

Classic Poetry Series

**Henry William Herbert**  
**- poems -**

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# Henry William Herbert(3 April 1807 - 17 May 1858)

Henry William Herbert, pen name Frank Forester, was an English novelist and writer on sport.

## <b>Biography</b>

The son of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester (himself the son of Henry Herbert, 1st Earl of Carnarvon), Herbert was born in London.

He was educated at Eton College and at Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated BA in 1830. To escape his debts, he emigrated to the United States, and from 1831 to 1839 taught Greek in a private school in New York City. In 1833 he started the American Monthly Magazine, which he edited, in conjunction with A. D. Patterson, till 1835.

In 1834 he published his first novel, *The Brothers: a Tale of the Fronde*, which was followed by a number of others that achieved popularity.

In addition to this works, he is best known for his works on sport, published under the pseudonym of Frank Forester. These include:

He also translated many of the novels of Eugène Sue and Alexandre Dumas, père into English. Herbert was a man of varied accomplishments, but of somewhat dissipated habits. He eventually committed suicide in New York.

He contributed to one of the early sporting magazines in the United States, the *Spirit of the Times*.

# Come Back

COME back and bring my life again  
That went with thee beyond my will!  
Restore me that which makes me man  
Or leaves me wretched, dead and chill!  
Thy presence was of life a part;  
Thine absence leaves the blank of death.  
They wait thy presence—eye and heart,  
With straining gaze and bated breath.

The light is darkness, if thine eyes  
Make not the medium of its ray;  
I see no star in evening skies,  
Save thou look up and point the way.  
Nor bursting buds in May's young bloom,  
Nor sunshine rippling o'er the sea,  
Bears up to heaven my heart's perfume  
Save thou my monitor can be.

There are two paths for human feet,—  
One bordered by a duty plain,  
And one by phantoms cursed, yet sweet,  
Bewildering heart and maddening brain;  
The one will right and reason urge,  
But thou must walk beside me there,  
Or else I tread the dizzy verge,  
And thou some guilt of loss must bear.

Come back, there is no cause on earth,—  
No word of shame, no deed of wrong—  
Can bury all of truth and worth,  
And sunder bonds once firm and strong.  
There is no duty, heaven-imposed,  
That, velvet-gloved—an iron band.  
Upon my heart-strings crushed and closed—  
Thy hate should all my love withstand.

Days seem like ages—and, ere long,  
On senseless ears the cry may fall;  
Or, stilled by bitter shame and wrong,

The pleading voice may cease to call.  
Come back! before the eyes grow dim  
That keep but sight to see thee come,  
Ere fail and falter hand and limb,  
Whose strength but waits to fold thee home.

Henry William Herbert