A Poem of Felicia Hemans in The Keepsake, 1828

commiled by Peter J. Bolton

The Spirit's Mysteries

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's from the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of Summers long gone by;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar,—
A flower-scent floating past our parent's door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance, Yet back returning with a plaintive tone; A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance, Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown,— Are not these mysteries when to life they start, And press vain Spring-showers from the blighted heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
These are Night's Mysteries—who shall make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone, which nought can still,
Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;—
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis Mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom Death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismay'd!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel Her way among these marvels of the mind; Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal Th' immortal nature with our dust entwin'd? So let us deem! and ev'n the tears they wake Shall then be bless'd, for that high Nature's sake.