

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
in
The Juvenile Keepsake, 1829

Compiled
by
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A FAREWELL SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
 When spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free
 In those bright hours—the violet's hours!

I go—but when you pause to hear
 From distant hills the sabbath-bell
On summer's wind float silvery clear,
 Think of me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth
 When clearly shines the ruddy blaze;
For dear hath been its hour of mirth
 To me, sweet friends! in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
 To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to tender thought are stirr'd,
 Think of me then!—I go, I go!

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis lone on the waters
When Eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell !

When borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of Home o'er the deep !

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turn'd to her nest,
And the heart of the sailor
To all he loves best.

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell
To bring back sweet voices
And words of farewell !
