guard their own Thermopylae?
And left they not their silent dwelling,
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,
Sad freedom battled not - but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;
Nor one high soul from slumber broke,
When Athens owned the Northern yoke.

But was there none for thee to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair?
O city of the seven proud hills!
Whose name e'en yet the spirit thrills,
As doth a clarion's battle-call-
Didst thou too, ancient empress, fall?
Did no Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?
Oh! who shall tell the days to be,
No patriot rose to bleed for thee?

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?
The march of hosts, as Alaric passed?
That fearful sound, at midnight deep,
Burst on the eternal city's sleep:
How woke the mighty? She, whose will
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
The ascendant star of destiny!
She woke - to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the cries
Poured from a thousand agonies!
While the strange light of flames, that gave
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and tower,
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshiped shrine:
Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed
O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,

Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas, that e'er
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!
The time hath been when thy distress
Had roused up empires for redress!
Now, her long race of glory run,
Without a combat Rome is won,
And from her plundered temples forth
Rush the fierce children of the north,
To share beneath more genial skies
Each joy their own rude clime denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's shore
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
With all their graceful colonnades,
And crystal baths, and myrtle shades,
Along the blue Hesperian deep,
Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep;
Beneath your olive and your vine
Far other inmates now recline,
And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed
With rich libations duly shed,
O'er guests, unlike your vanished friends,
Its bowery canopy extends.
For them the southern heaven is glowing,
The bright Falernian nectar flowing;
For them the marble halls unfold,
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
Whose children for harbarian lords
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,
Or wreaths of Paestan roses twine,
To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine,.
Yet, though luxurious they repose
Beneath Corinthian porticoes,
While round them into being start
The marvels of triumphant art;
Oh! not for them hath genius given
To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
Enshrining in the forms he wrought
A bright eternity of thought.
In vain the natives of the skies
In breathing marble round them rise,
And sculptured nymphs of fount or glade
People the dark-green laurel shade;
Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye
To visions of divinity;
And rude his hand which dares deface
The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!

Chieftains! the war-note's call invites;
And other lands must yet be won,
And other deeds of havoc done.
Warriors! your flowery bondage break,
Sons of the stormy north, awake!
The barks are launching from the steep
Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep,
And Afric's burning winds afar
Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.
Where shall his race of victory close?
When shall the ravaged earth repose?
But hark! what wildly mingling cries
From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?
Why swells dread Alaric's name on air?
A sterner conqueror hath been there!
A conqueror - yet his paths are peace,
He comes to bring the world's release;
He of the sword that knows no sheath,
The avenger, the deliverer - Death!

Is then that daring spirit fled?
Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?
Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,
And he and earth are calm at length.
The land where heaven unclouded shines,
Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines;
The land by conquest made his own,
Can yield him now - a grave alone.
But his - her lord from Alp to sea -
No common sepulchre shall be!
Oh, make his tomb where mortal eye
Its buried wealth may ne'er descry!
Where mortal foot may never tread
Above a victor-monarch's bed.
Let not his royal dust be hid
'Neath star-aspiring pyramid;
Nor bid the gathered mound arise,
To bear his memory to the skies.
Years roll away - oblivion claims
Her triumph o'er heroic names;
And hands profane disturb the clay
That once was fired with glory's ray;
And Avarice, from their secret gloom,
Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.
But thou, O leader of the free!
That general doom awaits not thee:
Thou, where no step may e'er intrude,
Shalt rest in regal solitude,
Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
The Awakener's final trumpet sound.
Turn ye the waters from their course,
Bid Nature yield to human force,

And hollow in the torrent's bed
A chamber for the mighty dead.
The work is done - the captive's hand
Hath well obeyed his lord's command.
Within that royal tomb are cast
The richest trophies of the past,
The wealth of many a stately dome,
The gold and gems of plundered Rome;
And when the midnight stars are beaming,
And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,
Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
The Chastener of the Nations there;
To rest, at length, from victory's toil,
Alone, with all an empire's spoil!

Then the freed current's rushing wave
Rolls o'er the secret of the grave;
Then streams the martyred captives' blood
To crimson that sepulchral flood,
Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
The mystery in its bosom deep.
Time hath passed on since then - and swept
From earth the urns where heroes slept.
Temples of gods and domes of kings,
Are mouldering with forgotten things;
Yet shall not ages e'er molest
The viewless home of Alaric's rest:
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,
The guardian of his dust for ever.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

An Hour Of Romance

There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water; dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still
They seem'd but pictured glooms: a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam

Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
Came pouring thro' the woven beech-boughs down,
And steep'd the magic page wherein I read
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palestine. Meanwhile the bee
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free,
On filmy wings the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon:
But ere long,
All sense of these things faded, as the spell
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
On my chain'd soul: 'twas not the leaves I heard
A Syrian wind the Lion-banner stirr'd,
Thro' its proud, floating folds: 'twas not the brook,
Singing in secret thro' its grassy glen;
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
Peal'd from the desert's lonely heart, and shook
The burning air. Like clouds when winds are high,
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout
Of merry England's joy swell'd freely out,
Sent thro' an eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue:
And harps were there; I heard their sounding strings,
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.
The bright masque faded. Unto life's worn track,
What call'd me from its flood of glory, back?
A voice of happy childhood! and they pass'd,
Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet's blast;
Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,
My heart so leap'd to that sweet laughter's tone.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Ancient Greek Song Of Exile

WHERE is the summer, with her golden sun?
-That festal glory hath not pass'd from earth:
For me alone the laughing day is done!
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth?
-Far in my own bright land!

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die
On the green hills?-the founts, from sparry caves
Through the wild places bearing melody?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves?
-Far in my own bright land!

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,
The virgin-dances, and the choral strains?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
The Spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes?
-Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades?
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
And the pine forests, and the olive shades?
-Far in my own bright land!

Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers,
The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?
-Oh! that my life were as a southern flower's!
I might not languish then by these chill streams,
Far from my own bright land!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Arabella Stuart

And is not love in vain,
Torture enough without a living tomb?

Byron

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.

Pindemonte

I

'TWAS but a dream!–I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing,
I stood, o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
Far thro' a royal forest: then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,

And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart; and all pass'd by
Save one–I met the smile of one clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, thou wert there,
Seymour! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting-spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side; and we, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest flowers.

II

'Tis past!–I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend!–Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be,
And feeling still my woman's spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour; and prevail,
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,

Thro' hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish. In this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III

And thou too art in bonds!–yet droop thou not,
Oh, my belov'd!–there is one hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness, from the vainly-doting sight,
Covers its beautiful! 1 If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow,–
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, ev'n now,
Seems floating thro' my soul, were music taken
For ever from this world,–oh! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on?–thou liv'st, thou liv'st, thou'rt mine!
–With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
And, by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
Sit, a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!
I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning
The wild and busy whispers of despair!
Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven.–I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
As a star shoots!–but on the breezy sea
We shall meet soon.–To think of such an hour!
Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,
Faint and give way within me, as a flower
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss?
–Yet shall I fear that lot?–the perfect rest,
The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
After long-suffering won? So rich a close
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V

Sunset!–I tell each moment–from the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner!–Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star–I hear–'twas not the call,
Th' expected voice; my quick heart throbb'd too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Thro' my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.
Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat.–Hark! a bell's slow chime.
My heart strikes with it.–Yet again–'tis time!
A step!–a voice!–or but a rising breeze?
–Hark! haste!–I come, to meet thee on the seas.

VI

Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly–never more!–the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it.–All is lost!
No tempest met our barks–no billow toss'd;
Yet were they sever'd, ev'n as we must be,
That so have lov'd, so striven our hearts to free
From their close-coiling fate! In vain–in vain!
The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
And press out life.–Upon the deck I stood,
And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
Like some proud bird of ocean; then mine eye
Strained out, one moment earlier to descry
The form it ached for, and the bark's career
Seem'd slow to that fond yearning: it drew near,

Fraught with our foes!–What boots it to recall
The strife, the tears? Once more a prison-wall
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
And joyous glance of waters to the light,
And thee, my Seymour, thee!

I will not sink!
Thou, thou hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee;
And this shall be my strength–the joy to think

That thou mayst wander with heaven's breath around thee;
And all the laughing sky! This thought shall yet
Shine o'er my heart, a radiant amulet,
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken,
And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
Shall one day be deliverance, tho' the years
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII

My friend! my friend! where art thou? Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away,
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet; Summer, with her smile,
Fills the green forest;–young hearts breathe their vows;
Brothers, long parted, meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from loving eyes;
–All this is in the world!–These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path. On one alone
Their freshness may not fall–the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers!
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,

Quivering to breeze and rain-drop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath been,
Thro' the leaves pouring its dark sultry bIue
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill.–My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream,–the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound,–the shut from me!

IX

There went a swift bird singing past my cell–
O Love and Freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I–the blood of kings,
A proud unmingling river, thro' my veins
Flows in lone brightness,–and its gifts are chains!
–Kings!–I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this

I am cast under their triumphal car,

An insect to be crushed.–Oh! Heaven is far,–
Earth pitiless!

Dost thou forget me, Seymour? I am prov'd
So long, so sternly! Seymour, my belov'd!
There are such tales of holy marvels done
By strong affection, of deliverance won
Thro' its prevailing power! Are these things told
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
Wonder, yet dare not doubt,–and thou, oh! thou,
Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay?–
Thou canst not!–thro' the silent night, ev'n now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee.–Oh! gentle, gentle friend!
How shall I bear this anguish to the end?

Aid!–comes there yet no aid?–the voice of blood
Passes Heaven's gate, ev'n ere the crimson flood

Sinks thro' the greensward!–is there not a cry
From the wrung heart, of power, thro' agony,
To pierce the clouds? Hear, Mercy! hear me! None
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun,
Have heavier cause!–yet hear!–my soul grows dark–
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark,
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
And bearing to th' abyss, unseen, unknown,
Its freight of human hearts?–th' o'ermastering wave!
Who shall tell how it rush'd–and none to save?

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet!–a magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall;–
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all–

Thine! What dost thou amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair?
It is not welI of thee!–my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore;
And there thou smilest while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
Ev'n thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf–
Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief.

Death!–what, is death a lock'd and treasur'd thing,
Guarded by swords of fire? 2 a hidden spring,
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
As if the world within me held no cure?

Wherefore not spread free wings–Heaven, Heaven! control
These thoughts–they rush–I look into my soul
As down a gulf, and tremble at th' array
Of fierce forms crowding it! Give strength to pray,
So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is still'd.
Father in Heaven! Thou, only thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish fill'd,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, my Father! if Thy child,
Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinn'd in her despair! It well may be,
That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee–
By the crush'd hope too long on this world pour'd,
The stricken love which hath perchance ador'd
A mortal in Thy place! Now, let me strive
With Thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive!
Take me to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.
A sign is on my brow, a token sent
Th' o'erwearied dust, from home: no breeze flits by,
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark! the warning tone
Deepens–its word is Death. Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chasten'd, I depart,
Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Ev'n in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love!–oh! tender still, and true!
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Tho' but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead!
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again!
Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate
Too much; too long, for my sake, desolate

Hath been thine exiled youth; but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom, and re-track
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness! Yet send,

Ev'n then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend!
Down to my voiceless chamber; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Tho' bought with burning tears! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
In this cold world! What were it, then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?
Too keen a pang!–Farewell! and yet once more,
Farewell!–the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,–but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell–
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet–Farewell!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Brandenburgh Harvest-Song

The corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!
-Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,-
-We know its cause too well,
She is no more!

Her soft eye's blue,-
-Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Breathings Of Spring

Thou giv'st me flowers, thou giv'st me songs; bring back
The love that I have lost!

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring? sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running thro' the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone;
Silent they seem yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet rous'd by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead! why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breath'd by our lov'd ones there!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Bring Flowers

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path-
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day-
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth-bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side-
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift-bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory-bring flowers, bright flowers!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Carolan's Prophecy

A sound of music, from amidst the hills,
Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound
Of mirth, soon lost in wail.â€"Again it rose,
And sank in mournfulness.â€"There sat a bard,
By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
Flashing thro' rock and wood; the sunset's light
Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash,

Whose clusters droop'd above. His head was bow'd,
His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
Had drawn but broken strains; and many stood,
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
Th' unchaining of his soul, the gush of song,â€"
Many, and graceful forms! yet one alone
Seem'd present to his dream; and she indeed,
With her pale, virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
Ev'n painfully!â€"a creature to behold
With trembling midst our joy, lest aught unseen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
Too dim without its brightness!â€"Did such fear
O'ershadow, in that hour, the gifted one,
By his own rushing stream?â€"Once more he gaz'd
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
A few short festive notes, an opening strain

Of bridal melody, soon dash'd with grief,
As if some wailing spirit in the strings
Met and o'ermaster'd him: but yielding then
To the strong prophet-impulse, mournfully,
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he pour'd
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sangâ€"

Voice of the grave!
I hear thy thrilling call;
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
In the sear leaf's trembling fall!
In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou voice!
And I would thy warning were but for me,
That my spirit might rejoice.

But thou art sent
For the sad earth's young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of care!

They hear the wind's low sigh,

And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woodsâ€“but they hear not thee!

Long have I striven
With my deep foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There's a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white-rose wreath,â€“
Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touch'd solemnly by death!

Fair art thou, Morna!
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer sky!

And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful roundâ€“
But soon it must be still!

Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie,
Make not the strength of love thy trust,
A stronger yet is nigh!
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes wild and low
Its ringing tones have died.

Young art thou, Morna!
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed!

And the glance is thine which sees
Thro' nature's awful heartâ€“
But bright things go with the summer-breeze,
And thou too, must depart!

Yet shall I weep?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest!
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breathâ€“
Go, all undimm'd, in thy glory go!
Young and crown'd bride of death!

Take hence to heaven

Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight!

Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be!
But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but thee!

There was a burst of tears around the bard:
All wept but one, and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark religious eye,
Rais'd to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless; though it might be that her cheek
Was paler than before.â€“So Morna heard
The minstrel's prophecy.
And spring return'd,
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All, save the loveliest far! A voice, a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Casabianca

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on...he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud..."Say, father,say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but one more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way,

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound...
The boy-oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Christmas Carol

FAIR Gratitude! in strain sublime,
Swell high to heav'n thy tuneful zeal;
And, hailing this auspicious time,
Kneel, Adoration! kneel!

CHORUS.
For lo! the day, th' immortal day,
When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
Chas'd ev'ry gathering cloud away,
And pour'd the noon of light!
Rapture! be kindling, mounting, glowing.
While from thine eye the tear is flowing,
Pure, warm, and bright!

'Twas on this day, oh, love divine!
The orient star's effulgence rose;
Then wak'd the moon, whose eye benign,
Shall never, never close!

CHORUS.
Messiah! be thy Name ador'd;
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord!
By grateful worlds be anthems pour'd,
Emanuel! Prince of Peace!
This day, from Heav'n's empyreal dwelling,
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
Bade discord cease!

Wake the loud Pæan, tune the voice,
Children of heav'n and sons of earth!
Seraphs and men! exult, rejoice,
To bless the Saviour's birth!

CHORUS.
Devotion! light thy purest fire!
Transport! on cherub-wing aspire!
Praise! wake to him thy golden lyre,
Strike ev'ry thrilling chord!
While at the ark of Mercy kneeling,
We own thy grace, reviving, healing,
Redeemer! Lord!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Coeur De Lion At The Bier Of His Father

Torches were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Through dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there:
As if each deeply-furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show,-
-Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely clos'd in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it rais'd;-
For his father lay before him low,
It was Coeur-de-Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,
-But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'd!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain-
-Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,

And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stoop'd-and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words-yet all too weak-
Gave his soul's passion way.

'Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep-behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

'Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
Hear me, but hear me!-father, chief,
My king! I must be heard!
-Hush'd, hush'd-how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?-woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

'Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;-
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say-'forgive!'

'Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are prov'd
In war, the bravest heart-
-Oh! ever the renown'd and lov'd
Thou wert-and there thou art!

'Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!-
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent-knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,

My sire! I see thee lie,-
-How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Corinne at the Capitol

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!
Thou, to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath roll'd
Where the conqueror's pass'd of old;
And the festal sun that shone,
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,
Makes thy day of glory bright,
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trode;
While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,
Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
In a soft and rosy rain,
Touch'd with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now!
Music hails thee from below;
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre;
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls-it dies-
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone
In its thrilling power alone;
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
Touched as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought;
And the burning words of song
From thy lip flow fast and strong,
With a rushing stream's delight
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome!-Oh! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?-
Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth

Lovely but to one on earth!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Costanza

She knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
Thro' the stain'd window of her lonely cell,
And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow
Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,

While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
Bright waves of goldâ€"the autumn forest's hueâ€"
Seem'd all a vision's mist of glory, spread
By painting's touch around some holy head,
Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
Which glanced as dark, clear water to the sky,
What solemn fervour lived! And yet what wo,
Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
The glassy tide! Oh! he that could reveal
What life had taught that chasten'd heart to feel,
Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!
But she had told her griefs to heaven alone,
And of the gentle saint no more was known,
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
Rose thro' each murmur of the green, and dim,
And ancient solitude; where hidden streams
Went moaning thro' the grass, like sounds in dreams,
Music for weary hearts! Midst leaves and flowers
She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed,
Came and brought hope; while scarce of mortal birth
He deem'd the pale fair form, that held on earth
Communion but with grief.
Ere long a cell,
A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
Gleam'd thro' the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,
And a sweet voice, of rich, yet mournful tone,
Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.â€"
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
Thro' the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met

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The floating song. Strange sounds!â€"the trumpet's peal,
Made hollow by the rocks; the clash of steel,
The rallying war cry.â€"In the mountain-pass,
There had been combat; blood was on the grass,
Banners had strewn the waters; chiefs lay dying,

And the pine-branches crash'd before the flying.

And all was chang'd within the still retreat,
Costanza's home:â€“there enter'd hurrying feet,
Dark looks of shame and sorrow; mail-clad men,
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch-roof, bore
A wounded warrior in: the rocky floor
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
As there they laid their leader, and implor'd
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him; then for flight,
Thro' the wide forest and the mantling night,
Sped breathlessly again.â€“They pass'dâ€“but he,
The stateliest of a hostâ€“alas! to see
What mother's eyes have watch'd in rosy sleep
Till joy, for very fullness, turn'd to weep,
Thus chang'd!â€“a fearful thing! His golden crest
Was shiver'd, and the bright scarf on his breastâ€“
Some costly love-giftâ€“rent:â€“but what of these?
There were the clustering raven-locksâ€“the breeze
As it came in thro' lime and myrtle flowers,
Might scarcely lift themâ€“steep'd in bloody showers,
So heavily upon the pallid clay
Of the damp cheek they hung! the eyes' dark rayâ€“
Where was it?â€“and the lips!â€“they gasp'd apart,
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
Still proudly beautiful! but that white hueâ€“
Was it not death's?â€“that stillnessâ€“that cold dew
On the scarr'd forehead? No! his spirit broke
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
The haughty chief of thousandsâ€“the forsaken
Of all save one!â€“She fled not. Day by dayâ€“
Such hours are woman's birthrightâ€“she, unknown,
Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone;
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
His brow with tears that mourn'd the strong man's raving.
He felt them not, nor mark'd the light, veil'd form
Still hovering nigh; yet sometimes, when that storm
Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
Would sooth him with sweet aves, gently bringing
Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
Of memory dawn'd upon the cloud of dreams,
And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
He murmur'd forth, 'Where am I? What soft strain
Pass'd, like a breeze, across my burning brain?

Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
Of life's first music, and a thought of oneâ€“
Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride
Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?
All lost!â€“and this is death!â€“I cannot die
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!
Away! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love!â€“her broken heart
Lies low, and Iâ€“unpardon'd I depart.'

But then Costanza rais'd the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
And stood before him with a smileâ€“oh! ne'er
Did aught that smiled so much of sadness wearâ€“
And said 'Cesario! look on me; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust
As should be Heaven's aloneâ€“and Heaven is just!
I bless theeâ€“be at peace.'

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rush'dâ€“the sudden shame,
The joy, th' amaze!â€“he bow'd his headâ€“it fell
On the wrong'd bosom which had lov'd so well;
And love still perfect, gave him refuge there,â€“
His last faint breath just wav'd her floating hair.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Design and Performance

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They float before my soul, the fair designs
Which I would body forth to life and power,
Like clouds that with their wavering hues and lines
Portray majestic building--dome and tower,
Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower
Points to the unchanging stars; and high arcade,
Far-sweeping to some glorious altar made
For holiest rites.
                Meanwhile the waning hour
Melts from me, and by fervent dreams overwrought
I sink. O friend! O linked with each high thought!
Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
All I may grasp; until thou seest fulfilled,
While time and strength allow, my hope to build
For lowly hearts devout, but one enduring fane!

o

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Dirge

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
   Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
   His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
   Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
   No more may fear to die.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Edith: A Tale Of The Woods

Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zur?ch habe genossen das irdische Gl?ch habe gelebt und geliebet. ~
Wallenstein

The woods? oh! solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great Western World, when day declines,
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines;
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The might and burden of the solitude!

Yet, in that hour, midst those green wastes, there sate
One young and fair,?and oh! how desolate!
But undismay'd; while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darken'd with the night,
Alone she sate; tho' many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were sever'd from her need and from her wo,
Far as Death severs Life. O'er that wild spot
Combat had rag'd, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks. A fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
Midst the fair halls of England! but the love
Which fill'd her soul was strong to cast out fear,
And by its might upborne all else above,
She shrank not?mark'd not that the dead were near.
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound,
Yet hoped, still hoped!?Oh! from such hope how long
Affection wooes the whispers that deceive,
Ev'n when the pressure of dismay grows strong,
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
The blow indeed can fall! So bow'd she there
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Fill'd all her soul. Now pour'd the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems thro' the foliage brown,
And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes: to her eye,
The eye that faded look'd through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
When voice was not: that fond, sad meaning pass'd?
She knew the fulness of her wo at last!
One shriek the forests heard,?and mute she lay,

And cold; yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death!
Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.
Now light, of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew;
The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds play'd,
Bright-colour'd birds with splendour cross'd the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf, the living strings
Of Earth's Eolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she too woke from that long dreamless trance,
The widow'd Edith: fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
Flash'd o'er her spirit, ev'n ere memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
With all its whispers, wav'd not o'er her now,?
Where was she? Midst the people of the wild,
By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief,
Whose home look'd sad?for therein play'd no child?
Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
To that lone cabin of the woods; and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung;
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
And leaning on his bow.
And life return'd,
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learn'd
Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore,
Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
Ev'n as a breath of spring's awakening air,
Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune
Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen
A daughter to the land of spirits go,
And ever from that time her fading mien,
And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
Had haunted their dim years; but Edith's face
Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
And they again seem'd parents. Oh! the joy,

The rich deep blessedness?tho' earth's alloy,

Fear, that still bodes, be there?of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
On something all its own!?that kindly glow,
Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
When, like the sunshine, freed.?And gentle cares
Th' adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
Who lov'd her thus: her spirit dwelt the while,
With the departed, and her patient smile
Spoke of farewells to earth;?yet still she pray'd,
Ev'n o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
Had been among the wilds; for well she knew
The secret whisper of her bosom true,
Which warn'd her hence.
And now, by many a word
Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and dim,
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with child-like piety,
By the still beauty of her life, she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Pour'd out on her so freely.?Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds: by slow degrees
Light follow'd on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade
And lets the sunbeam through:?her voice was made
Ev'n such a breeze; and she, a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow rais'd and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress-bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, tho' no melodious chime
Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were one.
?Now might she pass in hope, her work was done!
And she was passing from the woods away;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn thro' the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone

Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fring'd their dark boughs; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If here such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time, thro' the cabin-door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
'My father!'?to the grey-hair'd chief she spoke?
'Know'st thou that I depart?'?'I know, I know,'
He answer'd mournfully, 'that thou must go
To thy belov'd, my daughter!'?'Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!' with meek smiles once more
She murmur'd in low tones; 'one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd?the Saviour's prayer
Which now ye know?and I shall meet you there,
Father and gentle mother!?ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children.'?From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in wo,
'Thou'rt passing hence,' he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

'Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear!
The corn-month's golden hours will come,

But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls?yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers?not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side?
Go to the better land!'

The song had ceas'd, the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

England And Spain

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined,
To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
Long has Oppression worn th' imperial robe,
And Rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!
O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes afar,
Triumphant Gaul has pour'd the tide of war;
To her fair Austria veil'd the standard bright;
Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might;
While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field!

Oh! gallant Fred'ric! could thy parted shade,
Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd;
How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,
Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame!
When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK's doom,
And nursed with tears, the laurels on his tomb;
When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
Invoked his spirit to descend and save;
Then set her glories -- then expired her sun,
And fraud achieved -- e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with plenty gay,
Has desolation spread her ample sway;
Thy blast, oh Ruin! on tremendous wings,
Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!
Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force,
With dark destruction marks its whelming course;
Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,
Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!
-- Rise, Freedom, rise! and breaking from thy trance,
Wave the dread banner, seize the glittering lance!
With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?
How long shall despots and usurpers reign?
Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?
Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?
Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;
Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
The beamy spear, and adamantine shield!
Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,
Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes;
Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquer'd fires,
Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires:
And while, to guard thy standard and thy right,
Castilians rush, intrepid, to the fight;
Lo! Britain's generous host their aid supply,
Resolved for thee to triumph or to die!

And glory smiles to see Iberia's name,
Enroll'd with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,
Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:
So when two radiant gems together shine,
And in one wreath their lucid light combine;
Each, as it sparkles with transcendant rays,
Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze.

Descend, oh Genius! from thy orb descend!
Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend!
As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)
With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,
So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,
And swell a louder note, a nobler tone;
Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,
The seraph Ecstacy, with lightning eye;
Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,
And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre!

Hail, Albion! hail, thou land of freedom's birth!
Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth!
Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,
Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!
Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans brave,
Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave;
In classic elegance, and arts divine,
To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine;
For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,
And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,
Where Science mounts, in radiant car sublime,
To other worlds beyond the sphere of time!
Hail, Albion, hail! to thee has fate denied
Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride;
The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,
And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast:
For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine;
No glowing suns mature the blushing vine;
No light Arabian gales their wings expand,
To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land;
No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,
No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils;
Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,
And far from thee the scented cassia blows!
Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,
Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own;
From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,
She bids thy ensigns float above the main;
Unfurls her streamers to the favouring gale,
And shows to other worlds her daring sail;
Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to thee,

Queen of the trident! empress of the sea!

For this thy noble sons have spread alarms,
And bade the zones resound with Britain's arms!
Calpè's proud rock, and Syria's palmy shore,
Have heard and trembled at their battle's roar!
The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile
Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle!
For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war
Has roll'd o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar!
Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's sound,
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal crown'd --
Blest if their perils and their blood could gain,
To grace thy hand -- the sceptre of the main!
The milder emblems of the virtues calm, --
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm; --
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,
And round thy brows a deathless wreath combine:
Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,
Are hallow'd more than Avon's haunted side;
Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme,
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,
Britannia's heroes live from age to age!
From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,
Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the plain;
To these Augustan days, when social arts,
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts;
From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
King of the circled board, the spear, the lance; --
To those whose recent trophies grace her shield,
The gallant victors of Vimiera's field;
Still have her warriors borne th' unfading crown,
And made the British Flag the ensign of renown.

Spirit of ALFRED! patriot soul sublime!
Thou morning-star of error's darkest time!
Prince of the lion-heart! whose arm in fight,
On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's might!
EDWARD! for bright heroic deeds revered,
By Cressy's fame to Britain still endear'd!
Triumphant Henry! thou, whose valour proud,
The lofty plume of crested Gallia bow'd!
Look down, look down, exalted Shades! and view
Your Albion still to freedom's banner true!
Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,
Supreme in glory, and of spotless name;
And, as the pyramid indignant rears
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years;

See her secure in pride of virtue tower,
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of power!

Lo! where her pennons waving high, aspire,
Bold victory hovers near, 'with eyes of fire!'
While Lusitania hails, with just applause,
The brave defenders of her injured cause;
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,
And swells th' exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
Breathed to their cherish'd realms a sad farewell!
Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and sigh'd;
Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their sight,
And the blue distance melted into light; --
The Royal Exiles, forced by Gallia's hate,
To fly for refuge in a foreign state; --
They, soon returning o'er the western main,
Ere long may view their clime beloved again;
And, as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast;
So may Britannia guide the noble band,
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
Oh! glorious isle! -- O sovereign of the waves!
Thine are the sons who 'never will be slaves!'
See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,
And rend the laurels of insulting France;
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, oh Freedom! wave thy sword on high!

Is there no bard of heavenly power posses'd
To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast?
Like Shakespeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
And call each wayward passion to obey?
Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd fire,
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre;
Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,
The patriot's name to ages might consign?
Rise! Inspiration! rise, be this thy theme,
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam!

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string!
Could she the bosom energies control,
And pour impassion'd fervour o'er the soul!
Oh! could she strike the harp to Milton given,
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heaven!
Ah! fruitless wish! ah! prayer preferr'd in vain,
For her! -- the humblest of the woodland train!
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise!

IberiaN bands! whose noble ardour glows,
To pour confusion on oppressive foes;
Intrepid spirits hail! 'tis yours to feel
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal!
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain;
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson car;
No, brave Castilians! yours a nobler end,
Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend!
For these, for these, your valiant legions rear
The floating standard, and the lofty spear!
The fearless lover wields the conquering sword,
Fired by the image of the maid adored!
His best-beloved, his fondest ties, to aid,
The Father's hand unsheaths the glittering blade!
For each, for all, for every sacred right,
The daring patriot mingles in the fight!
And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,
His country's name alone can nerve his dauntless arm!

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is the field!
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!
His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,
The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,
Then for his country breathes a prayer -- and dies!
Oh! ever hallow'd be his verdant grave, --
There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave!
Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his tomb,
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom;
There let the tears of heaven descend in balm,
There let the poet consecrate his palm!
Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,
And shades of sainted heroes watch around!
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,
Thy chief, oh Thebes! at Mantinea fell;
Smiled undismay'd within the arms of death,
While Victory, weeping nigh, received his breath!

Oh! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul!
Thou source of energies beyond control!
Queen of the lofty thought, the generous deed,
Whose sons unconquer'd fight, undaunted bleed, --
Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipp'd name
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high;
More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr blows;
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,

In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove,
The green savannas, and the spicy grove;
Scent the rich balm of India's perfumed gales,
In citron-woods, and aromatic vales;
For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near,
Elysium blossoms in the desert drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows,
There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
And every chord to swelling transport lives;
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
The soul of beauty, and the lines of grace;
With bold, Promethean hand, the canvas warms,
And calls from stone expression's breathing forms.
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands,
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands!

Immortal FREEDOM! daughter of the skies!
To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise!
Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy favourite isle,
Still be thy Albion brighten'd with thy smile!
Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,
While proudly triumph'd thine insulting foes;
Yet tho' a cloud may veil Apollo's light,
Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight:
Once more we see thy kindling soul return,
Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn;
Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives,
Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band!
Still sure to conquer, if combin'd ye stand:
Though myriads flashing in the eye of day,
Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long array;
Though tyrant Asia pour'd unnumber'd foes,
Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose: --
For every state in sacred union stood,
Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood;
Each heart was glowing in the general cause,
Each hand prepared to guard their hallow'd laws;
Athenian valour join'd Laconia's might,
And but contended to be first in fight;
From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van:
Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his glories lost,
As wild confusion wing'd his flying host;
Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,
The Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!

Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record,
The high achievements of the conquering sword.
Thus, brave Castilians! thus, may bright renown,
And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days,
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls, --
The floating banners, and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals display'd,
The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade;
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,
In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:
Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frown'd,
Their stately towers with feudal grandeur crown'd;
Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's clime,
Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime;
And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore!
Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
Light o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr sighs;
Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel sung,
The choral voice of mirth and music rung;
Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan:
Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,
Thy broken shield is mouldering in decay.
Yet though thy transient pageantries are gone,
Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown;
Genius of chivalry! thy noble train,
Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain!
Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,
Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light;
Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
Still darting forward to the wreath of fame;
And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
At awful honour's consecrated shrine;
Ardour with eagle-wing, and fiery glance;
And generous courage, resting on his lance;
And loyalty, by perils unsubdued;
Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude;
And patriot energy, with heart of flame; --
These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same!
These from remotest days their souls have fired,
'Nerved every arm,' and every breast inspired!
When Moorish bands their suffering land possess'd,
And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest;
The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
In eastern gems and purple splendour shone;
Theirs was the proud magnificence, that vied
With stately Bagdat's oriental pride;
Theirs were the courts in regal pomp array'd,

Where arts and luxury their charms display'd;
'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers,
Its fairy-palace and enchanted bowers;
There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,
Of potent genii or of wizard spell; --
All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wondering sight!
Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
When freedom waved on high the sword of fate!
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,
Stern retribution frowning on his spear;
And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
Burning with zeal against his country's foes;
His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,
His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd!
And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
Inspiring theme of patriotic verse!
High in the temple of recording fame,
Iberia points to, great Gonsalvo's name;
Victorious chief! whose valour still defied
The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride;
With splendid trophies graced his sovereign's throne,
And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.
Nor were his deeds thy only boast, oh Spain!
In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign;
'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,
Unfurl'd his flag before the eastern gale;
Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore
Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before:
Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the daring helm;
While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,
Courageous enterprise still hover'd nigh:
The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main,
Saw man invade his wide majestic reign; --
His empire yet by mortal unsubdued,
The throne, the world, of awful solitude!
And e'en when shipwreck seem'd to rear his form,
And dark destruction menaced in the storm;
In every shape, when giant-peril rose,
To daunt his spirit and his course oppose;
O'er every heart when terror sway'd alone,
And hope forsook each bosom, but his own:
Moved by no dangers, by no fears repell'd,
His glorious track the gallant sailor held;
Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave,

Or high in air their snowy pinions wave:
Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep,
With dauntless prow explored th' untravell'd deep;
Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight,
View'd every star, and planetary light.
Sublime Columbus! when at length, descried,
The long-sought land arose above the tide;
How every heart with exultation glow'd,
How from each eye the tear of transport flow'd!
Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew,
When Canaan's fertile plains appear'd in view;
Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,
Then martial music floated o'er the seas;
Their waving streamers to the sun display'd,
In all the pride of warlike pomp array'd;
Advancing nearer still, the ardent band,
Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd the stranger land;
Admired its palmy groves, and prospects fair,
With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial air;
Then crowded round its free and simple race,
Amazement pictured wild on every face:
Who deem'd that beings of celestial birth,
Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth!
Then first another world, another sky,
Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high!

Still prouder glories beam on history's page,
Imperial CHARLES! to mark thy prosperous age:
Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,
When science pour'd her mild, refulgent light;
When Painting bade the glowing canvas breathe,
Creative Sculpture claim'd the living wreath;
When roved the Muses in Ausonian bowers,
Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers;
When angel-truth dispersed, with beam divine,
The clouds that veil'd religion's hallow'd shrine;
Those golden days beheld Iberia tower,
High on the pyramid of fame and power:
Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,
Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.
Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,
The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,
Though storms assail, its regal pomp to rend,
Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend!

When Gallia pour'd, to Pavia's trophied plain,
Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train;
When, after many a toil and danger past,
The fatal morn of conflict rose at last;
That morning saw her glittering host combine,
And form in close array the threat'ning line;
Fire in each eye, and force in every arm,

With hope exulting, and with ardour warm;
Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,
Their armour flashing to the beam of day;
Their gen'rous chargers panting, spurn the ground,
Roused by the trumpet's animating sound;
And heard in air their warlike music float,
The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note!

Pale set the sun -- the shades of evening fell,
The mournful night-wind rung their funeral knell;
And the same day beheld their warriors dead,
Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled!
Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,
Bright, blazing, dreadful -- only to expire!
Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confess'd her might,
Iberia's planet shed meridian light!
Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful day,
Castilian spirit bore the prize away; --
Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,
And trophies beaming high in glory's fane!
And lo! her heroes, warm with kindred flame,
Still proudly emulate their father's fame;
Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,
Still rush impetuous to repel the foe!
Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy spear,
And bid oppressive GALLIA learn to fear!
Be theirs, be theirs unfading honour's crown,
The living amaranths of bright renown!
Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause,
Due to the champions of their country's cause!
Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,
The joy when conscience whispers and approves!
When every heart is fired, each pulse beats' high,
To fight, to bleed, to fall, for Liberty;
When every hand is dauntless and prepared,
The sacred charter of mankind to guard;
When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite,
Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's right,
Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
And ancient wrongs forgotten, sleep in peace;
When firmly leagued, they join the patriot band,
Can venal slaves their conquering arms withstand?
Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless?
Can victory fail to crown them with success?
Look down, oh Heaven! the righteous cause maintain,
Defend the injured, and avenge the slain!
Despot of France! destroyer of mankind!
What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleepless mind!
Oh! if at midnight round thy regal bed,
When soothing visions fly thine aching head;
When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,
And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm;

Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,
And murder'd victims bleed before thine eyes;
Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,
'Tyrant! the hour, th' avenging hour is near!'
It is, it is! thy Star withdraws its ray, --
Soon will its parting lustre fade away;
Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,
And veil thy splendours in eternal night!
Oh! when accusing conscience wakes thy soul,
With awful terrors, and with dread control,
Bids threat'ning forms, appalling, round thee stand,
And summons all her visionary band;
Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,
And whispers, peace and happiness are fled;
E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast;
Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale?
Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail?
And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke,
The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke?
Bereave a nation of its rights revered,
Of all to mortals sacred and endear'd?
And shall they tamely liberty resign,
The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?
Canst thou, supreme destroyer! hope to bind,
In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear, --
Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career!
No, Tyrant! no, thy utmost force is vain,
The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain:
Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,
Then bid thy legions all their power combine!
Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,
Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,
E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,
E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn!

Ye Sons of Albion! first in danger's field,
The word of Britain and of truth to wield!
Still prompt the injured to defend and save,
Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,
The cause of JUSTICE and CASTILE to aid!
Ye Sons of Albion! by your country's name,
Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled;
By honours gain'd on Blenheim's fatal plain,
By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain;
By the bright laurels WOLFE immortal won,
Undaunted spirit! valour's favourite son!
By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,

Renowned from zone to zone, from clime to clime;
Ye BRITISH heroes! may your trophies raise,
A deathless monument to future days!
Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise,
Exalt the 'lion-banner' to the skies!
Transcend the fairest names in history's page,
The brightest actions of a former age;
The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,
And bid oppression fall -- to rise no more!
Then, soon returning to your native isle,
May love and beauty hail you with their smile;
For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,
And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe!

Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage?
Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage?
When, when, supplanting discord's iron reign,
Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again?
Not till the despot's dread career is closed,
And might restrain'd, and tyranny deposed!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign!
Fair blue-eyed seraph! balmy power divine!
Descend once more! thy hallow'd blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing!
Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,
Shall crown with glowing stores the desert-plain;
Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way,
Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
Descend once more! thou daughter of the sky!
Cheer every heart, and brighten every eye!
Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,
Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe extend:
Thy cherub-look again shall soothe mankind;
Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord bind;

Thy smile of heaven shall every muse inspire,
To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.
Descend once more! to bid the world rejoice, --
Let nations hail thee with exulting voice;
Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,
Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song!
Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed,
The martial clarion, and the drum succeed,
Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
And music warble in Idalian bowers;
Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,
The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath!
And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
Where the wild combat redden'd o'er the plain!
These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid!
Return, return, in vest of light array'd!

Let angel-forms, and floating sylphids bear,
Thy car of sapphire thro' the realms of air,
With accents milder than Eolian lays,
When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays;
Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
Diffusing round the heaven -- that glows within thy breast!

Oh! thou! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep!
Thou! at whose nod subsides the rolling deep!
Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's force,
And stays the thunder in its vengeful course;
Fountain of life! Omnipotent Supreme!
Robed in perfection! crown'd with glory's beam!
Oh! send on earth thy consecrated dove,
To bear the sacred olive from above;
Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,
The festal harmony of nature's prime!
Bid truth and justice once again appear,
And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane sphere;
Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,
Transcendant light their hallow'd fane illume;
Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace;
Brothers once more, let men her empire own,
And realms and monarchs bend before the throne;
While circling rays of angel-mercy shed
Eternal halos round her sainted head!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Evening Prayer at a Girl's School

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour-the quiet room
  Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
  And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on-'tis lovely!-Childhood's lip and cheek,
  Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought-
Gaze-yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
  And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?-
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
  Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds, with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
  'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun-
Life up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
  Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
  Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness-how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you-silent tears to weep,
  And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
  To pour on broken reeds-a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship-therefore pray!

Her lot is on you-to be found untired,
  Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
  And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things-therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
  With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
  As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake-O! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Fairy Favours

Wouldst thou wear the gift of immortal bloom?
Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
With balm from the gardens of genii brought;
Drink, and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
When the young all scatter'd like rose-leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
If the lov'd had left me, one by one?
Take back the cup that may never bless,
The gift that would make me brotherless!
How should I live, with no kindred eye
To reflect mine immortality?

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?
Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming then,
Hush every voice in the homes of men?
Would not bright eyes in my presence quail?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale?
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I yearn!

Wouldst thou then read thro' the hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?
Wear this rich gem! it is charm'd to show
When a change comes over affection's glow;
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true!

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Tho' my heart's wealth be but pour'd on dust!
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
To dim the light of a lov'd one's face;
Leave to the earth its warm, sunny smileâ€"
That glory would pass could I look on guile!

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
Favour'd of spirits! pour'd forth on thee?
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to restâ€"
Answer me! how may I grace it best?

Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
But a human heart where my own may lean!
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,

Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend,
And leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be one!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Flight of the Spirit

o

Whither, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,
Sees but a few green branches oer him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
Thou art that bird!--of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untracked immeasurable skies
Knowing but this--that thou shalt find thy guide!

o

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Gertrude, Or Fidelity Till Death

Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.

-Joanna Baillie

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes rais'd,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gaz'd–
All that she lov'd was there.

The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

'And bid me not depart,' she cried,
'My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.

Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world!–what means it?–mine is here–
I will not leave thee now.

'I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me thro' this!

And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.'

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Thro' all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;

But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek–
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, should'st speak!

The wind rose high–but with it rose

Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;

While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bath'd his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed–one smile in death–
And his worn spirit pass'd.

While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Greek Funeral Chant Or Myriologue

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.
-'Ianthis! dost thou sleep?-Thou sleep'st!-but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillow'd on my breast!
I lull'd thee not to this repose, Ianthis! my sweet son!
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done!
-How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?

'I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!
Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it lov'd to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seem'd on breezes borne,
When to thy couch I came and said,-'Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis morn!'
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouch'd by slow decay,
-And I, the wither'd stem remain-I would that grief might slay!

'Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that this would be!
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;-
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die!
That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red.-
-Why doth a mother live to say-my first-born and my dead?
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won-
-Speak thou, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet son!'

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young,
A fair-hair'd bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.
-'Ianthis! look'st thou not on me? -Can love indeed be fled?
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?
I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my belov'd!
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are prov'd!
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side-
-It would have been a blessed thing together had we died!

'But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!-and couldst thou thus depart?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?
-Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death!

'Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tun'd, and when the feast was spread;
But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where sounding javelins flew-
-Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what hour, what tone?
The blue skies fade with all their lights, they fade, since thou art gone!
Ev'n that must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmov'd-

-Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis! my belov'd!'

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.
'Ianthis! brother of my soul!-oh! where are now the days
That laugh'd among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays?
When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet fearless course!
-I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more-my brother and my friend!

'I come with flowers-for spring is come!-Ianthis! art thou here?
I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier!
Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown-but oh! more meet they seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!
More meet for one so fondly lov'd, and laid thus early low-
-Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow:
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,
-Woe, that it smiles, and not for thee!-my brother and my friend!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Harvest Hymn

Now autumn strews on every plain,
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing plenty, crown'd with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves.
In rich profusion pours around
Her flowing treasures on the ground.
Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land;
And to the God of nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn, in vernal hours,
He nurtured with his gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He mark'd the tender stem arise,
Till ripen'd by the glowing skies,
And now, matured, his work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To nature's God with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains
Of blooming maids and village swains -
To him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty, everlasting name.
To nature's God united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

He Never Smiled Again

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived-for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;-
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
-He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair-
-He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the Tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep-
-He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bath'd with tears,
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years-
-He never smiled again!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Heliodorus In The Temple

A sound of woe in Salem! - mournful cries
Rose from her dwellings - youthful cheeks were pale,
Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,
And voices mingling in tumultuous wail;
Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,
And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.

Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside
The regal splendour of their fair array,
With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride,
And thronged the streets in hurrying, wild dismay;
While knelt thy priests before
His
awful shrine,
Who made, of old, renown and empire thine.

But on the spoiler moves - the temple's gate,
The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold;
And all the scene reveals its solemn state,
Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold;
And man, with eye unhallowed, views the abode,
The severed spot, the dwelling-place of God.

Where art thou, Mighty Presence! that of yore
Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,
Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?
Thou! that didst make fair Sion's ark thy throne,
And call the oracle's recess thine own!

Angel of God! that through the Assyrian host,
Clothed with the darkness of the midnight hour,
To tame the proud, to hush the invader's boast,
Didst pass triumphant in avenging power,
Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,
And death alone revealed where thou hadst been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener! in thy might,
To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,
Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light
Hath streamed the house of holiness to fill?
Oh! yet once more defend thy loved domain,
Eternal one! Deliverer! rise again!

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismayed,
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to explore
Where the bright treasures of the fane are laid,
The orphan's portion, and the widow's store;
What recks
his
heart through age unsuccoured die
And want consume the cheek of infancy?

Away, intruders! - hark! a mighty sound!
Behold, a burst of light! - away, away!
A fearful glory fills the temple round,
A vision bright in terrible array!
And lo! a steed of no terrestrial frame,
His path a whirlwind, and his breath a flame!

His neck is clothed with thunder - and his mane
Seems waving fire - the kindling of his eye
Is as a meteor - ardent with disdain
His glance - his gesture, fierce in majesty!
Instinct with light he seems, and formed to bear
Some dread archangel through the fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
Throned on that burning charger? bright his form.
Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
And girt with all the terrors of the storm!
Lightning is on his helmet's crest - and fear
Shrinks from the splendour of his brow severe.

