

A Poem of
Felicia Hemans
in
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Compiled
by
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A Domestic Scene

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ The priest-like father reads the sacred page.”
“ *The Colter's Saturday Night.*”

I.

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd
Soft thro' a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd—
Still, but with nought of gloom :
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

II.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touch'd the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were *there* :
But oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

III.

Some word of life ev'n then had met
His calm benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality ;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives ;
For every feature said—" I know
That my Redeemer lives."

IV.

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death :
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt !