

Miscellaneous Poetry 5
1829

By

Felicia Hemans

Compiled

by

Deter J. Bolton

Contents

The Prayer for Life
The Welcome to Death
To My Flowers
Passing Away

Sharpe's London Magazine.

Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, 1829
Vol 15 page 325-326

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

E vos, amigas!
Cercay-me em roda todas, e podendo,
Defendey-me da morte que me busca!

Ferreira.

O SUNSHINE and fair Earth!
Sweet is your kindly mirth.
Angel of Death! yet, yet awhile delay!
Too sad it is to part,
Thus in my spring of heart,
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf
Touches no chord of grief,
No dark word in the rose's bosom lies:
Not one triumphal tone,
One hue of hope, is gone
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Call me not hence away,
Death, Death! ere yet decay
Over the golden hours one shade hath thrown;
The poesy that dwells
Deep in green woods and dells,
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death!
Not for the vernal breath
Of winds, that shake forth music from the
trees;
Not for the splendour given
To Night's dark regal heaven,
Spoiler! I ask thee not reprieve for *these*.

But for the happy love
Whose light, where'er I rove,
Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
Shedding on branch and flower
A rainbow-tinted shower
Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile!

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come!
Too beautiful is home,
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes!
And I the loved of all,
On whom fond blessings fall
From every lip—oh! wilt thou rend such ties?

Sweet Sisters! weave a chain
My spirit to detain;
Hold me to earth with strong affection back!
Bind me with mighty love
Unto the stream, the grove,
Our daily paths—our life's familiar track!

Stay with me—gird me round!
Your voices bear a sound
Of hope—a light comes with you and departs:
Hush my soul's boding knell
That murmurs of farewell!
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts?

Death! Grave! and are there those
That woo your dark repose
Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth?
Surely about them lies
No world of loving eyes—
Leave me, oh! leave me unto home and
hearth!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ Shall I abide
In this dull world ?
I have
Immortal longings in me ! ”
Antony and Cleopatra.

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul hath pined for thee ;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore,
To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs ;
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! since kindred steps
From its green paths are fled,
A dimness and a hush have fall'n
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the' unanswering soul
Is on me and around ;
My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,
Thou still small warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard,
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved ?

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers grew fill'd
With records of the past,
And stars pour'd down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast :
The skylark sings not as he sang
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
Why should the last remain ?
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again ?
Even could this be—too much of fear
O'er love would *now* be thrown—
Away, away ! from time, from change,
To dwell amidst mine own !

TO MY FLOWERS.

[The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Hemans, when confined by sickness. They were an impromptu, returned to the friend who had sent her the flowers to which they refer, by the messenger who brought them. A. N.]

YE tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the summer's murmuring trees,
Not of the streams and woodland bowers ;—
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers.

Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing spring,
A fount of kindness, ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age

From The Religious Magazine 1829 pages 480-481

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“‘Passing away’ is written on the world, and all the world contains.”

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array ;
Read what those buds disclose—
“ *Passing away.*”

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day ;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
“ *Passing away.*”

It is written on the trees
As their young leaves glistening play ;
And on brighter things than these—
“ Passing away.”

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
“ Passing away.”

It is written on the *heart*—
Alas! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part!
“ Passing away.”

Friends, friends! oh! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
With the thoughts that in them lay,
When they meet beneath the skies
Which pass away?

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show,
To pass away!