Oh! more than kingly - godlike! - sternly grand;
Their port indignant, and each dazzling face
Beams with the beauty to immortals given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart - each knee is bowed
In trembling awe - but, as to fields of fight,
The unearthly war-steed, rushing through the crowd
Bursts on their leader in terrific might;
And the stern angels of that dread abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of God.

Darkness - thick darkness! - low on earth he lies,
Rash Heliodorus - motionless and pale -
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded eyes
Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy veil;
And thus the oppressor, by his fear-struck train,
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns - the warriors of the sky
Have passed, with all their dreadful pomp, away
Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on high
Triumphant as in Judah's elder day;
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill!
Salem, exult! thy God is with thee still.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Hymn

OH, Thou! before whose radiant shrine,
Entranc'd, adoring seraphs bend;
Eternal source of light divine!
Wilt Thou thy hallow'd ear incline!
And mortal pray'r attend?
Yes, Father! yes, benignant Pow'r!
Around Thee beams fair Mercy's purest ray;
No awful terrors round Thee low'r,
Save when, in Judgment's dreaded hour,
Thou bidst Creation tremble and obey!

Then, rob'd in darkness and in clouds,
That solemn veil thy glory shrouds;
Chaos and night thy dark pavilion form;
Thy spirit on the whirlwind rides,
Impels the unresisting tides,
Glares in the lightning, rushes in the storm!

But Thou wilt meet the suppliant eye,
And Thou wilt mark the lowly sigh;
And Thou the holy tear wilt see,
Which penitence devotes to Thee;
That sigh thy breezes waft to heav'n,
That holy tear is grateful incense giv'n
Low, humble, sad, to Thee I bend,
Oh! listen from thy blest abode!
And though celestial hymns ascend,
Oh! deign a mortal's prayer attend,
My Father and my GOD!

Teach me if hope, if joy, be mine,
To bless thy bounteous hand divine;
And still, with trembling homage, raise
The grateful pæan of exalted praise!

When deep affliction wounds my soul,
Still let me own thy mild control;
Teach me, submissive and resign'd,
To calm the tempest of the mind;
To lift the meek, adoring eye,
Suppress the tear and hush the sigh;
Gaze on one bright, unclouded star,
And hail 'the day-spring' from afar,
Bid angel-faith dispel surrounding gloom,
And soar, on cherub-wing—beyond the tomb.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Imelda

…….Sometimes
The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And lov'd when they should hate, like thee, Imelda! ~
Italy, a Poem

Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma. ~
Tasso

We have the myrtle's breath around us here,
Amidst the fallen pillars; this hath been
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
Up thro' the shadowy grass, the fountain wells,
And music with it, gushing from beneath
The ivy'd altar! that sweet murmur tells
The rich wild-flowers no tale of wo or death;

Yet once the wave was darken'd, and a stain
Lay deep, and heavy drops but not of rain?
On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth. A fair girl met
One whom she lov'd, by this lone temple's spring,
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair
With the blue heaven of Italy above,
And citron-odours dying on the air,
And light leaves trembling round, and early love
Deep in each breast. What reck'd their souls of strife
Between their fathers? Unto them young life
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years;
And if they wept, they wept far other tears

Than the cold world wrings forth. They stood, that hour,
Speaking of hope, while tree, and fount, and flower,
And star, just gleaming thro' the cypress boughs,
Seem'd holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
Up where the cedars make yon avenue
Dim with green twilight: pausing there, she caught-
Was it the clash of swords? a swift dark thought
Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it pass'd,
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
One moment with its fearfulness, and shook
Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,

She still'd her heart to listen all was o'er;
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song,
Lovely it floated thro' the festive throng
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glow'd with beauty's flushing dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies,
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Follow'd her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvell'd at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue,
With something of dim fear; and in that glance
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmask'd. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike: and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft,
When trembling stars look'd silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumber'd, once again

There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Thro' the dim cedar shade; the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread:
What did Imelda there? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been;
Bodings were on her soul?a shuddering thrill
Ran thro' each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody?sweet sounds and low;
We hear them - yet they live along its flow -
Her voice is music lost! The fountain-side
She gain'd?the wave flash'd forth?'twas darkly dyed
Ev'n as from warrior-hearts; and on its edge,
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lull'd by stream and rustling sedge,
A youth, a graceful youth. 'Oh! dost thou sleep,
Azzo?' she cried, 'my Azzo! is this rest?'
?But then her low tones falter'd: 'On thy breast

Is the stain - yes, 'tis blood! and that cold cheek -
That moveless lip! thou dost not slumber? speak,
Speak, Azzo, my belov'd - no sound - no breath -
What hath come thus between our spirits? Death!
Death? I but dream - I dream!' and there she stood,
A faint, frail trembler, gazing first on blood,
With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
Her form sustain'd by that dark stem alone,

And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;
When from the grass her dimm'd eye caught a gleam?
'Twas where a sword lay shiver'd by the stream,?
Her brother's sword! - she knew it; and she knew
'Twas with a venom'd point that weapon slew!
Wo for young love! But love is strong. There came
Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame,

There came swift courage! On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round,
Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and press'd
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,
Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!
Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!
So the moon saw them last.
The Morn came singing
Thro' the green forests of the Appenines,
With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,
And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
What found that day-spring here? Two fair forms laid
Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade
Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave?
Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,
Deck'd as for bridal hours!?long braids of pearl

Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
As tears might shine, with melancholy light;
And there was gold her slender waist entwining;
And her pale graceful arms how sadly bright!
And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
And round her marble brow red roses dying.
But she died first! the violet's hue had spread
O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppress'd,
She had bow'd heavily her gentle head,
And on the youth's hush'd bosom sunk to rest.
So slept they well! the poison's work was done;
Love with true heart had striven?but Death had won.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Indian Woman's Death-Song

Non, je ne puis vivre avec un coeur brisé® Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air.

Bride of Messina
,

Madame De Stael

Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.

The Prairie.

DOWN a broad river of the western wilds,
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
Swept with the current: fearful was the speed
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
A woman stood. Upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair wav'd
As if triumphantly. She press'd her child,
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
Wafting a wild proud strain, her Song of Death.

Roll swiftly to the Spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!
Father of ancient waters, 5 roll! and bear our lives with thee!
The weary bird that storms have toss'd would seek the sunshine's calm,
And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

Roll on! my warrior's eye hath look'd upon another's face,
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace;
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,
He flings away the broken reed roll swifter yet, thou stream!

The voice that spoke of other days is hush'd within his breast,
But mine its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone,
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves! roll on!

Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase?
The heart of love that made his home an ever sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and deck'd his couch of yore?
He will not! roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore!

Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this wo;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

And thou, my babe! tho' born, like me, for woman's weary lot,
Smile! to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave thee not;
Too bright a thing art thou to pine in aching love away,
Thy mother bears thee far, young Fawn! from sorrow and decay.

She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep,
And where th' unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream,
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling stream!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Introductory Verses

OH! blest art thou, whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair,
As Nature's varied marvels there;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest!

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power.

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought,
If there thou lov'st His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Invocation

I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veil'd from waking thought; conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer. ~ WORDSWORTH.

Answer me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?â€"
And the stars answer'd meâ€"'We roll
In light and power on high;
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die.'

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?â€"
And the wind murmur'd in reply,
'The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost.'

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'dâ€"'We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die.'

Speak then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep, low tone!
Answer me, thro' life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'dâ€"'Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven.'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Italian Girl's Hymn To The Virgin

In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
And by the star-light gleams,
Mother of sorrows! lo, I come to thee!

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou knowest the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul; - to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep -
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppressed!

There is a wandering bark
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave:
Oh! let thy soft eye mark
His course; - be with him, holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way;
My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim;
Through the long weary day
I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him - and me, too, aid!
Oh! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!
On thy weak child is laid
The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er
him
is poured
My being's hope - scarce leaving Heaven a part;
Too faithfully adored,
Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be; - I hear a warming low
Sweet mother! call me hence!
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known
And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings; take back, take back thine own.

Hark! how the wind swept by!
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave -
Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Ivan The Czar

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar;
Lonely, tho' princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewell'd sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead,
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Thro' the rich tent made way:
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the Lord of nations mutely watch'd,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last of wo and fear
From his full bosom broke;–
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that thro' the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burden'd with agony.

'There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath,
I call thee, and thou dost not speak–
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done–
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

'Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on thine aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all–
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

'I will not bear that still, cold look–
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?

I say to thee, arise!

'Didst thou not know I lov'd thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart,
That seem'd to thee so stern.

'Thou wert the first, the first, fair child,
That in mine arms I press'd;
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smil'd
Like summer on my breast!
I rear'd thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee–dead!

'Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
And leave me!–I have conquer'd,
I have slain–my work is done!
Whom have I slain?–ye answer not–
Thou too art mute, my son!'

And thus his wild lament was pour'd
Thro' the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sigh'd;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank–
Humbly the conqueror died.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Juana

The night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace-room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved thro' the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free;
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's side,
On her wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;
Only her full impassion'd eyes as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke aloud;
She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried, 'Thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, belov'd one! for thy sake.

'They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for thee?
They would have wrapp'd the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
But I forbadeâ€"and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crown'd!

'With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautifulâ€"who said that this was death?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm'd and strong.

'I know thou hast not loved me yet; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee!
A frail and drooping form is mineâ€"a cold unsmiling cheek,â€"
Oh! I have but a woman's heart, wherewith thy heart to seek.

'But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord! and hear'st how I have kept
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee pray'd and wept;
How in one long, deep dream of thee my nights and days have past,
Surely that humble, patient love must win back love at last!

'And thou wilt smileâ€"my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all but me erewhile!
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pineâ€"
Oh! years of hope deferr'd were paid by one fond glance of thine!

'Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou com'st from the chase,
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face!
Thou'lt reck no more tho' beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless;
In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

'But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the music of thy voice:

Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone.'

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour'd forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,
Left midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind,â€"
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Kindred Hearts

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much
  Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
  Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few-and by still conflicting powers
  Forbidden here to meet-
Such ties would make this life of ours
  Too fair for aught so fleet.
It may be that thy brother's eye
  Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
  Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be, that the breath of spring,
  Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring
  A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times-
  A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
  The sound of waves by night,
The wind that, with so many a tone,
  Some chord within can thrill,-
These may have language all thine own,
  To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
  And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
  The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
  Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,-
  Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
  Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
  With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
  Never to mortals given,-
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
  Or lift them unto Heaven.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Korner And His Sister

Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar keepest;
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier! by the father's hand
Here shall the child of after years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.

The oak wav'd proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vail'd their drooping banners o'er thee.
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair, young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others; but for her,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee! lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy:–What hath she?
Her own blest place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright earth glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood midst the vines ye play'd,
And sent glad singing thro' the free blue sky.
Ye were but two and when that spirit pass'd,
Wo to the one, the last!

Wo, yet not long! She linger'd but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er,
It answer'd hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?

Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perish'd: be the Flower deplor'd
Here with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now? so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell:
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Lines To The Memory Of A Very Amiable Young Lady, Who Died At The Age Of Eighteen

AT length, departed saint! thy pangs are o'er,
And earthly suff'ring shall be thine no more;
Like some young rose-bud, blighted in its May,
Thy virtues bloom'd, to wither soon away!
Around thy grave let Spring her off'ring strew,
Her drooping lilies, bath'd in fragrant dew;
Emblems of thee, thou sweet, lamented maid;
Thou spotless lily, doom'd so soon to fade!
Angelic sweetness, piety refin'd,
Within thy gentle bosom were enshrin'd.
Thy heav'nly mind display'd, in early youth,
The fairest blossom of celestial truth—
How oft, sweet girl! thy soothing tears would flow,
In sacred sympathy with others' woe!

Yet Patience taught thee to sustain thy own,
Suppress the sigh, and hush the rising moan;
'Midst anguish, still to wear the placid mien,
Mild Resignation's smile and look serene!
Ye who have watch'd beside the mournful bed,
And rais'd, with anxious care, the languid head;
Gaz'd on the pallid cheek, the faded eye,
And heard the breathings of the parting sigh;
Ye who have mourn'd a sister's early doom,
Or bent in sorrow o'er a daughter's tomb;
Oh! weep for those, who sadly now deplore,
The fate, the virtues, of the maid no more.
What pow'r can sooth a tender parent's grief,
Or bring the friend's, the sister's woes relief?
Religion pure, ineffably divine,
Angel of peace, that heav'nly pow'r is thine,
Though spreading glooms the beam of joy may shroud,
Still, still thy rainbow brightens in the cloud;
Dispels the mist of error and of night,
Till fairer prospects open on the sight;

The blissful regions of eternal rest,
The calm, Elysian mansions of the blest.
—There too, each pang, each earthly suff'ring o'er,
Her gentle spirit soars, to weep no more!
'Mourn not for me,' the happy seraph cries,
'Exulting, lo! I gain my native skies!
A golden harp enraptur'd now I bear,
A wreath of bright, unfading palms I wear!
Mourn not for me, escap'd from ev'ry woe!
I gaze with pity, on the scenes below!
And bless the hour, when, freed from mortal clay,
My spirit mounted to the realms of day!
Oh! think, when past, a few eventful years,
Of toil and sorrow in the vale of tears;
Then shall we meet, releas'd from ev'ry pain,
Then shall we meet—nor ever part again!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Lines, Written In The Memory Of Elizabeth Smith

OH, thou! whose pure, exalted mind
Lives in this record, fair and bright;
Oh, thou! whose blameless life combin'd
Soft female charms and grace refin'd
With science and with light!
Celestial maid! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears;
Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explor'd
The lore of years!

Daughter of heav'n! if here, e'en here,
The wing of tow'ring thought was thine;
If, on this dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illum'd thy bright career,
With morning-star divine;

How must thy blest, ethereal soul,
Now kindle in her noon-tide ray;
And hail, unfetter'd by control,
The fount of day!

E'en now, perhaps, thy seraph-eyes,
Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,
Behold a chain of wonders rise;
Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,
Transcendent, pure and clear!
E'en now the fair, the good, the true,
From mortal sight conceal'd,
Bless in one blaze thy raptur'd view,
In light reveal'd!

If here, the lore of distant time,
And learning's flow'rs were all thine own;
How must thy mind ascend, sublime,
Matur'd in heav'n's empyreal clime,
To light's unclouded throne!

Perhaps, e'en now, thy kindling glance,
Each orb of living fire explores;
Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
Admires—adores!

Oh! if that lightning-eye surveys
This dark and sublunary plain;
How must the wreath of human praise,
Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
So dim, so pale, so vain!

How, like a faint and shadowy dream,
Must quiver learning's brightest ray;
While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,
The sun of glory pours his beam,

Perfection's day!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Madeline. A Domestic Tale

My child, my child, thou leav'st me!â€“I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance; I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy 'Good-night' at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air.â€“Yet blessings with thee go!
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile's wo
From thy young heart be far! And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely lot,
God shall be with me.â€“Now, farewell! farewell!
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillow'd there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine:â€“these moments are gone by,
Thou too must go, my flower!â€“Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God!â€“One, one more gazeâ€“farewell!'

This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride, on whom fair fortune smil'd,
And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home; yet there, with fond delay,
She linger'd on the threshold, heard the note
Of her cag'd bird thro' trellis'd rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck, and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gush'd o'er her soul, and many a vanish'd day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on the deep,
When its breast heav'd in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calm'd heart, young Madeline ere long,
Pour'd forth her own sweet solemn vesper-song,
Breathing of home: thro' stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were pass'd,

And the bright land was reach'd, the youthful world
That glows along the West: the sails were furl'd
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Look'd on the home that promis'd hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come.â€“Alas! we trace
The map of our own paths, and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,

On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears.
That home was darken'd soon: the summer breeze
Welcom'd with death the wanderers from the seas,
Death unto one, and anguishâ€"how forlorn!
To her, that widow'd in her marriage-morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him
Her bosom's first belov'd, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out on every side,
By the close veil of misery!â€"Oh! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow!â€"it knows not yet the part
Which life will teachâ€"to suffer and be still,

And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and thro' the future hour;
To send no busy dream!â€"She had not learn'd
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turn'd
In weariness from life: then came th' unrest,
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
The haunting sounds of voices far away,
And household steps: until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams
In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers?â€"Oh! could strangers raise the head
Gently as hers was raised?â€"did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bath'd that feverish brow
And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow?
Something was there, that thro' the lingering night
Outwatches patiently the taper's light,

Something that faints not thro' the day's distress,
That fears not toil, that knows not weariness;
Love, true, and perfect love!â€"Whence came that power,
Uprearing thro' the storm the drooping flower?
Whence?â€"who can ask?â€"the wild delirium pass'd,
And from her eyes the spirit look'd at last
Into her mother's face, and wakening knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
The kind sweet smile of old!â€"and had she come,
Thus in life's evening, from her distant home,
To save her child?â€"Ev'n soâ€"nor yet in vain:
In that young heart a light sprung up again,
And lovely still, with so much love to give,
Seem'd this fair world, tho' faded; still to live
Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
That rock'd her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
'Sweet mother! gentlest mother! can it be?'

The lorn one cried, 'and do I look on thee?
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more.'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Moon-Light

COME, gentle muse! now all is calm,
The dew descends, the air is balm;
Unruffled is the glassy deep,
While moon-beams o'er its bosom sleep;
The gale of summer mildly blows,
The wave in soothing murmur flows;
Unclouded Vesper shines on high,
And ev'ry flow'r has clos'd its tearful eye.

Oh! at this hour, this placid hour,
Soft music, wake thy magic pow'r!
Be mine to hear thy dulcet measure,
Thy warbling strains, that whisper, pleasure;
Thy heavenly airs, of cadence dying,
And harp to every zephyr sighing;
When roving by the shadowy beam,
That gilds the fairy-bow'r and woodland-stream!

But all is still! no mellow sound
Floats on the breeze of night around ;
Yet fancy, with some airy spell,
Can wake 'sweet Echo' from her cell;
Can charm her pensive votary's ear,
With plaintive numbers melting near;
And bid celestial spirits rise,
To pour their wild, enchanted melodies.

I love the rosy dawn of day,
When Zephyr wakes the laughing May;
I love the summer-evening's close,
That lulls the mind in calm repose;
But sweeter far the hour serene,
When softer colours paint the scene;
When Vesper sheds a dewy ray,
And o'er the sleeping wave the moon-beams play.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Moorish Bridal Song

The citron groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
Of low sweet summer-winds, the branches wooing,
With music through their shadowy bowers went by;
Music and voices, from the marble halls,
Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling,
To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd maids;
And thus it flow'd;-yet something in the lay
Belong'd to sadness, as it died away.

'The bride comes forth! her tears no more are falling
To leave the chamber of her infant years;
Kind voices from distant home are calling;
She comes like day-spring-she hath done with tears;
Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours!
-Pour the rich odours round!

'We haste! the chosen and the lovely bringing;
Love still goes with her from her place of birth;
Deep silent joy within her soul is springing,
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth!
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years;
Her sisters weep-but she hath done with tears!
-Now may the timbrel sound!'

Know'st thou for whom they sang the bridal numbers?
-One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more!
One, whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore!
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.-
-Weep for the young, the beautiful,-the dead!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Mountaineer-Song

BLOW, mountain-breeze! all wild, like thee,
Unfetter'd as thy wing, I rove;
With airy step and spirit free,
From snowy cliff, to shadowy grove!
And teach lone echoes to prolong,
From Caves remote, my sprightly song,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

No sigh for pomp or state I breathe,
For me, the sun-beam smiles in gold!
I envy not the victor's wreath,
For me the Alpine flow'rs unfold!
Gay, simple, free, I rove along,
And wood and hill resound my song,
Blow, mountain-breeze!
When morning wakes, with humid eye,
And cheek that kindling, bright'ning, glows;
When the soft blushes of the sky,
With roseate lustre tinge the snows;
I lead my flocks, I leave my home,
And carol gaily as I roam,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

When fervid beams of noon invade,
And bloom and verdure faint with heat;
The palm, the pine, the cedar-shade,
Afford me still a cool retreat!
Where shelter'd from th' oppressive ray,
I wake soft echoes with my lay,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

Deep in a glen, retir'd and green,
How sweetly smiles my native cot;
Where peace, and joy, and love serene,
Have sanctified the tranquil spot!

How blest! there ever to remain,
And warble still th' untutor'd strain,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

In rich festoons, the mantling vine,
Embow'ring, o'er its casement waves;
And bloomy clusters dangling, shine,
Thro' tendrils and luxuriant leaves—
While, as I train each wayward spray,
I carol still the artless lay,
Blow, mountain-breeze!
Mine is the breath of zephyr pure,
The Alpine sweet that scents the gale;
The slumber light, the life secure,
The boundless range of hill and dale!
Fearless I rove, exploring, free,

Spirit of air! all wild like thee,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Mozart's Requiem

These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion. ~
Prophecy of Dante

A Requiem! and for whom!
For beauty in its bloom?
For valour fall'n? a broken rose or sword?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplor'd?

Not so, it is not so!
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone;
A solemn funeral air
It call'd me to prepare,
And my heart answer'd secretly my own!

One more then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain,
Mighty the troubled spirit to inthrall!
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay the last of all!

The last! and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found!

Yet have I known it long:
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been th' o'ermastering flame;
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating thro' my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then fear the tone
That breathes from worlds unknown?
Surely these feverish aspirations there
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire,
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then, one more strain;
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!
I pour each fervent thought
With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Night-Scene in Genoa

In Genoa, when the sunset gave
Its last warm purple to the wave,
No sound of war, no voice of fear,
Was heard, announcing danger near:
Though deadliest foes were there, whose hate
But slumber'd till its hour of fate,
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reign'd around,
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's sound,
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-hearted;
Then mingled with th' awakening peal
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
Arm, warriors, arm! for danger calls,
Arise to guard your native walls!
With breathless haste the gathering throng
Hurry the echoing streets along;
Through darkness rushing to the scene
Where their bold counsels still convene.
- But there a blaze of torches bright
Pours its red radiance on the night,
O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,
With every fitful night-wind swaying,
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
Around the pillar'd scene display'd,
In light relieved by depth of shade:
And now, with ruddy meteor-glare,
Full streaming on the silvery hair
And the bright cross of him who stands,
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands;
Girt with his consecrated train,
The hallow'd servants of the fane.
Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resign'd,
The calm sublimity of mind.
Years o'er his snowy head have pass'd,
And left him of his race the last;
Alone on earth - yet still his mien
Is bright with majesty serene;
And those high hopes, whose guiding-star
Shines from th' eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,
And o'er his features pour'd a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone,

On earth by nought but pity's tie
Detain'd a moment from on high!
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One, from all passion purified,
E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared - oh! not to die -
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
He speaks - and from the throngs around
Is heard not e'en a whisper's sound;
Awe-struck each heart, and fix'd each glance,
They stand as in a spell-bound trance:
He speaks - oh! Who can hear, nor own
The might of each prevailing tone?

'Chieftains and warriors! ye, so long
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,
Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate
Hath made your country desolate;
Now by the love ye bear her name,
By that pure spark of holy flame
On freedom's altar brightly burning,
But, once extinguish'd, ne'er returning;
By all your hopes of bliss to come
When burst the bondage of the tomb:
By Him, the God who bade us live
To aid each other, and forgive -
I call upon ye to resign
Your discords at your country's shrine,
Each ancient feud in peace atone,
Wield your keen swords for her alone,
And swear upon the cross, to cast
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past!'

No voice replies - the holy bands
Advance to where you chieftain stands,
With folded arms, and brow of gloom
O'er shadow'd by his floating plume.
To him they lift the cross - in vain,
He turns - oh! say not with disdain,
But with a mien of haughty grief,
That seeks not, e'en from heaven, relief:
He rends his robes - he sternly speaks -
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

'Father! not thus the wounds may close
Inflicted by eternal foes.
Deem'st thou thy mandate can efface
The dread volcano's burning trace?
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene
Be, smiling, as it once hath been?
No! for the deeds the sword hath done

Forgiveness is not lightly won;
The words, by hatred spoke, may not
Be, as a summer breeze, forgot!
'Tis vain - we deem the war-feud's rage
A portion of our heritage.
Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,
Bequeath's us that undying flame;
Hearts that have long been still and cold
Yet rule us from their silent mould;
And voices, heard on earth no more,
Speak to our spirits as of yore.
Talk not of mercy - blood alone
The stain of bloodshed may atone;
Nought else can pay that mighty debt,
The dead forbid us to forget.'

He pauses - from the partiarch's brow
There beams more lofty grandeur now;
His reverend form, his aged hand,
Assume a gesture of command,
His voice is awful, and his eye
Fill's with prophetic majesty.

'The dead! - and deem'st thou they retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain?
Of guilt incurr'd in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty?
And say'st thou, mortal! blood alone
For deeds of slaughter may atone?
There hath been blood - by Him 'twas shed
To expiate every crime who bled;
Th' absolving God who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave!
And by that stainless offering given
Alike for all on earth to heaven;
By that inevitable hour
When death shall vanquish pride and power,
And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse;
And by the day when doom shall be
Pass'd on earth's millions, and on thee -
The doom that shall not be repeal'd,
Once utter'd, and for ever seal'd -
I summon thee, O child of clay!
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou would'st join the blest above.'

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing;
Oh! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him rise;

He yields - devotion's mingled sense
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes were flowing,
High hearts with soft emotions glowing;
Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport meeting:
And eager footsteps forward pressing,
And accents loud in joyous blessing;
And when their first wild tumults cease,
A thousand voices echo 'Peace!'

Twilight's dim mist hath roll'd away,
And the rich Orient burns with day:
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth;
Th' exulting strain through Genoa swelling,
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep,
The seaman hears them on the deep,
So mellow'd by the gale, they seem
As the wild music of a dream:
But not on mortal ear alone
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone;
For beings of a purer sphere
Bend with celestial joy, to hear.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

O Thou Breeze of Spring!

O thou breeze of spring!
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each found replying,
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more!

O'er long-buried flowers
Passing, not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
Thou hast brought again,
Let the primrose greet thee,
Incense forth to meet thee -
Wake my heart no more!
No more!

From a funeral urn
Bower'd in leafy gloom,
Ev'n
thy
soft return
Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
Like that silent thing;
Stir the founts of weeping

There
, O breeze of spring,
No more!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Ode To Cheerfulness

LOVELY nymph! with eye serene,
Dimpled smile and frolic mien;
Come, with airy step advancing,
Come, with blooming Hebe dancing;
O'er the meads I see thee straying—
Youth and sport around thee playing—
Gay content, thy sister fair,
Twines a garland round thy hair.
Thine the lip of roseate dye;
Thine the pleasure-sparkling eye;
Thine the cheek that softly glows,
Brighter than the blushing rose!

Guide me to thy fav'rite bow'rs,
To deck thy rural shrine with flow'rs.
In thy lowly, sylvan cell,
Peace and virtue love to dwell;
Ever let me own thy sway,
Still to thee my tribute pay.

When Zephyr waves his balmy wing,
To kiss the sweets of May;
When the soft melodies of spring
Resound from ev'ry spray;
With thee, sweet maid! I'll rove along,
And tread the morning dews;
To hear the wood-lark's early song,
To court the laughing muse.

With thee I'll rove, when summer pours
Her treasures o'er the land;
When fair Pomona sheds her stores,
With kind, luxuriant hand;—

When Autumn, bearing golden sheaves,
Delights the happy swain;
And softly paints the fading leaves,
And crowns the fertile plain.

And e'en in winter's hoary reign
I'll wake my festive lays;
Thy look shall prompt th' enliv'ning strain,
And 'brighten at the blaze!'

I court thee in the vernal hours
Of life's enchanting morn;
Thy hand shall strew my path with flow'rs
And steal away the thorn:

But when the dawn of youth is fled,
The spring of life so fair;
Ah! wilt thou then benignly shed

Thy placid beams around my head,
And steal my thoughts from care?

Yes! gentle pow'r, thy heav'nly ray
Shall cheer my morning bright;
And e'en in life's declining day,
Shall gild the dark and thorny way,
With mild, celestial light!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

On My Mother's Birthday

Clad in all their brightest green,
This day verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Our Lady's Well

Fount of the woods! thou art hid no more,
From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore!
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls;
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass;
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain-
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
There is heard no Ave through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers!
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain-
-Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine!
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer-bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!
-Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?
-'Tis that all on earth is of Time's domain-
He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer, from a chasten'd heart, to Heaven,
Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature's own again!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Paraphrase Of Psalm: CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

PRAISE ye the Lord! on every height
Songs to his glory raise!
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of light,
Join in immortal praise!

Oh! heavens of heavens! let praise far-swelling
From all your orbs be sent!
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament!

For His the word which gave you birth,
And majesty, and might;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!

Oh! fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of His will!
Oh! stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food;

Judges of nations! kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high!
Oh! youths and virgins of the land,
Oh! age and infancy!

Praise ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Pauline

To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for this;
It is to live without the vanish'd light
That strength is needed. -
Anon

Così ´rapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde. -
Tasso

ALONG the star-lit Seine went music swelling,
Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth;
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung:
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.

Pauline, the meekly bright! tho' now no more
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Thro' the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,
Sate on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
Midst the light laughter of festivity:?
Whence come those tones!?Alas! enough we know,
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil, when young feet were flying
In fairy-rings around the echoing hall
Soft airs thro' braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call
Silence!?the minstrels pause?and hark! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed!
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread;
The wild fierce lustre grows?then bursts a cry?
Fire! thro' the hall and round it gathering fly!

And forth they rush as chased by sword and spear
To the green coverts of the garden-bowers;
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers:
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she, Pauline? the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'er wearied bird along
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child?but no sweet voice replies.

'Bertha! where art thou??Speak, oh! speak my own!'
Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless hath sunk within the blazing pile;
A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep love! there is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Tho' fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave.
Back, back she rushes thro' a host combined?
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
None!?Courage there stood still?and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell?
And died they heart to heart? Oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades;
Its painted roofs had sunk yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades:
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound?
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around!

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done

Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all! the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and love.
Oh! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such wo!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Properzia Rossi

Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not lov'd, and striven, and fail'd to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affections? I depart,
Unknown, tho' Fame goes with me; I must leave
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
As would have made life precious.

I.
ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!
And in its bright fulfillment let me pour
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, tho' its race
Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!
From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!
May this last work, this farewell triumph be,
Thou, lov'd so vainly! I would leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection; something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavish'd; silent pang and tear,
And fervent song, that gush'd when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away,
While thou, Awake! not yet within me die,
Under the burden and the agony
Of this vain tenderness my spirit, wake!
Ev'n for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
Live! in thy work breathe out! that he may yet
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II.
It comes, the power
Within me born, flows back; my fruitless dower
That could not win me love. Yet once again
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
Of glorious images: they throng they press
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness,
I shall not perish all!
The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
Thro' the pale marble's veins. It grows and now

I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne! thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments; but oh! more fair,
Touched into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer-light
All things are glorified. From thee my wo
Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,

When I am pass'd away. Thou art the mould,
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, th' untold,
The self-consuming! Speak to him of me,
Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye,
Speak to him, lorn one, deeply, mournfully,
Of all my love and grief! Oh! could I throw
Into thy frame a voice, a sweet, and low,
And thrilling voice of song! when he came nigh,
To send the passion of its melody
Thro' his pierced bosom on its tones to bear
My life's deep feeling as the southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath, to rise, to swell,
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, one gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death!

III.
Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
I cannot make thee! Oh! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought,
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die! But I have been
Too much alone; a heart, whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below,
An eye to be my star; a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring,
These are denied me dreamt of still in vain,
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain,
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV.
Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work, in thee,
Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed
From storms a shelter, give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine,
Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop, and the meed

Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless fame!
That in his bosom wins not for my name
Th' abiding place it ask'd! Yet how my heart,
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise! Are those high longings o'er?
That which I have been can I be no more?
Never, oh! never more; tho' still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!
And tho' the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still,
And tho' the mantle of thy sunlight streams
Unchang'd on forms instinct with poet-dreams;

Never, oh! never more! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around! Too well they know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled; but I go
Under the silent wings of Peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words 'in vain',
Sear'd on the heart I go. 'Twill soon be past,
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
And thou, oh! thou, on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth, who know'st not what was given
In that devotedness, the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid farewell! If I could weep
Once, only once, belov'd one! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is fame. Yet I was form'd to be
So richly bless'd! With thee to watch the sky,
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh:

With thee to listen, while the tones of song
Swept ev'n as part of our sweet air along,
To listen silently; with thee to gaze
On forms, the deified of olden days,
This had been joy enough; and hour by hour,
From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
How had my spirit soar'd, and made its fame
A glory for thy brow! Dreams, dreams! the fire
Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name?
As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
When its full chords are hush'd?awhile to live,
And one day haply in thy heart revive
Sad thoughts of me: I leave it, with a sound,
A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound;
I leave it, on my country's air to dwell,
Say proudly yet?'
'Twas hers who lov'd me well!
'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Roman Girl's Song

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satst a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seenâ€"
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With colour'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress-bough,
Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps thro' the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song,
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;

Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Sabbath Sonnet

o

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls from old heroic ages gray
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With those thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways, to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

o

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Sea Piece

SUBLIME is thy prospect, thou proud-rolling Ocean,
And Fancy surveys thee with solemn delight;
When thy mountainous billows are wild in commotion,
And the tempest is roused by the spirits of night !

When the moon-beams thro' winter-clouds faintly appearing,
At intervals gleam on the dark-swelling wave;
And the mariner, dubious, now hoping, now fearing,
May hear the stern Genius of hurricanes rave !

But now, when thine anger has long been subsiding,
And the tempest has folded the might of its wing;
How clear is thy surface, in loveliness gliding,
For April has opened the portals of spring !

Now soft on thy bosom the orient is beaming,
And tremulous breezes are waving thy breast;
On thy mirror the clouds and the shadows are streaming,
And morning and glory the picture have drest !

No gale but the balmy Favonian is blowing,
In coral-caves resting, the winds are asleep;
And, rich in the sun-beam, yon pendants are glowing,
That tinge with their colours the silvery deep !

Yet smile or be dreadful, thou still-changing Ocean,
Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still;
I view thee adoring, with hallow'd emotion,
The Power that can hush or arouse thee at will !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Sea-Piece

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Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Song 1

OH! bear me to the groves of palm,
Where perfum'd airs diffuse their balm!
And when the noon-tide beams invade,
Then lay me in the embow'ring shade;
Where Bananas o'er my head,
Mingling with the Tam'rind spread;
Where the long liannes combining,
Wild festoons of flow'rs entwining;
Fragrant cassia, softly blowing,
Lime and orange, ever glowing;
All their spicy breath exhale,
To scent the pleasure-fanning gale.

There her sweet ambrosial stores,
Nature in profusion pours;

The cocoa's nectar let me sip,
The citron's juice refresh my lip;
While around me hovering play
Birds, in radiant plumage gay;
And amidst the foliage, raise
Melodies, in varied lays.
There, in aromatic bow'rs,
Be mine to pass the summer-hours;
Or by some clear cascade reclin'd;
Whose dashing sound may lull the mind,
Wake the lyre and tune the song,
Scenes of paradise among!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Song 2

SUCCESS to the heroes of gallant Castile,
Undaunted in danger, victorious in fight!
May they teach proud oppressors and tyrants to feel,
The patriot's arm of invincible might!

Live in memory eternal, the deeds of the brave!
Be the warriors immortal, who fall on the field!
The garlands of summer shall bloom on their grave,
And the trophies of glory emblazon their shield!

Success to the heroes whom Albion has giv'n,
In the cause of Iberia their aid to supply;
May they wield the bright armour of Justice and Heav'n,
And wave the proud banner of Freedom on high!

May Victory attend on the patriot-band!
May the genius of Albion their bosoms inflame!
Soon may they with laurels return to their land,
Be welcom'd by Love and applauded by Fame!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Song. The Smile

LET others love the pearly tear,
The blushing cheek adorning;
And say, 'tis like the dew-drop clear,
That gems the rose of morning.

Let others love to see the fair
With pensive mien appearing;
Be mine, to hail the sprightly air,
The dimpled smile endearing.

It speaks good-humour's mild control,
With magic fascination;
It tells the feelings of the soul,
With sportive animation.

Superior to the brightest eyes,
Or cheek with roses blooming;
A winning charm it still supplies,
The lovely face illuming.

'Twas Hebe taught fair beauty's queen,
The gay, bewitching wile;
And still her glowing lips are seen,
To wear a playful smile.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Sonnet To Italy

FOR thee, Ansonia! Nature's bounteous hand,
Luxuriant spreads around her blooming stores;
Profusion laughs o'er all the glowing land,
And softest breezes from thy myrtle-shores.

Yet though for thee, unclouded suns diffuse
Their genial radiance o'er thy blushing plains;
Though in thy fragrant groves the sportive muse
Delights to pour her wild, enchanted strains;

Though airs that breathe of paradise are thine,
Sweet as the Indian, or Arabian gales;
Though fruitful olive and empurpling vine,
Enrich, fair Italy! thy Alpine vales;
Yet far from thee inspiring freedom flies,
To Albion's coast and ever-varying skies!

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Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Sonnet, For My Mother’s Birthday

AT thy approach, oh, sweet bewitching May!
Through ev'ry wood soft melodies resound;
On silken wings Favonian breezes play,
And scatter bloom and fragrance all around!

Yet not for these I hail thy gentle reign,
And rove enchanted through thy fairy bow'rs;
Not for thy warbled songs, thy zephyr-train,
Nor all the incense of thy glowing flow'rs.

For this to thee I pour the artless lay,
Oh, lovely May! thou goddess of the grove!
With thee returns the smiling natal day,
Of her, who claims my fond, my filial love!
Bright as thy sun-beams may it still appear,
Calm as thy skies, unclouded with a tear!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Stanzas on the Late National Calamity, the Death of the Princess Charlotte

MARK'D ye the mingling of the city's throng,
Each mien, each glance, with expectation bright?
Prepare the pageant, and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!
And hark! what rumour's gathering sound is nigh?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?
Away! be hush'd! ye sounds of revelry.
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep!
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly past,
And England's royal flower is broken by the blast!
II

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose early grandeur promised years of fame?
Oh! when hath life possess'd, or death destroy'd
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost-the mother and her child!
Our morning-star hath vanish'd, and the tomb
Throws its deep lengthen'd shade o'er distant years to come.
III

Angel of Death! did no presaging sign
Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare?
No warning voice, no harbinger was thine,
Danger and fear seem'd past-but thou wert there!
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path
Foretell the hour of nature's awful throes;
And the volcano, ere it burst in wrath,
Sends forth some herald from its dread repose:
But thou, dark Spirit! swift and unforeseen,
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven is all serene.
IV

And she is gone-the royal and the young,
In soul commanding, and in heart benign;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung,
Glow'd with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well
Breathe forth her name, unheeded and in vain;
Nor can those eyes on which her own would dwell,
Wake from that breast one sympathy again:
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead.
V

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quench'd, in the glow and fulness of its prime;
And many a cherish'd flower, ere now, hath been
Cropt, ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.

We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;
And we have wept when soaring genius died,
Check'd in the glory of his mid career!
But here our hopes were centred-all is o'er,
All thought in this absorb'd-she was-and is no more!
VI

We watch'd her childhood from its earliest hour,
From every word and look blest omens caught;
While that young mind developed all its power,
And rose to energies of loftiest thought.
On her was fix'd the patriot's ardent eye,
One hope still bloom'd-one vista still was fair;
And when the tempest swept the troubled sky
She was our dayspring-all was cloudless there;
And oh! how lovely broke on England's gaze,
E'en through the mist and storm, the light of distant days.
VII

Now hath one moment darken'd future years,
And changed the track of ages yet to be!-
Yet, mortal! 'midst the bitterness of tears,
Kneel, and adore the inscrutable decree!
Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in light,
Wisdom should then have temper'd hope's excess,
And, lost One! when we saw thy Iot so bright,
We might have trembled at its loveliness:
Joy is no earthly flower-nor framed to bear,
In its exotic bloom, life's cold, ungenial air.
VIII

All smiled around thee-Youth, and Love, and Praise,
Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!
On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
Heiress of empires! thou art passe'd away,
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
O'er one brief hour of life, a fleeting ray,
Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!
Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams again!
Who hath not wept to know, that tears for thee were vain?
IX

Yet there is one who loved thee-and whose soul
With mild affections nature form'd to melt;
His mind hath bow'd beneath the stern control
Of many a grief-but this shall be unfelt!
Years have gone by-and given his honour'd head
A diadem of snow-his eye is dim-
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread,
The past, the future, are a dream to him!

Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's full pride art gone!
X

The Chastener's hand is on us-we may weep,
But not repine-for many a storm hath past,
And, pillow'd on her own majestic deep,
Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast!
And War hath raged o'er many a distant plain
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;
While she, that regal daughter of the main,
Smiled, in serene defiance of his wrath!
As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.
XI

Her voice hath been the awakener-and her name
The gathering-word of nations-in her might,
And all the awful beauty of her fame,
Apart she dwelt, in solitary light.
High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,
Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower;
That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour.
Away, vain dreams of glory!-in the dust
Be humbled, ocean-queen! and own thy sentence just!
XII

Hark! 'twas the death bell's note! which, full and deep,
Unmix'd with aught of less majestic tone,
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
Swell'd on the stillness of the air alone!
Silent the throngs that fill the darken'd street,
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely mart;
And all is still, where countless thousands meet,
Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck heart!
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
As in each ravaged home the avenging one had been.
XIII

The sun goes down in beauty-his farewell,
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright;
And his last mellowed rays around us dwell,
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.
They smile and fade-but, when the day is o'er.
What slow procession moves, with measured tread ?-
Lo! those who weep for her who weeps no more,
A solemn train-the mourners and the dead!
While, throned on high, the moon's untroubled ray
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing thus away.
XIV

But other light is in that holy pile,
Where, in the house of silence, kings repose;
There, through the dim arcade, and pillar'd aisle,
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance throws.
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
And all around the stamp of woe may bear;
But Grief, to whose full heart those forms are vain,
Grief unexpress'd, unsoothed by them-is there.
No darker hour hath Fate for him who mourns,
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to dust returns.
XV

We mourn-but not thy fate, departed One!
We pity-but the living, not the dead;
A cloud hangs o'er us- 'the bright day is done', {1}
And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast, .
Whose soul with thine had mingled every thought;
He, with thine early fond affections blest,
Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught;
What but a desert to his eye, that earth,
Which but retains of thee the memory of thy worth?
XVI

Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupifies the soul;
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlabour'd sense
Strength e'en to feel, at once, their dread control.
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless hour,
Of the seal'd bosom, and the tearless eye,
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold-power
To grasp the fulness of its agony!
Its death-like torpor vanish'd-and its doom;
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and nature's bloom.
XVII

And such his lot, whom thou hast loved and left.
Spirit! thus early to thy home recall'd!
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
A warrior's heart, which danger ne'er appall'd.
Years may pass on-and, as they roll along,
MeIlow those pangs which now his bosom rend;
And he once more, with life's unheeding throng,
May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend;
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's temple shrined.
XVIII

Yet must the days be long ere time shall steal
Aught from his grief whose spirit dwells with thee;
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may heal,
But all it was-oh! never more shall be.

The flower, the leaf, o'erwhelm'd by winter snow,
Shall spring again, when beams and showers return;
The faded cheek again with health may glow,
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance burn;
But the pure freshness of the mind's young bloom,
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the tomb
XIX

But thou-thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run;
While Faith, that bids fond nature grieve no more,
TeIls that thy crown-though not on earth-is won.
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Naught but the bloom of sunshine-and for thee,
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone
The course of love ran smooth, and brightly free- {2}
Not long such bliss to mortal could be given,
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of heaven.
XX

What though, ere yet the noonday of thy fame
Rose in its glory on thine England's eye,
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect came?
Ours is that loss-and thou wert blest to die!
Thou might'st have lived to dark and evil years,
To mourn thy people changed, thy skies o'ercast;
But thy spring morn was all undimm'd by tears,
And thou wert loved and cherish'd to the last!
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder tone,
Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief alone.
XXI

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere look down,
Where still in hope, affection's thoughts may rise;
Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown,
Which earth display'd to claim thee from the skies.
Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain
Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,
Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that mourn in vain,
And, in their hours of loneliness-be near!
Blest was thy lot e'en here-and one faint sigh,
Oh! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss eternity!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Stanzas To the Memory Of George III

'Among many nations was there no King like him.' –Nehemiah, xiii, 26.
'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' – 2 Samuel, iii, 38.

ANOTHER warning sound! the funeral bell,
Startling the cities of the isle once more
With measured tones of melanchoIy swell,
Strikes on the awakened heart from shore to shore.
He at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,
The chambers of our palaces hath trod,
And the long-suffering spirit of the just,
Pure from its ruins, hath return'd to God!
Yet may not England o'er her Father weep:
Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many, and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush!–they yet must flow,
The unrestrained, involuntary tears;
A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
Roused by the glorious shades of vanished years.
Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,
Now that the exile of the soul is past,
And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's relief,
Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at last;
For him, eternity hath tenfold day,
We feel, we know, 'tis thus–yet nature will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,
Saddening the scene where once it nobly reign'd,
A dread memorial of the lightning stroke,
Stamp'd with its fiery record, he remain'd;
Around that shatter'd tree still fondly clung
The undying tendrils of our love, which drew
Fresh nature from its deep decay, and sprung
Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true;
While England hung her trophies on the stem,
That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of THEM.

Of them unconscious! Oh mysterious doom!
Who shall unfold the counsels of the skies?
His was the voice which roused, as from the tomb,
The realm's high soul to loftiest energies!
His was the spirit, o'er the isles which threw
The mantle of its fortitude; and wrought
In every bosom, powerful to renew
Each dying spark of pure and generous thought;
The star of tempests! beaming on the mast, {1}
The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils deepening fast.

Then from the unslumbering influence of his worth,
Strength, as of inspiration, fill'd the land;
A young, but quenchless, flame went brightly forth,
Kindled by him–who saw it not expand!

Such was the will of heaven–the gifted seer,
Who with his God had communed, face to face
And from the house of bondage, and of fear,
In faith victorious, led the chosen race;
He through the desert and the waste their guide,
Saw dimly from afar, the promised land–and died.

