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COME AWAY!

SONG FOR MUSIC, BY MRS. HEMANS.

Come away!—the child, whose flowers are springing
Round his footsteps on the mountain slope,
Hears a glad voice from the uplands singing,
Like the sky-lark's, with its tone of hope ;
" Come away !"

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
By that strain the youth is onward led ;
" Come away !"

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within,
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the Hunter still to speed—to win ;
" Come away !"

Come away !—the heart, at last forsaken,
Smile by smile hath prov'd each hope untrue ;
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
Tho' to other shores far hence they woo ;
" Come away !"

In the light wave, in the reed's faint sighing,
In the low sweet sounds of early Spring,
Still their music wanders, till the dying
Hear it pass, as on a spirit's wing ;
" Come away !"

THE WANDERER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT VON LUBECK,
BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Thal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der seufzer, wo ?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüthe welk. das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden leerer schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebter Land,
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt ?
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungs grün,
Das Land wo meine Rosen blühn ;
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehen,
Wo meine Todten auferstehen,
Das Land, das meine sprache spricht,
Das theure Land—hier ist es nicht.—

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo ?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zuruck,
Dort, wo du nicht bist, ist das Glück.

I come down from the Hills alone,
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan ;
I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where* ?

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soulless on my ear—
—Oh ! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, Land, sweet Land, mine own ?
Still sought for, longed for, never known ?
The Land, the Land of Hope, of Light,
Where glow my Roses freshly bright,
And where my friends the green paths tread,
And where in beauty rise my Dead,
The Land that speaks my native speech,
The blessed Land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where* ?
And Spirit-sounds come answering this
—“ *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !*”

ODE

ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL, AND HIS ARMY,
IN AFRICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF HERRERA, BY MRS. HEMANS.

FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish Poet, who lived in the reign of Charles V., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish Poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images, derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts, than tempers, the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him, what Judea was to the bards who sung beneath the shadow of her palm trees; the chosen and favoured land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called upon to wreak the vengeance of heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric compositions, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.

"Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido," &c.

A voice of woe, a murmur of lament,
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire;
Let such record the day, the day of wail
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent!
She who hath seen her power, her fame expire,
And mourns them in the dust, discrowned and pale!
And let the awful tale
With grief and horror every realm o'ershade,
From Afric's burning main
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,
Whose nations, haughty though subdued, behold
Christ's glorious banner to the winds unfold.

Alas! for those that in embattled power,
And vain array of chariots and of horse,
O desert Libya! sought thy fatal coast!
And trusting not in Him, the eternal source
Of might and glory, but in earthly force
Making the strength of multitudes their boast,
A flushed and crested host,
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trod
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered land
Given for the spoil; nor raised their eyes to God;
And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,
Their sole support;—and heavily and prone
They fell—the car, the steed, the rider, all o'erthrown!

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of woe,
Which to deep solitude and tears consigned
The peopled realm, the realm of joy and mirth ;
A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling glow
Announced the morn—it seemed as nature pined,
And hoding clouds obscured the sunbeams birth ;
 While, startling the pale earth,
Bursting upon the mighty and the proud
 With visitation dread,
Their crests the Eternal in his anger bowed,
And raised barbarian nations o'er their head,
The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not gold,
But vengeance on their foes, relentless, uncontrolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming sword
Of the strong Infidel's ignoble hand,
Amidst that host, the pride, the flower, the crown
Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate horde,
Not with thy life content, O ruined land !
Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown
 Defaced and trampled down ;
And scattered, rushing as a torrent flood,
Thy pomp of arms and banners ;—till the sands
Became a lake of blood—thy noblest blood !—
The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered bands.
Strength on thy foes, resistless might was shed,
On thy devoted sons—amaze, and shame, and dread.

Are *these* the conquerors, *these* the lords of fight,
The warrior men, the invincible, the famed,
Who shook the earth with terror and dismay,
Whose spoils were empires?—They that in their might
The haughty strength of savage nations tamed,
And gave the spacious orient realms of day
 To desolation's sway,
Making the cities of imperial name
 Even as the desert place ?
Where now the fearless heart, the soul of flame ?
Thus has their glory closed its dazzling race
In one brief hour ? Is this their valour's doom,
On distant shores to fall, and find not even a tomb ?

Once were they, in their splendour and their pride,
As an imperial cedar on the brow
Of the great Lebanon ! It rose, arrayed
In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide
Majestic branches, leaving far below
All children of the forest. To its shade
 The waters tribute paid,
Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter there
Whose flight is of the loftiest through the sky,
And the wild mountain-creatures made their lair
Beneath ; and nations by its canopy
Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood, and ne'er
Had earth beheld a tree so excellently fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,
Confiding solely in its regal height,
It soared presumptuous, as for empire born ;
And God for this removed its diadem,
And cast it from its regions of delight,
Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,
By the deep roots upturn !
And lo! encumbering the lone hills it lay,
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state,
While, pale with fear, men hurried far away,
Who in its ample shade had found so late
Their bower of rest ; and nature's savage race
Midst the great ruin sought their dwelling place.

But thou, base Libya, thou whose arid sand
Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where one fate
Closed her bright life, and her majestic fame,
Tho' to thy feeble and barbarian hand
Hath fallen the victory, be not thou elate !
Boast not thyself, tho' thine that day of shame,
Unworthy of a name !
Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath advance,
Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,
Pierced by his searching lance,
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,
And thine affrighted streams to ocean's flood
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim blood.