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A Thought of Paradise

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

————— We receive but what we give,  
And in our Life alone does Nature live :  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
And would we nought behold, of higher worth  
Than that inanimate cold world, allow'd  
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd ;  
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the Earth—  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground !  
If thou couldst yet be found,  
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers ;  
If not one sullying breath,  
Of Time, or change, or Death,  
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers ;  
Might our tired Pilgrim-feet,  
Worn by the Desert's heat,  
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ;  
Might our eyes wander there  
Through Heaven's transparent air,  
And rest on colours of th' immortal Rose :  
Say, would thy balmy skies  
And fountain-melodies  
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?  
Could thy soft Honey-dews  
Through all our veins diffuse  
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more ?  
And might we, in the shade  
By thy tall Cedars made,  
With angel-voices high communion hold ?  
Would their sweet solemn tone  
Give back the music gone,  
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old ?  
Vain thought !—thy sunny hours  
Might come with blossom-showers,  
All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might thrill ;  
But we—should we not bring  
Into thy realms of spring,  
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still ?  
What could thy flowers and airs  
Do for our earth-born cares ?  
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free ?  
No !—past each living stream  
Still would some fever-dream  
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee !  
Should we not shrink with fear,  
If Angel-steps were near,  
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die ?  
How might our passions brook  
The still and searching look,  
The star-like glance of Seraph purity ?  
Thy golden-fruited grove  
Was not for pining Love ;  
Vain Sadness would but dim thy crystal skies !  
—Oh !—Thou wert but a part  
Of what Man's exiled heart  
Hath lost—the dower of *infern* Paradise !

F. H.