O full of days and virtues! on thy head
Centred the woes of many a bitter lot;
Fathers have sorrow'd o'er their beauteous dead,
Eyes, quench'd in night, the sunbeam have forgot;
Minds have striven buoyantly with evil years,
And sunk beneath their gathering weight at length;
But Pain for thee had fill'd a cup of tears,
Where every anguish mingled all its strength;
By thy lost child we saw thee weeping stand,
And shadows deep around fell from the Eternal's hand.

Then came the noon of glory, which thy dreams
Perchance of yore had faintly prophesied;
But what to thee the splendour of its beams?
The ice-rock glows not 'midst the summer's pride!
Nations leap'd up to joy–as streams that burst,
At the warm touch of spring, their frozen chain,
And o'er the plains, whose verdure once they nursed,
Roll in exulting melody again;
And bright o'er earth the long majestic line
Of England's triumphs swept, to rouse all hearts–but thine.

Oh! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,
When sceptred chieftains throng'd with palms to hail
The crowning isle, the anointed of the sea!
Within thy palaces the lords of earth
Met to rejoice–rich pageants glitter'd by,
And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,
The old magnificence of chivalry.
They reach'd not thee–amidst them, yet alone,
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still–if joy no more
Within that blasted circle might intrude,
Earth had no grief whose footstep might pass o'er
The silent limits of its solitude !
If all unheard the bridal song awoke
Our hearts' full echoes, as it swell'd on high;
Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
On the glad strain, with dread solemnity!
If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,
Alike unfelt the storm that swept it to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,

Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,
Watch'd o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,
Sustain'd inspired, by strong affection's power;
If to thy soul her voice no music bore–
If thy closed eye and wandering spirit caught
No light from looks, that fondly would explore
Thy mien, for traces of responsive thought;
Oh! thou wert spared the pang that would have thrill'd
Thine inmost heart, when death that anxious bosom still'd.

Thy loved ones fell around thee. Manhood's prime,
Youth, with its glory, in its fullness, age,
All, at the gates of their eternal clime
Lay down, and closed their mortal pilgrimage;
The land wore ashes for its perish'd flowers,
The grave's imperial harvest. Thou, meanwhile,
Didst walk unconscious through thy royal towers,
The one that wept not in the tearful isle!
As a tired warrlor, on his battle-plain,
Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might be thine?
The stream of thought, though broken, still was pure!
Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven might shine,
Where earthly image would no more endure!
Though many a step, of once-familiar sound,
Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
And voices breathed forgotten tones around,
Which that paternal heart once thrill'd to hear;
The mind hath senses of its own, and powers
To people boundless worlds, in its most wandering hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy spirit known
Be dark or wild, creations of remorse;
Unstain'd by thee, the blameless past had thrown
No fearful shadows o'er the future's course:
For thee no cloud, from memory's dread abyss,
Might shape such forms as haunt the tyrant's eye;
And, closing up each avenue of bliss,
Murmur their summons, to 'despair and die!'
No! e'en though joy depart, though reason cease,
Still virtue's ruin'd home is redolent of peace.

They might be with thee still–the loved, the tried,
The fair, the lost–they might be with thee still!
More softly seen, in radiance purified
From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill;
Long after earth received them, and the note
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was pour'd,
As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float
Those forms, from us withdrawn–to thee restored!
Spirits of holiness, in light reveal'd,

To commune with a mind whose source of tears was seal'd.

Came they with tidings from the worlds above,
Those viewless regions where the weary rest?
Sever'd from earth, estranged from mortal love,
Was thy mysterious converse with the blest?
Or shone their visionary presence bright
With human beauty?–did their smiles renew
Those days of sacred and serene delight,
When fairest beings in thy pathway grew?
Oh! Heaven hath balm for every wound it makes,
Healing the broken heart; it smites, but ne'er forsakes.

These may be fantasies–and this alone,
Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure;
That rest, made perfect, is at length thine own,
Rest, in thy God immortally secure!
Enough for tranquil faith; released from all
The woes that graved Heaven's lessons on thy brow,
No cloud to dim, no fetter to enthral,
Haply thine eye is on thy people now;
Whose love around thee still its offerings shed,
Though vainly sweet, as flowers, grief's tribute to the dead.

But if the ascending, disembodied mind,
Borne, on the wings of morning, to the skies,
May cast one glance of tenderness behind
On scenes once hallow'd by its mortal ties,
How much hast thou to gaze on! all that lay
By the dark mantle of thy soul conceal'd,
The might, the majesty, the proud array
Of England's march o'er many a noble field,
All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,
Shine like some glorious land, view'd from an Alpine height.

Away, presumptuous. thought!–departed saint!
To thy freed vision what can earth display
Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,
Seen from the birth-place of celestial day?
Oh! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays
E'en in their fervour of meridian heat,
To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze
On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-seat
And thou mayst view, from thy divine abode,
The dust of empires flit before a breath of God.

And yet we mourn thee! Yes! thy place is void
Within our hearts–there veil'd thine image dwelt,
But cherish'd still; and o'er that tie destroy'd,
Though faith rejoice, fond nature still must melt.
Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway,
Thousands were born, who now in dust repose,

And many a head, with years and sorrows grey,
Wore youth's bright tresses, when thy star arose;
And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,
Hath fill'd our sphere with light, now to its source withdrawn.

Earthquakes have rock'd the nations:–things revered,
The ancestral fabrics of the world, went down
In ruins, from whose stones Ambition rear'd
His lonely pyramid of dread renown.
But when the fires that long had slumber'd, pent
Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,
Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark rent,
And swept each holy barrier from their course,
Firm and unmoved amidst that lava-flood,
Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient landmarks stood.

Be they eternal! –Be thy children found
Still to their country's altars true like thee!
And, while 'the name of Briton' is a sound
Of rallying music to the brave and free,
With the high feelings, at the word which swell,
To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's flame,
Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so well,
Who left so pure, its heritage of fame!
Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's dust,
Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the just.

All else shall pass away–the thrones of kings,
The very traces of their tombs depart;
But number not with perishable things
The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,
Heirlooms from race to race!–and oh! in days,
When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,
When our sons learn, 'as household words', thy praise,
Still on thine offspring, may thy spirit rest!
And many a name of that imperial line,
Father and patriot! blend, in England's songs, with thine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Stanzas to the Memory of George the Third

'Among many nations was there no King like him.' -Nehemiah, xiii, 26.
'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' - 2 Samuel, iii, 38.
ANOTHER warning sound! the funeral bell,
  Startling the cities of the isle once more
With measured tones of melanchoIy swell,
  Strikes on the awakened heart from shore to shore.
He at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,
  The chambers of our palaces hath trod,
And the long-suffering spirit of the just,
  Pure from its ruins, hath return'd to God!
Yet may not England o'er her Father weep:
Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many, and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush!-they yet must flow,
   The unrestrained, involuntary tears;
A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
  Roused by the glorious shades of vanished years.
Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,
  Now that the exile of the soul is past,
And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's relief,
  Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at last;
For him, eternity hath tenfold day,
We feel, we know, 'tis thus-yet nature will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,
  Saddening the scene where once it nobly reign'd,
A dread memorial of the lightning stroke,
  Stamp'd with its fiery record, he remain'd;
Around that shatter'd tree still fondly clung
  The undying tendrils of our love, which drew
Fresh nature from its deep decay, and sprung
  Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true;
While England hung her trophies on the stem,
That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of THEM.

Of them unconscious! Oh mysterious doom!
  Who shall unfold the counsels of the skies?
His was the voice which roused, as from the tomb,
  The realm's high soul to loftiest energies!
His was the spirit, o'er the isles which threw
  The mantle of its fortitude; and wrought
In every bosom, powerful to renew
  Each dying spark of pure and generous thought;
The star of tempests! beaming on the mast, {1}
The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils deepening fast.

Then from the unslumbering influence of his worth,
  Strength, as of inspiration, fill'd the land;
A young, but quenchless, flame went brightly forth,
  Kindled by him-who saw it not expand!
Such was the will of heaven-the gifted seer,

Who with his God had communed, face to face
And from the house of bondage, and of fear,
In faith victorious, led the chosen race;
He through the desert and the waste their guide,
Saw dimly from afar, the promised land-and died.

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Still on thine offspring, may thy spirit rest!
And many a name of that imperial line,
Father and patriot! blend, in England's songs, with thine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Swiss Song, On The Anniversary Of An Ancient Battle

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle-dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,
-Home!-home!-if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle rose!
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd!

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast
Borne down, and trampled here!
They saw-and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel-array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet, along their steeps,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps:
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the sabbath bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,

Think on the battle-dell!
For blood first bath'd its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Tasso And His Sister

She sat, where on each wind that sigh'd,
The citron's breath went by,
While the red gold of eventide
Burn'd in th' Italian sky.
Her bower was one where daylight's close
Full oft sweet laughter found,
As thence the voice of childhood rose
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,
Her children stood that hour,
Their bursts of song and dancing glee,
Hush'd as by words of power.
With bright, fix'd, wondering eyes, that gaz'd
Up to their mother's face,
With brows thro' parted ringlets rais'd,
They stood in silent grace.

While she–yet something o'er her look
Of mournfulness was spread–
Forth from a poet's magic book,
The glorious numbers read;
The proud undying lay, which pour'd
Its light on evil years;
His of the gifted pen and sword,
The triumph–and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas at night,
By many a gondolier;
Of him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glow'd,
Young holy hearts were stirr'd;
And the meek tears of woman flow'd
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,
Came sweet, each pause between;
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turn'd–a way-worn man,
In pilgrim-garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet mournful eye.
But drops which would not stay for pride,
From that dark eye gush'd free,
As pressing his pale brow, he cried,

'Forgotten! ev'n by thee!

'Am I so changed?–and yet we two
Oft hand in hand have play'd;–
This brow hath been all bath'd in dew,
From wreaths which thou hast made;
We have knelt down and said one prayer,
And sung one vesper strain;
My soul is dim with clouds of care–
Tell me those words again!

'Life hath been heavy on my head,
I come a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, midst crowds that bled,
To bleed in stillness here.'–
She gaz'd–till thoughts that long had slept
Shook all her thrilling frame–
She fell upon his neck and wept,
Murmuring her brother's name.

Her brother's name!–and who was he,
The weary one, th' unknown,
That came, the bitter world to flee,
A stranger to his own?–
He was the bard of gifts divine
To sway the souls of men;
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the sword and pen!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Abencerrage : Canto I.

Lonely and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er;
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls,
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through thy towers,
Within thy pillared courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Through tall arcades unmarked the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of softened brilliance throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,
Some charmed abode of beings all unknown,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads the enchanted ground,
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness round,
Through the light domes and graceful colonnades.

For other tones have swelled those courts along,
In days romance yet fondly loves to trace;
The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,
The revels, combats, of a vanished race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold;
Peopling once more each fair, forsaken hall,
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of old.

- The sun declines - upon Nevada's height
There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow,
And Darro's wave reflects each passing dye
That melts and mingles in the empurpled sky.
Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron bower,
Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour:
Hushed are the winds, and Nature seems to sleep
In light and stillness; wood, and tower, and steep,
Are dyed with tints of glory, only given
To the rich evening of a southern heaven;
Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is fraught
With all that art hath dreamt, but never caught.
-Yes, Nature sleeps; but not with her at rest
The fiery passions of the human breast.
Hark! from the Alhambra's towers what stormy sound,

Each moment deepening, wildly swells around?
Those are no tumults of a festal throng,
Not the light zambra, nor the choral song:
The combat rages - 'tis the shout of war,
'Tis the loud clash of shield and scimitar.
Within the Hall of Lions, where the rays
Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain blaze;
There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,
And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch stands;
There the strife centres - swords around him wave;
There bleed the fallen, there contend the brave,
While echoing domes return the battle-cry,
'Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant die!'
And onward rushing, prevailing still,
Court, hall, and tower, the fierce avengers fill.

But first the bravest of that gallant train,
Where foes are mightiest, charging ne'er in vain;
In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,
His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,
Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he bleeds,
His Aben-Zurrahs there young Hamet leads;
While swells his voice that wild acclaim on high,
'Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant die!'

Yes! trace the footsteps of the warrior's wrath
By helm and corslet shattered in his path,
And by the thickest harvest of the slain,
And by the marble's deepest crimson stain:
Search through the serried fight, where loudest cries
From triumph, anguish, or despair, arise;
And brightest where the shivering falchions glare,
And where the ground is reddest - he is there.
Yes, that young arm, amidst the Zegri host,
Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.

They perished - not as heroes should have died,
On the red field, in victory's hour of pride,
In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,
And proudly smiling as the death-pang came:
Oh! had they
thus
expired, a warrior's tear
Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their bier.
For thus alone the brave should weep for those
Who brightly pass in glory to repose.
- Not such their fate - a tyrant's stern command
Doomed them to fall by some ignoble hand,
As, with the flower of all their high-born race,
Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to grace,
Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,
They sought the banquet's gilded hall - to die.

Betrayed, unarmed, they fell - the fountain wave
Flowed crimson with the life-blood of the brave,
Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
Through the wide city rang from gate to gate,
And of that lineage each surviving son
Rushed to the scene where vengeance might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the strife,
Leader of battle, prodigal of life,
Urging his followers till their foes, beset,
Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted yet.
Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on! one effort more,
Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.

But lo! descending o'er the darkened hall,
The twilight shadows fast and deeply fall,
Nor yet the strife hath ceased - though scarce they know
Through that thick gloom, the brother from the foe;
Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,
The peaceful moon, and gives them light to slay.

Where lurks Abdallah? - 'midst his yielding train,
They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.
He lies not numbered with the valiant dead,
His champions round him have not vainly bled;
But when twilight spread her shadowy veil,
And his last warriors found each effort fail,
In wild despair he fled - a trusted few,
Kindred in crime, are still in danger true;
And o'er the scene of many a martial deed
The Vega's green expanse, his flying footsteps lead.
He passed the Alhambra's calm and lovely bowers,
Where slept the glistening leaves and folded flowers
In dew and starlight - there, from grot and cave,
Gushed, in wild music, many a sparkling wave;
There, on each breeze, the breath of fragrance rose,
And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch! in thy bosom reign
Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep again.
Oh! vainly bright is Nature in the course
Of him who flies from terror or remorse!
A spell is round him which obscures her bloom,
And dims her skies with shadows of the tomb;
There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair,
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there.
Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale roves
Fraught with rich odour, stolen from orange-groves;
Hears not the sounds from wood and brook that rise,
Wild notes of Nature's vesper-melodies;
Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's head,
Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre spread

But urges onward, till his weary band,
Worn with their toil, a moment's pause demand.
He stops, and turning, on Granada's fanes
In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains
In stern, deep silence - o'er his feverish brow,
And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly blow,
But waft, in fitful murmurs, from afar,
Sounds, indistinctly fearful, - as of war.
What meteor bursts, with sudden blaze, on high,
O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky?
Awful it rises, like some Genie-form,
Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm,
Magnificently dread - above, below,
Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.
Lo! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid glare
Streams through the still transparence of the air!
Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,
Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire;
And dome and minaret, river, wood, and height,
From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

Oh Heaven! the anguish of Abdallah's soul,
The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond control!
Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly
For life - such life as makes it bliss to die!
On yon green height, the mosque, but half revealed
Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may yield.
Thither his steps are bent - yet oft he turns,
Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.
But paler grow the sinking flames at last,
Flickering they fade, their crimson light is past;
And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,
Mark where the terrors of their wrath have been.
And now his feet have reached that lonely pile,
Where grief and terror may repose awhile;
Embowered it stands, 'midst wood and cliff on high,
Through the grey rocks, a torrent sparkling nigh;
He hails the scene where every care should cease,
And all - except the heart he brings - is peace.

There is a deep stillness in those halls of state
Where the loud cries of conflict rang so late;
Stillness like that, when fierce the Ramsin's blast
Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert passed.
Fearful the calm - nor voice, nor step, nor breath,
Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death:
Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,
In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
Through chambers peopled by the dead alone
O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,
Breastplate, and shield, and cloven helm are spread
In mingled fragments - glittering to the light

Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly bright,
Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,
And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the dead:
O'er features where the fiery spirit's trace
E'en death itself is powerless to efface;
O'er those who, flushed with ardent youth, awoke,
When glowing morn in bloom and radiance broke,
Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen sleep
Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep;
In the low silent house, the narrow spot,
Home of forgetfulness - and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars - the night is o'er -
Morn beams on those who hail her light no more;
Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth again,
Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in vain.
Yet smiles the day - oh! not for mortal tear
Doth nature deviate from her calm career;
Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,
Though breaking hearts her gladness may not share.
O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,
O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows;
Bright shines the sun, though all be dark below,
And skies are cloudless o'er a world of woe,
And flowers renewed in spring's green pathway bloom,
Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral-rite
Attends that day of loveliness and light;
And many a chief, with dirges and with tears,
Is gathered to the brave of other years;
And Hamet, as beneath the cypress-shade
His martyred brother and his sire are laid,
Feels every deep resolve, and burning thought
Of ampler vengeance, e'en to passion wrought;
Yet is the hour afar - and he must brood
O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.
Tumult and rage are hushed - another day
In still solemnity hath passed away,
In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,
The calm that follows in the tempest's path.

And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful fane,
His ravaged city traversing again.
No sound of gladness his approach precedes,
No splended pageant the procession leads;
Where'er he moves the silent streets along,
Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.
No voice is heard; but in each altered eye,
Once brightly beaming when his steps were nigh,
And in each look of those whose love hath fled
From all on earth to slumber with the dead,

Those by his guilt made desolate, and thrown
On the bleak wilderness of life alone -
In youth's quick glance of scarce-dissembled rage,
And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,
May well be read a dark and fearful tale
Of thought that ill the indignant heart can veil,
And passion, like the hushed volcano's power,
That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

No more the clarion from Granada's walls,
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls;
No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye;
Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
And song is hushed, and pageantry is fled.
- Weep fated city! o'er thy heroes weep -
Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep!
Furled are their banners in the lonely hall,
Their trophied shields hang mouldering on the wall,
Wildly their charges range the pastures o'er,
Their voice in battle shall be heard no more;
And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,
Whom he hath wronged too deeply to forgive,
That race, of lineage high, of worth approved,
The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved -
Thine Aben-Zurrahs - they no more shall wield
In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shied;
Condemned to bid the cherished scenes farewell
Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,
And far o'er foreign plains, as exiles, roam,
Their land the desert, and the grave their home.
Yet there is one shall see that race depart,
In deep, though silent, agony of heart;
One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
Unseen her sorrows, and their cause unknown,
And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
That smile, in which the spirit hath no share;
Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow
O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent, is the midnight hour,
And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower;
That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind
One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
That name in vain stern Reason would efface:
Hamet! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race!

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
The sleepless pangs of unrequited love;
Pangs, which the rose of wasted youth consume,
And make the heart of all delight the tomb,
Check the free spirit in its eagle-flight,

And the spring-morn of early genius blight;
Nor such her grief - though now she wakes to weep,
While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron shade,
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed -
Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot?
'Tis he - but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,
As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought;
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,
And in its wild expression may be read
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves - now veiled in shade,
And now in characters of fire portrayed.
Changed e'en his voice - as thus its mournful tone
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

'Zayda, my doom is fixed - another day
And the wronged exile shall be far away;
Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
His home of youth, and more than all - from thee.
Oh! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot,
Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot!
Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,
And not a rose hath faded from thy bower;
But I - my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.
Farewell, high thoughts! inspiring hopes of praise!
Heroic visions of my early days!
In my the glories of my race must end -
The exile hath no country to defend!
E'en in life's morn my dreams of pride are o'er
Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more,
And one wild feeling in my altered breast
Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
Yet fear not thou - to thee in good or ill,
The heart, so sternly tried, if faithful still!
But when my steps are distant, and my name
Thou hearest no longer in the song of fame;
When Time steals on in silence to efface
Of early love each pure and sacred trace,
Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
But as the moonlight pictures of a dream, -
Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth
And all the fervour of affection's youth?
If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play
In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's way.'

'Ask not, if such my love! Oh! trust the mind
To grief so long, so silently resigned!

Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
Rise with elastic power o'er each regret!
Fostered in tears,
our
young affection grew,
And I have learned to suffer and be true.
Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral flower,
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower;
No! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,
And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies!
Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
That ne'er to meet in happier days, we part.
We part! and e'en this agonising hour,
When love first feels his own o'erwhelming power,
Shall soon to Memory's fixed and tearful eye
Seem almost happiness - for thou wert nigh!
Yes! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,
As days to days all wearily succeed,
When doomed to weep in loneliness, 'twill be
Almost like rapture to have wept with thee.

'But thou, my Hamet, thou canst yet bestow
All that of joy my blighted lot can know.
Oh! be thou still the high-souled and the brave,
To whom my first and fondest vows I gave,
In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty still
The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.
So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's despair,
To hold undimmed one glorious image there!'

'Zayda, my best-loved! my words too well,
Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel;
Yet must my soul to thee unveiled be shown,
And all its dreams and all its passions known,
Thou shalt not be deceived - for pure as heaven
Is thy young love, in faith and fervour given.
I said my heart was changed - and would thy thought
Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,
In fancy trace the land whose towers and fanes,
Crushed by the earthquake, strew its ravaged plains;
And such that heart - where desolation's hand
Hath blighted all that once was fair or grand!
But Vengeance, fixed upon her burning throne,
Sits, 'midst the wreck, in silence and alone;
And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,
Each softer feeling, but my love, resign.
-Yes! they whose spirits all my thoughts control,
Who hold dread converse with my thrilling soul;
They, the betrayed, the sacrificed, the brave,
Who fill a blood-stained and untimely grave,

Must be avenged! and pity and remorse
In that stern cause are banished from my course.
Zayda, thou tremblest - and thy gentle breast
Shrinks from the passions that destroy my rest;
Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,
Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening power,
And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile my lot,
Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er forgot.

'But the night wanes - the hours too swiftly fly,
The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh;
Yet, loved one! weep not thus - in joy or pain,
Oh! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again!
Yes, we shall meet! and haply smile at last
On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.
On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to dwell,
Nor deem these mingling tears our last farewell!'

Is the voice hushed, whose loved, expressive tone
Thrilled to her heart - and doth she weep alone?
Alone she weeps; that hour of parting o'er,
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more?
The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom fair,
Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her hair;
But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant flower,
To wake once more that calm, serene delight,
The soul's young bloom, which passion's breath could blight -
The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,
Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.
Meanwhile, through groves of deep luxurious shade,
In the rich foliage of the South arrayed,
Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,
Bends to the vale of tombs his pensive way.
Fair is that scene where palm and cypress wave
On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's grave.
Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering leaves
With the young myrtle there the laurel weaves,
To canopy the dead; nor wanting there
Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,
Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive stream -
Wild music, soothing to the mourner's dream.
There sleep the chiefs of old - their combats o'er,
The voice of glory thrills their hearts no more.
Unheard by them the awakening clarion blows;
The sons of war at length in peace repose.
No martial note is in the gale that sighs,
Where proud their trophied sepulchres arise,
'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of brightest bloom,
As, in his native vale, some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest foliage spread

Dark o'er that silent valley of the dead;
Where two fair pillars rise, embowered and lone,
Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,
Young Hamet kneels - while thus his vows are poured
The fearful vows that consecrate his sword:
- 'Spirit of him who first within my mind
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought enshrined,
And taught my steps the line of light to trace,
Left by the glorious fathers of my race,
Hear thou my voice - for mine is with me still,
In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,
In the deep calm of midnight they are near,
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,
Still murmuring 'vengeance!' - nor in vain the call,
Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall!
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
Within my heart there lives one only aim;
There, till the oppressor for thy fate atone,
Concentring every thought, it reigns alone.
I will not weep - revenge, not grief, must be,
And blood, not tears, an offering meet for thee;
But the dark hour of stern delight will come,
And thou shall triumph, warrior! in thy tomb.

'Thou, too, my brother! thou art passed away
Without thy fame, in life's fair-dawning day.
Son of the brave! of thee no trace will shine
In the proud annals of thy lofty line;
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays
That hold communion with the after-days.
Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst have nobly won
Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide sun;
By glory lost, I swear! by hope betrayed,
Thy fate shall amply dearly, be repaid;
War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,
And, to avenge thy death, devote my life.
'Hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain!
Hear, and be with me on the battle-plain!
At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,
Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye died!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Abencerrage : Canto II.

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive eye;
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
Those scenes are peaceful now: the citron blows,
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose.
No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.
But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead?
Blest be that soil! where England's heroes share
The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there;
Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,
The wild, sweet chronicles of elder days -
By goathered lone, and rude serrano sung,
Thy cypress dells, and vine-clad rocks among:
How oft those rocks have echoed to the tale
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale;
Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador;
Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died
When 'Rio Verde' rolled a crimson tide;
Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might,
On the green Vega won in single fight.

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,
O'er that green Vega rose the din of war.
At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone
O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone;
On helm and corslet tremulous they glanced,
On shield and spear in quivering lustre danced,
Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,
Tents rose around, and banners glanced above.
And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour bright
With gold, reflecting every tint of light,
And many a floating plume, and blazoned shield
Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.

There swell those sounds that bid the life-blood start
Swift to the mantling cheek and beating heart.
The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh,
The measured tread of hosts in war's array;
And, oh! that music, whose exulting breath
Speaks but of glory on the road of death;
In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power
To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour;
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,
Rouse from despondence, and support in pain;

And, 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,
Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.

High o'er the camp, in many a broidered fold,
Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold:
There, imaged on the cross,
His
form appears
Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears -

His
form, whose word recalled the spirit fled,
Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the dead!
O'er yon fair walls to plant the cross on high,
Spain hath sent forth her flower of chivalry.
Fired with that ardour which, in days of yore,
To Syrian plains the bold crusaders bore;
Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,
They come, the gallant children of Castile;
The proud, the calmly dignified: - and there
Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,
And those who guide the fiery steed of war
From yon rich province of the western star.

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glitt'ring scene,
Stern grandeur stamped upon thy princely mien;
Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,
The snow-white charger, and the azure crest,
Young Aben-Zurrah! 'midst that host of foes,
Why shines
thy
helm, thy Moorish lance? Disclose
Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred train,
O son of Afric, 'midst the sons of Spain?
Hast thou with these thy nation's fall conspired,
Apostate chief! by hope of vengeance fired?
How art thou changed! Still first in every fight,
Hamet, the Moor! Castile's devoted knight!
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
But not the light that shone in days gone by
There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,
But not the soul's expression once thine own,
Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall say
What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may sway?
No eye but Heaven's may pierce that curtained breast,
Whose joys and griefs alike are unexpressed.

There hath been combat on the tented plain;
The Vega's turf is red with many a stain;
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield,
Tell of a fierce and well-contested field:
But all is peaceful now - the west is bright

With the rich splendour of departing light;
Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst the sky,
Glows like a purple evening-cloud on high,
And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'erspread
The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's head;
While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws
A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.
Closed are the toils and tumults of the day,
And Hamet wanders from the camp away,
In silent musings wrapt: - the slaughtered brave
Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling wave.
Soft fall the dews - but other drops have dyed
The scented shrubs that fringe the river side,
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,
The wounded sought a shelter - and expired,
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,
By the bright windings of the stream he strays,
Till, more remote from battle's ravaged scene,
All is repose, and solitude serene.
There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade reclined,
Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's wind,
The harassed warrior, yielding to the power,
The mild sweet influence of the tranquil hour,
Feels, by degrees, a long-forgotten calm
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm;
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious lot,
The past, the future, are awhile forgot;
And Hope, scarce owned, yet stealing o'er his breast,
Half dares to whisper, 'Thou shalt yet be blest!'

Such his vague musings - but a plaintive sound
Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness round;
A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise
From life and death's contending agonies.
He turns: Who shares with him that lonely shade?
- A youthful warrior on his deathbed laid.
All rent and stained his broidered Moorish vest,
The corslet shattered on his bleeding breast;
In his cold hand the broken falchion strained,
With life's last force convulsively retained;
His plumage soiled with dust, with crimson dyed,
And the red lance, in fragments, by his side;
He lies forsaken - pillowed on his shield,
His helmet raised, his lineaments revealed.
Pale is that quivering lip, and vanished now
The light once throned on that commanding brow;
And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,
The shades of death are gathering dark and fast.
Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,
Too well can Hamet's conscious heart retrace,
Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid face,

Whose every feature to his soul conveys
Some bitter thought of long-departed days.

'Oh! is it thus,' he cries, 'we meet at last?
Friend of my soul in years for ever past!
Hath fate but led me hither to behold
The last dread struggle, ere that heart is cold, -
Receive thy latest agonising breath,
And, with vain pity, soothe the pangs of death?
Yet let me bear thee hence; while life remains,
E'en though thus feebly circling through thy veins,
Some healing balm thy sense may still revive,
Hope is not lost - and Osmyn yet may live!
And blest were he, whose timely care should save
A heart so noble, e'en from glory's grave.'

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed
The dying warrior faintly lifts his head;
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague, uncertain gaze,
His doubtful glance awhile bewildered strays;
Till, by degrees, a smile of proud disdain
Lights up those features late convulsed with pain;
A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,
That seems too pure, too full of soul to die;
And the mind's grandeur, in its parting hour,
Looks from that brow with more than wonted power.

'Away!' he cries, in accents of command,
And proudly waves his cold and trembling hand.
'Apostate, hence! my soul shall soon be free,
E'en now it soars, disdaining aid from thee:
'Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes
Of him who faithful to his country dies;
Not for
thy
hand to raise the drooping head
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.
Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,
And worlds be mine where thou canst never soar;
Be thine existence with a blighted name,
Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's fame!'

The glow hath vanished from his cheek - his eye
Hath lost that beam of parting energy;
Frozen and fixed it seems - his brow is chill;
One struggle more - that noble heart is still.
Departed warrior! were thy mortal throes,
Were thy last pangs, ere Nature found repose,
More keen, more bitter, than the envenomed dart
Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart?

Thy

pangs were transient;
his
shall sleep no more
Till life's delirious dream itself is o'er;
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
Oh, what a change that little hour hath wrought
In the high spirit and unbending thought!
Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,
Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride;
While his soul rises, gathering all its force,
To meet the fearful conflict with remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been
His own, unchanged, through many a stormy scene;
Zayda! to thee his heart for refuge flies;
Yes! let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem;
And soon thy smile, and soft consoling voice,
Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts and hands
Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands;
Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,
To win his silent way to Zayda's bower,
When night and peace are brooding o'er the world,
When mute the clarions, and the banners furled.
That hour is come - and, o'er the arms he bears,
A wandering fakir's garb the chieftain wears:
Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide
The lofty port, and glance of martial pride;
But night befriends - through paths obscure he passed,
And hailed the lone and lovely scene at last;
Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair alcove,
The sparkling fountain, and the orange grove:
Calm in the moonlight smiles the still retreat,
As formed alone for happy hearts to meet.
For happy hearts? - not such as hers, who there
Bends o'er her lute, with dark, unbraided hair;
That maid of Zegri race, whose eye, whose mien,
Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath been.
So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's feet
Till his known accents every sense restore -
'My own loved Zayda! do we meet once more?'
She starts, she turns - the lightning of surprise,
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes;
But that is fleeting - it is past - and now
Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow:
'Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!'
What mean those words, and that unwonted tone?
I will not deem thee changed - but in thy face
It is not joy, it is not love, I trace!

It was not thus in other days we met:
Hath time, hath absense, taught thee to forget?
Oh! speak once more - these rising doubts dispel;
One smile of tenderness, and all is well!'

'Not thus we met in other days! - oh, no!
Thou wert not, warrior then thy country's foe!
Those days are past - we ne'er shall meet again
With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.
But
thy
dark soul no gentler feelings sway,
Leader of hostile bands! away, away!
On in thy path of triumph and of power,
Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower.'

'And
thou
too changed! thine early vow forgot!
This, this alone was wanting to my lot!
Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,
Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;
And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,
Thou, the good angel of each brighter dream,
Wert all the barrenness of life possest,
To wake one soft affection in my breast!
That vision ended - fate hath nought in store
Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.
Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly,
From the stern pupil of adversity!
And now to hope, to confidence, adieu!
If thou are faithless, who shall e'er be true?'

'Hamet! oh, wrong me not! - too could speak
Of sorrows - trace them on my faded cheek,
In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,
That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-worm!
But words were idle - read my sufferings there,
Where grief is stamped on all that once was fair.

'Oh, wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,
All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,
My love had been devotion - till in death
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.
But not the chief who leads a lawless band,
To crush the altars of his native land;
The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race;
Not
him
I loved - but one whose youthful name
Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.

Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud
O'er that young name gathered as a shroud,
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief
In its own loftiness had found relief;
A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been past.
Yes! let Affection weep - no common tear
She sheds, when bending o'er a hero's bier.
Let Nature mourn the dead - a grief like this,
To pangs that rend
my
bosom, had been bliss!'

'High-minded maid! the time admits not now
To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.
That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,
Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.
Yet this believe - no meaner aim inspires
My soul, no dream of poor ambition fires.
No! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,
Behold me but the avenger of the dead!
One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred knows,
And in thy love alone hath sought repose.
Zayda! wilt
thou
his stern accuser be?
False to his country, he is true to thee!
Oh, hear me yet! - if Hamet e'er was dear,
By our first vows, our young affection, hear!
Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
Soon shall the cross be planted on her wall;
Then who can tell what tides of blood may flow,
While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe?
Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far
From horrors thronging in the path of war:
Fly! and repose in safety - till the blast
Hath made a desert in its course - and passed!'

'Thou that wilt triumph when the hour is come,
Hastened by thee, to seal thy country's doom,
With
thee
from scenes of death shall Zayda fly
To peace and safety? - Woman, too, can die!
And die exulting, though unknown to fame,
In all the stainless beauty of her name!
Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed, to share
The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.
When the clouds gather and the blasts assail,
Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour
Called into life my spirit's latent power;
While withering o'er my silent woes I wept;

And now, when hope and happiness are fled,
My soul is firm - for what remains to dread!
Who shall have power to suffer and to bear,
If strength and courage dwell not with Despair?

Hamet, farewell - retrace thy path again,
To join thy brethren on the tented plain.
There wave and wood, in mingling murmurs, tell
How, in far other cause, thy fathers fell!
Yes! on that soil hath Glory's footstep been,
Names unforgotten consecrate the scene!
Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee there,
Whose voices call thee in the whispering air?
Unheard, in vain, they call - their fallen son
Hath stained the name those mighty spirits won,
And to the hatred of the brave and free
Bequethed his own, through ages yet to be!

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's kindling eye
Was lighted up with inborn majesty,
While her fair form and youthful features caught
All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,
Severely beauteous; awe-struck and amazed,
In silent trance a while the warrior gazed,
As on some lofty vision - for she seemed
One all inspired - each look with glory beamed,
While, brightly bursting through its cloud of woes,
Her soul at once in all its light arose.
Oh! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt enshrined
In form so fragile that unconquered mind;
And fixed, as by some high enchantment, there
He stood - till wonder yielded to despair.

'The dream is vanished - daughter of my foes!
Reft of each hope, the lonely wanderer goes.
Thy words have pierced his soul - yet deem thou not
Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot!
Oh, formed for happier love, heroic maid!
In grief sublime, in danger undismayed,
Farewell, and be thou blest! - all words were vain
From him who ne'er may view that form again;
Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss must be
He
hath
been loved, once fondly loved by, thee!',
And is the warrior gone? - doth Zayda hear
His parting footstep, and without a tear?
Thou weepest not, lofty maid! - yet who can tell
What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell?

They
feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,

Who best each feeling's agony control.
Yes, we may judge the measure of the grief
Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief;
But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe
Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow?
The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
Scorning itself that thus it
could
be moved?
He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,
He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,
Beholding anguish - all unknown to them.

Fair city! thou that midst thy stately fanes
And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,
In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies:
While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave,
Thy citron-groves and myrtle-gardens have:
Mourn, for thy doom is fixed - the days of fear,
Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near!
Within, around thee, are the trophied graves
Of kings and chiefs - their children shall be slaves.
Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
But there a race that reared them not shall dwell;
For midst thy councils Discord still presides,
Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides -
Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
Hath to their offspring but bequeathed a throne,
Without one generous thought, or feeling high,
To teach his soul how kings should live and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
The hearts of warriors echo to its call,
Whose are those tones, with power electric fraught,
To reach the source of pure exalted thought!

See, on a fortress tower, with beckoning hand,
A form, majestic as a prophet, stand!
His mien is all impassioned - and his eye
Filled with a light whose fountain is on high;
Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,
And inspiration beams upon his brow;
While, thronging round him, breathless thousands gaze,
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

'Saw ye the banners of Castile displayed,
The helmets glittering, and the line arrayed?
Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts?' he cries;
'Children of conquerors! in your strength arise!
O high-born tribes! O names unstained by fear!

Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, hear!
Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.
Wake, princes of the land! the hour is come,
And the red sabre must decide your doom.
Where is that spirit which prevailed of yore,
When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western shore?
When the long combat raged on Xere's plain,
And Afric's tecbir swelled through yielding Spain?
Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismayed?
Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth?
To guard the regions where our fathers' blood
Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with each flood;
Where long their dust hath blended with the soil
Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil!

'O ye sierras of eternal snow!
Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow,
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain! ye saw their might
In many a fierce and unforgotten fight -
Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate race,
Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace?
With each memorial of the past around,
Each mighty monument of days renowned?
May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
This frame be gathered to its kindred mould!
And the last life-drop circling through my veins
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains!

'And yet one struggle ere our doom is sealed,
One mighty effort, one deciding field!
If vain each hope, we still have choice to be,
In life the fettered, or in death the free!'

Still while he speaks, each gallant heart beats high,
And ardour flashes from each kindling eye;
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have caught
The glow of lofty hope and daring thought,
And all is hushed around - as every sense
Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.

But when his voice hath ceased, the impetuous cry
Of eager thousands bursts at once on high;
Rampart, and rock, and fortress, ring around,
And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound.
'Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the strife,
To fame in death, or liberty in life!'
O zeal of noble hearts! in vain displayed!
Now, while the burning spirit of the brave
Is roused to energies that yet might save,

E'en now, enthusiasts! while ye rush to claim
Your glorious trial on the field of fame,
Your king hath yielded! Valour's dream is o'er;
Power, wealth, and freedom, are your own no more;
And for your children's portion,
but
remains
That bitter heritage - the stranger's chains.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Abencerrage : Canto III.

Heroes of elder days! untaught to yield,
Who bled for Spain on many an ancient field;
Ye, that around the oaken cross of yore
Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,
And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,
Hallowed the wild Cantabrian solitude;
Rejoice amidst your dwellings of repose,
In the last chastening of your Moslem foes!
Rejoice! - for Spain, arising in her strength,
Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at length,
And they, in turn, the cup of woe must drain,
And bathe their fetters with their tears in vain.
And thou, the warrior
born in happy hour,

Valencia's lord, whose name alone was power,
Theme of a thousand songs in days gone by,
Conqueror of kings! exult, O Cid! on high.
For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's weal,
In life, in death, the watcher for Castile!

Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's bands
Rushed from their palmy groves and burning lands,
E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain
A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain!
Then, at deep midnight, rose the mighty sound,
By Leon heard, in shuddering awe profound,
As through her echoing streets, in dread array,
Beings, once mortal, held their viewless way:
Voices from worlds we know not - and the tread
Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,
Thou and thy buried chieftains - from the grave
Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,
And join thy warriors with unearthly might
To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.
Those days are past - the crescent on thy shore,
O realm of evening! sets, to rise no more.
What banner of streams afar from Vela's tower?
The cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power!
What the glad shout of each exulting voice?
Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!
Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,
The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,
And Spain's proud host, with pennon, shield, and lance,
Through her long streets in knightly garb advance.

Oh! ne'er in lofty dreams hath Fancy's eye
Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,
At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,
High masque, or solemn festival of yore.
The giled cupolas, that proudly rise
O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean skies;

Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric skies;
Fountains, and palaces, and cypress bowers:
And they, the splendid and triumphant throng,
With helmets glittering as they move along
With broidered scarf, and gem-bestudded mail,
And graceful plumage streaming on the gale;
Shields, gold-embossed, and pennons floating far,
And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
All brightened by the rich transparent hues
That southern suns o'er heaven and earth diffuse;
Blend in one scene of glory, formed to throw
O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.
And there, too, foremost 'midst the conquering brave,
Your azure-plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs! wave.
There Hamet moves; the chief whose lofty port
Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to court;
Calm, stern, collected - yet within his breast
Is there no pang, no struggle, unconfessed?
If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,
Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exulting sound
Of the deep anthem floating far around?
The choral voices, to the skies that raise
The full majestic harmony of praise?
Lo! where, surrounded by their princely train,
They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing Spain,
Borne on their trophied car - lo! bursting thence
A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!

Onward their slow and stately course they bend
To where the Alhambra's ancient towers ascend,
Reared and adorned by Moorish kings of yore,
Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no more.

They reached those towers - irregularly vast
And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast:
They enter - to their wondering sight is given
A genii palace - an Arabian heaven!
A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,
Its forms and colour seem alike of air.
Here, by sweet orange-bows, half shaded o'er,
The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,
Its margin fringed with flowers, whose glowing hues
The calm transparence of its wave suffuse.
There, round the court, where Moorish arches bend,
Aerial columns, richly decked, ascend;
Unlike the models of each classic race,
Of Doric grandeur, or Corinthian grace,
But answering well each vision that portrays
Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze:
Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all - a mingling glow

Of rainbow-tints, above, around, below;
Bright streaming from the many-tinctured veins
Of precious marble, and the vivid stains
Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
In gay festoons and fairy knots displayed.
On through the enchanted realm, that only seems
Meet for the radiant creatures of our dreams,
The royal conquerors pass - while still their sight
On some new wonder dwells with fresh delight.
Here the eye roves through slender colonnades,
O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades;
Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high
The vast sierra mingling with the sky.
There, scattering far around their diamond spray,
Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,
Through pillared halls, where exquisitely wrought,
Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage fraught,
Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the scene
A wild, romantic, Oriental mien:
While many a verse, from Eastern bards of old,
Borders the walls in characters of gold.
Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,
Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign
'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall silence brood,
And all be lone - a splendid solitude.
Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,
From mingling voices of exulting throngs;
Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are there,
And joyous clarions pealing on the air;
While every hall resounds, 'Granada won!
Granada! for Castile and Aragon!'

'Tis night - from dome and tower, in dazzling maze,
The festal lamps innumerably blaze;
Through long arcades their quivering lustre gleams
From every lattice their quivering lustre gleams
'Midst orange-gardens plays on fount and rill,
And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil;
Red flame the torches on each minaret's height,
And shines each street an avenue of light;
And midnight feasts are held, and music's voice
Through the long night still summons to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to heedless eye
One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive hours,
Galled by the chain, though decked awhile with flowers;
Stern passions working in the indignant breast,
Deep pangs untold, high feelings unexpressed,
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet -
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-shaded brow
Commands the wide, luxuriant plains below,
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,
Anguish and shame contending in his mien?
He, who, of heroes and of kings the son,
Hath lived to lose whate'er his fathers won;
Whose doubt and fears his people's fate have sealed,
Wavering alike in council and in field;
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and brave,
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and azure skies,
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies;
Yet pauses on his way, to weep in vain
O'er all he never must behold again.
Fair spreads the scene around - for him
too
fair,
Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering spires,
The old majestic palace of his sires,
The gay pavillions, and retired alcoves,
Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves;
Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in light,
All in one moment bursting on his sight,
Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,
And wake the source of unavailing tears.
- Weepest thou, Abdallah? - Thou dost well to weep,
O feeble heart! o'er all thou couldst not keep!
Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
Of him who knew not, as a man, to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through Zayda's bower,
The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.
No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
Mute are the echoes of their marble walls;
No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.

There, through each tower and solitary shade,
In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid:
Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown;
And through the scene she loved, unheeded flows
The stream whose music lulled her to repose.

But oh! to him, whose self-accusing thought
Whispers, 'twas
he
that desolation wrought -
He, who his country and his faith betrayed,
And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid -

A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
Each wave, low rippling, tells a mournful tale;
And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,
In wild exuberance rustle to the wind;
Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,
And seems to murmur, 'Thou hast driven her hence!'
- Where hath lost love been once recalled again?
In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
His name can rouse no feeling now - but scorn.
O bitter hour! when first the shuddering heart
Wakes to behold the void within - and start!
To feel its own abandonment, and brood
O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude:
The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast
Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest;
The avenger's task is closed : - he finds, too late,
It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.
He was a lofty spirit, turned aside
From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride,
And onward, in its new tumultuous course,
Borne with too rapid and intense a force
To pause one moment in the dread career,
And ask - if such could be its native sphere?
Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more;
The feverish energies of passion close,
And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less
From its own deep and utter loneliness.

There is a sound of voices on the air,
A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,
'Midst the wild Alpuxarras; - there, on high,
Where mountain-snows are mingling with the sky,
A few brave tribes, with spirit yet unbroke,
Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's yoke.

O ye dread scenes! where Nature dwells alone,
Severely glorious on her craggy throne;
Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,
Veiled by the mists, and girdled by the storms, -
Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding caves,
That hold communion with the torrent-waves;
And ye, the unstained and everlasting snows,
That dwell above in bright and still repose;
To you, in every clime, in every age,
Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's rage,
Hath Freedom led her sons - untired to keep
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.
She, like the mountain eagle, still delights
To gaze exulting from unconquered heights,
And build her eyrie in defiance proud,

To dare the wind, and mingle with the cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener, swells,
Wild Alpuxarras, through your inmost dells.
There, the dark glens and lonely rocks among,
As at the clarion's call, her children throng.
She with enduring strength had nerved each frame,
And made each heart the temple of her flame,
Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved upon the earth
More like bright creatures of aerial birth,
Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share
The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear,
All undismayed, privation and distress,
And smile the roses of the wilderness:
And mothers with their infants, there to dwell
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
And rear their offspring 'midst the rock, to be,
If now no more the mighty, still the free.

And 'midst that band are veterans, o'er whose head
Sorrows and years their mingled snow have shed?
They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,
O royal city! and the wreck of all
They loved and hallowed most: - doth aught remain
For these to prove of happiness or pain?
Life's cup is drained - earth fades before their eye;
Their task is closing - they have but to die.
Ask ye, why fled they hither? - that their doom
Might be, to sink unfettered to the tomb.
And youth, in all its pride of strength, is there,
And buoyancy of spirit, formed to dare
And suffer all things - fallen on evil days,
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,
As on the arena where its powers may find
Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.
Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,
The high in heart, unconquered, uncontrolled:
The day, the huntsmen of the wild - by night,
Unwearied guardians of the watch-fire's light,
They from their bleak majestic home have caught
A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,
While all around them bids the soul arise
To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.
- But these are lofty dreams, and must not be
Were tyranny is near: - the bended knee,
The eye whose glance no inborn grandeur fires,
And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires;
Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down
On regal conquerors, and defy their frown.

What warrior-band is toiling to explore
The mountain-pass, with pine-wood shadowed o'er,
Startling with martial sounds each rude recess,
Where the deep echo slept in loneliness!
These are the sons of Spain! - Your foes are near,
O exiles of the wild sierra! hear!
Hear! wake! arise! and from your inmost caves
Pour like the torrent in its might of waves!

Who leads the invaders on? - his features bear
The deep-worn traces of a calm despair;
Yet his dark brow is haughty - and his eye
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.
'Tis he! 'tis he again! the apostate chief;
He comes in all the sternness of his grief.
He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield
Falchion for proud Castile in battle field.
Against his country's children - though he leads
Castilian bands again to hostile deeds;
His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,
To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.
So shall remorse and love the heart release,
Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for peace.
The mountain-echoes are awake - a sound
Of strife is ringing through the rocks around.
Within the steep defile that winds between
Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific scene,
Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight
Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.
Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen,
Whose bright transparence ne'er was stained till then;
While swell the war-note and the clash of spears
To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,
Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada! wait,
In dread suspense, the tidings of their fate.
But he - whose spirit, panting for its rest,
Would fain each sword concentrate in his breast -
Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance
Almed at another's breast, would still advance -
Courts death in vain; each weapon glances by,
As if for him 'twas bliss too great to die.
Yes, Aben-Zurrah! there are deeper woes
Reserved for thee ere Nature's last repose;
Thou knowest not yet what vengeance fate can wreak,
Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.
Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell
The sons of battle in that narrow dell;
Youth in its light of beauty there hath past,
And age, the weary, found repose at last;
Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,
Borne down by numbers, and o'erpowered by toil.
Dispersed, disheartened, through the pass they fly,

Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on high;
While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor dare
Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath become
A dark delight, and every wild a home,
Still urges onward - undismayed to tread
Where life's fond lovers would recoil with dread.
But fear is for the happy -
they
may shrink
From the steep precipice, or torrent's brink;
They to whom earth is paradise - their doom
Lends to stern courage to approach the tomb:
Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate severe,
Were but too blest if aught remained to fear.
Up the rude crags, whose giant masses throw
Eternal shadows o'er the glen below;
And by the fall, whose many-tinctured spray
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
He holds his venturous track: - supported now
By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough;
Now by some jutting stone, that seems to dwell
Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell.
Now hath his footstep gained the summit's head,
A level span, with emerald verdure spread,
A fairy circle - there the heath-flowers rise,
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and dies;
And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its tide
In foam and thunder cleave the mountain-side;
But all is wild beyond - and Hamet's eye
Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.
That dell beneath, where e'en at noon of day
Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam, scarce can stray;
Around, untrodden woods; and far above,
Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to rove,
Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed, inherent dyes
Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies;
And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet more high,
That seems a part of Heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet stands
Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert sands;
Yet on the calm still air a sound is heard
Of distant voices, and the gathering-word
Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter grown,
Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies upon his ear,
He follows, reckless if his bands are near.
On by the rushing stream his way he bends,
And through the mountain's forest zone ascends;

Piercing the still and solitary shades
Of ancient pine, and dark luxuriant glades,
Eternal twilight's reign: - those mazes past,
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at last,
And the lone wanderer now hath reached the source
Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its course.
But there he pauses -for the lonely scene
Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,
And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's cry,
From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,
So deep the solemn and majestic sound
Of forests, and of waters murmuring round -
That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart forgets
Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets.
- What earthly feeling unabashed can dwell
In Nature's mighty presence? - 'midst the swell
Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving woods?
These their own grandeur on the soul impress,
And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave
Rears its broad arch beside the rushing wave;
Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude and lone,
It seems the temple of some power unknown,
Where earthly being may not dare intrude
To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.
Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at the tone?
Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan?
As some loved sound, that long from earth had fled,
The unforgotten accents of the dead?
E'en thus it rose - and springing from his trance
His eager footsteps to the sound advance.
He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern floor;
Its dark green moss with blood is sprinkled o'er;
He rushes on - and lo! where Zayda rends
Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire she bends
Lost in despair; - yet, as a step draws nigh,
Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,
She lifts her head, and, all-subdued by grief,
Views with a wild sad smile the once-loved chief;
While rove her thoughts, unconscious of the past,
And every woe forgetting - but the last.

'Comest thou to weep with me? - for I am left
Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.
Low lies the warrior on his blood-stained bier;
His child may call, but he no more shall hear.
He sleeps - but never shall those eyes unclose;
'Twas not my voice that lulled him to repose;

Nor can it break his slumbers. - Dost thou mourn?
And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish torn?
Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall know,
That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's flow!'

But scarce her voice had breathed that well-known name
When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit, came
Each dark remembrance - by affliction's power
Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,
To wake with tenfold strength: 'twas then her eye
Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,
And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow
Spreads, while her lips' indignant accents flow.

'Away! I dream! Oh, how hath sorrow's might
Bowed down my soul, and quenched its native light -
That I should thus forget! and bid
thy
tear
With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier!
Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,
In the last combat with thy ruthless band?
The morn beheld that conflict of despair: -
'Twas then he fell - he fell! - and thou wert there!
Thou! who thy country's children hast pursued
To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.
Was it for this I loved thee? - Thou hast taught
My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!
'Twill soon be past - I bow to Heaven's decree,
Which bade each pang be ministered by thee.'

'I had not deemed that aught remained below
For me to prove of yet untasted woe;
But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart
One more, one keener agony of heart.
Oh, hear me yet! - I would have died to save
My foe, but still thy father, from the grave
But, in the fierce confusion of the strife,
In my own stern despair and scorn of life,
Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,
Save that to perish there in vain I sought.
And let me share thy sorrows! - hadst thou known
All I have felt in silence and alone,
E'en
thou
mightst then relent, and deem, at last,
A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

'But oh! for thee, the loved and precious flower,
So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,
From every danger, every storm secured,
How hast

thou
suffered! what hast thou endured!
Daughter of palaces! and can it be
That this bleak desert is a home for thee!
These rocks
thy
dwelling! thou, who shouldst have known
Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!
Oh, yet forgive! be all my guilt forgot,
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!'

'That lot is fixed; 'twere fruitless to repine:
Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.
I may forgive - but not at will the heart
Can bid its dark remembrances depart.
No, Hamet, no! - too deeply are these traced,
Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced!
Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep
Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep:
E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,
Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb;
And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel
That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal!
Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side
Of him for whom I lived, and would have died;
Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,
In pain and peril - I forsook him not.

'And now, farewell! - behold the summer-day
Is passing like the dreams of life, away.
Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,
With the last rites his bier to sanctify.
Oh, yet in time, away! - 'twere not
my
prayer
This hour they come - and dost thou scorn to fly?
Save me that one last pang - to see thee die!
E'en while she speaks is heard their echoing tread,
Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.
They reach the cave - they enter - slow their pace,
And calm, deep sadness marks each mourner's face,
And all is hushed, till he who seems to wait
In silent, stern devotedness, his fate,
Hath met their glance - then grief to fury turns;
Each mien is changed, each eye indignant burns,
And voices rise, and swords have left their sheath:
Blood must atone for blood, and death for death!
They close around him; lofty still his mien,
His cheek unaltered, and his brow serene.
Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's cry;
Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her agony,
But as his foremost foes their weapons bend

Against the life he seeks not to defend,
Wildly she darts between - each feeling past,
Save strong affection, which prevails at last.
Oh, not in vain its daring! - for the blow
Aimed at his heart hath bade her life-blood flow;
And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast,
Where, in that hour, her head may calmly rest,
For he is saved! Behold the Zegri band,
Pale with dismay and grief, around her stand:
While, every thought of hate and vengeance o'er,
They weep for her who soon shall weep no more.
She, she alone is calm: - a fading smile,
Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the while;
And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell
Those last faint rays, the parting soul's farewell.

'Now is the conflict past, and I have proved
How well, how deeply thou hast been beloved!
Yes! in an hour like this 'twere vain to hide
The heart so long and so severely tried:
Still to thy name that heart hath fondly thrilled,
But sterner duties called - and were fulfilled:
And I am blest! - To every holier tie
My life was faithful, - and for thee I die!
Nor shall the love so purified be vain;
Severed on earth, we yet shall meet again.
Farewell! - And ye, at Zayda's dying prayer,
Spare him, my kindred tribe! forgive and spare!
Oh! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
While I, beside my sire, in peace repose.'

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath sunk, and death:
Sits in her eye, and struggles in her breath.
One pang - 'tis past - her task on earth is done,
And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.
But he for whom she died - Oh! who may paint
The grief, to which all other woes were faint?
There is no power in language to impart
The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,
By the dread Searcher of the soul surveyed;
These have no words - nor are by words portrayed.

A dirge is rising on the mountain-air,
Whose fitful swells its plaintive murmurs bear
Far o'er the Alpuxarras; - wild its tone,
And rocks and caverns echo, 'Thou art gone!'

Daughter of heroes! thou art gone
To share his tomb who gave thee birth;
Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
It was not formed for earth.
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,

Which brightly passed, and left no trace.

But calmly sleep! - for thou art free,
And hands unchained thy tomb shall raise.
Sleep! they are closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days!
Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,
The lingering death of liberty.

Flower of the desert! thou thy bloom
Didst early to the storm resign:
We bear it still - and dark
their
doom
Who cannot weep for thine!
For us, whose every hope is fled,
The time is past to mourn the dead.

The days have been when o'er thy bier
Far other strains than these had flowed;
Now, as a home from grief and fear,
We hail thy dark abode!
We, who but linger to bequeath
Our sons the choice of chains or death.

Thou art with those, the free, the brave,
The mighty of departed years;
And for the slumberers of the grave
Our fate hath left no tears.
Though loved and lost, to weep were vain
For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

Have we not seen, despoiled by foes,
The land our fathers won of yore?
And is there yet a pang for those
Who gaze on
this
no more?
Oh, that like them 'twere ours to rest!
Daughter of heroes! thou art blest!

A few short years, and in the lonely cave
Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's grave.
Severed in life, united in the tomb -
Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the doom!
Their dirge, of woods and waves the eternal moan;
Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.
And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's blaze,
Amidst those rocks, in long departed days
(When freedom fled, to hold, sequestered there,
The stern and lofty councils of despair),
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,

Who the lone hours with mournful strains beguiled,
Hath taught his mountain-home the tale of those
Who thus have suffered, and who thus repose.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Adopted Child

'Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin, with lowly wall"
Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.'

'Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Thro' the long bright hours of the summer-day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know"
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go.'

'Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.'

'Oh! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumb'ring on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low"
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go.'

'Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.'

'Is my mother gone from her home away?"
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,"
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go.'

'Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.'

'Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?"
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,

And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,“
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go.'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Aged Patriarch

Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression, holy, deep, resign'd,
The calm sublimity of mind.

Years o'er his snowy head have pass'd,
And left him of his race the last;
Alone on earth, but yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene;

And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal words afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye
Whose fount is immortality.

And o'er his features pour'd a ray
Of glory not to pass away,
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone.

On earth by nought but pity's tie,
Detain'd a moment from on high;
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passions purified.

E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh! not to die,
But like the prophet, to aspire
To Heaven's triumphal car of fire.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The American Forest Girl

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke;
'Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; tho' from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island-blood,
And his press'd lips look'd marble. Fiercely bright,
And high around him, blaz'd the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face: But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befel,
Known but to heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictur'd to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day! and he might see the band,
Of his young sisters wand'ring hand in hand,
Where the laburnums droop'd; or haply binding
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day clos'd upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled!Perchance the prayer
Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair;

The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her 'Good-night' might breathe from boyhood gone!
He started and look'd up: thick cypress boughs
Full of strange sound, wav'd o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Look'd thro' the branches as thro' dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England! Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it? Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests? to the stake
They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts! the fondly rear'd, the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see! And fetter'd there.

He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God. Hush! hark! a cry

Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,
A step hath pierc'd the ring! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?
A girl a young slight girl a fawn-like child
Of green Savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For hers had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deep'ning fervour sway'd,
Ev'n to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close liannes; then rais'd her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice that said, 'He shall not die!'

'He shall not die!' the gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were still'd,
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gaz'd their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flush'd thro' its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mienâ€"
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loos'd the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress tree;
'Away,' they cried, 'young stranger, thou art free!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Angel Of The Sun

WHILE bending o'er my golden lyre,
While waving light my wing of fire ;
Creation's regions to explore,
To gaze, to wonder, to adore:
While faithful to th' eternal will,
My task of glory I fulfil;
To rule the comet's dread career,
To guide the planets on their sphere;
While from this pure, empyreal sky,
I dart my truth-enlighten'd eye;
What mists involve yon changeful scene,
How dark thy views, thou orb terrene!
E'en now compassion clouds awhile
Bright ecstasy's immortal smile!
I see the flames of war consume
Fair scenes that smil'd in glowing bloom;

O'er ev'ry nation, ev'ry land,
I see destruction wave his hand;
How dark thy billows, ocean-flood!
Lo! man has dy'd thy waves in blood!
Nature! how chang'd thy vivid grace!
Vengeance and war thy charms deface.
Oh! scene of doubt, of care, of anguish!
Oh! scene, where virtue's doom'd to languish!
Oh! scene, where death triumphant rides,
The spear, the sword, the javelin guides!
And canst thou be that earth, declare,
That earth so pure, so good, so fair,
O'er which, a new-created globe,
Thy Father spread Perfection's robe?
Oh, Heav'n, how chang'd, how pale, how dim!
Since first arose the choral hymn,
That hail'd, at thy auspicious birth,
A dawning Paradise on earth!
On that sublime, creative morn,
That saw the infant-planet born,

How swell'd the harp, the lyre, the voice,
To bless, to triumph, to rejoice!
How kneeling rapture led the song,
How glow'd th' exulting cherub-throng!
When the fair orb, arising bright,
Sprang into glory, life, and light!
—Oh! Heav'n, how chang'd, a thorny waste,
With shadows dimm'd, with clouds o'ercast!
See passions desolate the ball,
See kingdoms, thrones, and empires fall!
See mad Ambition's whirlwind sweep,
Resistless as the wintry deep!
See, waving thro' the troubled sky,
His crimson banner glare on high!

Blush, Anger! blush, and hide thy sword;
Weep, Conquest! weep, imperious lord!
And mourn, to view thy sullied name
Inscrib'd in blood—emblaz'd in flame!
And are those cries, which rend the air,
Of death, of torture, of despair,

Hymns that should mount on wings above,
To him, the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE!
And is yon flame of ruthless war,
That spreads destruction's reign afar,
The incense taught by man to blaze,
For him, who dwells in mercy's rays?
Mortals! if angels grief might know,
From angels if a tear might flow,
In yon celestial woes might rise,
And pity dim a seraph's eyes;
Yet, mortals! oft, thro' mists and tears,
Your bright original appears,
Gleams thro' the veil, with radiant smile,
A sun-beam on a ruin'd pile!
Exulting, oft the forms I trace,
Of moral grandeur, beauty, grace;
That speak your pow'rs for glory giv'n,
That still reveal the Heir of Heav'n!
Not yet extinct your heav'nly fire,
For cherubs oft its beams admire!

I see fair virtue nobly rise,
Child, fav'rite, darling, of the skies!
Smile on the pangs that round her wait,
And brave, and bear, the storms of fate!
I see her lift th' adoring eye,
Forbid the tear, suppress the sigh;
Still on her high career proceeding,
Sublime! august!—tho' suff'ring—bleeding!
The thorn, tho' sharp, the blast, tho' rude,
Shake not her lofty fortitude!

Oh! graceful dignity serene,
Faith, glory, triumph on thy mien!
Still, virtue! still the strife maintain,
The smile, the frown of fate, disdain!
Think on that hour, when freed from clay,
Thy soul shall rise to life and day;
Still mount to heav'n—on sorrow's car;
There shine a fix'd unclouded star,

Like me to range, like me to soar,
Suns, planets, worlds of light explore!
Then angel-forms around shall throng,
And greet thee in triumphal song;

'Mount, spirit! mount, thy woes are o'er,
Pain, sickness, trials, now no more!
Hail, sister! hail, thy task is done,
Rise, cherub, rise!—thy crown is won!'

Oh, favor'd mortals! best belov'd,
Ye in stern perils fiercely prov'd;
When faith and truth, with pure control,
Refine, inspire, exalt, your soul;
When firm in brightest, noblest aims,
Your bosoms glow with hallow'd flames;
When still the narrow path you tread,
Nor scorn, nor grief, nor dangers dread;
Tho' fate with ev'ry dart assail,
To pierce your heart's heav'n-temper'd mail;

Nor shrink, tho' death his jav'lin hurl'd,
Scorn'd, yet untainted, by the world!
Then think, ye brave, ye constant few,
To faith, to hope, to virtue, true!
Then think, that seraphs from above,
Behold your deeds, admire, and love!
That those, who heav'n's commands perform,
Who still the wave, who ride the storm;
Who point the lightning's fiery wing,
Or shed the genial dews of spring;
Who fill with balm the zephyr's breath,
Or taint th' avenging winds with death;
That those, who guide the planets' course,
Who bend at light's transcendent source;
Oh! think that those your toil survey,
Your struggling mind, your rugged way!
Oh! think that those, e'en now prepare,
A bow'r of bliss, for you to share!

E'en now, th' immortal wreath entwine,
Around your sainted brows to shine;
E'en now, their golden harps attune,
To greet you in the blaze of noon!
Soon shall your captive souls be free,
To bless, to hymn, to soar, like me!
The fair, the perfect, and the bright,
Shall beam unclouded on your sight;
Soon shall the silver lutes be strung,
Soon shall the Pæan lays be sung;
'Hail, sister, hail! thy task is done;
Rise, cherub, rise! thy palm is won!!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Bards, To The Soldiers Of Caractacus

VALIANT sons of freedom's land,
Ardent, firm, devoted band,
Rise, at honor's thrilling call:
Warriors, arm! shall Britain fall?
Rush, battle-steed,
Bleed, soldiers! bleed,
For Britain's throne, for glory's meed!

Heroes! to the combat fly,
Proud to struggle, blest to die;
Go! should death your efforts crown,
Mount the pinions of renown;
Go! tell our sires,
Their daring fires,
Glow in our lofty souls, till life expires!

Tell them, ne'er shall Britain yield,
Whilst a hand the sword can wield!
Tell them, we the strife maintain,
Tell them, we defy the chain!
In heart the same,
In patriot-flame
We emulate their brightest fame!

Shades of sainted chiefs! be near,
Frown on Albion's lifted spear!
Point the falchion, guide the car,
Flaming through the ranks of war!
Rise on the field,
With sword and shield,
To British eyes in forms of light reveal'd!

Spark of freedom, blaze on high!
Wilt thou quiver? shalt thou die?
Never, never! holy fire!
Mount, irradiate! beam, aspire!

Our foes consume,
Our swords illume,
And chase the dark horizon's gloom!

Shall the Roman arms invade
Mona's dark and hallow'd shade?
By the dread, mysterious wand,
Waving in the Druid's hand;
By ev'ry rite,
Of Mona's night,
Arm, warriors! arm, in sacred cause unite!

Honor! while thy bands disdain,
Slav'ry's dark, debasing chain;
Britain! while thy sons are free,

Dauntless, faithful, firm, for thee;
Mona! while at thy command,
Ardent, bold, sublime, they stand;
Proud foes in vain,
Prepare the chain,
For Albion unsubdu'd shall reign!

Lo! we see a flame divine
Blaze o'er Mona's awful shrine;
Lo! we hear a voice proclaim,
'Albion, thine, immortal fame!'
Arise, ye brave,
To bleed, to save,
Tho' proud in pomp, yon Roman eagles wave!

Cæsar, come! in ten-fold mail,
Will thine arms like ours avail?
Cæsar! let thy falchions blaze,
Will they dim fair Freedom's rays?
Cæsar! boast thy wide control,
Canst thou chain th' aspiring soul?
What steel can bind,
The soaring mind,
Free as the light, the wave, the wind?

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Bended Bow

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended Bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

'Heard ye not the battle-horn?
-Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of Heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed-
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!'

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

'Hunter! leave the mountain-chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,-
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!'

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

'Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceas'd:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall-
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall.'

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

'Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
-Foes are on thy native sea-
Give our bards a tale of thee!'

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

'Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!'

And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Birds

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God.
~ Luke, xii, 6.

TRIBES of the air! whose favored race
May wander through the realms of space,
Free guests of earth and sky;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your throng
With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
And the wild haunts ye love;
Birds of the gentle beak! how dear
Your wood-note, to the wanderer's ear,
In shadowy vale or grove!

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not climb,
The mountain-eagle seeks;
Alone he reigns, a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home
Where the white billows roar and foam,
Around th' o'erhanging rock;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or sheltered in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parched by the blaze of day;
The swan, where northern rivers glide,
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,
And many a storm defies;

Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The Bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's grove of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,
Weave soft their pendent nest;
Some, deep in western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,

In rainbow colors drest.

Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear;
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father guides
The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then thy guardian be?
Will not his aid extend to thee?
Oh! safely may'st thou rest!?
Trust in his love, and e'en should pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,
Know, what He wills is best!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Birds Of Passage

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
–'We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave thro' the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

'We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd,–
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome.'

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye travers'd the blue sea's foam?
–'We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,–
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!'

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Thro' the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.–
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

'A change we have found there–and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd,–
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!'

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet thro' the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,–
So may we reach our bright home at last!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Bird's Release

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught ev'n to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light wind borne?

We know not-but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;-
-She hath left her dwelling lone!

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore,
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Ev'n so with the lov'd one flown!
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us-but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loos'd thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers,
Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers,
But thou wilt not be lur'd again.

Ev'n thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dress'd,
But it wins her back no more!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Bride Of The Greek Isle

Fear! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?
I will not live degraded ~
Sardanapalus

Come from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;?
They came, and Eudora stood rob'd and crown'd,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.

Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heav'd by her heart thro' its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
As it greenly wav'd by the threshold stone;
She turn'd?and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.

Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept yet laid her hand awhile
In his that waited her dawning smile?
Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last?
The choking swell of her heart was past;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

The Bride's Farewell:

Why do I weep? to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,
The myrtle yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I lov'd to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have play'd
Thro' many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more,
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and wo,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless yet I go!
Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watch'd my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again!
Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring,
That works its way, thro' the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
It is well! the cloud, on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,

Ye may track their way by the swells of song;
Ye may catch thro' the foliage their white robes' gleam,
Like a swan midst the reeds of a shadowy stream.
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-vein'd violet's bed;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

II.
Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring thro' lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glow'd,
Making a gleam round the lone abode;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scatter'd out rays like a glancing river;
Stars of the jasmine its pillars crown'd,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers thro' a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side;

They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.
Bring wine, bring odours! the board is spread?
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
The wine-cups foam'd, and the rose was shower'd
On the young and fair from the world embower'd;
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
And there came by fits, thro' some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still! was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence! did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet?
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are fill'd with a pirate horde!
Thro' the dim olives their sabres shine;
Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,

The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang;
Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards and dark'ning brows,
Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
And the dying soon on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora! thou dost not fly!
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
Like a child's large tears in its hour of wo,
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
That sought his young bride out mournfully.
She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
As if the passion of that fond grasp
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.

But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
The sea's fierce rovers they left him there;
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
And a hush of fear thro' the summer grove,
So clos'd the triumph of youth and love!

III.
Gloomy lay the shore that night,
When the moon, with sleeping light,
Bath'd each purple Sciote hill,
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
O'er the wave no gay guitar
Sent its floating music far;
No glad sound of dancing feet
Woke, the starry hours to greet.
But a voice of mortal wo,
In its changes wild or low,
Thro' the midnight's blue repose,
From the sea-beat rocks arose,
As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing o'er th' Egean flood,
With a fix'd and straining eye?
Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?
Yes! there, becalm'd in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver, dark,
Brooding it frown'd that evil bark!
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall, still mast,
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail,
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hush'd was all else: Had ocean's breast
Rock'd e'en Eudora that hour to rest?

To rest? the waves tremble! what piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!

There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water, but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
It hath touch'd the sails, and their canvass rolls
Away from its breath into shrivell'd scrolls;
It hath taken the flag's high place in air,
And redden'd the stars with its wavy glare;
And sent out bright arrows, and soar'd in glee,
To a burning mount midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow.
Eudora! Eudora! where, where art thou?
The slave and his master alike are gone.
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
The child of thy bosom! and lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!

And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Sway'd by the flames as they rock and flare;
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,
Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
Yes! 'twas her deed! by that haughty smile
It was hers?She hath kindled her funeral pile!
Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free!

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never infold again.

One moment more, and her hands are clasp'd,
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasp'd,
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bow'd,
And her last look rais'd thro' the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move:
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Call Of Liberty. May 1809

YE nations of Europe! arising to war,
And scorning submission to tyranny's might
Oh! follow the track of my bright blazing car,
Diffusing a path-way of radiance afar,
Dispelling the shadows of night!

And, hark! the destroyer has summon'd his band,
He waves the proud sceptre, his magical wand;
In legions they rush to the field!
'Tis the voice of destruction that swells in the storm,
The cloud and the tempest envelop his form.
O patriots! O heroes! O chiefs of renown!
Awake in my cause, and contend for my crown,
And vict'ry shall hallow your shield!

Oh! think of your fathers, how nobly they fought!
Disdaining each peril, the combat they sought,
And round me intrepid they stood!
They worshipp'd the beam of my sun-darting eye,
Exalted my banner, all-dreadful, on high;
'Twas their pillar of glory! and kindling with pride,
Around it they conquer'd, around it they died,
And ting'd the bright streamer in blood!
To you is intrusted the fire-flashing sword,
For ages defended, for ages ador'd;
The sword that has slumber'd too long!
'Tis the weapon of Liberty! sacred its aid,
For heav'n, truth, and justice, have hallow'd the blade;
Oh! seize it with ecstacy, wield it, ye brave!
Oh! seize it to punish, to conquer, to save!
Oh, hail it, ye minstrels, in song!
Fair, dazzling, unblemish'd, its lustre is pure,
For martyrs have died to preserve it secure,
And heroes to guard it have bled!

'Twas this that illumin'd the fields of the fight,
When the Chief of Vimeira was matchless in might;
In lightning effulgence at Baylen it stream'd,
At Corunna, the zenith of glory, it beam'd
O'er the warrior, the patriot, the dead!
O Albion! my throne, and my temple of rest,
Fair light of the waves! lovely star of the west!
Ever steady, resplendent, the same;
Thou shrine of my spirit! thou land of my heart!
Where life, inspiration, and hope I impart;
Behold where my cynosure brilliant appears,
And beams thro' the mist-veil of darkness and tears,
To guide thee to conquest and fame!

Oh! thou art my guardian! supreme o'er the sea!
Still foremost, undaunted, to combat for me,
Thou planet! thou empress of isles!

Oh! fearless in danger, awake at my call:
Shall the standard, the altar of Liberty, fall?

No, never, fair queen! while thy sons of the main,
My trophies, my rights, and my banners maintain,
And live in the heav'n of my smiles!
Ye nations of Europe! all rous'd by alarms,
Oh! imitate Albion, the peerless in arms,
Who kindles my torch from afar!
Her children are mine, an invincible band,
My look is the sun-beam that brightens their land!
And never, oh! never, that sun-beam shall cease,
And ne'er shall the light of my presence decrease,
While they follow my bright blazing car!
O Austrian warriors! who rise in my cause,
Ye fight with my falchion, ye fight for my laws!
And your's is the armour of right!
Then rush to the battle-field, scorning a fear,
And Justice and Freedom shall frown on your spear;
In valor, in truth, and in ardor the same,
All kindling with energy, breathing with flame,
Ye shall conquer—a torrent of might!

The slain shall exult in resigning their breath,
They shall smile, they shall burn, they shall triumph in death;
And who might not envy their bier?
The living, victorious, shall strew o'er their tomb
The garlands of conquest, unfading in bloom;
And glory's fair Amaranth proudly shall wave,
In beauty unsullied adorning their grave,
Too bright to be stain'd with a tear!

And you, brave Iberians! oh! ever disdain,
The sword of oppression; and tyranny's chain!
Be free, gallant Spaniards, or die!
For you, when surrounded by darkness and foes,
The day-spring of Freedom in radiance arose:
Tho' shadows and clouds may obscure it awhile,
Oh! yet it may brighten, oh! yet it may smile,
And beam in meridian on high!

But where is the patriot, undaunted and bold,
Whose name is immortal, whose deeds are enroll'd
On adamant, high in my fame?

My Palafox! oft must I weep to recal
Thy trophies, my hero! thy fame, and thy fall!
Thy sabre was lightning! thy spirit was fire!
Thy arm and thy bosom 'twas mine to inspire,
Young martyr to glory and Spain!
O Heav'n! when he fought undismay'd by my side,
Why, why was thine aid, was thine armour deny'd?

Were justice and vengeance no more?
Yet, yet let me hope that the flame of his soul
Will burn in his countrymen, scorning control;
The foes of mankind and religion consume,
The dark'ning horizon of Europe illume,
And the days of her triumph restore!
Ye realms and ye nations, your legions unite!
Oh! righteous and hallow'd your war!
Unfurl the red standard, fair Hope is your light,
And this be your watch-word in danger and fight,
'O Liberty! thou art our star!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Captive Knight

The prisoned thrush may brook the cage,
The captive eagle dies for rage.
Lady of the Lake.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Thro' the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voiceâ€"be still!
'I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voiceâ€"be still!

'I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voiceâ€"be still!

'Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voiceâ€"be still!

'They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I lov'd with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past.'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Cavern Of The Three Tells

Oh! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave,
With freshness fill the air:
For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old array'd,
By their native Forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,
In the name of liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep,
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky;

When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light ;-
Then from the cavern of the dead,
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they link'd the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answer'd with a shout,

Till the echoing Alps are stirr'd,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques* , o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's+ notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Chamois Hunter's Love

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds;
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's peal is heart - Hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee - for thee, all reckless as thou art!
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow.
Mournful! - but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness - this doom I know is mine
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou comest at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine -
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Child's Last Sleep

Thou sleepest but when wilt thou wake, fair child?
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn?
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?
Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eyes,
Mournful, tho' sweet, is thy rest to see
When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet;
Love with sad kisses, unfelt, hath press'd
Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast;
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one! that thou shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly!
Thou'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the bough
Oh! for the world where thy home is now!
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here;
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Conqueror's Sleep

Sleep 'midst thy banners furl'd!
Yes! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world!
Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast-
-Oh! strong is night-for thou too art at rest!

Stillness hath smooth'd thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
Alike unconscious and defenceless thou!
Tread lightly, watchers!-now the field is won,
Break not the rest of nature's weary son!

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,
To the green places of thy boyish daring,
And all the windings of thy native stream;
-Why, this were joy!-upon the tented plain,
Dream on, thou Conqueror!-be a child again!

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
And thy dark troubled thoughts, all earth o'ersweeping,
-So wilt thou rise, oh! thou of woman born!
And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
Look upon thee-the tired one, slumbering there!

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine!-and man must kneel before thee,
And for his birthright vainly still implore thee!
Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps?
-Wake! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd!

Forget that thou, ev'n thou,
Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee,
And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy fever'd brow!
Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on!
-Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Coronation Of Inez De Castro

There was music on the midnight;
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight:-
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Sweep down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her Jewell'd robes fell strangely still-
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from th' encircling band,
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair.

Sit on the pale still face?

Death, Death! canst
thou
be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
-It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail;
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not
Which once his star had been:
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless queen;
Though something, won from the grare's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for
him
to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed-bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.

There is music on the midnight-
A requiem sad and slow.
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly,

King Pedro led the train-
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
-'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?

Mightier
thou wert and art!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Crusader's Return

Rest pilgrim, rest!-thou'rt from the Syrian land,
Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous east, I know
By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the chang'd in heart,
And dimm'd in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou'rt faint-stay, rest thee from thy toils at last,
Through the high chesnuts lightly plays the breeze,
The stars gleam out, the Ave hour is pass'd,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou 'rt faint and worn-hear'st thou the fountain welling
By the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?
Seest thou the dewy grapes, before thee swelling?
-He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade-the convent's vesper-chime.
And sit thou there!-for he was gentle ever;
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lips' fever-
-There in his place thou 'rt resting-where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!-how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!
-Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth-my Guido-with the fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!-on Heaven and earth
It smiled-as if man were not dust-it smiled!
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I-my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!-I had but him-yet he
Fill'd all my home ev'n with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free-
-Where is he now?-my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop-then his forehead wore
A prouder look-his eye a keener light-
-I knew these woods might be his world no more!
He loved me-but he left me!-thus they go,
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored!
He heard the trumpet of the red-cross blow,

And bounded from me, with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st-I tremble-thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met-speak! answer!-was he there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?-Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?
-No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave-
That look gives hope-I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer?-some fond mother's glance
O'er thee too brooded in thine early years-
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bath'd all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!-what art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up!-oh! is it-that wan cheek and brow!-
Is it-alas! yet joy!-my son, my son!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Death Of Conradin

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day
Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,
And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore
With every tint that charmed the great of yore-
The imperial ones of earth, who proudly bade
Their marble domes e'en Ocean's realm invade.

That race is gone - but glorious Nature here
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,
And bids these regions of the sun display
Bright hues, surviving empires pass away.

The beam of heaven expands - its kindling smile
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
Whose image floats, in softer colouring drest,
With all its rocks and vines, on Ocean's breast.
Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more to play;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,
With all Italia's sunshine to illume
The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead;
Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,
Thy palaces, exulting Naples! rise:
While, far on high, Vesuvius rears his peak,
Furrowed and dark with many a lava streak.

Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse!
Rich with all Nature's and all fiction's hues;
Who shall explore your regions, and declare
The poet erred to paint Elysium there?
Call up his spirit, wanderer! bid him guide
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas beside;
And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
What though his dust be scattered, and his urn
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted ground:
His lays are murmured in each breeze that roves
Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange-groves;
His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and sea,
The soul, the genius of Parthenope;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill
The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
Have witnessed many a dark reality.
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne
The sighs of exiles never to return.
There with the whisper of Campania's gale

Hath mingled oft affection's funeral-wail,
Mourning for buried heroes - while to her
That glowing land was but her sepulchre.
And there, of old, the dread mysterious moan
Swelled from strange voices of no mortal tone
And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note
Was heard, at midnight, o'er the hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina died,
Denouncing vengeance on the matricide.

Passed are those ages - yet another crime,
Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.
There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore -
It must be crimsoned ere the day is o'er!
There is a throne in regal pomp arrayed, -
A scene of death from thence must be surveyed.
Marked ye the rushing throngs? - each mien is pale,
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale:
But the deep workings of the indignant breast,
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppressed;
The burning tear awhile must check its course,
The avenging thought concentrate all its force;
For tyranny is near, and will not brook
Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provencals, and with mien
Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene,
And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
Behold the conqueror! Vainly in his face,
Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace;
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent
Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament;
And pleading mercy, in the sternness there,
May read at once her sentence - to despair!

But thou, fair boy! the beautiful, the brave,
Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,
While all is yet around thee which can give
A charm to earth, and make it bless to live;
Thou on whose form hath swelt a mother's eye,
Till the deep love that not with thee shall die
Hath grown too full for utterance - Can it be?
And is this pomp of death prepared for
thee?

Young, royal Conradin! who shouldst have known
Of life as yet the sunny smile alone!
Oh! who can view thee, in the pride and bloom
Of youth, arrayed so richly for the tomb,
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
Emotions tyranny may ne'er control?

Bright victim! to Ambition's altar led,
Crowned with all flowers that heaven on earth can shed
Who, from the oppressor towering in his pride,
May hope for mercy - if to thee denied?
There is dead silence on the breathless throng,
Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
As on the captive moves - the only sound,
To break that calm so fearfully profound,
The low, sweet murmur of the rippling wave.
Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to lave;
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage
Is passing to his fate: the eyes are dim
Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow, on him
He mounts the scaffold - doth his footstep fail?

Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn pale?
Oh! it may be forgiven him if a thought
Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught,
To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,
And all the affections that with him shall bleed
If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
One human fear convulse his parting breath,
And shrink from all the bitterness of death!

But no! the spirit of his royal race
Sits brightly on his brow - that youthful face
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
Is eloquent with injured majesty.
He kneels - but not to man - his heart shall own
Such deep submission to his God alone!
And who can tell with what sustaining power
That God may visit him in fate's dread hour?
How the still voice, which answers every moan,
May speak of hope - when hope on earth is gone.

That solemn pause is o'er - the youth hath given
One glance of parting love to earth and heaven:
The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,
Life all around him glows - and he must die!
Yet 'midst his people, undismayed, he throws
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;
Vengeance that, like their own volcano's fire,
May sleep suppressed a while - but not expire.
One softer image rises o'er his breast,
One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!
'Alas, for thee, my mother! who shall bear
To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
When thy lost child is gone?' - that thought can thrill
His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.
The lifted axe is glittering in the sun -

It falls - the race of Conradin is run!
Yet, from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
A voice shall cry to heaven - and not in vain!
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
Charles of Anjou! - but that dread voice shall be
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!

The scene of death is closed - the throngs depart,
A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies.
Oh, vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,
Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's wave;
Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
Unhonoured, unadorned - but
unforgot;

For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall live,
Now mutely suffering - never to forgive!

The sun fades from purple heavens away -
A bark hath anchored in the unruffled bay;
Thence on the beach descends a female form,
Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm;
But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
And her soft eyes a chastened heart bespeak,
Inured to woes - yet what were all the past!

She
sank not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
While one bright hope remained - who now shall tell
The uncrowned, the widowed, how her loved one fell?
To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
The mother came - and she hath found his grave!
And by that grave, transfixed in speechless grief,
Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief,
Awhile she kneels - till roused at length to know,
To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
A mother's cry is heard - 'My Conradin! my child!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Death-Day Of Korner

A song for the death-day of the brave
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,
And his Father-land.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
Midst all high thought;
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful beautiful and bright,
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Departed

Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world with kings,
The powerful of the earth the wise the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. ~ BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way
To the spirit's distant shore?
Earth's mightiest men, in arm'd array,
Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore
By orient palm or wave,
They have pass'd with all their starry lore
Can ye still fear the grave?

We fear! we fear! the sunshine
Is joyous to behold,
And we reck not of the buried kings,
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink! the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the sun, and the voice of praise,
For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from our path those flowers are gone
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough!
Ye have lov'd the light of many a smile,
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks, that now are still;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made spring-time in your heart;
Kindred and friends are gone before
And ye still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way thro' darkness bends;
Our souls are strong to follow them,
Our own familiar friends!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Distant Ship

The sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendour wins thee not,â€"
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee!â€"o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touch'd the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods;

A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light!â€"
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling link'd to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The lov'd of many a hearth?
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear,
Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and wo.

Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,â€"
For human hearts are there.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Domestic Affections

WHENCE are those tranquil joys, in mercy giv'n,
To light the wilderness with beams of Heav'n?
To sooth our cares, and thro' the cloud diffuse,
Their tempered sun-shine, and celestial hues?
Those pure delights, ordain'd on life to throw
Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?
Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,
When kneeling myriads call the world his own?
Or dwell with luxury, in th' enchanted bow'rs,
Where taste and wealth exert creative pow'rs?

Favor'd of Heav'n! O Genius! are they thine,
When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine;
While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,
'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day?

No! sacred joys! 'tis yours to dwell enshrin'd,
Most fondly cherish'd, in the purest mind;
To twine with flowers, those lov'd, endearing ties,
On earth so sweet,—so perfect in the skies!

Nurs'd on the lap of solitude and shade,
The violet smiles, embosom'd in the glade;
There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!
Thus, far retir'd from life's tumultuous road,
Domestic bliss has fix'd her calm abode,
Where hallow'd innocence and sweet repose
May strew her shadowy path with many a rose:
As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,
The cherub, infancy, can close its eye,
And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,
While viewless angels wave their pinions near;
Thus, while around the storms of discord roll,
Borne on resistless wing, from pole to pole;

While war's red lightnings desolate the ball,
And thrones and empires in destruction fall;
Then, calm as evening on the silvery wave,
When the wind slumbers in the ocean-cave,
She dwells, unruffled, in her bow'r of rest,
Her empire, home!—her throne, affection's breast!

For her, sweet nature wears her loveliest blooms,
And softer sun-shine ev'ry scene illumes.
When spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,
Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas;
When summer, waving her creative wand,
Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;
Or autumn's pencil sheds, with magic trace,
O'er fading loveliness, a moon-light grace;
Oh! still for her, thro' Nature's boundless reign,

No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain;
While mental peace, o'er ev'ry prospect bright,
Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing light!

Lo! borne on clouds, in rushing might sublime,
Stern winter, bursting from the polar clime,
Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,
The blood-red meteor of the northern sky!
And high thro' darkness rears his giant-form,
His throne, the billow!—and his flag, the storm!

Yet then, when bloom and sun-shine are no more,
And the wild surges foam along the shore;
Domestic bliss! thy heaven is still serene,
Thy star, unclouded, and thy myrtle, green!
Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade,
Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade!
Clear thro' the day, her light around thee glows,
And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose!
Hail, sacred home! where soft Affection's hand,
With flow'rs of Eden twines her magic band!
Where pure and bright, the social ardors rise,
Concentring all their holiest energies!

When wasting toil has dimm'd the vital flame,
And ev'ry power deserts the sinking frame;
Exhausted nature still from sleep implores
The charm that lulls, the manna that restores!
Thus, when oppress'd with rude tumultuous cares,
To thee, sweet home! the fainting mind repairs;
Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,
Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies!
Bower of repose! when torn from all we love,
Thro' toil we struggle, or thro' distance rove;
To thee we turn, still faithful, from afar,
Thee, our bright vista! thee, our magnet-star!
And from the martial field, the troubled sea,
Unfetter'd thought still roves to bliss and thee!

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,
No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh;
Wide o'er the world, when peace and midnight reign,
And the moon trembles on the sleeping main;

At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,
'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep!
No gleaming shores his dim horizon hound,
All heaven—and sea—and solitude—around!
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm,
From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm;
Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfin'd,
Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,

Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,
To the lov'd scene, so distant, and so dear!
Lo! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,
And danger frowns—the monarch of the wave!
Lo! rocks and storms the striving bark repel,
And death and shipwreck ride the foaming swell!
Child of the ocean! is thy bier the surge,
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge?
Yes! thy long toils, thy weary conflicts o'er,
No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more!

Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful strife,
The struggling agony for death or life;
E'en then, thy mind, embitt'ring ev'ry pain,
Retrac'd the image so belov'd—in vain!
Still to sweet home, thy last regrets were true,
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu!
Can war's dread scenes the hallow'd ties efface,
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase?
Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy
The lov'd impressions of domestic joy?
Ye day-light dreams! that cheer the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes, with spells benign and blest;
Sooth his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray,
O'er the long march, thro' desolation's way;
Oh! still ye bear him from th' ensanguin'd plain,
Armour's bright flash, and victory's choral strain;
To that lov'd home, where pure affection glows,
That shrine of bliss! asylum of repose!

When all is hush'd—the rage of combat past,
And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast;
When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er,
And many an eye is clos'd—to wake no more;
Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on the ground,
(The dewy death-bed of his comrades round!)
While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep!
E'en then, soft visions, hov'ring round, portray,
The cherish'd forms that o'er his bosom sway!
He sees fond transport light each beaming face,
Meets the warm tear-drop, and the long embrace!
While the sweet welcome vibrates thro' his heart,
'Hail, weary soldier! —never more to part!'

And, lo! at last, releas'd from ev'ry toil,
He comes! the wanderer views his native soil!
Then the bright raptures, words can never speak,
Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek!

Then love and friendship, whose unceasing pray'r,
Implor'd for him, each guardian-spirit's care;

Who, for his fate, thro' sorrow's lingering year,
Had prov'd each thrilling pulse of hope and fear;
In that blest moment, all the past forget,
Hours of suspense! and vigils of regret!

And, oh! for him, the child of rude alarms,
Rear'd by stern danger, in the school of arms;
How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note,
For woodland-sounds, in summer-air that float!
Thro' vales of peace, o'er mountain-wilds to roam,
And breathe his native gales, that whisper—'Home!'
Hail! sweet endearments of domestic ties,
Charms of existence! angel-sympathies!
Tho' pleasure smile, a soft, Circassian queen!
And guide her votaries thro' a fairy scene;
Where sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours,
With mirth and music, in Arcadian bow'rs;

Tho' gazing nations hail the fiery car,
That bears the son of conquest from afar;
While Fame's loud Pæan bids his heart rejoice,
And ev'ry life-pulse vibrates to her voice;
Yet from your source alone, in mazes bright,
Flows the full current of serene delight!
On Freedom's wing, that ev'ry wild explores,
Thro' realms of space, th' aspiring eagle soars!
Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,
Meridian glory—on her throne of fire!
Bird of the sun! his keen, unwearied gaze,
Hails the full noon, and triumphs in the blaze!
But soon, descending from his height sublime,
Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime;
Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest,
'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest!

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
Thro' the wide regions of the mental sphere;

And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand;
Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys
The clearest heav'n of intellectual rays!
Yet, on his course tho' loftiest hopes attend,
And kindling raptures aid him to ascend;
(While in his mind, with high-born grandeur fraught,
Dilate the noblest energies of thought
Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refin'd,
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,
At length he flies, to that serene retreat,
Where calm and pure, the mild affections meet;
Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart,
The softer pleasures of the social heart!

Ah! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
From ev'ry tie, by fate relentless torn!
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile;

Heart-sick and faint, the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,
Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand!
Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
And weep—and pray—and linger!—but in vain!
Thence, roving wild thro' many a depth of shade!
Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd;
He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
Haunts of mankind, 'midst realms of solitude!
And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone,
The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan!
All else is hush'd! so silent, so profound,
As if some viewless power, presiding round,
With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
Had spread for ages the repose of death!
Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
Lives but to watch,—and watches but to weep!
He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,
His the dread loneliness of sea and skies!

Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,
Banish'd from being—to return no more;
There must he die!—within that circling wave,
That lonely isle—his prison and his grave!

Lo! thro' the waste, the wilderness of snows,
With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes!
Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,
Where beam, or flower, or verdure, never smil'd;
Where frost and silence hold their despot-reign,
And bind existence in eternal chain!
Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom!
Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb!
While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air
Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair!
Yet not, that fate condemns thy closing day,
In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray;
Not that fair Nature's loveliness find light,
No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight;

Ah! not for this, far, far beyond relief,
Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief;
But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
Thy woes to meliorate, thy toils to share;
That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
The stormy trials of thy lingering age;
No smile of tenderness, with angel-power,
Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour;

For this alone, despair, a withering guest,
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast!

Yes! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
Where desert-grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime;
Where winter triumphs, thro' the polar night,
In all his wild magnificence of might;
E'en there, Affection's hallow'd spell might pour,
The light of heav'n around th' inclement shore!
And, like the vales with bloom and sun-shine grac'd,
That smile, by circling Pyrennees embrac'd,

Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to glow,
E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow!
The Halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
With mystic power, could tranquillize the main;
Bid the loud wind, the mountain-billow sleep,
And peace and silence brood upon the deep!
And thus, Affection, can thy voice compose
The stormy tide of passions and of woes;
Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
And lull misfortune in the arms of peace!
Oh! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene!
Long ere victorious time had sought to chase
The bloom, the smile, that once illum'd his face;
That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,
Those waving locks were silver'd by despair!
Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm!

He, a sad emigrant! condemn'd to roam
In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home;
Has borne the shock of peril's darkest wave,
Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave!
'Twas his, to see destruction's fiercest band,
Rush, like a TYPHON, on his native land,
And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,
In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay!
Unequal combat rag'd on many a plain,
And patriot-valour wav'd the sword—in vain!
Ah! gallant exile! nobly, long, he bled,
Long brav'd the tempest gath'ring o'er his head!
Till all was lost! and horror's darkening eye,
Rous'd the stern spirit of despair—to die!

Ah! gallant exile! in the storm that roll'd
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd;
The flowers that grac'd his path with loveliest bloom,
Torn by the blast—were scatter'd on the tomb!

When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,

The bosom ties that bound his soul to life;
Yet one was spar'd! and she, whose filial smile,
Can sooth his wanderings, and his tears beguile,
E'en then, could temper, with divine relief,
The wild delirium of unbounded grief;
And whisp'ring peace, conceal, with duteous art,
Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart!
And now, tho' time, subduing ev'ry trace,
Has mellow'd all, he never can erase;
Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe!
Then she, who feels a father's pang alone,
(Still fondly struggling to suppress her own
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
To chase the image that awakes the sigh!
Her angel-voice his hinting soul can raise
To brighter visions of celestial days!
And speak of realms, where virtue's wing shall soar
On eagle-plume—to wonder and adore!

And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past!
Yes! we may hope, that Nature's deathless ties,
Renew'd, refin'd—shall triumph in the skies!
Heart-soothing thought! whose lov'd, consoling pow'r,
With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's hour;
Oh! still be near! and bright'ning thro' the gloom,
Beam and ascend! the day-star of the tomb!
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals prov'd,
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they lov'd!

Lo! by the couch, where pain and chill disease,
In ev'ry vein the ebbing life-blood freeze;
Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day;
Where beauty's rose is with'ring ere its prime,
Unchang'd by sorrow—and unsoil'd by time;
There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye,
There, from her child, the mother learns—to die!

Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace
Of ling'ring sickness in the faded face;
Thro' the sad night, when ev'ry hope is fled,
Keeps her lone vigil by the suff'rer's bed;
And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare
The spoiler's hand—the blight of death—is there!
He comes! now feebly in th' exhausted frame,
Slow, languid, quiv'ring, burns the vital flame!
From the glaz'd eye-ball sheds its parting ray,
Dim, transient spark! that flutt'ring, fades away!
Faint beats the hov'ring pulse, the trembling heart,
Yet fond existence lingers—ere she part!

'Tis past! the struggle and the pang are o'er,
And life shall throb with agony no more!
While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil!
Departed spirit! on this earthly sphere,
Tho' poignant suff'ring mark'd thy short career;

Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose!
But who may charm her sleepless pang to rest,
Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast?
And while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear?
Visions of hope! in loveliest hues array'd,
Fair scenes of bliss! by Fancy's hand portray'd;
And were ye doom'd, with false, illusive smile,
With flatt'ring promise, to enchant awhile?
And are ye vanish'd, never to return,
Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn?
Will no bright hour departed joys restore?
Shall the sad parent meet her child no more;
Behold no more the soul-illumin'd face,
Th' expressive smile, the animated grace?
Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb,
Revive no more in loveliness and bloom?—

Descend, blest Faith! dispel the hopeless care,
And chase the gathering phantoms of despair!
Tell, that the flow'r, transplanted in its morn,
Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn;
Expands to milder suns, and softer dews;
The full perfection of immortal hues!
Tell, that when mounting to her native skies,
By death releas'd, the parent-spirit flies;
There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long,
With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub-throng;
And guide her pinion, on exulting flight,
Thro' glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light!

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!
If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends;
If, with benignant care; ye linger near,
To guard the objects in existence dear;
If hov'ring o'er, ethereal band! ye view
The tender sorrows, to your memory true;

Oh! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
While for your loss Affection wakes to weep;
While ev'ry sound in hallow'd stillness lies,
But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs;
Oh! then, amidst that holy calm, be near!

Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear!
With secret spells, her wounded mind compose,
And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows!
Be near! when moon-light spreads the charm you lov'd,
O'er scenes where once your earthly footstep rov'd!
Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
Thro' glens, and wood-paths, once endear'd by you;
And fondly lingers, in your fav'rite bow'rs,
And pauses oft, recalling former hours;
Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale,
Float in the moon-beam, sigh upon the gale!
Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,
Borne by the summer-wind, from grot and dell;

And touch your viewless harps, and sooth her soul,
With soft enchantments and divine control!
Be near! sweet guardians! watch her sacred rest,
When slumber folds her in his magic vest!
Around her, smiling, let your forms arise
Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes!
Efface the mem'ry of your last farewell,
Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects, tell!
The sweet communion of the past, renew,
Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer hue!

Be near, when death, in virtue's brightest hour,
Calls up each pang, and summons all his pow'r!
Oh! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream,
Then let your forms, unveil'd, around her beam!
Then waft the vision of unclouded light,
A burst of glory, on her closing sight!
Wake from the harp of heav'n th' immortal strain,
To hush the final agonies of pain!

With rapture's flame, the parting soul illume,
And smile triumphant thro' the shadowy gloom!

Oh! still be near! when, darting into day,
Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay;
Be yours to guide her flutt'ring wing on high,
O'er many a world, ascending to the sky!
There let your presence, once her earthly joy,
Tho' dimm'd with tears, and clouded with alloy;
Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,
Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more!

Yes! in the noon of that Elysian clime,
Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time;
Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,
Shall beam on glories—never to expire;
Oh! there, th' illumin'd soul may fondly trust,
More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust;

Those mild affections, whose consoling light
Sheds the soft moon-beam on terrestrial night;
Sublim'd, ennobled, shall for ever glow,
Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Effigies

Warrior! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stain'd window shed;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine;
A haughty heart and a kingly glanceâ€"
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council-board;
In festive halls a chair of state
When the blood-red wine was pour'd;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard;â€"
Surely these things were all thine own,â€"
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptur'd form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes array'd;
What was thy tale?â€"Oh! gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of thee?

He woo'd a bright and burning starâ€"
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that follow'd far
His fast-receding plume;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze;
The pangâ€"but when did Fame take heed
Of griefs obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Thro' many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers,
With spirit far away;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew dimâ€"

These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!â€“long years
With tasks unguerdon'd fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought;
Prayer at the cross in fervour pour'd,
Alms to the pilgrim givenâ€“
Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Emigrant

FAREWELL, ah, happy shades! ah, scenes belov'd,
Of infant sports and bright unclouded hours!
Where oft in childhood's happy days I rov'd,
Thro' forest-walks, and wild secluded bow'rs!

Far from your woods, and sweet romantic glades,
A wand'ring emigrant I'm doom'd to roam,
Yet oft will memory, ling'ring in your shades,
Recal the dear, regretted charms of home!

Her magic pencil oft shall fondly trace
The mournful pictures of departed joy;
To ev'ry image give a pensive grace,
Which time may soften—but can ne'er destroy.

Ah! scenes belov'd! again delightful spring
In vernal beauty decks your smiling vales;
With balmy odour scents the zephyr's wing,
And wafts from heav'n the soft Favonian gales.

With transport once, to hail her blest return,
I tun'd my artless reed, my numbers wild,
Then all was new in life's bewitching morn,
And hope—ah, fair enchantress! gaily smil'd.

Oh! then, what airy visions of delight,
Beguil'd my youthful heart in ev'ry grove;
Deluding fancy pictur'd to my sight
The fairy-land of happiness and love!

But now, for me in vain the flow'rs expand,
And leaves unfolding, dress the woods anew;
I go, a wanderer, to some distant land,
And bid my native hills—a last adieu!

Farewell the hermit-cell, the lov'd retreat,
The cottage mantled o'er with clustering vine;
Where mild content had found a tranquil seat,
And peace and calm domestic joys were mine.

Dear, lovely scenes! how oft, at dawn of day,
My pipe has wak'd your mountain-echoes sound;
How oft at evening's hour I lov'd to stray,
Beside the river's bank, with osiers crown'd.

Ye woodland-streams, ye peaceful, happy shades,
Oft on your charms will pensive memory dwell;
Ah, native vales! ah, sweet embow'ring glades,
Scenes of my early youth!—a last farewell!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Farewell To The Dead

Come near!-ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near!-once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, ev'n where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?

Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd-
-Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!-Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he mov'd-the welcome and the bless'd!
-Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
-But not where death has power may love be bless'd--
Come near! and bear ye the belov'd to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
-Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, ev'n that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchang'd his fairest guest,-
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceas'd
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd!-for him the past

Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our belov'd and bless'd-
-Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Forest Sanctuary - Part I.

I.
The voices of my home!-I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night-
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still, unchang'd:-though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth-
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others,-yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back-the voices of my home!

II.
They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
Ev'n as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenchless longings, to my soul I say-
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

III.
And find mine ark!-yet whither?-I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air-
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes -hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!-
So must it be!-These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies?-Ye rest not here, my dead!

IV.
Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one!-a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er one gentle head-ye rest not here!-
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low ripplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chesnut groves, which fill mine ear;
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

V.
Peace!-I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
Ev'n as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st me birth,
And lineage, and once home,-my native Spain!
My own bright land-my father's land-my child's!
What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds?
He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,

Traces of things which pass not as a breeze,
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe-thy gifts are these.

VI.
A blighted name-I hear the winds of morn-
Their sounds are not of this!-I hear the shiver
Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne
From the high forest, when the light leaves quiver:
Their sounds are not of this!-the cedars, waving,
Lend it no tone: His wide savannahs laving,
It is not murmur'd by the joyous river!
What part hath mortal name, where God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known?

VII.
Is it not much that I may worship Him,
With nought my spirit's breathings to control,
And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,
And whispery woods, where dying thunders roll
From the far cataracts?-Shall I not rejoice
That I have learn'd at last to know His voice
From man's?-I will rejoice!-my soaring soul
Now hath redeem'd her birth-right of the day,
And won, through clouds, to Him, her own unfetter'd way!

VIII.
And thou, my boy! that silent at my knee
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
Fill'd with the love of childhood, which I see
Pure through its depths, a thing without disguise;
Thou that hast breath'd in slumber on my breast,
When I have check'd its throbs to give thee rest,
Mine own! whose young thoughts fresh before me rise!
Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful air?

IX.
Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy?
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
For Spain of old.-Yet what if rolling waves
Have borne us far from our ancestral graves?
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel
As mine hath done; nor bear what I have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow of scorn.

X.
This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child!
I have not sorrow'd, struggled, liv'd in vain-
Hear me! magnificent and ancient wild;
And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,

As deep meets deep; and forests, whose dim shade
The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells pervade;
Hear me!-'tis well to die, and not complain,
Yet there are hours when the charg'd heart must speak,
Ev'n in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break!

XI.
I see an oak before me, it hath been
The crown'd one of the woods; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to Heaven, still freshly green,
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-folds among.
Alas! alas!-what is it that I see?
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

XII.
Yet art thou lovely!-Song is on thy hills-
Oh sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain!-
Your sounds are on the rocks-that I might hear
Once more the music of the mountaineer!-
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

XIII.
But there was silence one bright, golden day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone;
And the red grapes untrodden strew'd the ground,
And the free flocks untended roam'd around:
Where was the pastor?-where the pipe's wild tone?
Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet pour'd its throng.

XIV.
Silence upon the mountains!-But within
The city's gates a rush-a press-a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each-like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear-knell after knell;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane!

XV.
What pageant's hour approach'd?-The sullen gate

Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-stone?
They that had learn'd, in cells of secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten!-They, to whom
The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bewilder'd!-O'er their dazzled sight,
They lifted their wan hands, and cower'd before the light!

XVI.
To this man brings his brother!-Some were there,
Who with their desolation had entwin'd
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, ev'n as warriors bind
The breast-plate on for fight: but brow and cheek
Seem'd theirs a torturing panoply to speak!
And there were some, from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out: they smil'd-oh! startling smile
Whence man's high soul is fled!-where doth it sleep the while?

XVII.
But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain-
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry!
Through thousands, thousands of their race they mov'd-
Oh! how unlike all others!-the belov'd,
The free, the proud, the beautiful! whose eye
Grew fix'd before them, while a people's breath
Was hush'd, and its one soul bound in the thought of death!

XVIII.
It might be that amidst the countless throng,
There swell'd some heart with Pity's weight oppress'd,
For the wide stream of human love is strong;
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
Childhood is rear'd, and at whose knee the sigh
Of its first prayer is breath'd, she, too, was nigh.
-But life is dear, and the free footstep bless'd,
And home a sunny place, where each may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,-and therefore all were still-

XIX.
All still-youth, courage, strength!-a winter laid,
A chain of palsy, cast on might and mind!
Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade,
They stood, those breathless masses of mankind;
Still, as a frozen torrent!-but the wave
Soon leaps to foaming freedom-they, the brave,
Endur'd-they saw the martyr's place assign'd
In the red flames-whence is the withering spell
That numbs each human pulse?-they saw, and thought it well.

XX.
And I, too, thought it well! That very morn
From a far land I came, yet round me clung
The spirit of my own. No hand had torn
With a strong grasp away the veil which hung
Between mine eyes and truth. I gaz'd, I saw,
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
I watch'd the fearful rites; and if there sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup

XXI.
But I was waken'd as the dreamers waken
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,
And they must battle till their blood is shed
On their own threshold-floor. A path for light
Through my torn breast was shatter'd by the might
Of the swift thunder-stroke-and Freedom's tread
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,
Making the blighted place all green with life again.

XXII.
Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
And mark'd its victims with a tearless eye.
They mov'd before me but as pictures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one-oh! could it be?
-My friend, my heart's first friend!-and did I gaze on thee?

XXIII.
On thee! with whom in boyhood I had play'd,
At the grape-gatherings, by my native streams;
And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid
Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams;
And by whose side midst warriors I had stood,
And in whose helm was brought-oh! earn'd with blood
The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams
Smote on my fever'd brow!-Ay, years had pass'd,
Severing our paths, brave friend!-and thus we met at last!

XXIV.
I see it still-the lofty mien thou borest-
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power!
The very look that once thou brightly worest,
Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,
When we were girt by Indian bow and spear,
Midst the white Andes-ev'n as mountain deer,

Hemm'd in our camp-but thro' the javelin shower
We rent our way, a tempest of despair!
-And thou-hadst thou but died with thy true brethren there!

XXV.
I call the fond wish back-for thou hast perish'd
More nobly far, my Alvar!-making known
The might of truth; and be thy memory cherish'd
With theirs, the thousands, that around her throne
Have pour'd their lives out smiling, in that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!
-Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead.

XXVI.
Thou Searcher of the Soul! in whose dread sight
Not the bold guilt alone, that mocks the skies,
But the scarce-own'd, unwhisper'd thought of night,
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies;
Thou know'st-whose eye through shade and depth can see.
That this man's crime was but to worship thee,
Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,
The call'd of yore; wont by the Saviour's side,
On the dim Olive-Mount to pray at eventide.

XXVII.
For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay-abode;
And, born of thee, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God;
And ev'n for this-O dust, whose mask is power!
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little hour!
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest!-where were flown
Our hope, if man were left to man's decree alone?

XXVIII.
But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
On him, my friend; while that swift moment threw
A sudden freshness back on vanish'd days,
Like water-drops on some dim picture's hue;
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he-his sword was like a brother's worn,
That watches through the field his mother's youngest born.

XXIX.
But a lance met me in that day's career,
Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
Wakening at last-how full, how strangely clear,

That scene on memory flash'd!-the shivery light,
Moonlight, on broken shields-the plain of slaughter,
The fountain-side-the low sweet sound of water-
And Alvar bending o'er me-from the night
Covering me with his mantle!-all the past
Flow'd back-my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast.

XXX.
Till, in that rush of visions, I became
As one that by the bands of slumber wound,
Lies with a powerless, but all-thrilling frame,
Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings
Lov'd faces round him, girt with fearful things!
Troubled ev'n thus I stood, but chain'd and bound
On that familiar form mine eye to keep-
-Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and weep!

XXXI.
He pass'd me-and what next?-I look'd on two,
Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt-his sisters!-Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though each young face
Was chang'd-so deeply chang'd!-a dungeon's air
Is hard for lov'd and lovely things to bear,
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!-flowers
So cherish'd! were ye then but rear'd for those dark hours?

XXXII.
A mournful home, young sisters! had ye left,
With your lutes hanging hush'd upon the wall,
And silence round the aged man, bereft
Of each glad voice, once answering to his call.
Alas, that lonely father! doom'd to pine
For sounds departed in his life's decline,
And, midst the shadowing banners of his hall,
With his white hair to sit, and deem the name
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame!

XXXIII.
And woe for you, midst looks and words of love,
And gentle hearts and faces, nurs'd so long!
How had I seen you in your beauty move,
Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song!
-Yet sat, ev'n then, what seem'd the crowd to shun,
Half veil'd upon the clear pale brow of one,
And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong,
Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway,
Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.

XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.
Yet would she smile-and that, too, hath its smile-
Circled with joy which reach'd her not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV.
But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might
Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,
A treasure all undreamt of;-as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day. It seem'd as if her breast
Had hoarded energies, till then suppress'd
Almost with pain, and bursting from control,
And finding first that hour their pathway free:
-Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be!

XXXVI.
For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,
Was fled; and fire, like prophecy's had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn-
Pride-sense of wrong-ay, the frail heart is bound
By these at times, ev'n as with adamant round,
Kept so from breaking!-yet not thus upborne
She mov'd, though some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul-a sister for the brave!

XXXVII.
And yet, alas! to see the strength which clings
Round woman in such hours!-a mournful sight,
Though lovely!-an o'erflowing of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep as bright!
And she, because her life is ever twin'd
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears-therefore she thus can die.

XXXVIII.
Therefore didst thou , through that heart-shaking scene,
As through a triumph move; and cast aside
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mien,
O faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified;
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,

That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.

XXXIX.
For thou hadst made no deeper love a guest
Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows
Between the nurtur'd of the same fond breast,
The shelter'd of one roof; and thus it rose
Twin'd in with life.-How is it, that the hours
Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers
Round the same tree, the sharing one repose,
And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,
From the heart's memory fade, in this world's breath, so oft?

XL.
But thee that breath had touch'd not; thee, nor him,
The true in all things found!-and thou wert blest
Ev'n then, that no remember'd change could dim
The perfect image of affection, press'd
Like armour to thy bosom!-thou hadst kept
Watch by that brother's couch of pain, and wept,
Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst bound his faith
Unto thy soul-one light, one hope ye chose-one death.

XLI.
So didst thou pass on brightly!-but for her,
Next in that path, how may her doom be spoken!
-All-merciful! to think that such things were,
And are , and seen by men with hearts unbroken!
To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene!
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice!

XLII.
And she to die!-she lov'd the laughing earth
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers!
-Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers?
Yes! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
Which, oft unconsciously, in happier hours
Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
Of Time and Death below,-blight, shadow, dull decay!

XLIII.
Could this change be?-the hour, the scene, where last
I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind:
-A golden vintage-eve;-the heats were pass'd,
And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
Her father sat, where gleam'd the first faint star

Through the lime-boughs; and with her light guitar,
She, on the greensward at his feet reclin'd,
In his calm face laugh'd up; some shepherd-lay
Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

XLIV.
And now-oh God!-the bitter fear of death,
The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
Had grasp'd her!-panting in her quick-drawn breath,
And in her white lips quivering;-onward led,
She look'd up with her dim bewilder'd eyes,
And there smil'd out her own soft brilliant skies,
Far in their sultry southern azure spread,
Glowing with joy, but silent!-still they smil'd,
Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

XLV.
Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold,
Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom
Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
The hours which follow. There was one, with whom,
Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,
Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly have died;
But he was far away;-and with thy doom
Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,
That all thy slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear!

XLVI.
No aid!-thou too didst pass!-and all had pass'd,
The fearful-and the desperate-and the strong!
Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,
Some like the leaf swept shiveringly along,
And some as men, that have but one more field
To fight, and then may slumber on their shield,
Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng
Roll'd on, and bore me with their living tide,
Ev'n as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

XLVII.
Wave swept on wave. We reach'd a stately square,
Deck'd for the rites. An altar stood on high,
And gorgeous, in the midst. A place for prayer,
And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?
No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
As when before their God the Patriarchs stood?
-Look down! man brings thee, Heaven! his brother's guiltless blood!

XLVIII.
Hear its voice, hear!-a cry goes up to thee,
From the stain'd sod;-make thou thy judgment known

On him, the shedder!-let his portion be
The fear that walks at midnight-give the moan
In the wind haunting him a power to say
'Where is thy brother?'-and the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit, when alone
With the dread splendor of their burning eyes!
-So shall earth own thy will-mercy, not sacrifice!

XLIX.
Sounds of triumphant praise!-the mass was sung-
-Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains!
Thro' Salem's towers might that proud chant have rung,
When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,
Had quell'd her foes!-so full it swept, a sea
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free!
-Oft when the wind, as thro' resounding fanes,
Hath fill'd the choral forests with its power,
Some deep tone brings me back the music of that hour.

L.
It died away;-the incense-cloud was driven
Before the breeze-the words of doom were said;
And the sun faded mournfully from Heaven,
-He faded mournfully! and dimly red,
Parting in clouds from those that look'd their last,
And sigh'd-'farewell, thou sun!'-Eve glow'd and pass'd-
Night-midnight and the moon-came forth and shed
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot-
Save one-a place of death-and there men slumber'd not.

LI.
'Twas not within the city -but in sight
Of the snow-crown'd sierras, freely sweeping,
With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping
Far off: and vales between, and vineyards lay,
With sound and gleam of waters on their way,
And chesnut-woods, that girt the happy sleeping,
In many a peasant-home!-the midnight sky
Brought softly that rich world round those who came to die.

LII.
The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,
Burning with stars!-What had the torches' glare
To do beneath that Temple, and profane
Its holy radiance?-By their wavering flare,
I saw beside the pyres-I see thee now ,
O bright Theresa! with thy lifted brow,
And thy clasp'd hands, and dark eyes fill'd with prayer!
And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy fair head,
And mantling up thy face, all colourless with dread!

LIII.
And Alvar, Alvar!-I beheld thee too,
Pale, stedfast, kingly; till thy clear glance fell
On that young sister; then perturb'd it grew,
And all thy labouring bosom seem'd to swell
With painful tenderness. Why came I there,
That troubled image of my friend to bear,
Thence, for my after-years?-a thing to dwell
In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,
Disquieting my dreams with its bright mournful eyes?

LIV.
Why came I? oh! the heart's deep mystery!-Why
In man's last hour doth vain affection's gaze
Fix itself down on struggling agony,
To the dimm'd eye-balls freezing, as they glaze?
It might be-yet the power to will seem'd o'er-
That my soul yearn'd to hear his voice once more!
But mine was fetter'd!-mute in strong amaze,
I watch'd his features as the night-wind blew,
And torch-light or the moon's pass'd o'er their marble hue.

LV.
The trampling of a steed!-a tall white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds among-
A storm's way through a forest-came at speed,
And a wild voice cried 'Inez!' Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and gaz'd around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar sound,
And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

LVI.
And for a moment all around gave way
To that full burst of passion!-on his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
But blest-in misery's very lap-yet blest!-
Oh love, love, strong as death!-from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair?

LVII.
But she-as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming-thus reclin'd
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twin'd
Around his neck-with such a trusting fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbind!

Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!

LVIII.
Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height,
A strange sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night,
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again
The hour-the scene-th' intensely present, rush'd
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
Like blood-drops from a victim; with swift rain
Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling shower.

LIX.
But he, whose arm sustain'd her!-oh! I knew
'Twas vain, and yet he hop'd!-he fondly strove
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
As life might yet be hers!-A dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flowering youth!

LX.
He woo'd her back to life.-'Sweet Inez, live!
My blessed Inez!-visions have beguil'd
Thy heart-abjure them!-thou wert form'd to give,
And to find, joy; and hath not sunshine smil'd
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own!
Or earth will grow too dark!-for thee alone,
Thee have I lov'd, thou gentlest! from a child,
And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul-speak!-Oh! yet live for me!'

LXI.
She look'd up wildly; these were anxious eyes
Waiting that look-sad eyes of troubled thought,
Alvar's-Theresa's!-Did her childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
In the brief glance?-She clasp'd her hands-the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must , in the rending storm not quiver only-break!

LXII.
And thus it was-the young cheek flush'd and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent

Thro' its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings pass'd
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace-the fearful way unknown-
Pale in love's arms she lay-she! -what had lov'd was gone!

LXIII.
Joy for thee, trembler!-thou redeem'd one, joy!
Young dove set free! earth, ashes, soulless clay,
Remain'd for baffled vengeance to destroy;
-Thy chain was riven!-nor hadst thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour!-though love was there
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,
And life seem'd robed in beautiful array,
Too fair to leave!-but this might be forgiven,
Thou wert so richly crown'd with precious gifts of Heaven!

LXIV.
But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain
Breaking on his!-Scarce could the mortal chill
Of the hush'd bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the silence curdling round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die,
That she indeed could die!-for wild and vain
As hope might be-his soul had hoped-'twas o'er-
-Slowly his failing arms dropp'd from the form they bore.

LXV.
They forc'd him from that spot.-It might be well,
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents flung,
Were mark'd as guilt.-There are, who note these things
Against the smitten heart; its breaking strings
-On whose low thrills once gentle music hung-
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange tones replying.

LXVI.
But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair!
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,
And they were brightening with a heavenward trust!
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away,
And peace was there-the calmness of the just!
And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,
'Thy rest is won,' he said :-'sweet sister! praise for this!'

LXVII.
I started as from sleep;-yes! he had spoken-

A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source!
At once the torpor of my soul was broken-
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold force.
-There are soft breathings in the southern wind,
That so your ce-chains, O ye streams! unbind,
And free the foaming swiftness of your course!
-I burst from those that held me back, and fell
Ev'n on his neck, and cried-'Friend, brother! fare thee well!'

LXVIII.
Did he not say 'Farewell?'-Alas! no breath
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the throng
Told that the mysteries in the face of death
Had from their eager sight been veil'd too long.
And we were parted as the surge might part
Those that would die together, true of heart.
-His hour was come-but in mine anguish strong,
Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,
Blindly I rush'd away from that which was to be.

LXIX.
Away-away I rush'd;-but swift and high
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
Till the transparent darkness of the sky
Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue;
And, phantom-like, the kindling city seem'd
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd,
With their wild splendour chasing me!-I knew
The death-work was begun-I veil'd mine eyes,
Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries,

LXX.
What heard I then?-a ringing shriek of pain,
Such as for ever haunts the tortur'd ear?
-I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear!
-The rich, triumphal tones!-I knew them well,
As they came floating with a breezy swell!
Man's voice was there-a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-battle-ay, to turn the flying-
Woman's-that might have sung of Heaven beside the dying!

LXXI.
It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing,
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
That its glad stream of melody could spring
Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human woe!
Alvar! Theresa!-what is deep? what strong?
-God's breath within the soul!-It fill'd that song
From your victorious voices!-but the glow
On the hot air and lurid skies increas'd-
-Faint grew the sounds-more faint-I listen'd-they had ceas'd!

LXXII.
And thou indeed hadst perish'd, my soul's friend!
I might form other ties-but thou alone
Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend,
By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown!
Others might aid me onward:-Thou and I
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Once flowering-never more!-And thou wert gone!
Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me?

LXXIII.
And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave!
I could not weep!-there gather'd round thy name
Too deep a passion!-thou denied a grave!
Thou , with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame!
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?
Thy heart of hearts?-and couldst thou die for crime?
-No! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's decree,
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

LXXIV.
There are swift hours in life-strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might!
They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
Unto th' undoubting mind;-they pour in light
Where it but startles-like a burst of day
For which th' uprooting of an oak makes way;-
They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
They touch with fire, thought's graven page, the roll
Stamp'd with past years-and lo! it shrivels as a scroll!

LXXV.
And this was of such hours!-the sudden flow
Of my soul's tide seem'd whelming me; the glare
Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,
Scorch'd up my heart with breathless thirst for air,
And solitude, and freedom. It had been
Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,
To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,
Fiercely th' untroubled stars, of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI.
I would have call'd, adjuring the dark cloud;
To the most ancient Heavens I would have said
-'Speak to me! show me truth!'-through night aloud
I would have cried to him, the newly dead,
'Come back! and show me truth!'-My spirit seem'd
Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teem'd

With such pent storms of thought!-again I fled-
I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,
Scarce conscious when I paus'd, entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII.
A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!
Silence was round the sleepers, whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement, seem'd to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude,
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
And all was hush'd as night in some deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII.
More hush'd, far more!-for there the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud play!
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seem for the place too much a sound of day!
Too much my footstep broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading;
And I stood still:-prayer, chant, had died away,
Yet past me floated a funereal breath
Of incense.-I stood still-as before God and death!

LXXIX.
For thick ye girt me round, ye long-departed!
Dust-imaged form-with cross, and shield, and crest;
It seem'd as if your ashes would have started,
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore
Of wrath-doubt-anguish-battling in the breast!
I could have pour'd out words, on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring:-no, no! I could not there!

LXXX.
Not midst those aisles, through which a thousand years
Mutely as clouds and reverently had swept;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!
And you, ye dead!-for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my heart,
Which could not there be loos'd.-I turn'd me to depart.

LXXXI.
I turn'd-what glimmer'd faintly on my sight,
Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze?-The moon, the night,

Had waned, and dawn pour'd in;-grey, shadowy, slow,
Yet day-spring still!-a solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;
And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
Where, pale, a pictur'd form above the altar shone.

LXXXII.
Thy form, thou Son of God!-a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest, round thee spread,
And such a weight of night!-a night, when sleep
From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.
A bark show'd dim beyond thee, with its mast
Bow'd, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
But, like a spirit in thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for thee

LXXXIII.
So still thy white robes fell!-no breath of air
Within their long and slumberous folds had sway!
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away!
Dark were the Heavens above thee, Saviour!-dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But thou!-o'er all thine aspect and array
Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light-
-Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night!

LXXXIV.
Aid for one sinking!-Thy lone brightness gleam'd
On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful; human look that seem'd
To cry through surge and blast-'I perish-save!'
Not to the winds-not vainly!-thou wert nigh,
Thy hand was stretch'd to fainting agony,
Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!
O thou that art the life! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer!

LXXXV.
But was it not a thing to rise on death,
With its remember'd light, that face of thine,
Redeemer! dimm'd by this world's misty breath,
Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?
-Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty!
And the pale glory of the brow!-a shrine
Where Power sat veil'd, yet shedding softly round
What told that thou couldst be but for a time uncrown'd!

LXXXVI.

And more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile!
The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile,
Pour its o'ershadow'd beauty on the dust?
Wert thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er thee?
-Surely thou wert!-my heart grew hush'd before thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at thy voice, along its billowy way:-
-What had I there to do, but kneel, and weep, and pray?

LXXXVII.
Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry
Amidst the dead-'By that full cup of woe,
Press'd from the fruitage of mortality,
Saviour! for thee-give light! that I may know
If by thy will, in thine all-healing name,
Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame,
And early death-and say, if this be so,
Where then is mercy?-whither shall we flee,
So unallied to hope, save by our hold on thee?

LXXXVIII.
'But didst thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
Lift from despair that struggler with the wave?
And wert thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
Beheld, a weeper at a mortal's grave?
And is this weight of anguish, which they bind
On life, this searing to the quick of mind,
That but to God its own free path would crave,
This crushing out of hope, and love, and youth,
Thy will indeed?-Give light! that I may know the truth!

LXXXIX.
'For my sick soul is darken'd unto death,
With shadows from the suffering it hath seen
The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
Sink from beneath me-whereon shall I lean?
-Oh! if from thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
Of the dust's anguish! if like man to die,
-And earth round him shuts heavily-hath been
Even to thee bitter, aid me!-guide me!-turn
My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless bourne!'

XC.
And calm'd I rose:-but how the while had risen
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade!
-Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison.
In the bright world such radiance might pervade?
It fill'd the fane, it mantled the pale form
Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
Even the grey tombs it kindled, and array'd
With life!-how hard to see thy race begun,

And think man wakes to grief, wakening to thee, O sun!

XCI.
I sought my home again:-and thou, my child,
There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
With eyes, whose lightning laughter hath beguil'd
A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine;
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine,
And ask a happier heritage for thee,
Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

XCII.
Now sport, for thou are free-the bright birds chasing,
Whose wings waft star-like gleams from tree to tree;
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate racing,
Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art free!
Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
And inly vow'd, for thee a better part
To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on-as now they flow.

XCIII.
Thou hast a rich world round thee:-Mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's: but the dead
Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest!-to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Forest Sanctuary - Part II.

I.
Bring me the sounding of the torrent-water,
With yet a nearer swell-fresh breeze, awake!
And river, darkening ne'er with hues of slaughter
Thy wave's pure silvery green,-and shining lake,
Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone!
Send voices through the forest aisles, and make
Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,
Cheer'd by such tones, to look back on a dungeon's air!

II.
Oh, Indian hunter of the desert's race!
That with the spear at times, or bended bow,
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe;
Thou that beside the red night-fire thou heapest,
Beneath the cedars and the star-light sleepest,
Thou know'st not, wanderer-never may'st thou know!-
Of the dark holds wherewith man cumbers earth,
To shut from human eyes the dancing seasons' mirth.

III.
There, fetter'd down from day, to think the while
How bright in Heaven the festal sun is glowing,
Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile,
Flush like the rose; and how the streams are flowing
With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
And water-flowers, all trembling as they pass;
And how the rich dark summer-trees are bowing
With their full foliage;-this to know, and pine
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot-'twas mine.

IV.
Wherefore was this?-Because my soul had drawn
Light from the book whose words are grav'd in light!
There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn,
And day, and noon of freedom:-but too bright
It shines on that which man to man hath given,
And call'd the truth-the very truth, from Heaven!
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
To cast the mote; and therefore strives to bind
With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's-the mind!

V.
It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
And to shut out Heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings-making even of thought
A buried treasure, which may but be sought
When shadows are abroad-and night-and sleep.

I might not brook it long-and thus was thrown
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

VI.
And I a child of danger, whose delights
Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas-
I that amidst the Cordillera heights
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
And the full circle of the rainbow seen
There, on the snows; and in my country been
A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
To the Morena crags-how left I not
Life, or the soul's life quench'd, on that sepulchral spot?

VII.
Because Thou didst not leave me, oh, my God!
Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock their fold,
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed,
And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
The free heart's communing with Thee,-and Thou
Wert in the midst, felt, own'd-the strengthener then as now!

VIII.
Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering mind!
Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow?
How they bear with them, floating uncombin'd,
The shadows of the past, that come and go,
As o'er the deep the old long-buried things,
Which a storm's working to the surface brings!
Is the reed shaken, and must we be so,
With every wind?-So, Father! must we be,
Till we can fix undimm'd our stedfast eyes on Thee.

IX.
Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
That sickness o'er it?-Even a passing thought
Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'ergrown,
Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought!
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
Some tone from memory, of the music, welling
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

X.
But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint sad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A lov'd scene round me, visibly around.

Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening, hue by hue,
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!-till the bound
Of my shut cavern seem'd dissolv'd, and I
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky.

XI.
I look'd-and lo! the clear broad river flowing,
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a Heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire!-I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep;
And midst the scene-oh! more than all-there smil'd
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child!

XII.
With their soft eyes of love and gladness rais'd
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gaz'd
On the rich world of sunset:-but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppress'd,
And I rush'd forward with a yearning breast,
To clasp-alas! a vision!-Wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

XIII.
Then darkness!-oh! th' unutterable gloom
That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less
And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
That bright dream vanish'd from my loneliness!
It floated off, the beautiful!-yet left
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
And pray'd to die.-How oft would sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!

XIV.
But I was rous'd-and how?-It is no tale
Even midst thy shades, thou wilderness, to tell!
I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale,
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befel
In that drear prison-house.-His eye must grow
More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow,
More high his heart in youthful strength must swell;
So shall it fitly burn when all is told:-
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet enfold!

XV.
It is enough that through such heavy hours,

As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
I liv'd, and undegraded. We have powers
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away!
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
Laugh and expire, and shall not truth's high name
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway?
It is enough that Torture may be vain-
I had seen Alvar die-the strife was won from Pain.

XVI.
And faint not, heart of man! though years wane slow!
There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses, below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nurs'd
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves!
I was of such at last!-unchain'd I trod
This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God!

XVII.
That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far sweeping tide!-A dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light!
The shepherd's light-the sailor's on the sea-
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams!-I could but gaze through tears-
Oh! what a sight is Heaven, thus first beheld for years!

XVIII.
The rolling clouds!-they have the whole blue space
Above to sail in-all the dome of sky!
My soul shot with them in their breezy race
O'er star and gloom!-but I had yet to fly,
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot,
And strange, I knew-the sunbeam knew it not;-
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
And travers'd but by storms, or sounding eagles' wings.

XIX.
Ay, and I met the storm there!-I had gain'd
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread:
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head;
A moan-a hollow gust-and there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
And foaming water.-Thither might have fled
The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore!

XX.
But through the black ravine the storm came swelling-
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave-
Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave;
A falcon soar'd; a startled wild-deer pass'd;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar-
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more!

XXI.
And with the arrowy lightnings!-for they flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way,-
Was it not joy?-'twas joy in rushing might,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night!

XXII.
There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,
And lit me to my home of youth again,
Through the dim chesnut shade, where oft at noon,
By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain,
In gentle sleep: but now I pass'd as one
That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,
The foe's quick rustling step close on the leaves behind.

XXIII.
My home of youth!-oh! if indeed to part
With the soul's lov'd ones be a mournful thing,
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
And bearing all the glories of our spring
For life to breathe on,-is it less to meet,
When these are faded?-who shall call it sweet?
-Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours!

XXIV.
Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
Nor the faint flower-scents, as they come and go
In the soft air, like music wandering by;
-Oh! not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught
How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought,

But by the sadden'd eye, the darken'd brow,
Of kindred aspects, and the long dim gaze,
Which tells us we are chang'd,-how chang'd from other days!

XXV.
Before my father-in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,
The love that rear'd me, knew my face no more!
There hung the antique armour, helm and crest,
Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast,
There droop'd the banner, with the marks it bore
Of Paynim spears; and I, the worn in frame
And heart, what there was I?-another and the same!

XXVI.
Then bounded in a boy, with clear dark eye-
-How should he know his father?-when we parted,
From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
Its first looks round. Him follow'd one, the bride
Of my young days, the wife how lov'd and tried!
Her glance met mine-I could not speak-she started
With a bewilder'd gaze;-until there came
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

XXVII.
She knew me then!-I murmur'd 'Leonor!'
And her heart answer'd!-oh! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images with one low tone,
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
And all the brightness from the aspect gone!
-Upon my breast she sunk, when doubt was fled,
Weeping as those may weep, that meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII.
For there we might not rest. Alas! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the lonely wall!
We were the last-my boy and I-the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd!
My father bless'd me as I left his hall-
-With his deep tones and sweet, tho' full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bath'd my child's young head with tears.

XXIX.
I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down,
And cast the darkness of my branded name
(For so he deem'd it) on the clear renown,

My own ancestral heritage of fame.
And yet he bless'd me!-Father! if the dust
Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
Dim the bright day no more; and thou wilt know
That not thro' guilt thy son thus bow'd thine age with woe!

XXX.
And thou, my Leonor! that unrepining,
If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
When stars-the stars that earliest rise-are shining,
How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee!
For on our flight they smil'd;-their dewy rays,
Thro' the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze
Back to the home we never more might see;
So pass'd we on, like earth's first exiles, turning
Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning.

XXXI.
It was a woe to say-'Farewell, my Spain!
The sunny and the vintage land, farewell!'
-I could have died upon the battle plain
For thee, my country! but I might not dwell
In thy sweet vales, at peace.-The voice of song
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along;
The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell;
But what are these?-upon thy flowery sod
I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God!

XXXII.
O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep!
-Strange heart of man! that ev'n midst woe swells high,
When thro' the foam he sees his proud bark sweep,
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky!
Yes! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind;
His spirit rises with the rising wind;
For, wedded to the far futurity,
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain.

XXXIII.
Not thus is woman. Closely her still heart
Doth twine itself with ev'n each lifeless thing,
Which, long remember'd, seem'd to bear its part
In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
Where she hath loved, and given her children birth,
And heard their first sweet voices. There may Spring
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

XXXIV.

I look'd on Leonor, and if there seem'd
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise,
In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleam'd,
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
Misty with tender gloom; I call'd it nought
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought
Of her own vale, with all its melodies
And living light of streams. Her soul would rest
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gorgeous west!

XXXV.
Oh! could we live in visions! could we hold
Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,
That which we see not, and are therefore blest!
But they, our lov'd and loving, they to whom
We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours address'd,
Have been a language of familiar tone
Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

XXXVI.
I told my heart 'twas but the exile's woe
Which press'd on that sweet bosom;-I deceiv'd
My heart but half:-a whisper faint and low,
Haunting it ever, and at times believ'd,
Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem
Like those that dream, and know the while they dream,
Midst the soft falls of airy voices griev'd,
And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play,
By a dim sense that all will float and fade away!

XXXVII.
Yet, as if chasing joy, I woo'd the breeze,
To speed me onward with the wings of morn.
-Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,
Which were not made for man, what man hath borne,
Answering their moan with his!-what thou didst bear,
My lost and loveliest! while that secret care
Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,
Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast!

XXXVIII.
For unto thee, as thro' all change, reveal'd
Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise;
By the still hope sustain'd, ere long to win
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within,
My thoughts unfetter'd to their source might rise,
Like songs and scents of morn.-But thou didst look

Thro' all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.

XXXIX.
Fall'n, fall'n, I seem'd-yet, oh! not less belov'd,
Tho' from thy love was pluck'd the early pride,
And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
And sear'd with shame!-tho' each young flower had died,
There was the root,-strong, living, not the less
That all it yielded now was bitterness;
Yet still such love as quits not misery's side,
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,
Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic face.

XL.
Yes! thou hadst follow'd me thro' fear and flight;
Thou wouldst have follow'd had my pathway led
Even to the scaffold; had the flashing light
Of the rais'd axe made strong men shrink with dread,
Thou, midst the hush of thousands, wouldst have been
With thy clasp'd hands beside me kneeling seen,
And meekly bowing to the shame thy head-
-The shame!-oh! making beautiful to view
The might of human love-fair thing! so bravely true!

XLI.
There was thine agony-to love so well
Where fear made love life's chastener.-Heretofore
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee fell,
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar
Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak
Most of the skies when grief most touch'd thy cheek.
Now, that far brightness faded! never more
Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy heart,
Since at Heaven's gate it seem'd that thou and I must part.

XLII.
Alas! and life hath moments when a glance
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirr'd,)
A flush-a fading of the cheek perchance.
A word-less, less-the cadence of a word,
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,
Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with death!
-Even thus, what never from thy lip was heard
Broke on my soul.-I knew that in thy sight
I stood-howe'er belov'd-a recreant from the light!

XLIII.
Thy sad sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along,-
-Oh! the deep soul it breath'd!-the love, the woe,
The fervor, pour'd in that full gush of song,
As it went floating through the fiery glow
Of the rich sunset!-bringing thoughts of Spain,

With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
Which seem'd responsive in its murmuring flow.
-' Ave sanctissima! '-how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength away!

Ave, sanctissima!
'Tis night-fall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie
O'er the dim water spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
-Thine , too, hath bled!

Thou that hast look'd on death,
Aid us when death is near!
Whisper of Heaven to faith;
Sweet mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, mater, ora!
Thou star of the deep!

XLIV.
'Ora pro nobis, mater!' -What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying
On the flush'd waters!-seem'd they not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword?-Oh! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
'Ora!' -with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain-
-And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!

XLV.
Torture!-the sorrow of affection's eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce than many swords!-and this I bore
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the truth of Heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share:
-Alas! for those that love, and may not blend in prayer!

XLVI.
We could not pray together midst the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy!-We were on our way

Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
Had lur'd to leave their vines.-Oh! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky
Touch'd all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy?

XLVII.
Thoughts no more mingled!-Then came night-th' intense
Dark blue-the burning stars!-I saw thee shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross! as when thy radiant sign
First drew my gaze of youth.-No, not as then;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days, and now thy light divine
Look'd on mine anguish, while within me strove
The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

XLVIII.
But thou, the clear, the glorious! thou wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave!
-Alas! I watch'd her dark religious glance,
As it still sought thee through the Heaven's expanse,
Bright Cross!-and knew not that I watch'd what gave
But passing lustre-shrouded soon to be-
A soft light found no more-no more on earth or sea!

XLIX.
I knew not all-yet something of unrest
Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-wind! I said;
Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
Where through rich clouds of foliage o'er her head,
Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,
Like singing voices, and the green earth lie
Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread!
-But the calm bound us midst the glassy main;
Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.
L.
Yes! as if Heaven upon the waves were sleeping,
Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay,
All moveless through their blue transparence keeping,
The shadows of our sails, from day to day;
While she-oh! strongest is the strong heart's woe-
And yet I live! I feel the sunshine's glow-
And I am he that look'd, and saw decay
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' ador'd too much!
-It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

LI.
A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world!-She faded on-and I-

Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
My trusting soul that she could fade to die!
Yet, ere she parted, I had mark'd a change,
-But it breath'd hope-'twas beautiful, though strange:
Something of gladness in the melody
Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
Of airy thought-alas! too perilously bright!

LII.
And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
Of some all wondering and awakening child,
That first the glories of the earth surveys.
-How could it thus deceive me?-she had worn
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
A pensive tenderness through happiest days,
And a soft world of dreams had seem'd to lie
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

LIII.
And I could hope in that strange fire!-she died,
She died, with all its lustre on her mien!
-The day was melting from the waters wide,
And through its long bright hours her thoughts had been,
It seem'd, with restless and unwonted yearning,
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning
For her fond words were all of vintage-scene,
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath-
-Oh! with what vivid hues life comes back oft on death!

LIV.
And from her lips the mountain-songs of old,
In wild faint snatches, fitfully had sprung;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The 'Rio verde', on her soul that hung,
And thence flow'd forth.-But now the sun was low,
And watching by my side its last red glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she sung
Her own soft 'Ora, mater!' -and the sound
Was even like love's farewell-so mournfully profound.

LV.
The boy had dropp'd to slumber at our feet;-
-'And I have lull'd him to his smiling rest
Once more!' she said:-I rais'd him-it was sweet,
Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which bless'd
His look that hour;-for now her voice grew weak;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips a long, long kiss she press'd,
Yet light, to wake him not.-Then sank her head
Against my bursting heart.-What did I clasp?-the dead!

LVI.
I call'd-to call what answers not our cries-
By that we lov'd to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs
To see but some cold glistering ringlet stirr'd,
And in the quench'd eye's fixedness to gaze,
All vainly searching for the parted rays;
This is what waits us!-Dead!-with that chill word
To link our bosom-names!-For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust-nor tremble to adore!

LVII.
But the true parting came!-I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd,
Which there had left so tenderly its trace?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow-
No! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
Death, death!-She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths.-For earth's?-the wave
That gives the bier no flowers-makes moan above her grave!

LVIII.
On the mid-seas a knell!-for man was there,
Anguish and love-the mourner with his dead!
A long low-rolling knell-a voice of prayer-
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,-
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red;-
Were these things round me?-Such o'er memory sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

LIX.
Then the broad lonely sunrise!-and the plash
Into the sounding waves!-around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut-and all was still. And now thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor!
Once fairest of young brides!-and never more,
Lov'd as thou wert, may human tear be shed
Above thy rest!-No mark the proud seas keep,
To show where he that wept may pause again to weep.

LX.
So the depths took thee!-Oh! the sullen sense
Of desolation in that hour compress'd!
Dust going down, a speck, amidst th' immense
And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
The trace a weed might leave there!-Dust!-the thing
Which to the heart was as a living spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love possess'd,

Thus sinking!-Love, joy, fear, all crush'd to this-
And the wide Heaven so far-so fathomless th' abyss!

LXI.
Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie low,
What shall wake thence the dead?-Blest, blest are they
That earth to earth entrust; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd thee?
Vain dreams!-oh! art thou not where there is no more sea?

LXII.
The wind rose free and singing:-when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain;
Then rose the reckless wind!-Before our prow
The white foam flash'd-ay, joyously-and thou
Wert left with all the solitary main
Around thee-and thy beauty in my heart,
And thy meek sorrowing love-oh! where could that depart?

LXIII.
I will not speak of woe; I may not tell-
Friend tells not such to friend-the thoughts which rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
Thou, there most lonely!-He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, ev'n if blent
With a vain worship; for its close is dim
Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul back to Him!

LXIV.
And with a milder pang if now I bear
To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
If from my heart be lifted the despair,
The sharp remorse with healing influence press'd,
If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
Look not reproach, though still they seem to weep;
It is that He my sacrifice hath bless'd,
And fill'd my bosom, through its inmost cell,
With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.

LXV.
Yes! thou art now-Oh! wherefore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,
The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
The sand thy pillow-thou that wert so fair!

Come o'er me still?-Earth, earth!-it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthy mould!
But thou art breathing now in purer air,
I well believe, and freed from all of error,
Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life with terror.

LXVI.
And if the love which here was passing light
Went with what died not-Oh! that this we knew,
But this!-that through the silence of the night,
Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
We are yet aught of what we were to those
We call the dead!-their passionate adieu,
Was it but breath, to perish?-Holier trust
Be mine!-thy love is there, but purified from dust!

LXVII.
A thing all heavenly!-clear'd from that which hung
As a dim cloud between us, heart and mind!
Loos'd from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils flung
A chain, so darkly with its growth entwin'd.
This is my hope!-though when the sunset fades,
When forests rock the midnight on their shades,
When tones of wail are in the rising wind,
Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh;
For the strong hours will sway this frail mortality!

LXVIII.
We have been wanderers since those days of woe,
Thy boy and I!-As wild birds tend their young,
So have I tended him-my bounding roe!
The high Peruvian solitudes among;
And o'er the Andes-torrents borne his form,
Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd midst the storm.
-But there the war-notes of my country rung,
And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled
To hide in shades unpierc'd a mark'd and weary head.

LXIX.
But he went on in gladness-that fair child!
Save when at times his bright eye seem'd to dream,
And his young lips, which then no longer smil'd,
Ask'd of his mother!-that was but a gleam
Of Memory, fleeting fast; and then his play
Through the wide Llanos cheer'd again our way,
And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music borne.

LXX.
So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone,

Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,
Such as might reach us from a world unknown,
Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear!
'Twas sweet!-yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
On melancholy waves: I sigh'd to hear
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fann'd,
And turn'd to seek the wilds of the red hunter's land.

LXXI.
And we have won a bower of refuge now,
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
Hath cool'd, like dew, the fever of my brow,
And whose green oaks and cedars round me close,
As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude
Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude;
All, save the image and the thought of those
Before us gone; our lov'd of early years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

LXXII.
I see a star-eve's first-born!-in whose train
Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire;
The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

LXXIII.
And hark! another murmur on the air,
Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades!
-That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep the dead:
But they are far!-the low sun here pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,

LXXIV.
Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!-In such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home:-and I am here,
Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart-yet unbroken!

LXXV.
In such an hour are told the hermit's beads;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high!
Come to me, boy!-by Guadalquivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.
-We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard, my child!
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst the wild.

LXXVI.
At eve?-oh! through all hours!-From dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my lov'd one! on the breast of night:
I look forth on the stars-the shadowy sleep
Of forests-and the lake, whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
A lonely world!-even fearful to man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!-
Mournfully, reverently-the funeral chant
Breathe reverently! There is a dreamy sound,
A hollow murmur of the dying year,
In the deep woods. Let it be wild and sad!
A more Aeolian melancholy tone
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!
For that is passing from the darken'd land,
Which the green summer will not bring us back-
Though all her songs return. The funeral chant
Breathe reverently!-They bear the mighty forth,
The kingly ruler in the realms of mind-
They bear him through the household paths, the groves,
Where every tree had music of its own
To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love-
And he is silent!-Past the living stream
They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear-
And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
Which his own soul had mantled with a light
Richer than autumn's purple, now they move-
And he is silent!-he, whose flexile lips
Were but unseal'd, and lo! a thousand forms,
From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
In glowing life upsprang:-Vassal and chief,
Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,
Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there
To the seer's voice: phantoms of colour'd thought,
Surviving him who raised.-O eloquence!
O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead!
Who shall wake thee? lord of the buried past!
And art thou there-to those dim nations join'd,
Thy subject-host so long?-The wand is dropp'd
The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
Touch'd, and the genii came!-Sing reverently
The funeral chant!-The mighty is borne home-
And who shall be his mourners?-Youth and age,
For each hath felt his magic-love and grief,
For he hath communed with the heart of each:
Yes-the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for to him
Its mysteries have been tributary things,
And all its accents known:-from field or wave,
Never was conqueror on his battle bier,
By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,
And the proud drooping of the crested head,
More nobly follow'd home.-The last abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd:

A still majestic spot: girt solemnly
With all the imploring beauty of decay;
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet for him
With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
Over the honour'd grave!-the grave!-oh, say
Rather the shrine!-An alter for the love,
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths
Of years unborn-a place where leaf and flower,
By that which dies not of the sovereign dead,
Shall be made holy things-where every weed
Shall have its portion of the inspiring gift
From buried glory breathed. And now, what strain,
Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid-
The crown'd of men?
A lowly, lowly, song.
Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine!

A spirit on its way,
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From Thee was sent:
Now call'st Thou back Thine own-
Hence is that radiance flown-
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bow'd we saw,
Beneath Thy hand!
Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier,
Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!-the lord
Of each deep bosom chord,
To meet Thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On Thy bless'd mercy thrown,
O Infinite!

So, from his harvest home,
Must the tired peasant come;
So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul, reveal'd

To Thee, All Just!

The sword of many of a fight-
What then shall be its might?
The lofty lay,
That rush'd on eagle wing-
What shall its memory bring?
What hope, what stay?

O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down-
Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away-
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save.
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Grave Of A Poetess

I stood beside thy lowly grave;
Spring-odours breath'd around,
And music, in the river-wave,
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun,
In the bright air glanc'd by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Thro' the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy-bough
That fring'd the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad–but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have lov'd so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring,–
And thou wert pass'd away!

But then, ev'n then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What see'st thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st–but where thou art,

The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?–
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Graves Of A Household

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth,
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Home Of The Spirit

Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me: 'We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask that which cannot die.'

O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply:
'The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost.'

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer - Have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'd: 'We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die.'

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone;
Answer me, through life's restless din -
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'd: 'Be thou still;
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars
their
part fulfil;

Thine
is to trust in Heaven.'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Homes Of England

The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silv'ry brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flow'ry sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Hour Of Prayer

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave -
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the dark'ning sea-
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see-
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Illuminated City

THE hills all glow'd with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoic'd by night:
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
Banners were lifted and streaming free;
Every tall pillar was wreath'd with fire,
Like a shooting meteor was every spire;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I pass'd thro' the streets; there were throngs on throngsâ€"
Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs;
There was music forth from each palace borneâ€"
A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain?
Thousands lie dead on their battle plain!
Gallant and true were the hearts that fellâ€"
Grief in the homes they have left must dwell;
Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head:
Didst thou hear, midst the songs, not one tender moan,
For the many brave to their slumbers gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper thereâ€"
Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare!â€"
I heard not a wail midst the joyous crowdâ€"
The music of victory was all too loud!
Mighty it roll'd on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car;
Thro' torches and streamers its flood swept byâ€"
How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn then away from life's pageants, turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn!
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not wo.
But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true;
Nor fear to survey what its folds concealâ€"
So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Image In Lava

Thou thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony!

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrin'd,
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs
Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remain'd
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better then to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust!

Immortal, oh! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow

Hath given these ashes holiness
It must, it must be so!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Indian City

What deep wounds ever clos'd without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.

Childe Harold

I

ROYAL in splendour went down the day
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red as if fused in the burning sky,
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way thro' each long arcade,
Till the pillar'd vaults of the Banian stood,
Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood,
And the plantain glitter'd with leaves of gold,
As a tree midst the genii-gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirr'd;
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bramin bow'd in prayer.

There wandered a noble Moslem boy
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy;
He gazed where the stately city rose
Like a pageant of clouds in its red repose;
He turn'd where birds thro' the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume;
He track'd the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feather'd in tuft and brake,
Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrin'd
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down thro' its dark still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west
Spread out like a metal-mirror's breast,

But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
Seem'd made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild-wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye,
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave;
Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear–
Alas! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother look'd from her tent the while,
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile:
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had staid the march of her pilgrim train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset–she lov'd them all.

II

The moon rose clear in the splendour given
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven;
The boy from the high-arch'd woods came back–
Oh! what had he met in his lonely track?
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright?
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might?
No!–yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soil'd and torn,
And a gloom on the lids of his darken'd eye,
And a gash on his bosom–he came to die!
He look'd for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

'Speak to me!–whence doth the swift blood run?
What hath befall'n thee, my child, my son?'
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just linger'd to breathe the tale,
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
And wounds from the children of Brahma born:
This was the doom for a Moslem found
With a foot profane on their holy ground;
This was for sullying the pure waves, free
Unto them alone–'twas their God's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look–
The mother shriek'd not then, nor shook:

Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
Rending her mantle to staunch its flood;
But it rush'd like a river which none may stay,
Bearing a flower to the deep away.
That which our love to the earth would chain,
Fearfully striving with Heaven in vain,
That which fades from us, while yet we hold,
Clasp'd to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast;
One moment–the soul from the face had pass'd!

Are there no words for that common wo?
–Ask of the thousands, its depths that know!

The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast;
He had stood, when she sorrow'd, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee;
He had kiss'd from her cheek the widow's tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years;
He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring-day–
Now in his blood on the earth he lay,
Murder'd!–Alas! and we love so well
In a world where anguish like this can dwell!

She bow'd down mutely o'er her dead–
They that stood round her watch'd in dread;
They watch'd–she knew not they were by–
Her soul sat veil'd in its agony.
On the silent lip she press'd no kiss,
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this:
She shed no tear as her face bent low,
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow;

She look'd but into the half-shut eye,
With a gaze that found there no reply,
And shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might!

And what deep change, what work of power,
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour?
How rose the lonely one?–She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose!
And proudly flung from her face the veil,
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood.
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high,
With a close and rigid grasp she press'd
The blood-stain'd robe to her heaving breast,
And said–'Not yet–not yet I weep,

Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep,
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
Be piled for its victim's monument.
–Cover his dust! bear it on before!
It shall visit those temple-gates once more.'

And away in the train of the dead she turn'd,
The strength of her step was the heart that burn'd;
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smil'd,
As the mother pass'd with her slaughter'd child.

III

Hark! a wild sound of the desert's horn
Thro' the woods round the Indian city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar–
War! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war!
The Bramin look'd from the leaguer'd towers–
He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers;
And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade,
As the light of the lances along it play'd;
And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste swept by;
And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
Wide round the sheltering Banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart–
That was the place of a wounded heart.
–Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong;
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light!

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast;
There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doom'd its fall.

Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow;
But a deeper power on her forehead sate–
There sought the warrior his star of fate;
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hail'd as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught,

As a Sybil's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory!–the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless!–it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown;
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way–
She wither'd faster, from day to day.
All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing thro' darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died;
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone
Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.
She murmur'd a low sweet cradle song,
Strange midst the din of a warrior throng,
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek;

But something which breathed from that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again;
And starting as if from a dream, she cried–
'Give him proud burial at my side!
There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave.'

And the temples fell, tho' the spirit pass'd,
That stay'd not for victory's voice at last;
When the day was won for the martyr-dead,
For the broken heart, and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquish'd the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed;
Free swept the flame thro' the idol fanes,
And the streams flow'd red, as from warrior-veins,
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade,
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung–
This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Indian Lover. Morning Song.

O'ER flowery fields of waving maize,
The breeze of morning lightly plays;
Arise, my Zumia! let us rove,
The cool and fragrant citron grove!
Fair nature spreads her lavish bloom,
And bids her zephyrs waft perfume;
She breathes ambrosial odours rare;
With cassia-fragrance fills the air,
And calls thee forth her sweets to share,
My lovely maid!
We'll mark each aromatic flower,
Expanding to the radiant hour;
We'll seek the scented orange-bower,
Or tam'rind shade;

Now, ere the fervid hours of day,
Arise, my Zumia! haste away!
Hark! from yonder palmy grove,
Swells the choral song of love!
There, on every weeping spray,
Warblers tune the melting lay:
Morning's roseate hues are spreading
Balmy essence, flowers are shedding;
Nature smiles, in green array,
My Zumia rise! no more delay!

Now glitt'ring in the lucid rays,
The humming-bird his wing displays
Floats on the sun-beam and the gale,
From spicy wood, to myrtle-vale;
Flutters on light, ethereal plume,
In tints of orient beauty drest;
Steals honey from the glowing bloom,
And weaves the fairy-nest.

I'll climb each tall, aspiring tree,
To seek nectareous fruits for thee;
I'll cull the blossoms op'ning fair,
In blushing wreaths to bind thy hair:
For thee the streams in murmurs flow;
For thee the buds empurpling glow;
For thee the balmy zephyrs play;
Arise, my Zumia! haste away!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Isle Of Founts

Son of the stranger! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake
Along whose banks the west-winds play?
-Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain-Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent king,
'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,
-Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is pass'd,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers
Shall greet thee in the purple sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth?
-Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves!-they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst

That semblance in his soul shall wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams,
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parch'd with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest;
-Had they not seen th' untrodden shore,
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darken'd eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest-bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior-band,
The moons wan'd o'er them dim and slow-
-They left us for the spirit's land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase!
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain-Isle!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Kaiser's Feast

The Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?

The strings were hush'dâ€"the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them even to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood:
And 'Speak, my mother! speak!' he cried,
'Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?'

'Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!

Tho' grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit liesâ€"
Thy brother's children see!

'And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh, call these orphans thineâ€"
Thou hast no brother now!

'What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?

Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together there,
Thro' the old woods like fawns ye flewâ€"
Where is thy brotherâ€"where?

'Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be
As tho' they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

'And let them, let them there be pour'd!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restor'd,
Shall soften as they flow.

Oh! death is mighty to make peace;
Now bid his work be done!
So many an inward strife shall ceaseâ€"
Take, take these babes, my son!'

His eye was dimm'dâ€"the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Lady Of Provence

'Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gathered mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace.' ~ Donne.

The war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provencal shore;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
Of stern forms crouched in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career -
And haughty their stillness looked and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory.
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
Meekly, yet fervantly, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she prayed;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast,
That full of the savage war-horn passed,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part -
So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead -
Oh! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust that stirred below!

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
- 'Hast thou been on the field? - Art thou come from the host?'

- 'from the slaughter, lady! - All, all is lost!
Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe;
And thy lord,' his voice took a sadder sound-
'Thy lord - he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom.'
- A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed;
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance, as of sudden royalty:
The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:
- 'dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
Away! he is lying by lance and shield, -
Point me the path to his battle-field!'

The shadows of the forest
Are about the lady now;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
The branches that rock to the tempest strife
Are groaning like things of troubled life;
The wind from the battle seems rushing by
With a funeral-march through the gloomy sky
The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
But her fame in the daring of love is strong,
And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
When she reached the field of the warrior dead.
There lay the noble, the valiant, low -
Ay! but
one
word speaks of deeper woe;
There lay the
loved
- on each fallen head
Mothers' vain blessings and tears had shed;
Sisters were watching in many a home
For the fettered footstep, no more to come;
Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
And the fire was heaped, and the bright wine poured
For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;

Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,
Pale hands clasped above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill from the mountain's borne;
And her maidens trembled; - but on
her
ear
No meaning fell with those sounds of fear;
They had less of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen-bough.
She searched into many an unclosed eye,
That looked, without soul, to the starry sky;
She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest -
Not there, not there he lay!
'Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
Where the heart of the battle hath bled, - lead on!'
And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red;
Oh! swiftest
there
had the currents free
From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
And the scattered plumage streamed,
And the broken shields were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there! the leader amidst his band
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
He was there! but affection's glance alone
The darkly-changed in that hour had known;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,
And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
And the face - oh! speak not of that dead face!
As it lay to answer love's look no more,

Yet never so proudly loved before!

She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves to flow:
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turned to his follower - 'Your lord is there!
Look on him! know him by scarf and crest! -
Bear him away with his sires to rest!'

Another day, another night,
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done:
Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go;
With a hushed and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead;
Sheathed in armour of the field -
Only his wan face revealed,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend:
No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provencal chivalry;
But
one
free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave;
She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way;
In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns does the swift blood flush and fail;
The pride on the lip is lingering still,

But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill;
Anguish and triumph are met at strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young life;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice, as if death might hear.
'I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
The world thou leavest has no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth-
Faithful and tender! Oh! call me forth!
Give me my home on thy noble heart, -
Well have we loved, let us both depart!' -
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay;
The
living
cheek! - Oh! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like - a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one! - she might not stay
When the crown had fallen from her life away;
She might not linger - a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies,
From the long heart-withering early gone;
She hath lived - she hath loved - her task is done!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Lady Of The Castle

Thou see'st her pictured with her shining hair,
(Famed were those tresses in Provencal song,)
Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
Midst the rich curls; and, oh! how meekly loving
Its earnest looks are lifted to the face,
Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!

Yet that bright lady's eye methinks hath less
Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
Than might beseem a mother's; on her brow
Something too much there sits of native scorn,
And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
These may be dreams but how shall woman tell
Of woman's shame, and not with tears?–She fell!
That mother left that child! went hurrying by
Its cradle haply, not without a sigh,
Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
She hung but no! it could not thus have been,
For she went on! forsook her home, her hearth,
All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
To live a gaudy and dishonour'd thing,
Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife;
He reck'd no more of glory: grief and shame
Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name
Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
Crept year by year; the minstrel pass'd their walls;
The warder's horn hung mute: meantime the child
On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
Into sad youth; for well, too well, she knew
Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
Check'd on her lip the flow of song, which fain
Would there have linger'd; flush'd her cheek to pain
If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
Ev'n to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
And plaintive Oh! there lie such depths of wo
In a young blighted spirit! Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears;
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days,

And thus it was with her. A mournful sight
In one so fair for she indeed was fair
Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light,

Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek,
Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
Still that fond child's–and oh! the brow above,
So pale and pure! so form'd for holy love
To gaze upon in silence! But she felt
That love was not for her, tho' hearts would melt
Where'er she mov'd, and reverence mutely given
Went with her; and low prayers, that call'd on Heaven
To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn
With alms before her castle gate she stood,
Midst peasant-groups; when, breathless and o'erworn,
And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,

A stranger thro' them broke: the orphan maid
With her sweet voice, and proffer'd hand of aid,
Turn'd to give welcome; but a wild sad look
Met hers; a gaze that all her spirit shook;
And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
By some strong passion in its gushing mood,
Knelt at her feet, and bath'd them with such tears
As rain the hoarded agonies of years
From the heart's urn; and with her white lips press'd
The ground they trod; then, burying in her vest
Her brow's deep flush, sobb'd out 'Oh! undefiled!
I am thy mother spurn me not, my child!'

Isaure had pray'd for that lost mother; wept
O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept
In the hush'd midnight: stood with mournful gaze
Before yon picture's smile of other days,
But never breath'd in human ear the name
Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame.

What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
The dark remembrances, the alter'd guise,
Awhile o'erpower'd her? from the weeper's touch
She shrank 'twas but a moment yet too much
For that all humbled one; its mortal stroke
Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
At once in silence. Heavily and prone
She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold-stone,
Those long fair tresses they still brightly wore
Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more
Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd,
And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her call'd her 'twas too late
Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard,

How didst thou fall, O bright-hair'd Ermengarde!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England

"Look now abroad--another race has fill'd
Those populous borders--wide the wood recedes,
And town shoots up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."--BRYANT

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;--
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd--
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:--
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?--
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode.
They have left unstained, what there they found--

Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Laplander To His Rein-Deer

HOW long, oh, my faithful companion and guide!
Thou hast wafted o'er deserts my car!
How oft, oh, my rein-deer! thy speed has been tried,
O'er mountains unknown and afar!

But thy youth is departed, thy fire is no more,
And thy limbs all their vigor have lost;
For age steals upon thee, relentless and hoar,
And colder than winter his frost!

When friendship, or pleasure, invited away,
Thou hast borne me o'er valleys and plains;
Untir'd with the dangers, the toils of the day,
While the road was beguil'd by my strains!

When love gave the word, o'er the landscape of snow,
We flew like the wings of the wind!
In this ice-cover'd region, his sun-beam may glow,
To melt and to soften the mind!

But thy youth is departed, thy spirit and grace,
And thy limbs all their vigor have lost;
For age steals upon thee with lingering pace,
And colder than winter his frost.

How oft has the summer, in mantle of green,
Array'd the wild Tenglio's side;
Since thou, oh, my rein-deer! my servant hast been,
My faithful companion and guide!

When we journey'd together, and both in our prime,
How fleet were thy steps o'er the waste;
But fleeter than thee, oh, my rein-deer! is time,
More swift, more unsparing in haste!

For thy youth is departed, thy spirit is fled,
And thy limbs all their vigor have lost;
Now age steals upon thee, unwelcome and dread,
And colder than winter his frost!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Last Banquet Of Antony And Cleopatra

Thy foes had girt thee with their dead array,
O stately Alexandra! - yet the sound
Of mirth and music, at the close of day,
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics, far around
O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall,
In gay magnificence the feast was spread;
And, brightly streaming from the pictured wall,
A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed
O'er many a column, rich with precious dyes,
That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering radiance played
O'er sculptured forms, that round the pillared scene
Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed
In goldlike beauty, awfully serene.
Oh! how unlike the troubled guests reclined
Round that luxurious board! - in every face
Some shadow from the tempest of the mind
Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,
Though vainly masked in smiles which are not mirth,
But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose transient bloom
May still survive the wearers - and the rose
Perchance may scarce be withered when the tomb
Receives the mighty to its dark repose!
The day must dawn on battle, and may set
In death - but fill the mantling wine-cup high!
Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.
They who the empire of the world possessed,
Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for rest.

Its joys! oh, mark yon proud triumvir's mien,
And read their annals on that brow of care;
'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have been;
Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.
Trust not the glace that fain would yet inspire
The buoyant energies of days gone by;
There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
And all within is shame, is agony!
Away! the tear in bitterness may flow,
But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy brow
To that ascendant and undying name,
Pleads with stern loftiness that right e'en now.
Thy glory is departed, but hath left
A lingering light around thee - in decay
Not less than kingly, though of all bereft,
Thou seem'st as empire had not passed away

Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate,
A deep, prophetic dread of still mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress-queen! whose love hath made
His desolation - thou art by his side,
In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,
To meet the storm with still unconquered pride.
Imperial being! e'en though many a stain
Of error be upon thee, there is power
In thy commanding nature, which shall reign
O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour;
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
E'en now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a light
Inspiring and inspired - thy cheek a dye,
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
With the deep glow of feverish energy.
Proud siren of the Nile! thy glance is fraught
With an immortal fire - in every beam
It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream;
For though with death hast communed, to attain
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain.

And the stern courage by such musings lent,
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty throws
The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty woes;
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
Till scarce the soul, that once exulting soared,
Can deem the day-star of its glory set;
Scarce his charmed heart believes that power can be
In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes around,
Which marked that ruined leader, and survey
His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom profound
Strange triumph chases haughtily away.
'Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!' he cries;
'Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep!
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep,
While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,
And the red bowl again is crowned - but not for me.

'Yet weep not thus - the struggle is not o'er,
O victors of Philippi! many a field
Hath yielded palms to us; - one effort more,
By one stern conflict must our doom be sealed!
Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world

How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,
Though, from his eyrie of dominion hurled,
Now bursts the tempest on his crested head!
Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,
The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop - but die.'

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of night -
Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep;
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light
The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of sleep.
For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,
The battle signal to decide their doom,
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams -
Rest that shall soon be calmer in the tomb,
Dreams, dark and ominous, but
there
to cease,
When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake! Hark! heard ye not a sound
Of gathering tumult? - Near and nearer still
Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and shrill.
Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the tread
Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
Of pipe and lyre and trumpet, wild and dread,
Is heard upon the midnight air to float;
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
Mingle their thousand tones, which are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds - their thrilling strain
Hath more mysterious power, and birth more high;
And the deep horror chilling every vein
Owns them of stern, terrific augury.
Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass away,
O ye invisible and awful throng!
Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
To Caesar's camp exulting move along.
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! the sky
By that dread sign reveals thy doom - 'Despair and die!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Last Song of Sappho

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry-'Alone, alone !'

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease !
Oh ! let your secret caves be stirr'd,
And say, dark waters! will ye give me peace?

Away! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts-and will the wave reply ?

Sound on, thou dark, unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride !
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things!
-Was it for this the death-wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

-Let them lie silent at my feet !
Since broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine-
-With a lone heart, a weary frame-
O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, the unsought, unwatch'd-for-I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought-
Alone I come-oh ! give me peace, dark sea!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Last Wish

Go to the forest-shade,
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
Gleaming thro' moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,
And bath'd in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed,
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose;
For I in sooth depart,
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with theeâ€"
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours!
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches in glassy rest
The dim green light that pours thro' laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steep'd in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there ev'n now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whisp'ring sedge,
Bring me those flowers to cool my fever'd brow!

Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well know'st thou that fair treeâ€"
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering showerâ€"
For on that spot we first reveal'd our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low
Of the bower'd cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Thro' dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glowworm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair;
My hand no more may bind them up at eve,

Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer,â€“all that I must leave!

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet-vale to trace;
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell,
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain-side;
Thou must not, my belov'd!
Rove where we two have rov'd,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Lilies Of The Field

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky;
Then, in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste;
Yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, meek lilies! - chosen thus and graced.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Memorial Pillar

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales, pursued
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye, revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke rear'd,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour? ~ ROGERS.

Mother and child! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace;
Oh! ye have shrin'd a spell of power,
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Tho' long untroubledâ€"of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The one love changing not?
Alas! and haply learn'd its worth
First with the sound of 'Earth to earth?'

But thou, high-hearted daughter! thou,
O'er whose bright honour'd head,
Blessings and tears of holiest flow,
Ev'n here were fondly shed,â€"
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh! tho' painful be th' excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling, dwells;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poison'd the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew?
And allâ€"was all in this world o'er,
With ties thus close and true?
It was!â€"On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days

With memory lay at rest;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladd'ning, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and hill,
The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
As of a vision fled?
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!â€"I will not bow me so,
To thoughts that breathe despair!
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear.
Mother and child!â€"Your tears are pastâ€"
Surely your hearts have met at last.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Messenger-Bird

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the spirits' land!
Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there-and they weep no more!

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,
For there must the stream in its freshness burst,
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lur'd to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers' days,
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
Can those who have lov'd forget?
We call-and they answer not again-
-Do they love-do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share
His wanderings through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Mourner For The Barmecides

Fall'n was the House of Giafar; and its name,
The high romantic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift Tygris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so pass'd sentence: but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths which never yet
Th' oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceas'd;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii-tales
Had ceas'd; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there–the fountain's; thro' those eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice!–an aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate
On a white column's fragment; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
He told that sad yet stately solitude,
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
Like waters in the waste; and calling up,

By song or high recital of their deeds,
Bright solemn shadows of its vanish'd race
To people their own halls: with these alone,
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
Held still unbroken converse. He had been
Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now
The ivy of its ruins, unto which
His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,
And from that scene the loneliness was fled;
For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
Fear with deep feeling strives; till, as a breeze
Wanders thro' forest branches, and is met
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
The spirit of his passionate lament,
As thro' their stricken souls it pass'd, awoke
One echoing murmur.–But this might not be
Under a despot's rule, and, summon'd thence,
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne:
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,

And with his white lips rigidly compress'd;
Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak

Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
Was it to sue for grace?–His burning heart
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
And he was changed!–and thus, in rapid words,
Th' o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way.

'And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?–
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

'My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes that in your halls was nurs'd,
That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your sabres first;
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart:–
Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?

'It shall not be!–a thousand tongues, tho' human voice were still,
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;
The wind's free flight shall bear it on, as wandering seeds are sown,
And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

'For it is not as a flower whose scent with the dropping leaves expires,
And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;
It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,
It hath left upon our desert-sands a light in blessings pour'd.

'The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the wild ye gave,
Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave!
And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

'The very walls your bounty rear'd for the stranger's homeless head,
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!
Tho' the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,
And the serpent in your palaces lie coil'd amidst its young.

'It is enough! mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees,
I leave your name in lofty faith, to the skies and to the breeze!
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs, are there!'

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought–
Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought–
Of his youth's once-lov'd friends, the martyr'd race,
O'erflow'd his softening heart.–'Live! live!' he cried,
'Thou faithful unto death! live on, and still
Speak of thy lords; they were a princely band!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Nightingale

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely Nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest-glade.

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in Heaven! oh! thus when day
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Northern Spring

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes forth
Far o'er the mountains of the North,
How soon those wastes of dazzling snow
With life, and bloom, and beauty glow.

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,
Then break the streams from icy chains;
And the glad rein-deer seeks no more
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine-wood's boughs are seen
Arrayed in tints of living green;
And roses, in their brightest dyes,
By Lapland's founts and streams arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom
And the cold fetters of the tomb,
Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice
Call forth his servants to rejoice.

For He, whose word is truth, hath said,
His power to life shall wake the dead,
And summon those he loves, on high,
To 'put on immortality!'

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,
On wings of light, the soul shall soar,
Exulting, to that blest abode,
Where tears of sorrow never flowed.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Ocean

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

~ Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

HE that in venturous barks hath been
A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight
Hath met his wandering eye,
Beneath the streaming northern light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rushed along the shore
An army's chariot wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,
Or fixed upon the coast,
Like glittering citadel or fane,
'Mid the bright realms of frost;

Of coral rocks, from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with peril, daily grow,
Formed by an insect's power;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make th' expanse of ocean bright
As heaven, with many a star.

Oh God! thy name they well may praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown.

If glorious be that awful deep,
No human power can bind,
What then art Thou, who bidst it keep
Within its bounds confined!

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Palm-Tree

It wav'd not thro' an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exil'd Palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Thro' the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!â€"the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's Tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hoursâ€"
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers:
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colour flung,
And bright forms glanc'dâ€"a fairy showâ€"
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hairâ€"
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, mov'd his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fring'd the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,

The conch-note heard along the shore;â€“
All thro' his wakening bosom swept:
He clasp'd his country's Tree and wept!

Oh! scorn him not!â€“the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,â€“
These have one fountain deep and clearâ€“
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Parting Song

A youth went forth to exile, from a home
Such as to early thought gives images,
The longest treasur'd, and most oft recall'd,
And brightest kept, of love;-a mountain home,
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
And half unconscious prayer;-a Grecian home,
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left!-Yet many leave
Far more:-the glistening eye, that first from theirs
Call'd out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones.-He left not these.
-Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love!-A bitterer grief
Was his-To part unlov'd! -of her unlov'd,
That should have breath'd upon his heart, like Spring,
Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on his way
Unto the parting spot-and she too went,
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
The parting spot was reach'd:-a lone deep glen,
Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above,
The silence of the blue, still, upper Heaven
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
Their crowning snows.-Upon a reck he sprung,

The unbelov'd one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back; but then a light
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
A burst of passionate song.
'Farewell, farewell!

'I hear thee, O thou rushing stream!-thou 'rt from my native dell,
Thou 'rt bearing thence a mournful sound-a murmur of farewell!
And fare thee well-flow on, my stream!-flow on, thou bright and free!
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me;
But I have been a thing unlov'd, from childhood's loving years,
And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears;
The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known:
The woods can tell where he hath wept, that ever wept alone!

'I see thee once again, my home! thou 'rt there amidst thy vines,
And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,
The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves!
-The hour the mother loves!-for me belov'd it hath not been;
Yet ever in its purple smile, thou smil'st, a blessed scene!
Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come-
-Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home?

'Not as the dead!-no, not the dead!-We speak of them -we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep!
We hallow ev'n the lyre they touch'd, we love the lay they sung,
We pass with softer step the place they fill'd our band among!
But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!
I go!-the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
When mine is a forgotten voice.-Woods, mountains, home, farewell!

'And farewell, mother!-I have borne in lonely silence long,
But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong!
And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
And but the dark deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
Yes! I will speak!-within my breast whate'er hath seem'd to be,
There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gush'd for thee!
Brightly it would have gush'd, but thou, my mother! thou hast thrown
Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine own!

'Then fare thee well! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine!
Forgive me that thou couldst not love!-it may be, that a tone
Yet from my burning heart may pierce, through thine, when I am gone!
And thou perchance mayst weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smil'd,
And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child!
Might but my spirit then return, and 'midst its kindred dwell,
And quench its thirst with love's free tears!-'tis all a dream-farewell!'

'Farewell!'-the echo died with that deep word,
Yet died not so the late repentant pang
By the strain quicken'd in the mother's breast!
There had pass'd many changes o'er her brow,
And cheek, and eye; but into one bright flood
Of tears at last all melted; and she fell
On the glad bosom of her child, and cried
'Return, return, my son!'-the echo caught
A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
Murmuring-'Return, my son!'--

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Peasant Girl Of The Rhone

There is but one place in the world:
–Thither where he lies buried!

Anon

There, there is all that still remains of him,
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Coleridge's Wallenstein

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.

Childe Harold

THERE went a warrior's funeral thro' the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains pass'd; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly;–but of one,
Oh! who shall speak? What words his brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Thro' the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
Stretch'd by its broken lance. They reached the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trod the hollow ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shuddered thro' the pile,
Till crested heads at last, in silence bent
Round the De Coucis' antique monument,

When dust to dust was given:–and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broider'd folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine:
So the sad rite was clos'd. The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,
And the pale image of a youth, arrayed
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield.–Then all was done,
All still around the dead.–His name was heard

Perchance when wine-cups flow'd, and hearts were stirr'd
By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and press'd
On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceas'd
Mingled with theirs.–Ev'n thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side:
Alas! to think of this!–the heart's void place
Fill'd up so soon!–so like a summer-cloud,
All that we lov'd to pass and leave no trace!–
He lay forgotten in his early shroud.
Forgotten?–not of all!–the sunny smile
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
And the dark locks whose breezy waving threw
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying
Within that eagle-eye's jet radiance deep,
And all the music with that young voice dying,
Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
As at a hunter's bugle:–these things lived
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
The pomps of kindred sorrow.–Day by day,
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
Thro' the dim fane soft summer-odours breathing,
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,

And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
Thro' storied windows down. The violet there
Might speak of love–a secret love and lowly,
And the rose image all things fleet and fair,
And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
As for an altar, wove the radiant band?
Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells.
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
To blush through every season?–Blight and chill
Might touch the changing woods, but duly still.
For years, those gorgeous coronals renewed,
And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
Even thro' mid-winter, filled the solitude
With a strange smile, a glow of summer's realm.
–Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
In lone devotedness!

One spring-morn rose,
And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid–

Oh! not as midst the vineyards, to repose
From the fierce noon–a dark-hair'd peasant maid:
Who could reveal her story?–That still face
Had once been fair; for on the clear arch'd brow,
And the curv'd lip, there lingered yet such grace
As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low
The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye–
For death was on its lids–fell mournfully.
But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
Dimm'd, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
Whence came that early blight? Her kindred's place
Was not amidst the high De Couci race;
Yet there her shrine had been!–She grasp'd a wreath–
The tomb's last garland!–This was love in death.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Penitent's Return

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never marked before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnised it seems,
And still'd, and darkness in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd - where my sisters made
Our mother's bower, - I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! my father's place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those gray locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
E'en as if angel-steps had mark'd the sod,
I tremble where I move,-the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful! faithless hearted,
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The in-born gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodious estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By the dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,-
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on th' untainted air,
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass and rest thee there!

And must I turn away?
Hark, hark! it is my mother's voice I hear,

Sadder than once it seem'd, yet soft and clear -
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!-I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love - the deep, the mild,-
Mother, my mother! now receive thy child;
Take back the lost and found.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared-
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found -
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Queen Of Prussia's Tomb

In sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed. ~ Milman.

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress-branches thrown;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?
A sculptur'd woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm:
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle, yet majestic grace,
Throned on the matron brow;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought;
A kingly emblem–nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought:
She whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and wo.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue;–
She was a mother–in her love
How sorrowfully true!
Oh! hallow'd long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoil'd,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soil'd:
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turn'd o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumber'd; but it came–it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower!
Fast thro' the realm a spirit moved–
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that wrung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep;
Her grief, a bitter vial pour'd
To sanctify th' avenger's sword.

And the crown'd eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its chain–
So was the triumph won!
But wo for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's!–She was gone!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Rainbow

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

Genesis ix. 13.

SOFT falls the mild, reviving shower
From April's changeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, waiting but their balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed?
Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view
The Rainbow in the cloud.

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays,
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;?
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by th' Eternal chained,
No more o'er earth's domains shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fixed by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still;

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit will yield,
When autumn sun-beams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which yet

Smiles with each charm endowed,
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set
The Rainbow in the cloud!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Restoration Of The Works Of Art In Italy

LAND of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echo'd to immortal strains;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the great and brave
Daystars of life, a birth-place and a grave;
Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendour fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;
Though dimm'd thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!
Lost, lovely realm! once more 'tis thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the fountain's cave,
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry:
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove;
Oh ! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those works revered
Hallow'd by time, by absence more endear'd.

And breathe to Those the strain, whose warrior-might
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd in every fight;
Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.
Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind
Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind:
Whose banners track'd the vanquish'd Eagle's flight
O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's height;
Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay
Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;
Who, through each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
An Alpine huntsman chased the fear-struck foe;
Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
Rich Languedoc ! that fan thy glowing vales,
And 'midst those scenes renew'd the achievements high,
Bequeath'd to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seem'd hush'd, the conflict past,
One strife remain'd–the mightiest and the last!
Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour
Untamed Ambition summon'd all his power;
Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused, were there,

And the stern might of resolute Despair.
Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions stood,
Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood;
Sunbeam of battle! then thy spirit shone,
Glow'd in each breast, and sank with life alone.

Oh, hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom
Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb,
Ye, firm and faithful, in the ordeal tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;
Shrined, not entomb'd, ye rest in sacred earth,
Hallow'd by deeds of more than mortal worth.
What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust,
No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,
Yours, on the scene where valour's race was run,
A prouder sepulchre–the field ye won!
There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
Shall live a watchword blended with your fame;
And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown
That ask no urn to blazon their renown!
There shall the bard in future ages tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead;
Revere each tree whose sheltering branches wave
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave;
Pause o'er each warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
In every breeze some name to glory dear;
And as the shades of twilight close around,
With martial pageants people all the ground.
Thither unborn descendants of the slain
Shall throng as pilgrims to the holy fane,
While as they trace each spot, whose records tell
Where fought their fathers, and prevail'd, and fell,
Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,
Claiming proud kindred with the dust below!
And many an age shall see the brave repair,
To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia! may that field of fame,
From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.
Land of the lyre! 'twas there the avenging sword
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored;
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
And bid the stranger for awhile forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes, fair creations! to perfection wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending thought!
Forms of sublimity! by Genius traced
In tints that vindicate adoring taste;
Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne;

Models of art, to deathless fame consign'd,
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty of mind;
Yes, matchless works! your presence shall restore
One beam of splendour to your native shore,
And her sad scenes of lost renown illume,
As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

Oh! ne'er, in other climes, though many an eye
Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy;
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone;
Where 'midst the ruin'd shrines of many a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal blends!

Yes! in those scenes where every ancient stream
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme;
Where every marble deeds of fame records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords;
And the deep tones of inspiration swell
From each wild olive-wood, and Alpine dell;
Where heroes slumber on their battle plains,
Midst prostrate altars and deserted fanes,
And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot;
There was your home, and there your power imprest,
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing breast;
And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic sighs
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence! queen of Arno's lovely vale!
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled, in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd in ages fled.
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Reveal'd where Conquest's lawless track had been;
Reft of each form with brighter light imbued,
Lonely they frown'd, a desert solitude,
Florence ! the Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in. thy pomp again, and weep no more!

As one, who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,

With transport heighten'd by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light;
E'en thus, awakening from thy dream of woe,
While heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace
More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored,
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy! once more are thine
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine.
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky,
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendour from her deathlike trance;
Whose rallying call bade slumbering nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,
And snatch'd the Tuscan Iyre from long repose,
And bade its pealiing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around;
Oh! high in thought, magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control;
Cosmo, Lorenzo! view your reign once more,
The shrine where nations mmgle to adore!
Again the Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,
Shall hail the mighty of departed days:
Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind
Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined;
Still with ascendant power the wor]d to awe,
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw
To breathe some spell of holiness around,
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind!
Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind!
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
Oh! who can te]l what beams of heavenly light
Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
How many a glimpse, reveal'd to him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own;
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,

Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of Art;
From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand array'd,
From dreams of heaven, by Angelo portray'd;
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
Seal'd with perfection, 'sanctified by time';
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore,
Till his bold hand give glory's daydream birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice, exult ! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze!
What though long fled those years of martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name;
Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,
And the wild waves another Queen obey;
Though quench'd the spirit of thine ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace;
Yet still shall Art her splendours round thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,
And scenes that glow in colouring's richest bloom,
With life's warm flush Palladian halls illume.
From thy rich dome again the unrivall'd steed
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's thought
Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
No mortal birth ye seem–but form'd to bear
Heaven's car of triumph through the realms of air;
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields of space,
The winds your rivals in the glorious race;
Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet;
And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,
The flame that wakes creations into day.
Creatures of fire and ether ! wing'd with light,
To track the regions of the Infinite!
From purer elements whose life was drawn,
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn.

What years on years, in silence gliding by,
Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry!
Moulded by Art to dignify, alone,
Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
Since first her skill their fiery grace bestow'd,
Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
An echo's voice–the music of a dream,
Whose records feebly from oblivion save
A few bright traces of the wise and brave;
How many a state, whose pillar'd strength sublime,
Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
Fortress of power–has flourish'd and is gone!
And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,
Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won,
Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
Consummate still in every grace remain,
As o'er their heads had ages roll'd in vain!
Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight,
O'er countless monuments of earthly might!
While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,
'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her island-throne,
And called the infinitude of waves her own;
Venice, the proud, the Regent of the sea,
Welcomes in chains the trophies of the Free!:

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume umfurl'd,
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
Eternal city! round whose Curule throne,
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown;
Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time
Immortal records of their glorious prime;
When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
Swell'd the high raptures of heroic song;
Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head
From the cold altars of the illustrious dead,
And once again, with fond delight survey
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo! where thy sons, O Rome! a godlike train,
In imaged majesty return again!
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying names
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
Oh! with your images could fate restore,
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
Patriots and Heroes! could those flames return,
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardours burn
Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
Might a new Rome in phoenix grandeur burst!
With one bright glance dispel the horizon's gloom,
With one loud call wake empire from the tomb;
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread aegis with majestic frown,
Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide his flight,
To bathe his plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream! degraded Rome! thy noon is o'er,
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring gaze;
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,
More blest, ere darkness quench'd its beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
Oh! what can realms, in fame's full zenith, boast,
To match the relics of thy splendour lost!
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,
For there has Art survived an empire's doom,
And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb;
She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with lightning-stroke,
Rend its last honours from the shatter'd oak!
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
Once more thine own, the immortal Archer's form
Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm!
Oh! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the daystar! how may words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
Of regal dignity, and heavenly grace;

Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight;
Each bold idea, borrow'd from the sky,
To vest the embodied form of Deity;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined!
Son of Elysium! years and ages gone
Have bow'd, in speechless homage, at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck, e'en yet sublime,
Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time;
Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
From thee its fervours of diviner thought!
Where He, the inspired One, whose gigantic mind
Lived in some sphere, to him alone assign'd;
Who from the past, the future, and the unseen,
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien:
Unrivall'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair?
Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolized by taste?
Oh! worthy still of some divine abode,
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a God!
Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam
From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd, to dispense
From every part some ray of excellence!
E'en yet, inform'd with essence from on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!
Within that frame a purer being glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter current flows;
Fill'd with immortal life each muscle swells,
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest and the last
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past:
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,
Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
A hero's image to the world bequeathed;
Enshrined in thee the imperishable ray
Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by her sway.
And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers–who never shall return!

And mark yon group, transfixed with many a throe,
Seal'd with the image of eternal woe:
With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,
And the stern combat picture to mankind
Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict! though his pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense;
Though fix'd on him, his children's suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;
Though with the giant-snake in fruitless strife,
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,
And in each limb existence writhes, enroll'd
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold;
Yet the strong spirit lives–and not a cry
Shall own the might of Nature's agony!
That furrow'd brow unconquer'd soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death!

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!
With speechless horror to congeal the heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein,
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
On scenes where Painting all her skill displays:
Landscapes, by colouring dress'd in richer dyes,
More mellow'd sunshine, more unclouded skies,
Or dreams of bliss, to dying martyrs given,
Descending seraphs, robed in beams of heaven.

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
Its depths of shadow, and its blaze of light;
Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your own;
What scenes, what beings bless'd your favour'd sight
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontroll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splendour shed,
As burst on prophet-bards in ages fled:
Forms that to trace, no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair;

These, o'er the walls your magic skill array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of Heaven! what heighten'd pomp ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past!
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome;
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chasten'd warmth, and Beauty's mellowest glow,
And when the Morn's bright beams and mantling dyes,
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illume, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance falls
On angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That naught of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere, where beings, to mankind unknown
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone!

Hence, ye vain fictions! fancy's erring theme!
Gods of illusion! phantoms of a dream!
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art assign'd
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas flow'd
With purer fire her ardent spirit glow'd.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest shore;
That realm where first the light of life was sent,
The loved, the punish'd, of the Omnipotent!
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way;
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,
Chain'd in dead silence, and unbroken sleep;
Scenes, whose cleft rocks, and blasted deserts tell,
Where pass'd the Eternal, where His anger fell!
Where oft His voice the words of fate reveal'd,
Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the thunder peal'd,
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed 'still small' whispers on the midnight gale.
There dwelt her spirit–there her hand portray'd,
'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,
Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,
Or patriarch-seers absorb'd in sacred thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,

Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to save;
Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
And soul return'd to animate the dead;
Whom the waves own'd–and sunk beneath His eye,
Awed by one accent of Divinity;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.
O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh! mark where Raphael's pure and perfect line
Portrays that form ineffably divine!
Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head;
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
With all the fullness of beatitude,
And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight
Sinks overpower'd by that excess of light!

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart!
To bid the soul exultingly possess,
Of all her powers, a heighten'd consciousness;
And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray;
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories imaged here!
Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,
Faint effluence of 'the Day-spring from on high!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Revellers

Ring, joyous chords!-ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here-the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.
-But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath!
-Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!-but who art thou
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
-Thou hast lov'd, fair girl! thou hast lov'd too well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
Mourn on!-yet come thou not here the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for thee-
-Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!-ring out again!
-But what dost thou with the Revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou here find rest?
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of thy spirit is with the dead!
Thou art but more lone midst the sounds of mirth-
-Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!-ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
-But thou , though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee!-it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
I know thee!-thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou-there's a dark weight on thine-away!

-Back to thy home and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!-ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths!-we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On through the maze of the fleet dance, on!
-But where are the young and the lovely?-gone!
Where are the brows with the red rose crown'd,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet!
-They are gone-they are fled-they are parted all-
-Alas! the forsaken hall!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Rivers

GO! trace th' unnumbered streams, o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll in golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie;
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades they flow
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,
Through sunshine or through gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale,
All journey on–to die!

But if Thy guardian care, my God!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died, the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Rock Of Cader Idris

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence–a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw:
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veil'd by the mists of mortality's breath;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them–the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I felt their dim presence,–but knew not their forms !
I saw them–the mighty of ages departed–
The dead were around me that night on the hill:
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted,–
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies–but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power !
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;–
But O ! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won !

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Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Ruin And Its Flowers

Sweets of the wild! that breathe and bloom,
On this lone tow'r, this ivy'd wall;
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall;
Tho' doom'd, remote from careless eye,
To smile, to flourish, and to die,
In solitude sublime,
Oh! ever may the spring renew,
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe, enrich the air,
Tho' wasted on its wing unknown!
Blow, flow'rets! blow, tho' vainly fair,
Neglected and alone!

These tow'rs, that long withstood the blast,
These mossy tow'rs are mouldering fast,
While Flora's children stay;
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
To gild destruction with a smile,
And beautify decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultur'd blowing,
Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
From the dark ruins frowning near,
Your charms in brighter tints appear,
And richer blush assume;
You smile with softer beauty crown'd,
Whilst, all is desolate around,
Like sun-shine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile! majestic still,
Memento of departed fame!
While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
I ponder on thine ancient name!

Here grandeur, beauty, valour, sleep,
That here, so oft have shone supreme;
While glory, honor, fancy, weep,
That vanish'd is the golden dream!

Where are the banners, waving proud,
To kiss the summer-gale of ev'n?
All purple as the morning-cloud,
All streaming to the winds of heav'n!

Where is the harp, by rapture strung,
To melting song, or martial story?
Where are the lays the minstrel sung,
To loveliness, or glory?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
To thee no festal measure calls;
No music thro' the desert-halls,
Awakes thee to rejoice!

How still thy sleep! as death profound,
As if, within this lonely round,
A step-a note-a whisper'd sound,
Had ne'er arous'd thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,
Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing;
But ne'er again shall harp, or song,
These dark, deserted courts along,
Disturb thy calm repose;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead;
And never shall thy tones repeat,
Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,
With plaintive close!

Proud castle! tho' the days are flown,
When once thy tow'rs in glory shone;
When music thro' thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
Tho' 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,
Stern desolation rear his throne;
And silence, deep and awful, reign,
Where echoed once the choral strain;
Yet oft, dark ruin! ling'ring here,
The muse will hail thee with a tear;
Here, when the moon-light, quiv'ring, beams,
And thro' the fringing ivy streams,
And softens ev'ry shade sublime,
And mellows ev'ry tint of time,
Oh ! here shall contemplation love,
Unseen, and undisturb'd, to rove;
And bending o'er some mossy tomb,
Where valor sleeps, or beauties bloom,
Shall weep for glory's transient day,
And grandeur's evanescent ray!
And list'ning to the swelling blast,
Shall wake the spirit of the past,
Call up the forms of ages fled,
Of warriors and of minstrels dead;
Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,
With all ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring! refuse to breathe,
Soft odours on this desert-air;
Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
And fringe these tow'rs with garlands fair

Sweets of the wild, oh! ever bloom,
Unheeded on this ivy'd wall!
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall!

Thus, round Misfortune's holy head,
Would Pity wreaths of honor spread;
Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,
She seeks despair, with heart-reviving smile!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Shade Of Theseus - Ancient Greek Tradition

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprung?
-When the Persian charger's tread
On their cowering greensward rung!
When the trampling march of foes
Had crush'd our vines and flowers,
When jewell'd crests arose
Through the holy laurel-bowers,

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crown'd,
And arm'd for Greece that day;
But the falchions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest;
But the arrows drew no blood
Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done;
But it smote without a clash;
The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows-
'Twas the Shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge he bore;
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the foaming waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
As the Shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,

When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Sicilian Captive

The champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far,
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse-king's board;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd;
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chaunted in Runic rhyme,
Their songs of the Sword and the olden time,
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breath'd from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood:â€"in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies,
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half veil'd a depth of unfathom'd wo.

Stately she stoodâ€"tho' her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze;
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crown'd for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant landâ€"
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow;
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low;
But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong.

'They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land! of thee!
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea?

Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul?â€“in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky;
How should thy lyre give here its wealth of buried sweetness forth?
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north?
'Yet thus it shall be once, once more!â€“my spirit shall awake,
And thro' the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake!

That I may make thee known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips againâ€“yet once, my Sicily!

'There are blue heavensâ€“far hence, far hence! but oh! their glorious blue!
Its very night is beautiful, with the hyacinth's deep hue!
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage-hills, they hang their cloudless dome;
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joyâ€“that now is mine no more.

'And there are haunts in that green landâ€“oh! who may dream or tell,
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell!
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts, from the dewy moss beneath.

'And there are floating sounds that fill the skies thro' night and day,
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away!
They wander thro' the olive-woods, and o'er the shining seas,
They mingle with the orange-scents that load the sleepy breeze;
Lute, voice, and bird, are blending there;â€“it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

'I may not thus departâ€“farewell! yet no, my country! no!
Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and thro' thy woods again.
Its passion deepensâ€“it prevails!â€“I break my chainâ€“ I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blestâ€“in thy sweet air, my home!'

And her pale arms dropp'd the ringing lyre,
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire,
And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,â€“
A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone;
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Silver Locks

Tho' youth may boast the curls that flow,
In sunny waves of auburn glow;
As graceful on thy hoary head,
Has time the robe of honor spread,
And there, oh ! softly, softly shed,
His wreath of snow!

As frost-work on the trees display'd,
When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;
E'en so thy locks, of purest white,
Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
Youth's vernal rose decay'd!

To grace the nymph, whose tresses play
Light on the sportive breeze of May,
Let other bards the garland twine,
Where sweets of ev'ry hue combine;
Those locks rever'd, that silvery shine,
Invite my lay!

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,
Less white the winter's fringing rime;
Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
'A poet's blest, immortal theme',
Than thine, which wear the moonlight-beam,
Of rev'rend time!

Long may the graceful honors smile,
Like moss on some declining pile;
Oh! much rever'd! may filial care,
Around thee, duteous, long repair,
Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
Long, long, your much-lov'd beauty save!
May bliss your latest ev'ning crown,
Disarm life's winter of its frown,
And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down,
In gladness to the grave!

And, as the parting beams of day,
On mountain-snows reflected play;
And tints of roseate lustre shed;
Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
May joy, with ev'ning planet, shed
His mildest ray!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Sky-Lark

THE Sky-lark, when the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay,
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstacy.

Thus, my Creator! thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be
Most glad, when rising most to Thee!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Spanish Chapel

I made a mountain-brook my guide
Thro' a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered, on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosom'd grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below,
Check'd its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On thro' the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt;

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Thro' many a myrtle wound,
And there a sightâ€"how strangely sweet!
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep thro' sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?â€"oh! ne'er on childhood's eye,
And silken lashes press'd,
Did the warm living slumber lie,
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyedâ€"

'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Thro' roses heap'd beside.

I stoop'dâ€"the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so stillâ€"
The lovely child was dead!

'Alas!' I cried, 'fair faded thing!
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a wo, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years!'

But then a voice came sweet and lowâ€"
I turn'd, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

'Stranger! thou pitiest me,' she said,
With lips that faintly smil'd,
'As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

'But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to Heaven!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Spells Of Home

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
BERNARD BARTON.

BY the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;
By the household tree thro' which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer-sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind 'Good-night;'
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift! it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.

It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Stars

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work.

Psalm xix. 1.

NO cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, like a gem of heaven, afar!

Child of the earth! oh! lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence?
Seest thou not there th' Almighty name,
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!?can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze;
Each is a world by Him sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, shining not for earth alone,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, th' all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of woe;
But raising still th' adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art thou, oh! child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
?E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not!?the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace!?th' all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,

The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Statue Of The Dying Gladiator

COMMANDING pow'r! whose hand with plastic art
Bids the rude stone to grace and being start;
Swell to the waving line the polish'd form,
And only want Promethean fire to warm ;—
Sculpture, exult! thy triumph proudly see,
The Roman slave immortalized by thee!
No suppliant sighs, no terrors round him wait,
But vanquish'd valor soars above his fate!
In that fix'd eye still proud defiance low'rs,
In that stern look indignant grandeur tow'rs!
He sees e'en death, with javelin barb'd in pain,
A foe but worthy of sublime disdain!
Too firm, too lofty, for one parting tear,
A quiv'ring pulse, a struggle, or a fear!

Oh! fire of soul! by servitude disgrac'd,
Perverted courage! energy debas'd!
Lost Rome! thy slave, expiring in the dust,
Tow'rs far above Patrician rank, august!
While that proud rank, insatiate, could survey
Pageants that stain'd with blood each festal day!

Oh! had that arm, which grac'd thy deathful show,
With many a daring feat and nervous blow,
Wav'd the keen sword and rear'd the patriot-shield,
Firm in thy cause, on Glory's laureate field;
Then, like the marble form, from age to age,
His name had liv'd in history's brightest page;
While death had but secur'd the victor's crown,
And seal'd the suffrage of deserv'd renown!
That gen'rous pride, that spirit unsubdu'd,
That soul, with honor's high-wrought sense imbu'd,
Had shone, recorded in the song of fame,
A beam, as now, a blemish, on thy name!

Yet here, so well has art majestic wrought,
Sublimed expression, and ennobled thought;
A dying Hero we behold, alone,
And Mind's bright grandeur animates the stone!
'Tis not th' Arena's venal champion bleeds,
No! 'tis some warrior, fam'd for matchless deeds!
Admiring rapture kindles into flame,
Nature and art the palm divided claim!
Nature (exulting in her spirit's pow'r,
To rise victorious in the dreaded hour,)
Triumphs, that death and all his shadowy train,
Assail a mortal's constancy—in vain!
And Art, rejoicing in the work sublime,
Unhurt by all the sacrilege of time,
Smiles o'er the marble, her divine control
Moulded to symmetry, and fir'd with soul!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Storm

Mark vi. 47-51.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, 'Be still!'

And the wind ceased - it ceased - that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath His eye.

And silence settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send Thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil -
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, 'Peace, be still!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Stranger In Louisiana

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance,
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee!
But there came a voice from a distant shore:
He was call'd-he is found 'midst his tribe no more!
He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
But we look for him still-he will yet return!
-His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,
We rous'd him-we bade him no longer pine,
For we heard a step-but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the maid of the mournful song,
Mournful, though sweet-she hath left us long!
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him-she pass'd alone;
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
He hath none when we rest-yet she comes not back!
We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
For her breezy step-but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the chief who hath left the spear
And the bow of his battles forgotten here!
We look'd for the hunter, whose bride's lament
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent:
We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!
-Where are they?-thou 'rt seeking some distant coast-
Oh, ask of them, stranger!-send back the lost!
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step-but the step was thine!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Suliote Mother

She stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky,
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

'Dost thou see then, boy?-through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
-That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!'

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

'They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!'

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till ev'n the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

'Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?
-Still!-be thou still!-there are brave men low-
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou seem him now!'

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

'Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
-Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,
Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
He too hath bless'd thee, as I have done!
Aye, and unchain'd must his lov'd ones be-
-Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!'

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore,
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry-and all was o'er!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Sun

The sun comes forth; each mountain height
Glows with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers, that slumbered through the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold;
A flood of splendor bursts on high,
And ocean's breast reflects a sky
Of crimson and of gold.

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day!
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay,
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade; when earth and heaven
By fire and tempest shall be riven,
Thou, from thy sphere of radiance driven,
Oh Sun! must fall at last;
Another heaven, another earth,
Far other glory shall have birth,
When all we see is past.

But He, who gave the word of might,
'Let there be light' and there was light,
Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,
And beam, the world to bless;
For ever bright, for ever pure,
Alone unchanging shall endure,
The Sun of Righteousness!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Sunbeam

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea"
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on thro' their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains,"a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth,"and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot,"
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;"
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!"
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Switzer's Wife

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.
~ M.J.J.

Wer solch ein herz an seinen Busen dr?Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten.
~ Willholm Tell

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smil'd full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice thro' the vine-hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Ev'n as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustom'd joy in all which Evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him,?sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;?he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard; until at last the boy
Rais'd from his heap'd-up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face; but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Thro' tears half quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
'What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?

'It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh! cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care.'

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand.
'Speak low!' he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd thro' the solemn sky:

'We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

'The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best-beloved in sight:
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee?
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?'

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever thro' her home had mov'd
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and belov'd,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language:?'Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

'I know what thou wouldst do: And be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.

Trust me to Heaven, my husband!?this, thy son,
The babe whom I have born thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength?if aught be strong on earth.

'Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now, lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing thee subdued,?
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

'Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and thro' the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my belov'd!?Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me:?I can pray!'

He sprang up, like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair;?
And 'Worthy art thou,' was his joyous cry,
'That man for thee should gird himself to die.

'My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart:
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go?thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps:?Farewell!'

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Sword Of The Tomb : A Northern Legend

'Voice of the gifted elder time!
Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme!
Speak! from the shades and the depths disclose,
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes;
Voice of the buried past!

'Voice of the grave! 'tis the mighty hour,
When night with her stars and dreams hath power,
And my step hath been soundless on the snows,
And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
On the billow and the blast.'

Then the torrents of the North,
And the forest pines were still,
While a hollow chant came forth
From the dark sepulchral hill.

'There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead,
But where the day looks not the brave may tread;
There is heard no song, and no mead is pour'd,
But the warrior may come to the silent board
In the shadow of the night.

'There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom;
But soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!'

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rock'd to the wailing blast,
As on through the forest the warrior pass'd,-
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old,
The dark place of visions and legends, told
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rock'd, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound;
And it seem'd that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave warning, with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs
When night is on her throne.

The pines clos'd o'er him with deeper gloom,

As he took the path to the monarch's tomb;
The pole-star shone, and the heavens were bright
With the arrowy streams of the northern light,
But his road through dimness lay!

He pass'd, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stain'd with the victim's blood:
Nor paus'd, till the rock where a vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he cross'd at length, with a deep-drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And look'd on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleam'd from the urn of his warrior-sire,
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,
-'Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!'

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, reveal'd
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renown'd,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had call'd to the banquet where gods rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,
-'Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!'

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Call'd back, to daunt the brave.

But he rais'd his arm-and the flame grew dim,
And the sword in its light seem'd to wave and swim,

And his faltering hand could not grasp it well-
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it fell
Through the chamber of the dead!

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,
And the urn lay shiver'd in fragments round;
And a rush, as of tempests, quench'd the fire,
And the scatter'd dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment-and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceas'd to thrill
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just ting'd by the early sun,
When there stream'd through the cavern a torch's flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretch'd on his shield, like the steel-girt slain
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there,
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare
Burst on him through the gloom.

'The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near:
Come forth, come forth, with me!
What dost thou, Sigurd, here?'

'I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scatter'd the dust of my warrior-sire!
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart;
But the winds shall not wander without their part
To strew o'er the restless deep!

'In the mantle of death he was here with me now,-
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his brow;
And his cold still glance on my spirit fell
With an icy ray and a withering spell-
Oh! chill is the house of sleep!'

'The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear;
Come forth come forth, with me!
It is dark and fearful here!'

'He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown!
But gone from his head is the kingly crown,
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand,-

They have chas'd him far from the glorious land
Where the feast of the gods is spread!

'He must go forth alone on his phantom steed;
He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy speed;
His place is no longer at Odin's board,
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword!
But the slayer shall avenge the dead!'

That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest,
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb on Sigurd's breast!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Thunderstorm

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze, on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed, the waves at rest,
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting, on its shadowy breast,
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
Nor rose-tree in the bower;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'T is noon;–yet nature's calm profound
Seems as at midnight deep;
–But hark! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder bursts!–its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake;
And in terrific splendor bright,
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child!
Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions free,
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where He
Would not be with thee there!

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,
Alike th' Almighty reigns!

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast;–
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,
And be with Him at last?

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Treasures Of The Deep

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
-Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of, and in vain!
-Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!-what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!
-Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more!-thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
-Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
-Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!-those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'erthrown-
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
-Yet must thou hear a voice-restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
-Restore the dead, thou sea!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Troubadour And Richard Coeur De Lion

The Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.
O'er many a rugged mountain-scene
And forest wild his track hath been;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of chivalry;
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,
And wrung through the snowy Pyrenees;
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the brave;
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart!
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
By toil and trial vanquished not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with vine,
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine:
The feudal towers that crest its height
Frown in unconquerable might;
Dark is their aspect of sullen state -
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.

Not these the halls where a child of song
Awhile may speed the hours along;
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,
Or the wild huntsman's bugle-blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying past.
The weary minstrel paused - his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly:
Within the lengthening shadow, cast
By the fortress-towers and ramparts vast,
Lingering he gazed. The rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned;
Proud guardians of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountains stood -
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.
Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell;

But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark! that solemn stillness breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is waking.
Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry;
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone,
Hermon! thy echoes have learned its tone;
On the Great Plain its notes have rung,
The leagued Crusaders' tents among;
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
The palm in the field of Ascalon;
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

———

The Troubadour's Song
'Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,'
The Soldan cried to the captive knight,
'And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

'But be our faith by thy lips professed,
The faith of Mecca's shrine,
Cast down the red-cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine.'

'I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye;
I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood
And think'st thou I fear to die?

'I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
Have fallen for the name Divine;
And the faith that cheered
their
closing hours
Shall be the light of mine.'

'Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom?
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb.'

'I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
For a dying Saviour's brow;

He
spurned the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now!'

'Art thou the son of a noble line
In a land that is fair and blest?
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive! pine,
Again on its shores to rest?

'Thine own is the choice to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er
Forgotten in foreign earth.'

'Oh! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above!'

The bard hath paused - for another tone
Blends with the music of his own;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

'Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall
With sorrow deep and vain?'

'There are hearts that still, through all the past,
Unchanging have loved me well;
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast
When I bade my home farewell.

Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier
Than the apostate's living stain;
There's a land where those who loved when here,
Shall meet to love again.'

'Tis he! thy prince - long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host!
'Tis he! to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour! away, away!
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave;
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their Lion from the toil;
And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow;
The festal board shall be richly crowned,
While knights and chieftains revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
When merry England hails her king.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Vassal's Lament For The Fallen Tree

Yes! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water cast,
And it was not fell'd by the woodman's stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer-sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might!
And the startled deer to their coverts flew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew!

'Tis fall'n! but think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown;
An old man's tears lie far too deep,
To be pour'd for this alone!
But by that sign too well I know,
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright quick-flashing eye-
-Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set-
Oh! could my life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seem'd like sunshine when he rais'd
His joyous glance to mine!
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life-but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he-there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice-yet he must die!

I 've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
I must!-yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy!-how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seem'd like youth to see him young.

A flower in his father's land!

But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fall'n, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain!-I tell thee, some
Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird flitting calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go!-and he too, he-
-Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Voice Of Spring

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Widow Of Crescentius : Part I.

'Midst Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt, in days departed long,
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,
But o'er the wrecks of other years,
Temples and domes, which long have been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa twine;
The cypress, in funeral grace,
Usurps the vanished column's place;
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze
The wall-flower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide
They once adorned in sculptured pride;
And nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Hissus and of Nile,
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument?
Now Athens weeps her shattered fanes,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy plains;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian reared
From Tibur's vale have disappeared.
We need no prescient sibyl there
The doom of grandeur to declare;
Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time;
Each relic utters Fate's decree,
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tibur's vale,
Who now shall tell your lofty tale?
Who trace the high patrician's dome,
The bard's retreat, the hero's home?
When moss-clad wrecks alone record
There dwelt the world's departed lord,
In scenes where verdure's rich array
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
And sunshine on each glowing hill,
'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace - but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom,
Though vanished with the days of old
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
And the fair forms by sculpture wrought,
Each bodying some immortal thought,

Which o'er that temple of the dead,
Serene but solemn beauty shed,
Have found, like glory's self, a grave
In Time's abyss, or Tiber's wave:
Yet dreams more lofty and more fair
Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er,
High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
Expanding when all else declined,
In twilight years, when only they
Recalled the radiance passed away,
Have made that ancient pile their home,
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days
Again to kindle glory's rays,
Whose spirit sought a path of light,
For whose dim ages far too bright,-
Crescentius long maintained the strife
Which closed but with its martyr's life,
And left the imperial tomb a name,
A heritage of holier fame.

There closed De Brescia's mission high,
From thence the patriot came to die;
And thou, whose Roman soul the last
Spoke with the voice of ages past,
Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled
To mingle with the glorious dead,
That 'midst the world's degenerate race
They vainly sought a dwelling-place.
Within that house of death didst brood
O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.
Yet, worthy of a brighter lot,
Rienzi, be thy faults forgot!
For thou, when all around thee lay
Chained in the slumbers of decay -
So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
Had scarce a
tear
for liberty -
Alone, amidst the darkness there,
Couldst gaze on Rome - yet not despair!

'Tis morn, and Nature's richest dyes
Are floating o'er Italian skies;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Appennine;
The clouds have left Soracte's height,
And yellow Tiber winds in light,
Where tombs and fallen fanes have strewed
The wide Campagna's solitude.
'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace

Those relics of a vanished race;
Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time -
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where Nature still, though empires fall,
Holds her triumphant festival -
E'en Desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while;
And heaven's own light, earth's richest bloom,
Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower
Breathes the pure freshness of the hour;
She, whose rich flow of raven hair
Streams wildly on the morning air,
Heeds not how fair the scene below,
Robed in Italia's brightest glow.
Though throned 'midst Latium's classic plains
The Eternal City's towers and fanes,
And they, the Pleiades of earth,
The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,
Lie spread beneath: not now her glance
Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse;
Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown
On Adrian's massy tomb alone:
There, from the storm, when Freedom fled,
His faithful crew Crescentius led;
While she, his anxious bride, who now
Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,
Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,
Which then conflict shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
And Liberty shall weep no more.
At length Imperial Otho's voice
Bids her devoted sons rejoice;
And he, who battled to restore
The glories and the rights of yore,
Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,
Could burst the dead repose around,
Again his native Rome shall see,
The sceptred city of the free!
And youth Stephania waits the hour
When leaves her lord his fortress tower,
Her ardent heart with joy elate,
That seems beyond the reach of fate;
Her mien, like creature from above,
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
Lives all the soul of Italy;
A meaning lofty and inspired,
As by her native day-star fired;

Such wild and high expression, fraught
With glances of impassioned thought,
As fancy sheds, in visions bright,
O'er priestess of the God of Light;
And the dark locks that lend her face
A youthful and luxuriant grace,
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes
Seem from the fire within to rise,
But deepened by the burning heaven
To her own land of sunbeams given.
Italian art that fervid glow
Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
And with such ardent life express
Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness, -
Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
The shade of glory still recall.

But see! - the banner of the brave
O'er Adrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.
'Tis lowered - and now Stephania's eye
Can well the martial train descry,
Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.
Now from her watch-tower on the height,
With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,
She flies - and swift her way pursues,
Through the lone convent's avenues.
Dark cypress groves, and fields o'erspread,
With records of the conquering dead,
And paths which track a glowing waste,
She traverses in breathless haste;
And by the tombs where dust is shrined,
Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
Still passing on, hath reached the gate
Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,
Rush on the gathering multitude.

Is it their high-souled chief to greet,
That thus the Roman thousands meet?
With names that bid their thoughts ascend,
Crescentius, thine in song to blend;
And of triumphal days gone by
Recall the inspiring pageantry?
- There is an air of breathless dread,
An eager glance, a hurrying tread;
And now a fearful silence round,
And now a fitful murmuring sound,
'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem
Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.
Quick is each step, and wild each mien,
Portentous of some awful scene.

Bride of Crescentius! as the throng
Bore thee with whelming force along,
How did thine anxious heart beat high,
Till rose suspense to agony! -
Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,
And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct stands,
With fearless mien, but fettered hands?
The ministers of death are nigh,
Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;
And in his glance there lives a mind
Which was not formed for chains to bind,
But cast in such heroic mould
As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.
Crescentius! freedom's daring son,
Is this the guerdon thou hast won?
O worthy to have lived and died
In the bright days of Latium's pride!
Thus must the beam of glory close
O'er the seven hills again that rose,
When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,
The soul of Rome indignant woke?
Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone,
Sunk is the crowning city's throne:
The illusions, that around her cast
Their guardian spells, have long been past.
Thy life hath been a short-star's ray,
Shed o'er her midnight of decay;
Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine
Must rivet every chain - but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
Now fixed upon the deep-blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled,
Around in desolation spread -
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
Recording triumphs passed away;
Works of the mighty and the free,
Whose steps on earth no more shall be,
Though their bright course hath left a trace
Nor years nor sorrows can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene?
Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul?
No! - Heard he not that thrilling cry
Which told of bitterest agony?

He
heard it, and at once, subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.

Whence rose that voice of woe can tell;
And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath found -
One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes, in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.
Pale, breathless, through the crowd she flies,
The light of frenzy in her eyes:
But ere her arms can clasp the form,
Which life ere long must cease to warm -
Ere on his agonising breast
Her heart can heave, her head can rest -
Checked in her course by ruthless hands,
Mute, motionless, at once she stands;
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,
Frozen and fixed in horror's trance;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling dead,
And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no more:
But
hers
- so vainly formed to prove
The pure devotedness of love,
And draw from fond affection's eye
All thought sublime, all feeling high;
When consciousness again shall wake,
Hath now no refuge - but to break.
The spirit long inured to pain
May smile at fate in calm disdain;
Survive its darkest hour and rise
In more majestic energies.
But in the glow of vernal pride,
If each warm hope
at once
hath died,
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scattered - ne'er to reunite.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Widow Of Crescentius : Part II.

Hast thou a scene that is not spread
With records of thy glory fled?
A monument that doth not tell
The tale of liberty's farewell?
Italia! thou art but a grave
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
And nature gives her treasures birth
O'er all that hath been great on earth.
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled,
When thou wert freedom's favoured child:
Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's glow;
Oh, yet, though by thy sorrows bent,
In nature's pomp magnificent;
What marvel if, when all was lost,
Still on thy bright, enchanted coast,
Though many an omen warned him thence,
Lingered the lord of eloquence?
Still gazing on the lovely sky,
Whose radiance wooed him - but to die:
Like him,
who
would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?
Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,
Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?
Hath not thy pure and genial air
Balm for all sadness but despair?
No! there are pangs, whose deep-worn trace
Not all
thy
magic can efface!
Hearts by unkindness wrung may learn
The world and all its gifts to spurn:
Time may steal on with silent tread,
And dry the tear that mourns the dead,
May change fond love, subdue regret,
And teach e'en vengeance to forget:
But thou, Remorse! there is no charm,

Thy
sting, avenger, to disarm!
Vain are bright suns and laughing skies
To soothe thy victim's agonies:
The heart once made thy burning throne,
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscapes' rich array
The imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight

Rises when nature laughs in light,
Glides round him at the midnight hour,
Is present in his festal bower,
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.
Oh! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where through Gargano's woody dells,
O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there;
Around that dweller of the wild
There 'bright appearances' have smiled.
And angel-wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh, none but voices of the sky
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes made
An Eden of the lonely shade!
Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps
Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps:
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown,
And veiled his low sepulchral stone:
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;
And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
Aerial vesper-hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,
To soothe his soul with vows and prayers;
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed,
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,
She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search - his troubled breast

Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
The hopes that cheered it are no more.
Then sinks his soul, and day by day
Youth's buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.
Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
Extending its mysterious power
O'er every scene, o'er every hour
E'en thus
he
withers; and to him
He withers - in that glorious clime
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time;
And suns, that shed on all below
Their full and vivifying glow,
From him alone their power withhold,
And leaves his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair,

He
only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient smile
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,
When breathes his minstrel boy a strain
Of power to lull all earthly pain;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
The ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone!
Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell,
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge's harmony.
Oh! many a pang the heart hath proved
Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
Such deep impassioned eloquence! -
Yes! gaze on him, that minstrel boy -
He is no child of hope and joy!
Though few his years, yet have they been
Such as leave traces on the mien,
And o'er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of time.

Yet seems his spirit wild and proud,
By grief unsoftened and unbowed.

Oh! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And, rushing with an earthquake's power,
That makes a desert in an hour,
Rouse the dread passions in their course,
As tempests wake the billows' force!-
'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,
The stamp of woes like these to trace.
Oh! where can ruins awe mankind,
Dark as the ruins of the mind?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze
Too well a wandering soul betrays:
His full dark eye at times is bright
With strange and momentary light,
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow:
And oft his features and his air
A shade of troubled mystery wear,
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.
Whate'er that thought, still, unexpressed,
Dwells the sad secret in his breast;
The pride his haughty brow reveals,
All other passion well conceals -
He breathes each wounded feeling's tone
In music's eloquence alone;
His soul's deep voice is only poured
Through his full song and swelling chord.
He seeks no friend, but shuns the train
Of courtiers with a proud disdain;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.
Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains
Lie scattered o'er the silent plains;
Or, lingering 'midst each ruined shrine
That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful yet commanding mien,
Like the sad genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought appears
To commune with departed years.
Or, at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home;
When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls
The mighty to their ancient halls;
When hushed is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone

The majesty of ages flown, -
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred gloom;
And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,
At times will breathe so sad a lay,
So wild a grandeur in each tone,
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone!

Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido! for awhile forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,
And rouse the inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along! -
The feast is spread, the music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave and trophies shine
O'er stately guests in glittering line;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep
Rise like a spirit on his sleep -
The still small voice of conscience - die,
Lost in the din of revelry.
On his pale brow dejection lowers,
But that shall yield to festal hours;
A gloom is in his faded eye,
But that from music's power shall fly:
His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.
Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers high,
Strike the bold chord exultingly!
And pour upon the enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear!
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish all resembling woe;
And, if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart - but not the mien!

Away, vain dream! - on Otho's brow,
Still darker lower the shadows now;
Changed are his features, now o'erspread
With the cold paleness of the dead;
Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony!
His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves with convulsive pangs oppressed;
Now his dim eye seems fixed and glazed,
And now to heaven in anguish raised;
And as, with unavailing aid,

Around him throng his guests dismayed,
He sings - while scarce his struggling breast,
Hath power to falter - 'This is death!'

Then rushed that haughty child of song,
Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng:
Filled with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright;
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he cried : -
'Yes! these are death-pangs - on thy brow
Is set the seal of vengeance now!
Oh! well was mixed the deadly draught,
And long and deeply hast thou quaffed;
And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from me!
Yet, these are but a moment's throes,
Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.
Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath -

My
life hath been a lingering death;
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time!

'Deemest thou my mind of reason void?
It is not frenzied, - but destroyed!
Ay! view the wreck with shuddering thought,
That work of ruin thou hast wrought!
The secret of thy doom to tell,
My name alone suffices well!
Stephania! - once a hero's bride!
Otho! thou knowest the rest -
he died
.
Yes! trusting to a monarch's word,
The Roman fell, untried, unheard!
And thou, whose every pledge was vain,
How couldst
thou
trust in aught again?

'He died, and I was changed - my soul,
A lonely wanderer, spurned control.
From peace, and light, and glory hurled,
The outcast of a purer world,
I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed, fulfilled the vow -
The hand of death is on thee now.

Betrayer! in thy turn betrayed,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid!
Thine hour is come - the time hath been
My heart had shrunk from such a scene;

That
feeling long is past - my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

'Ye that around me shuddering stand,
Ye chiefs and princes of the land!
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom?
Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb!

He
sleeps unhonoured - yet be mine
To share his low, neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home.
His grave is that of glory - Rome!
Are not the great of old with her,
That city of the sepulchre?
Lead me to death! and let me share
The slumbers of the mighty there!'

The day departs - that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away:
From purple heavens its lingering beam
Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still
As if, unstained by crime or woe,
Its hours had passed in silent flow.
The day sets calmly - it hath been
Marked with a strange and awful scene.
One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,
Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.
Yes! on thy country's lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye!
A few short hours - and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle, and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep!
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread,
The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Wife Of Asdrubal

The sun sets brightly - but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendour from her domes aspire;
Swayed by the wind, they wave - while glares the sky
As when the desert's red simoom is nigh;
The sculptured altar and the pillared hall
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall;
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by its beams;
While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts in triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victors' tents with ivy crowned.
But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest height
What towering form bursts wildly on the sight,
All regal in magnificent attire,
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire?

She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour
Of dread communion and delirious power;
A being more than earthly, in whose eye
There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy.
The flames are gathering round - intensely bright,
Full on her features glares their meteor-light;
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair;
A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
Mightier than death, untameable by fate.
The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round;
Flushed in her cheek, inspired her haughty mien,
She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.
Are those
her
infants, that with suppliant cry
Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh,
Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,
And fain would rush for shelter to her breast?
Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,
And passion, awfully vindictive, reign?

Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands
Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,
Alone to share her children's martyrdom;
Who, when his country perished, fled the strife,
And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
'Live, traitor, live!' she cries, 'since dear to thee,
E'en in thy fetters, can existence be!
Scorned and dishonoured live! - with blasted name,
The Romans triumph not to grace, but shame.

O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
Still may the manes of thy children rise
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes;
Still may their voices on the haunted air
In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume,
Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
E'en now my sons shall die - and thou, their sire,
In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
Think'st thou I love them not? - 'Twas thine to fly -
'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.
Behold their fate! - the arms that cannot save
Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave.'

Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams;
With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast
Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest;
Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Wild Huntsman

Thy rest was deep at the slumberer's hour
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn, from the mountain-tower,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
Through the dark unquiet sky!

The stag sprung up from his mossy bed
When he caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crash'd to his antler'd head
As he flew from the viewless hounds;
And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,
Away through the rushing night!

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert-place,
As the cloud and tempest onward roll'd
With the din of the trampling race;
And the glens were fill'd with the laugh and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord;
And the Minnesinger's thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stay'd,
And the hermit dropp'd his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-shade,
At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
And the church-bells peal'd to the rocking blast
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd.

The storm hath swept with the chase away,
There is stillness in the sky,
But the mother looks on her son to-day,
With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves ere long
Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,
For the Huntsman hath gone by!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Wounded Eagle

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou that wear'st the wings of mourn.

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride pf place has won,
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air:
Hast thou left that realm on high?
-Oh, it can be but to die!
Eagle! Eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee,
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er thee cast:
From thy heart the blood flows fast,
Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such their destiny?

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The Wrath Of Loyalty

OCTOBER! tho' thy rugged brow,
No vivid wreaths entwine;
Tho' not for thee the zephyr blow,
Tho' not for thee the blossom glow,
Or skies unclouded shine:

Tho' o'er thy dark and russet vest
No rainbow-colors play;
Tho' dim thine eye, tho' cold thy breast,
Yet be thou honor'd, be thou blest,
E'en more than youthful May!

No vernal suns illume thy day,
Fair star of joy! then brighter beam!
No forest-notes attend thy way,
Then strike the lyre, then make the lay,
To one inspiring theme!

Thy steps may blight the roseate plain,
Thy winds may chill the vale;
Yet, blooming 'midst thy shadowy train,
One radiant morn adorns thy reign;
Hail! dark October! hail!

Thine is the day, to Britons dear,
That bids fair Albion dry the tear;
With myrtles wreath her victor-spear,
And ev'ry grief disown.
Oh! let a people's voice prolong,
Proud Loyalty's triumphal song;
And faith, and truth, and valor, throng
Around Britannia's throne!

That still their monarch's heart may feel
How sweet affections grateful zeal
Still kindle with the patriot flame,
And 'glory in a Briton's name!'
O name! by deeds emblazon'd high,
O name! exalted to the sky,
O name! ennobled by the free!
Thou sacred sovereign! worthy thee!

Then wake, fairest Albion! awake to rejoice,
To the Pæan of rapture attuning thy voice,
And suspending thy war-song awhile!
Thou hast mourn'd for the great, thou hast wept o'er the brave,
Thou hast bent in despair o'er the Patriot's grave;
But now from thy bosom repressing the sigh,
Dispelling the tear from thy sun-darting eye,
Let ecstacy dawn in thy smile!

Yet the storm is around thee, the hurricane roars;

But Freedom and Loyalty dwell on thy shores,
Defending a Monarch ador'd!

They are true, they are dauntless, their bosoms are mail;
In vain may Ambition their fortress assail;
And bright is their streamer that plays on the breeze
And crimsons the wave, as it floats o'er the seas,
And keen is their fire-flashing sword!
Thy oak shall be firm till the tempest is past;
Majestic it rises, disdaining the blast,
It is proud, independent, supreme!
The nations around thee are cheerless in night,
And hope has extinguished her quivering light!
But the sun-beam of heaven on thy bosom shall rest,
And the planet of freedom be bright in the west,
Where its ray shall eternally stream!

Thou art like the fair vales, with exuberance crown'd,
Embosom'd in Appenines, cheerless around,
Where dwells Desolation alone!
Thou art like the proud laurel, still blooming and green,
When verdure and life have deserted the scene:

Thou art like a tall column, unmoulder'd by time,
That rises 'midst ruins, imperial, sublime,
So firm is thy rock-pillar'd throne!

Yet the storm is around thee, the hurricane roars;
But valor and loyalty dwell on thy shores,
And long may the guardians remain!
Firm, ardent, intrepid, oh! long may they stand,
The sabre of justice and truth in their hand:
Then the fire-flag of rapine may blaze thro' the air,
The torch of invasion, a comet, may glare,
And the war-tempest threaten—in vain!

O Monarch of Albion! ador'd by the free!
O temple of Liberty! queen of the sea!
What Briton but worships your name?
And where is the spirit that burns not with pride,
For a country to freedom, to glory allied?
And who would not kindle, exulting in death,
And triumph, and glow, in resigning his breath,
For a King, for a land, so exalted in fame?

Yes! ye bands of noble fire,
Dauntless on the plain!
Ye, who firm, in danger try'd,
Thought on England ere ye died,
Mingling blood with Tajo's tide;
Ye, whose memory shall inspire,
Many a bard and many a lyre,

Songs of Spain.

Heroes of Corunna's field!
Ye, who perish'd there,
Be your names for ever dear!
Yes! tho' dew'd with many a tear,
Yet triumphal was your bier!
Who like you the sword could wield?
Deathless trophies grace your shield,
Bright and fair!

Ye, who purchas'd, ere ye fell,
Talavera's crown!

Sainted spirits of the brave,
Lo! immortal o'er your grave,
Glory's amaranth shall wave!
Who your gallant deeds may tell?
Who may ring your thrilling knell?
High renown!

Faithful friends, who mourn sincere,
Where the brave repose;
Cold and low the mighty sleep.
Yes! ye well may sadly weep,
Well desponding vigils keep!
Yet shall kindling pride be near,
Yet shall triumph gild the tear
Love bestows!

By the patriot's holy flame,
Of transcendent rays;
Lyre! by thy sublimest chord,
Freedom! by thy shrine ador'd,
Honor! by thy radiant sword,

O'er the heroes lofty name,
Shall the noon-tide sun of fame
Deathless blaze!

Then let thy tear, O Albion! Shed
Its dew-balm o'er the valiant dead,
(A tear so sad, and yet so proud!)
But let the smile thine eye illume,
But let thy cheek the smile resume,
As the bright rainbow's vivid bloom
Streams o'er the parting cloud!

And form, thy sovereign's brow to shade,
A diadem that shall not fade,
A wreath, of glow eternal!
And there the British oak may shine,

And there let Mercy's palm entwine,
And Science there her bays combine,
That ever shall be vernal!

And come! ye forms of towering mien,
In graceful dignity serene;
Ye fearless guardians of the state,
Superior to the storms of fate!
And round the British throne attending,
Its arms, its fame, its cause defending;
There, firm in faith, united stand,
Invincible, immortal band!
Thou, Freedom! with the lightning-eye,
Be there! unfurl thy flag on high,
And all thy mounting soul impart!
And bid thy living flame expand,
Warm, bright, ethereal, o'er the land.—
Rise, Freedom! rise, with all thy fires,
When Britain's throne thine aid requires
Come! in thy proud, refulgent car,
Whose beam is Albion's guiding star;

And wave that sabre, dazzling bright,
Pure, hallow'd, spotless, as the light;
Whose ray for us a sun-beam glows,
Whose flash is lightning on our foes!
Be near, majestic maid! be near,
Hope in thine eye and justice on thy spear!

And thou, Fidelity! thou angel-form,
True in the combat, stedfast in the storm;
Whose truth shall beam, celestial, constant, pure,
And 'midst the fiery ordeal, smile secure;
Thou! with a cincture of Asbestos wove,
Thou queen of friendship, and thou guide of love!
Seraph, be there! impart thy sacred aid,
Be there! Britannia's glowing soul pervade!
Unite each heart by thy unchanging laws,
Firm, loyal, bold, in one transcendent cause!

Valor! thou, whose burning soul,
Kindles, mounts, beyond control;

Thou! whose ardor death defies;
Rushing to th' immortal prize;
Monarch of the conquering spear,
Dauntless on thy proud career;
Stern defiance on thy crest,
Melting mercy in thy breast;
Thou! with arms emblazon'd fair,
King of Danger!—be thou there!
Bid thy votaries round thee throng,

Wake thy boldest martial song!
Sing in proud, triumphant lay,
Agincourt's victorious day!
Sing the chief of Acre's fame,
Sing of Maida's brilliant name!
Sing Vimeira's high renown,
Talavera's recent crown!
Be thou there! With kindling eye,
Peril, toil, and foes defy;
Raise thy beamy falchion high,
Wave thy banner to the sky!

Sound thy clarion thro' the air,
Bid thy ardent sons be there!
Be their watch-word in the fight,
'Brunswick and Albion! Liberty and Right!!!'

With thee be Fortitude, whose awful mien,
Tow'rs in the blast, collected and serene!
Queen of the cliff! thy look sublimely braves
Fate's wint'ry blast, affliction's mountain-waves;
Thy lofty heart, secure in ten-fold mail,
Misfortune's arrows may in vain assail!
'Tis thine unchang'd, to meet, with proud disdain,
The spectre-forms of danger and of pain!
In glory's track undaunted to proceed,
To smile and suffer—to exult—and bleed!
Derive new spirit from the tempest rude,
And rise august—exalted—unsubdu'd!
And thou, fair Loyalty! be still enshrin'dIn every manly heart, each-patriot-mind:

Lo! in Religion's fane I see thee bend,
I hear thy prayer on fervor's wing ascend!
(While the warm tear-drop glitters on thy cheek,
While faith and hope thy melting eyes bespeak.)
'Sovereign of kings! whose high decree
Controls the storm, subdues the sea!
Who giv'st thy scourge Ambition, pow'r
To spread dismay, his destin'd hour;
To win his blood-stain'd, regal prize,
To reign, to ravage, to chastise;
Look down! on him in mercy smile,
The Monarch of the favor'd Isle!
Undimm'd, unclouded by regret,
May his mild star in glory set!
And peace and joy, with softest ray,
Illume his calm declining day!
Oh! long extend his hallow'd reign,
Oh! long his throne august, maintain!

And when, a mourner o'er his bier,
Sad Albion pours the filial tear;

Around may guardian-seraphs wait,
And waft him to a happier state;
Conduct him to a brighter throne,
A realm of peace, a fairer crown;
Enrich'd with many a spotless gem,
Virtue's illustrious diadem!'

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Thekla's Song; Or, The Voice Of A Spirit

Ask'st thou my home?-my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd?
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?
Had I not liv'd and lov'd?-my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze what witch'd thee in its tone?
-But while she lov'd, she liv'd, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?
-Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound,
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest,
If as our love thy love is pure and true!
There dwells my father, sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust
Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy then.

There shall each feeling beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;
-Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

There is an hour, a pensive hour

THERE is an hour, a pensive hour;
(And oh! how dear its soothing pow'r!)
It is, when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
When all is silence and repose;
Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn,
For days—that never shall return!

There is a strain, a plaintive strain,
The source of joy and yet of pain;
It is the song, whose dying measure,
Some friend belov'd has heard with pleasure;
Some friend—who ne'er again may hear,
The melting lay, to memory dear;
Ah! then, her magic spells restore,
Visions of blissful days no more!

There is a tear of sweet relief,
A tear—of rapture and of grief;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow!
It is when memory charms the mind,
With tender images refin'd;
'Tis when her balmy spells restore,
Departed friends, and joys no more!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Thoughts During Sickness

O THOUGHT! O Memory! gems for ever heaping
High in the illumined chambers of the mind,
And thou, divine Imagination! keeping
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts enshrined;
How in one moment rent and disentwined,
At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,
Your glorious combinations!-broken all,
As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
Scatter'd to whirling dust!-Oh, soon uncrown'd!
Well may your parting swift, your strange return,
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern
How by meek Faith Heaven's portals must be pass'd
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To A Butterfly Resting Upon A Skull

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which cannot die,
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky?
What lures thee thus to stay,
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of dull mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there
Have gather'd up their treasures and are gone:
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are flown?
Rise, nursling of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way;
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?
Far hence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous, 'midst the woods to dwell.
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn;
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To A Departed Spirit

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world unreached by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life and death?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
Answer me, answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine - the soul thtat shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze -
Didst thou bear with thee to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze!
Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice - its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze: - oh, from that music flown,
Send back
one
sound, if love's be quenchless life,
But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep,
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep -
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair; -
Speak! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet;
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent: - and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight - silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth! - Hear, pity, speak, mine own!
Answer me, answer me!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To A Younger Child

A Similar Occasion, 17 September, 1825.

Where sucks the bee now? Summer is flying;
Leaves on the grass-plot faded are lying;
Violets are gone from the grassy dell,
With the cowslip-cups, where the fairies dwell;
The rose from the garden hath passed away?
Yet happy, fair boy! is thy natal day.
For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay?
Happy and bright is thy natal day.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To My Eldest Brother, With The British Army In Portugal

HOW many a day, in various hues array'd,
Bright with gay sun-shine, or eclips'd with shade;
How many an hour, on silent wing is past,
O my lov'd brother! since we saw thee last!
Since then has childhood ripen'd into youth,
And Fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth;
Her splendid fabricks melting into air,
As sage Experience wav'd the wand of care!
Yet still thine absence wakes the tender sigh,
And the tear trembles in Affection's eye!
When shall me meet again? with glowing ray
Heart-soothing Hope illumes some future day;
Checks the sad thought, beguiles the starting tear,
And sings benignly still—that day is near!
She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice,
Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice;
Tells, that the hour approaches, to restore
Our cherish'd wanderer to his home once more;
Where sacred ties his manly worth endear,
To faith still true, affection still sincere!
Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot,
In that blest meeting shall be all forgot!
And Joy's full radiance gild that sun-bright hour,
Tho' all around th' impending storm should low'r!
Now distant far, amidst th' intrepid host,
Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast;
(That gallant band, in countless danger try'd,
Where Glory's pole-star beams their constant guide
Say, do thy thoughts, my brother! fondly stray
To Cambria's vales and mountains far away?
Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams roam,
And paint the greeting that awaits at home?

Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,
Dear social scenes, departed joys renew;
In softer tints delighting to retrace,
Each tender image and each well-known face?
Yes! wanderer, yes! thy spirit flies to those,
Whose love unalter'd, warm and faithful glows!

Oh! could that love, thro' life's eventful hours,
Illume thy scenes and strew thy path with flow'rs!
Perennial joy should harmonize thy breast,
No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest!
But tho' our tenderness can but bestow,
The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe;
Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,
In storms, in sun-shine, far and near—the same!
Still dwell enthron'd within th' unvarying heart,
And firm, and vital—but with life depart!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To My Mother

IF e'er for human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart has learn'd to know
The gen'rous wish or pray'r;
Who sow'd the germ, with tender hand?
Who mark'd its infant-leaves expand?
My mother's fost'ring care.

And if one flow'r of charms refin'd
May grace the garden of my mind;
'Twas she who nurs'd it there:
She lov'd to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil;
To banish ev'ry weed and thorn,
That oft oppos'd her toil!

And, oh! if e'er I've sigh'd to claim
The palm, the living palm of fame,
The glowing wreath of praise;
If e'er I've wish'd the glitt'ring stores,
That fortune on her fav'rite pours;
'Twas but, that wealth and fame, if mine,
Round thee, with streaming rays might shine,
And gild thy sun-bright days!

Yet not that splendor, pomp, and pow'r,
Might then irradiate ev'ry hour;
For these, my mother! well I know,
On thee no raptures could bestow;
But could thy bounty, warm and kind,
Be, like thy wishes, unconfin'd;
And fall, as manna from the skies,
And bid a train of blessings rise,
Diffusing joy and peace;
The tear-drop, grateful, pure and bright,
For thee would beam with softer light,

Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;
And joys of heav'n would thrill thy heart,
To bid one bosom-grief depart,
One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, oh! may heav'n, that loves to bless,
Bestow the pow'r to cheer distress;
Make thee its minister below,
To light the cloudy path of woe;
To visit the deserted cell,
Where indigence is doom'd to dwell;
To raise, when drooping to the earth,
The blossoms of neglected worth;
And round, with lib'ral hand dispense,

The sunshine of beneficence!

But, ah! if fate should still deny
Delights like these, too rich and high;

If grief and pain thy steps assail,
In life's remote and wintry vale;
Then, as the wild Eolian lyre,
Complains with soft, entrancing number,
When the loud storm awakes the wire,
And bids enchantment cease to slumber;
So filial love, with soothing voice,
E'en then, shall teach thee to rejoice;
E'en then, shall sweeter, milder sound,
When sorrow's tempest raves around;
While dark misfortune's gales destroy,
The frail, mimosa-buds of hope and joy!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To My Younger Brother, On His Return From Spain, After The Fatal Retreat Under Sir John Moore, And The Battle Of Corunna.

THO' dark are the prospects and heavy the hours,
Tho' life is a desert, and cheerless the way;
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flow'rs,
Whose fragrance shall never decay!

And, lo! to embrace thee, my brother! she flies,
With artless delight, that no words can bespeak;
With a sun-beam of transport illuming her eyes,
With a smile and a glow on her cheek!

From the trophies of war, from the spear and the shield,
From scenes of destruction, from perils unblest;
Oh! welcome again to the grove and the field,
To the vale of retirement and rest!

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre and the voice,
Oh! gay be the measure and sportive the strain;
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,
To meet thee, my brother! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory crown'd;
How often would fancy present to my view,
The horrors that waited thee round!

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my pray'r,
That Heav'n would protect thee from danger and harm;
That angels of mercy would shield thee with care,
In the heat of the combat's alarm!

How sad and how often descended the tear,
(Ah! long shall remembrance the image retain!)
How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear,
I might never behold thee again!

But the pray'r was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,
And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on the rose;
Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd thee the more,
And my bosom with tenderness glows!

And, oh! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth,
Bright and transient, have fled, like the rainbow, away;
My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,
Shall never, oh! never, decay!

No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
Whate'er be the lot I am destin'd to share;
It will smile in the sun-shine of hope and of joy,
And beam thro' the cloud of despair!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To One Of The Author's Children

On His Birthday, 27 August, 1825.

THOU wak'st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye;?
Long be it thus?life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet ere the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs!

So in the onward vale of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil years?
He will remember thee.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To Resignation

MAID of the placid smile and heav'nly mien,
With beaming eye, tho' tearful yet serene;
Teach me, like thee, in sorrow's ling'ring hour,
To bless devotion's all-consoling pow'r;
Teach me, like thee, when storms around me rise,
And spreading glooms obscure the azure skies,
On one unclouded light to fix my view,
For ever brilliant and for ever true;
The star of faith! whose mild, celestial ray,
With steady lustre shall direct my way:
Thy seraph-hand shall raise my drooping head;
Angel of peace! thy wings around me spread;
With hallow'd spells my fainting spirit cheer,
Hush the sad murmur, dry the starting tear.

Thus when the halcyon broods upon the tides,
The winds are lull'd, the mountain-wave subsides;
Soft rainbow-hues, reflected, tinge the deep,
And balmy zephyrs on its bosom sleep—
Maid of the placid smile! my troubled soul,
Would own thy gentle reign, thy mild control;
Though the pale cypress twine thy sainted brow,
Eternal palms for thee, in heav'n shall blow.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To The Eye

THRONE of expression! whence the spirit's ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme,
And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,
Finds its own language to pervade the heart;
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath not felt,
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt!
And by some spell of undefined control,
With magnet-influence touch the secret soul!

Light of the features! in the morn of youth
Thy glance is nature, and thy language truth;
And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,
Hath taught e'en thee to flatter and betray,
The ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
Or speak one thought that interest would conceal;
While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror, given
But to reflect the purity of heaven;
O! then how lovely, there unveil'd, to trace
The unsullied brightness of each mental grace!

When Genius lends thee all his living light,
Where the full beams of intellect unite;
When love illumes thee with his varying ray,
Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play;
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,
Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews;
Still does thy power, whose all-commanding spell
Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
Bid some new feeling to existence start,
From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And O! when thought, in ecstacy sublime,
That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,
Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,
The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days,
(As glorious dreams, for utterance far too high,
Flash through the mist of dim mortality
Who does not own, that through thy lightning-beams
A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams?
That pure, though captive effluence of the sky,
The vestal-ray, the spark that cannot die!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To The Head-Ach

THOU tyrant of the ling'ring hour!
Ah, why with me delight to rest?
Hence far away, tormenting pow'r
Unwelcome guest!

With thee, sad visitant! I prove
The long, the melancholy day;
Ah! foe to peace! from me remove,
Thy dreaded sway.

Oft when I'd court ideal themes,
'Tis then thy leaden wings o'erspread
That seat of wild, fantastic dreams,
My weary head.

And when in Fancy's fiery car,
With her and with the muse I'd fly;
To realms beyond the morning-star,
The earth and sky;

Not long in these illusions blest,
Through fairy-palaces I roam;
Thy wand recals, unwelcome guest!
My visions home.

Ah, foe to peace! When thou art nigh,
Farewell the dew-balm of repose;
Then slumber's fled—the languid eye
Forgets to close.

I ne'er my midnight vigils keep,
To ponder by the taper's light;
Nor waste in downy arms of sleep,
The morning bright.

'Tis mine to rove the hill, the dale,
To wander through embow'ring trees;
The soul of freshness to inhale,
The mountain-breeze.

Then, tyrant of the ling'ring hour,
Ah! why with me delight to rest?
Hence far away, tormenting pow'r,
Unwelcome guest!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To The Memory Of Heber

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius call'd too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day;
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, oh, Thou of many gifts! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?
Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd
Of heaven they were, and thither have return'd.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Thro' shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep! for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, tho' for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd!
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death, hast bow'd;
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power endow'd,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image on the heart bestow'd,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead,
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

ST. ASAPH, Sept. 1826.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To The New-Born

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes and fears!
A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled smiles and tears.
Thy father greets thee unto life, with a full and chasten'd heart,
For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all precious as thou art!

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon thy mother's breast,
Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy rosy rest;
And how her soul with love, and prayer, and gladness, will o'erflow,
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd eyes, thou dear one, well I know!

A blessing on thy gentle head! and bless'd thou art in truth,
For a home where God is felt, awaits thy childhood and thy youth:
Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as light and air,
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs now folded there.

Smile on thy mother! while she feels that unto her is given,
In that young day-spring glance the pledge of a soul to rear for heaven!
Smile! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy o'er thy wakening shed!
Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy! upon thy head.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

To Wordsworth

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices;â€“by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast, in sunny garden-bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hush'd the woods, with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, link'd with household words.
While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move,
And the rais'd eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy!â€“thou art ev'n as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie:
Unseen awhile they sleepâ€“till, touch'd by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wanderer free.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Ulla, Or The Adjuration

'Thou'rt gone!–thou'rt slumb'ring low,
With the sounding seas above thee;
It is but a restless wo,
But a haunting dream to love thee!
Thrice the glad swan has sung,
To greet the spring-time hours,
Since thine oar at parting flung
The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round thy home;
Come to me from the ocean's dead!–thou'rt surely of them–come!'

'Twas Ulla's voice–alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling height.

'I know thou hast thy bed
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound thee;
The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hush'd around thee.
What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt lying?
Come to me thence, and say
If thou thought'st on me in dying?

I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek–
Come to me from the ocean's dead!–thou'rt surely of them–speak!'

She listen'd–'twas the wind's low moan,
'Twas the ripple of the wave,
'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone,
As it started from its cave.

'I know each fearful spell
Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose mutter'd words compel
The tempest to obey.
But I adjure not thee
By magic sign or song,
My voice shall stir the sea
By love,–the deep, the strong!

By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead!–by the vows we pledg'd–arise!'

Again she gazed with an eager glance,
Wandering and wildly bright;–
She saw but the sparkling waters dance
To the arrowy northern light.

'By the slow and struggling death

Of hope that loath'd to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart;
By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight,

By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief and fear,
Come to me from the ocean's dead–awake, arise, appear!'

Was it her yearning spirit's dream,
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hush'd wave glide and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful eyes?

'Have the depths heard?–they have!
My voice prevails–thou'rt there,
Dim from thy watery grave,
Oh! thou that wert so fair!
Yet take me to thy rest!
There dwells no fear with love;
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above!

Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones have their home,
We will sleep among the ocean's dead–stay for me, stay!–I come!'

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main,
And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's wo,
Shut,–and grew still again.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Valkyriur Song

The Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he look'd from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light;
For the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day,
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there wav'd not the smoke of one cabin-hearth
'Midst the quiet of the sky;
And along the twilight bay
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were nigh!

The Sea-king look'd o'er the brooding wave:
He turn'd to the dusky shore,
And there seem'd, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light,
Mov'd phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they mov'd to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seem'd each on a tall pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The choosers of the slain!
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore across the moaning seas
To his ear their thrilling strain:

'There are songs in Odin's Hall,
For the brave, ere night to fall!
Doth the great sun hide his ray?-
He must bring a wrathful day!
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?-
Swords must do the work of death!
Regner!-sea-king!-thee we call!
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

'At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remember'd long!
By the green isles of the flood

Thou hast left thy track in blood!
On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of thee!
'Tis enough-the war-gods call-
There is mead in Odin's Hall!

'Regner! tell thy fair-hair'd bride
She must slumber at thy side!
Tell the brother of thy breast
Ev'n for him thy grave hath rest!
Tell the raven-steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall-
There is room in Odin's Hall!

'Lo! the mighty sun looks forth-
Arm! thou leader of the north!
Lo! the mists of twilight fly-
We must vanish, thou must die!
By the sword and by the spear,
By the hand that knows not fear,
Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!-
There is joy in Odin's Hall!'

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
With the mists of morning fled.
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand,
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

War And Peace—A Poem

THOU, bright Futurity! whose prospect beams,
In dawning radiance on our day-light dreams;
Whose lambent meteors and ethereal forms
Gild the dark clouds, and glitter thro' the storms;
On thy broad canvas fancy loves to trace,
Her brilliant Iris, drest in vivid grace;
Paints fair creations in celestial dyes,
Tints of the morn and blushes of the skies;
And bids her scenes perfection's robe assume,
The mingling flush of light, and life, and bloom.
Thou bright Futurity! whose morning-star
Still beams unveil'd, unclouded, from afar;
Whose lovely vista smiling Hope surveys,
Thro' the dim twilight of the silvery haze;

Oh! let the muse expand her wing on high,
Thy shadowy realms, thy worlds unknown descry;
Let her clear eye-beam, flashing lucid light,
Chase from thy forms th' involving shades of night;
Pierce the dark clouds that veil thy noontide rays,
And soar, exulting, in meridian blaze!
In bliss, in grief, thy radiant scenes bestow,
The zest of rapture, or the balm of woe!
For, as the sun-flower to her idol turns,
Glows in his noon, and kindles as he burns;
Expands her bosom to th' exalting fire,
Lives but to gaze, and gazes to admire;
E'en so to thee, the mind incessant flies,
From thy pure source the fount of joy supplies;
And steals from thee the sunny light that throws
A brighter blush on pleasure's living rose!
To thee pale sorrow turns her eye of tears,
Lifts the dim curtain of unmeasur'd years;
And hails thy promis'd land, th' Elysian shore,
Where weeping virtue shall bewail no more!

Now, while the sounds of martial wrath assail,
While the red banner floats upon the gale;
While dark destruction, with his legion-bands,
Waves the bright sabre o'er devoted lands;
While war's dread comet flashes thro' the air,
And fainting nations tremble at the glare;
To thee, Futurity! from scenes like these,
Pale fancy turns, for heav'n-imparted ease;
Turns to behold, in thy unclouded skies,
The orb of peace in bright perspective rise;
And pour around, with joy-diffusing ray,
Life, light, and glory, in a flood of day!

Thou, whose lov'd presence and benignant smile
Has beam'd effulgence on this favour'd isle;
Thou! the fair seraph, in immortal state,

Thron'd on the rainbow, heaven's emblazon'd gate;
Thou! whose mild whispers in the summer-breeze
Control the storm, and undulate the seas;

Spirit of mercy! oh! return, to bring
Palm in thy wreath, and 'healing on thy wing!'
Compose each passion to th' eternal will,
Say to the hurricane of war,— 'Be still!'
'Vengeance, expire! thy reign, ambition, cease!
Beam, light of heaven! triumphant star of peace!'

Is this the muse's wild, illusive dream,
An airy picture, an ideal theme?
Shall death still ride victorious o'er the slain,
And his 'pale charges' desolate the plain?
Ne'er shall revenge her vulture-pinion fold,
Close her dark eye, her lightning-arm withhold?'

Still must oppression cause th' eternal strife,
And breathe dire mildew o'er the blooms of life?
Must war still ravage with his car of fire,
And victim myriads in the blaze expire?

Supernal Pow'r! on suffering earth look down,
Tyrannic might shall perish in thy frown!

Oh! deign to speed that blest, appointed time,
When peace and faith shall smile on ev'ry clime!
But first in clouds, the dark, eventful day
Of wrath, avenging wrath! must roll away!
Thy sword, oh, Justice! o'er the world must wave,
Ere mercy dawn, to triumph and to save!

Shades of the prophet-bards! majestic train,
Who seiz'd the harp from Inspiration's fane,
And, fir'd, and guided by divine control,
Woke ev'ry chord to rapture and to soul!
Shades of the prophet-bards! in days of old,
Whose gifted hands the leaf of fate unroll'd;
Whose prescient eyes, undimm'd by age or tears,
Explor'd the avenue of distant years;
Did those blest eyes th' enchanted scene survey,
Of smiling concord's universal sway?
And did your hearts with joy exulting burn,
To see her Paradise on earth return?

Yes! hallow'd seers! to you the bliss was given,
To read, unveil'd, the dread decrees of heaven!
You saw th' oppressor's might in judgment hurl'd,
A storm of vengeance on the guilty world!
Beheld his throne revers'd, his empire past,
And peace and joy descend, serene, at last!

So when impetuous winds forget to rave,
And sun-set radiance trembles o'er the wave;
Sweet Eve, advancing o'er the summer-deep,
Charms every billow, ev'ry breeze, to sleep!

Dawn, age of bliss! but e'er thy morn shall rise,
And waft a train of cherubs from the skies;
The foes of man, who mark their deathful way,
With tears of blood, and earthquakes of dismay;
These, these must fall, a desolating band,
Fall by the darts in Retribution's hand;
And tyrants vanquish'd, humbled in the dust,
Kneel at her shrine, and own the sentence just!

Then wave, oh, Albion! wave thy sword again,
Call thy brave champions to the battle-plain!
Rise, might of nations! ardent to oppose
The rushing torrent of unpitying foes!
Soon shall they own that freedom's cause inspires,
Undaunted spirit and resistless fires!
Rise! all combin'd, 'in arms, in heart, the same,'
The arms of honor and the heart of flame!
Nor check th' avenging sword, the patriot-spear;
Till stern Ambition falls, in mid career!
Then let the falchion sleep, the combat cease,
The sun of conquest light the path of peace!
Let the green laurel with the palm entwine,
And rear on trophies bright, her firm, eternal shrine!

Dawn, age of bliss! the wounds of discord close,
Furl the red standard, bid the sword repose!
Then o'er the globe let worshipp'd freedom smile,
Bright as in Albion's truth-illumin'd isle!
Her Grecian temple rear on every shore,
Where every knee shall bend and heart adore!

Queen of the valiant arm, the warrior-breast,
Light of the ocean! day-star of the west!
Oh! Albion! Liberty's immortal fane,
Empress of isles! palladium of the main!
Tho' thy loud thunders thro' the world resound,
Tho' thy red lightnings flash victorious round;
Tho' nations own, in many a distant clime,
Thy arm triumphant, as thy name sublime;
Rock of the waves! tho' proud, from zone to zone,
Extend the pillars of thy naval throne;
Around thy coast tho' wild destruction roars,
Yet calm and fertile smile thy favor'd shores;
In emerald verdure blooms thy sunny plain,
And the dark war-blast rolls without—in vain!
Tho' flames of valor, kindling in thine eye,

Brave every storm, and every foe defy;
Yet soft, beneath its milder beam, serene,
Luxuriance blossoms o'er the glowing scene;
Fair laugh thy vales! no deathful sounds assail,
Mirth warbles free, and music swells the gale;

While firm in might, thy victor-arm extends,
Death to thy foes, and succour to thy friends!

Thus potent Prospero's creative spell
Bade the wild surge in mountain-fury swell;
Call'd up the spirits of the raging deep,
Arous'd the whirlwind, o'er the waves to sweep;
But on th' enchanted isle, his fair domain,
Rais'd the bright vision of the sylphid train;
And bade soft notes, and fairy-warbled airs,
Melt o'er the sense, and lull corroding cares!

Yet, Queen of Isles! tho' peace, with angel-form,
Smile on thy cliffs, regardless of the storm;
Favor'd of heaven! e'en thou, tho' distant far,
Hast wept the horrors of relentless war;
E'en thou hast mourn'd o'er many a hero's bier,
Grac'd with thy laurels, hallow'd with thy tear!
For those whose arms, whose blood preserv'd thee free,
(Who would not bleed, O peerless isle! for thee?)

For those who, falling on their subject-wave,
Made the dark billow glory's proudest grave;
How oft has anguish taught thy tears to flow,
Thy sighs, despondence, and thine accents, woe!

Yes! thou hast mourn'd the brave, illustrious dead,
Martyrs for thee, by faith and valor led!
When he, the warrior of the patriot-glow,
Whose ebbing life-blood stain'd Canadian snow;
When thy own Wolfe, by all thy spirit fir'd,
Triumphant fought, exulted, and expir'd;
Gave to thy fame the last, the lingering breath,
The joy in agony, the smile in death,
How swell'd thy heart with blended feeling's tide,
How sorrow paled the kindling cheek of pride!
And the bright garland, purchas'd by his doom,
Seem'd half despoil'd, and withering in its bloom!

Yes! when thy Nelson, matchless in the fight,
Bade nations own thee of resistless might;

And pouring on their heads destruction's flame,
Clos'd in its dreadful blaze a life of fame;
When the red star of conquest and of pow'r
Beam'd in full zenith on his parting hour;

Dispers'd the shadows of surrounding gloom,
And shed meridian lustre—on his tomb;
Then the sad tears which mourn'd thy gallant son,
Dimm'd the fair trophies by his prowess won;
Then patriot-sighs and consecrated grief,
Embalm'd the memory of th' undaunted chief;
Pale, weeping victory tore her laurel-crown,
And tun'd to sorrow's dirge the clarion of renown!

And thou, firm leader of th' intrepid host,
Which brav'd each peril on Iberia's coast,
Thy name, oh, Moore! thro' long, succeeding years,
Shall claim the tribute of thy country's tears!
Oh! firm in faith, in countless dangers prov'd,
In spirit lofty, and by death unmov'd!

Thine was the towering soul, disdaining fear,
And fatal valor, clos'd thy bright career!

Illustrious Leader! in that hour of fate,
When hope and terror near the suff'rer wait;
When the pale cheek and fading eye proclaim
The last, long struggle of the trembling frame;
When the fierce death-pang vibrates every sense,
And fainting nature shudders in suspense;
E'en then thy bosom felt the patriot-flame,
Still beat the quivering pulse at Albion's name!
In that dread hour thy thoughts to Albion flew,
Thy parting thrill of life, thy latest throb was true!

Illustrious Leader! on that awful day,
When war and horror frown'd, in dark array;
When vengeance wav'd her fire-flag o'er the slain,
And carnage hover'd o'er Corunna's plain;
Faint with fatigue and streaming with their blood,
How nobly firm thy band of heroes stood!

'Twas their's unmov'd, unconquer'd, to oppose
Pain, famine, danger, and unnumber'd foes!
Nor toil, nor want, nor sickness then subdu'd,
The 'Lion-heart' of British fortitude!
E'en then those humbled foes their might deplor'd,
And own'd that conquest wav'd Britannia's sword!
E'en then they fought, intrepid, undismay'd,
Death in their charge and lightning on their blade!
Yes! warrior-band! by noblest ardor led,
True to the last, ye triumph'd while ye bled!
Serene in pain, exulting 'midst alarms,
Bold, firm, invincible, your matchless arms!
Then Freedom rear'd her victor-flag on high,
Glow'd in each heart and flash'd from every eye;
England! thy glory every bosom swell'd,

England! thy spirit every arm impell'd!
MOORE! thy bright sun in fame, in victory set,
Tho' dimm'd with tears, tho' clouded with regret!
Yet shall thy trophies rear, to distant time,
High on thy native shore a Cenotaph sublime.

But, ah! bold Victory! can thy festal train,
Thy purple streamers, or thy choral strain;
Can thy proud spear, in wreaths immortal drest,
Thy radiant panoply, thy wavy crest;
Can these one grief, one bosom-pang beguile,
Or teach despair one heart-reviving smile?
Tint the pale cheek with pleasure's mantling hue,
Light the dim eye with joy and lustre new?
Or check one sigh, one sad, yet fruitless tear,
Fond love devotes to martyr'd valor's bier?

Lo! where, with pallid look and suppliant hands,
Near the cold urn th' imploring mother stands!
Fix'd is her eye, her anguish cannot weep!
There all her hopes with youthful virtue sleep!
There sleeps the son, whose op'ning years display'd
Each flatt'ring promise, doom'd so soon to fade.
Too brave, too ardent, on the field he fell,
Fame hover'd near, and Conquest rung his knell.

But could their pomp console her wounded breast,
Dispel one sigh, or lull one care to rest?
Ah! suff'ring Parent! fated still to mourn,
Ah! wounded heart!—he never shall return.

He fell!—that eye of soft and varying ray,
Where warm expression kindled into day;
Where ardor sparkled, where affection beam'd,
And youth and hope in living lustre stream'd;
That voice belov'd, whose bliss-imparting-tone,
Bade her fond heart its thrilling magic own;
That mantling cheek, where animation glow'd,
Spread the rich bloom, the vivid flush bestow'd;
That brilliant eye is clos'd in shades of night,
That voice is hush'd, that cheek no longer bright!
'Twas her's, when hope one meteor-beam had giv'n,
(Fair form of light! sweet fugitive of heav'n!)
To see dark clouds obscure the rainbow-dream,
Watch its pale sun-set, and its closing gleam!
To see the last, the lingering bliss depart,
The lonely Day-star of her widow'd heart!

He fell!—her woe, her soul-consuming grief,
Mourns in no language, seeks for no relief;
Forbids the mind in sympathy to glow,
The voice to murmur, and the tear to flow;

But deep within, enshrin'd in silent sway,
Dwells on each nerve—and withers life away!

Or see you Orphan-maid, in beauty's bloom,
Fair lovely mourner o'er a Father's tomb!
For him, far distant on the battle-plain,
She pray'd, and wish'd, and wept—alas!—in vain!
No tender friend receiv'd his parting breath,
No filial sweetness cheer'd the hour of death—
For, ah! when nature most demands to share
The smile of tenderness, the hand of care;
E'en then, deserted on the field, he bled,
Unknown, unmark'd, his gallant spirit fled!
Lo! where she weeps forlorn, in anguish lost,
A frail Mimosa, blighted by the frost!
Who now shall guard the blossom of her youth,
The gem of innocence, the flower of truth?

Sweet hapless Maid! thy only friend is gone,
Hope lingering smiles, and points to heav'n alone!

Ah! who can tell the thousands doom'd to moan,
Condemn'd by war, to hopeless grief unknown!
Thou, laureate Victor! when thy blazon'd shield,
Wears the proud emblems of the conquer'd field;
When trophies glitter on thy radiant car,
And thronging myriads hail thee from afar;
When praise attunes her spirit-breathing lyre,
Swells every tone, wakes every chord of fire;
Then could thine eyes each drooping mourner see,
Behold each hopeless anguish, caus'd by thee;
Hear, for each measure of the votive strain,
The rending sigh that murmurs o'er the slain;
See, for each banner fame and victory wave,
Some sufferer bending o'er a soldier's grave;
How would that scene, with grief and horror fraught,
Chill the warm glow, and check th' exulting thought!

E'en in that hour, that gay, triumphal hour,
'Midst the bright pageants of applause and pow'r;
When at thy name th' adoring Pæans rise,
And waft thy deeds in incense to the skies;
Fame in thine eyes, would veil her towering plume,
And victory's laurels lose their fairest bloom!

Power of the ruthless arm, the deathful spear,
Unmov'd, unpitying, in thy dread career;
Whom no sad cries, no mournful scenes impede,
Melt thy proud heart, or curb thy lightning-speed;
Around whose throne malignant spirits wait,
Whose path is ruin, and whose arm is fate!
Stern, dark Ambition! Typhon of the world!

Thine are the darts, o'er man in vengeance hurl'd!
'Tis thine, where nature smiles with young delight,
With fiery wing, to spread Oppression's blight;
To blast the realms with rich profusion crown'd,
Like the dire Upas, tainting all around!

Thus o'er the southern climes, luxuriant lands,
Where spreads the olive, where the vine expands;
The dread volcano bids the torrent sweep,
Rolls the fierce lava burning down the steep;
Life, beauty, verdure, fated to destroy,
Blast every bloom, and wither every joy!
Sweet orange-groves, with fruits and blossoms fair,
Which breath'd the soul of fragrance on the air;
Vineyards that blush'd, with mantling clusters grac'd,
Gay domes, erected by the hand of taste;
These mingled all in one resistless fire,
Flame to the skies, fair nature's funeral pyre!

Ambition! vainly wouldst thou gild thy name,
With specious rays of conquest and of fame;
Truth waves her wand! from her all-piercing eye,
From her Ithuriel-spear, thy glories fly!
In vain to thee may suppliant mercy kneel,
Plead with soft voice, and deprecate the steel!

Look up, with seraph-eye, in tears benign,
Smile thro' each tear, with eloquence divine;
In vain implore thee to relent and spare,
With cherub-mien and soul-dissolving pray'r:
Lost are those accents of melodious charms,
'Midst the loud clangor of surrounding arms;
Thy heart of adamant repels the strain,
Mercy! thy pray'r, thy tear, thy hope, is vain!

But can remorse, despotic pow'r! prevail,
And wound thy bosom thro' the 'twisted mail?'
Say, can his frown, by shudd'ring conscience felt,
Pierce the dark soul which mercy cannot melt?
No, tyrant! no, when conquest points thy way,
And lights thy track—the blood-path of dismay;
E'en then his darts, tho' barb'd with fiery pain,
Fall from thy woundless heart, averted by disdain!

Pow'r of the ruthless arm! we see thy form,
Tow'r 'midst the darkness of the gath'ring storm;

We see thy sabre with portentous blaze,
Flash o'er the nations, trembling as they gaze;
And lo! we hear thine awful voice resound,
While fear and wonder faint, thro' empires round:
'Realms of the globe, submit! adore my pow'r!

Mine the red falchion, practis'd to devour!
Mine, dark destruction's torch of lucid light,
Mine, her keen scymitar's resistless might!
Chiefs! patriots! heroes! kneeling at my shrine,
Your arms, your laurels, and your fame, resign!
Bend, ye proud isles! my dread behest obey!
Yield, prostrate nations! and confess my sway!
Lo! the bright ensigns of supreme command,
Flame on my brow, and glitter in my hand!
Lo! at my throne what vanquish'd myriads wait,
My look, decision! and my sceptre, fate!
Ye lands, ye monarchs! bow the vassal-knee!
World, thou art mine! and I alone am free;
For who shall dare, with dauntless heart advance,
Rouse my dread arm, and brave my potent lance?'

Relentless pow'r! thy deeds from age to age,
Stain the fair annals of th' impartial page!
O'er the mild beam of order, silvery bright,
Long have thy votaries pour'd the clouds of night,
And chang'd the loveliest realms, where plenty smil'd,
To the lone desert and abandon'd wild!
Ye western regions of a brighter zone,
Ye lands that bow'd at Montezuma's throne;
Where vivid nature wears the richest dyes,
Matur'd to glory by exalting skies;
Scenes of luxuriance! o'er your blooming pride,
How ruin swept the desolating tide!
When the fierce Cortes pour'd his faithless train,
O'er the gay treasures of your fervid reign;
Taught the pure streams with crimson stains to flow,
Made the rich vales a wilderness of woe!
And swell'd each breeze of soft, ambrosial air,
With cries of death and murmurs of despair!

Peruvian realms! where wealth resplendent shines,
Thron'd in full glory, 'midst your diamond mines;

Where vegetation spreads her brightest hues,
Nurs'd by soft airs, and balm-descending dews;
Where all his beams, the worshipp'd sun bestows,
And Flora's empire to perfection glows;
O'er your gay plains, ambition spread alarms,
When stern Pizarro rush'd with conquering arms,
Despoil'd your wealth, and ravag'd all your charms!
Ferocious leader! his aspiring soul,
Nor fear could tame, nor social ties control!
Ardent and firm, in countless dangers bold,
Dark—savage—fierce—to faith, to mercy—cold!

Then was the sword to dire oppression giv'n,
Her vulture-wing obscur'd the light of heav'n!

Thro' many a plantain-shade, and cedar-grove,
Where the blest Indian caroll'd joy and love;
The war-note swell'd upon the zephyr's calm,
The wood-nymph, Peace, forsook her bow'rs of palm!
And Freedom fled, to Andes' heights unknown,
Majestic Solitude's primæval throne!

Where Echo sleeps, in loneliness profound,
Hears not a step, nor quivers at a sound!
Yet there the genius of eternal snows,
Mark'd far beneath, a scene of death disclose!
Saw the red combat raging on the plain,
Heard the deep dirge that murmur'd o'er the slain!
While stern Ambition wak'd th' exulting cry,
And wav'd his blazing torch, and meteor-flag, on high!

Yet, ah! not there, vindictive pow'r! alone,
Has lawless carnage rear'd thy towering throne;
For Europe's polish'd realms, thro' every age,
Have mourn'd thy triumphs and bewail'd thy rage!
Tho' soft refinement there, o'er ev'ry land,
Spread the mild empire of her silver wand;
Erect supreme, her light Corinthian fane,
Tune the sweet lyre, and modulate the strain;
Tho' Genius there, on Rapture's pinions soar,
And worlds of ether and of fire, explore;

There, tho' Religion smile with seraph-eye,
And shed her gifts, like manna, from the sky;
While Faith and Hope, exulting in her sight,
Pour the full noon of glory's living light;
There still Ambition bids his victims bleed,
Still rolls his whirlwind, with destructive speed!
Still in his flame, devoted realms consume,
Fled is their smile and wither'd is their bloom!
With every charm has Nature's lavish hand
Adorn'd, sweet Italy! thy favor'd land!
There Summer laughs, with glowing aspect fair,
Unfolds her tints, and 'waves her golden hair;'
Bids her light sylphs delicious airs convey,
On their soft pinions, waving as they play;
O'er cluster'd grapes, the lucid mantle throw,
And spread gay life in one empurpling glow?
Paint all the rainbow on perennial flow'rs,
And shed exuberance o'er thy myrtle-bow'rs!
Verdure in ev'ry shade thy woods display,

Where soft gradations melt in light away!
And vernal sweets, in rich profusion blow,
E'en 'midst the reign of solitude and snow!
Yet what avail the bright ambrosial stores,
Which gay redundance o'er thy region pours?

Devoted land! from long-departed time,
The chosen theatre of war and crime!
What tho' for thee transcendent suns arise,
The myrtle blossoms, and the zephyr sighs;
What tho' for thee again Arcadia blooms,
And cloudless radiance all thy realm illumes;
There still has Rapine seiz'd her yielding prey,
There still Oppression spreads th' unbounded sway;
There oft has War each blooming charm effac'd,
And left the glowing vale, a bleak, deserted waste!

Is there a land, where halcyon peace has reign'd,
From age to age, in glory unprofan'd?
Has dwelt serenely in perpetual rest,
'Heav'n in her eye,' and mercy in her breast?

Ah, no! from clime to clime, with ruthless train,
Has war still ravag'd o'er the blasted plain!
His lofty banner to the winds unfurl'd,
And swept the storm of vengeance o'er the world!

Yet, oh! stern GOD! if ever conscious right,
If ever justice arm'd thee for the fight;
If e'er fair truth approv'd thy dread career,
Smil'd on thy track and curb'd thy deathful spear;
Now may the generous heart exulting see,
Those righteous powers in amity with thee!
For never, never, in a holier cause,
Nor sanction'd e'er by purer, nobler laws;
Has Albion seiz'd the sabre and the shield,
Or rush'd impetuous to th' ensanguin'd field!

Oh! when that cause triumphant shall prevail,
And Freedom's foes her ark no more assail;
Then might thy smile, sweet Peace! thy angel-form,
Beam thro' the clouds, and tranquillize the storm!

Lo! to the Muse's bright, prophetic eyes,
What scenes unfold! what radiant visions rise!
See hand in hand, and wafted from above,
Celestial Mercy, and angelic love!
Lo! from the regions of the morning-star,
Descending seraphs bear their sun-bright car!

'High the peaceful streamers wave!
'Lo!' they sing, 'we come to save!
'Come to smile on ev'ry shore,
'Truth and Eden to restore!
'Come, the balm of joy to bring,
'Borne on softest gales of spring!
'Rapture! swell the choral voice,
'Favor'd earth! rejoice, rejoice!

'Now the work of death is o'er,
'Sleep, thou sword! to wake no more!
'Never more Ambition's hand
'Shall wave thee o'er a trembling land!

'Never more, in hopeless anguish,
'Caus'd by thee, shall virtue languish!
'Rapture! swell the choral voice,
'Favor'd earth, rejoice, rejoice!

'Cease to flow, thou purple flood,
'Cease to fall, ye tears of blood!
'Swell no more the clarion's breath,
'Wake no more the song of death!
'Rise, ye hymns of concord, rise,
'Incense, worthy of the skies!
'Wake the Pæan, tune the voice,
'Favor'd earth, rejoice, rejoice!

'Nature, smile! thy vivid grace,
'Now no more shall war deface;
'Airs of spring, oh! sweetly breathe,
'Summer! twine thy fairest wreath!
'Not the warrior's bier to spread,
'Not to crown the victor's head;

'But with flowers of every hue,
'Love and mercy's path to strew!
'Swell to heaven the choral voice,
'Favor'd earth! rejoice, rejoice!

'Sleep, Ambition! rage, expire!
'Vengeance! fold thy wing of fire!
'Close thy dark and lurid eye,
'Bid thy torch, forsaken, die!
'Furl thy banner, waving proud,
'Dreadful as the thunder-cloud!
'Shall destruction blast the plain?
'Shall the falchion rage again?
'Shall the sword thy bands dissever?
'Never, sweet Affection! never!
'As the halcyon o'er the ocean,
'Lulls the billow's wild commotion,
'So we bid dissension cease.
'Bloom, O Amaranth of peace!

'Twine the spear with vernal roses!
'Now the reign of discord closes!
'Goddess of th' unconquer'd isles,
'Freedom! triumph in our smiles!
'Blooming youth, and wisdom hoary,

'Bards of fame, and sons of glory;
'Albion! pillar of the main!
'Monarchs! nations! join the strain!
'Swell to heav'n th' exulting voice;
'Mortals, triumph! earth, rejoice!'

Oh! blissful song! and shall thy notes resound,
While joy and wonder bend entranc'd around?
And shall thy music float on every breeze,
Melt on the shores and warble o'er the seas?
Oh! mercy! love! ambassadors of heav'n!
And shall your sunshine to mankind be giv'n?
Hope! is thy tale a visionary theme?
Oh! smile, supernal pow'r! and realize the dream!
And thou, the radiant messenger of truth,
Deck'd with perennial charms, unfading youth!
Oh! thou, whose pinions as they wave, diffuse
All Hybla's fragrance and all Hermon's dews;
Thou! in whose cause have martyrs died serene,
In soul triumphant, and august in mien!
Oh! bright Religion! spread thy spotless robe,
Salvation's mantle, o'er a guilty globe!
Oh! let thine ark, where'er the billows roll,
Borne on their bosom, float from pole to pole!
Each distant isle and lonely coast explore,
And bear the olive-branch to ev'ry shore!
Come, Seraph! come: fair pity in thy train,
Shall sweetly breathe her soul-dissolving strain;
While her blue eyes thro' tears benignly beam,
Soft as the moon-light, quivering on the stream!
Come, Seraph! come, around thy form shall play,
Diffusive glories of celestial day!
Oh! let each clime thy noon of lustre share,
And rapture hail the perfect and the fair!

Let peace on earth resound from heav'n once more,
And angel-harps th' exulting anthems pour;
While faith, and truth, and holy wisdom bind,
One hallow'd zone—to circle all mankind!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

War-Song Of The Spanish Patriots

YE who burn with glory's flame!
Ye who love the Patriot's fame;
Ye who scorn oppressive might,
Rise! in freedom's cause unite;
Castilians rise!
Hark! Iberia calls, ye brave!
Haste! your bleeding country save:
Be the palm of bright renown,
Be th' unfading laurel-crown,
The hero's prize!

High the crimson banner wave!
Ours be conquest or the grave!
Spirits of our noble sires,
Lo! your sons, with kindred fires,
Unconquer'd glow!

See them once again advance,
Crush the pride of hostile France;
See their hearts, with ardor warm,
See them, with triumphant arm,
Repel the foe!

By the Cid's immortal name,
By Gonsalvo's deathless fame;
By the chiefs of former time,
By the valiant deeds sublime,
Of ancient days;
Brave Castilians! grasp the spear!
Gallant Andalusians, hear!
Glory calls you to the plain,
Future bards, in lofty strain,
Shall sing your praise!

Shades of mighty warriors dead,
Ye who nobly fought and bled;

Ye whose valor could withstand,
The savage Moor's invading band
Untaught to yield;
Bade victorious Charlemagne,
Own the patriot-arms of Spain;
Ye, in later times renown'd,
Ye who fell with laurels crown'd,
On Pavia's field!

Teach our hearts like yours to burn;
Lawless pow'r like you to spurn;
Teach us but like you to wield,
Freedom's lance and Freedom's shield
With daring might:
Tyrant! soon thy reign is o'er,

Thou shalt waste mankind no more;
Boast no more thy thousands slain,
Jena's, or Marengo's plain;
Lo! the sun that gilds thy day,
Soon will veil its parting ray,
In endless night!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Woman On The Field Of Battle

Where hath not a woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
By an o'er mastering current!

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shiver'd crest
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams, through its golden hair,
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,–
Earth-bound the free;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer!
thine
early bier
Friends should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

How must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep–
Why camest thou here?

Why?–ask the true heart why

Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,–
Some, for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name;

Some, for the stormy play
And joy of strife;
And some, to fling away
A weary life;–

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,

Thee
could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans