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THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near! once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek, then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, e'en where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
—Dim grows the semblance, on man's thought impress'd;
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!—
—Now gaze! and bear the silent to his rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amongst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where Death has power, may Love be bless'd!
—Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?
—Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, e'en that, must fade!
Death will not hold unchanged his fairest guest:
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your last embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd!—For him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd!
—Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

* These lines were suggested by a part of the Greek funeral service, which summons relatives and friends to bid their last adieu. During, and after the recitation of this service, they kiss the cheeks and forehead of the deceased, who is laid in an open coffin. See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.

SONGS OF THE CID. NO. 1.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Cid's Death-bed: a Ballad.

IT was an hour of grief and fear,
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's* notes were wont to rise
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the halls of state,
No weeper's aspect seen ;
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the conqueror's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the mighty hand,
And cold the valiant breast ;
—He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the leader of the field ?
His voice is faint and low,
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield,
Hath louder accents now.

“ Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart ;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone,
Be ye of dauntless heart !

“ Let the cymbal-clash and the trumpet strain
From your walls ring far and shrill ;
And fear ye not, for the Saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

“ And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed ;
So go ye forth on your funeral-way,
And God shall give you speed.

“ Go with the dead in the front of war,
All arm'd with sword and helm ;
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

“ And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth ;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth.”

—* Now wave, ye stately banners, wave !
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms o'er the death-bed of the brave
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight,
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps ;
—The wind and the banners fall hush'd as night ;
The Campeador—he sleeps !

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast !
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath pass'd.

* See the Spanish Ballad, “ *Banderas antiquas, tristes, &c.*”

GREEK SONG.—THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.

BEFORE the fiery Sun—
The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.*

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of Heroes! with the solemn skies
And the wide plain around, where patriot-blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious Dead,
In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh!
And poured rich odours o'er their battle-bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them, from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades! where minstrels tell
How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,
And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright red wine
Flowed to *their* names who taught the world to die,
And made the land's green turf a living shrine—
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty!

So the rejoicing Earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky!
We have the founts the purple vintage yields;
—When shall *we* crown the Bowl of Liberty?

* At the Anniversary Solemnities, in memory of the Battle of Plataea; See *Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, vol. 1. p. 388.

GREEK SONG.—THE VOICE OF SCIO.

A VOICE from Scio's Isle,
A voice of song, a voice of old,
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke !
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
Flowed from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore !

Still by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crown'd !
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there ; so rest the brave,
Who thus their hard have found !

A voice from Scio's Isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again !
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
To mortal song or lyre.

Know ye not whence it comes ?
—From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes !

'Tis with us through the night !
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
—Hear it, thou Heaven ! when swords flash nigh,
O'er the mid waves of fight.

SONGS OF THE CID.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No. II.—*The Cid's Funeral Procession.**

THE Moor had beleaguer'd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citron bowers,
And the tents of the Desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain ;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters the air had stirr'd ;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd, as a wizard's cave :
But the Christians woke that night.

They rear'd the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart-walls ;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,
When the Knights had girded the noble Dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

* See the Legends recorded in Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep:
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea!

There were Knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the Dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar;
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the slow death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills peal'd with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fanez * came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had pass'd before, like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain,
And the archer-queen, with her bands, lay slain;
—For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan Kings who had join'd his war!
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an Assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seem'd, where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand Knights array'd!
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van.

* Alvar Fanez Minaya, one of the Cid's bravest warriors.

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner stream'd with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled:
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
—They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done.

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread:
But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
And the bow of the Desert was broke in Spain,
—So the Cid to his grave pass'd on!

No. III.—*The Cid's Rising.*

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound * went forth in rushing might,
Like an army on its way!
In the stillness of the hour,
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the sleepers woke in dread—
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread!
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's, to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it pass'd,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rock'd to the stormy clang!
But the march of the viewless train
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble floor,
And a voice at the gate, which said,
That the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador,
Was there in his arms array'd ;
And that with him from the tomb,
Had the Count Gonzalez come,
With a host, uprisen to aid!

“ And they came for the buried King that lay
At rest, in that ancient fane,
For he must be arm'd on the battle-day,
With them, to deliver Spain !”
—Then the march went sounding on,
And the Moors, by noontide sun,
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

* See the Chronicle of the Cid, p. 352.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.
 Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie may be now your home.
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!
 Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And Youth is abroad in my green domains.
 But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
 A shade of earth has been round you cast!
 There is that come over your brow and eye
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
 Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
 —Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?
 Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
 Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
 There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
 No faint remembrance of dull decay.
 There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
 As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
 There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
 And had not a sound of mortality!
 —Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd?
 —Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!
 I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
 Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
 Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
 She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
 With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down.
 They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
 —But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
 Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!
 The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
 Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well, farewell!

F. H.

GREEK SONG.

THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

KNOW ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprung?
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rung*.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crown'd,
And arm'd for Greece that day;
But the falchions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest,
But the arrows drew no blood,
Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done,
But it smote without a clash,
The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows—
'Twas the shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far-sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge he bore,
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the dashing waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
As the shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

F. H.

* See the tradition mentioned in Plutarch's Life of Theseus.

THE STATUE OF A FUNERAL GENIUS*.

THOU shouldst be look'd on when the starlight falls
Through the blue stillness of the summer-air;
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls,
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare;
And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
'To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so the Dead †
Were crown'd of old, with pale spring-flowers like these:
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze:
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom,
Which from the grove seems gather'd, not the tomb.

They fear'd not Death, whose calm and gracious thought
Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee!
They, who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
And laid thy head against the forest-tree,
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not Death!—yet who shall say his touch
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair?
Doth he bestow, or can he leave so much
Of shaded beauty as thy features wear?
Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose young eyes
So soft a night, a night of summer, lies!

Had they seen aught like thee?—did some fair boy
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?
His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
But drooping, as with heavy dews oppress'd?
And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe,
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge?

* "The figure which particularly affected Combabus, was a funeral genius, under the form of a beautiful boy, standing erect, his eyes closed with an air of languor between death and sleep, his legs gracefully crossed at the ankles, his hands meeting above the head, and his back resting against a pine-tree, the branches of which were spread above him, as if to cast their funereal shade over the tranquillity of his eternal repose."—See Vol. V. p. 115, of this Magazine.

† The Funeral Genius of the Louvre was crowned with flowers.—See Visconti's *Description des Antiques du Musée Royale*.

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread hour
Had given its lessons from a brow like thine!
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
Came by a look, thus tranquilly divine!
—Let him, who thus hath seen young life depart,
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe,
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
That men pour'd out their gladdening spirit's flow,
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold?
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
Far more than we—for loftier hopes are ours:
Their gems were lost in ashes; yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With purple wreaths and fragrant boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for us a deeper gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts?—Do we not intrust
But for a time, its chambers with our Dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?
—Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of Death?

F. H.

THE BIRD'S RELEASE AT THE GRAVE.

“Lorsqu'elle fut arrivée au lieu de sa sépulture,..... des Indiennes du Bengale et de la côte Malabare, apportèrent des cages pleines d'oiseaux, auxquels elles donnèrent la liberté sur son corps.”
PAUL et VIRGINIE.

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away, like a summer-breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing and thy joyous eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light winds borne?

We know not, but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, and her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng!
—She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the citron-woods of our glowing shore,
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Ev'n so with the loved one flown:
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth—we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers,
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Ev'n thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious Earth like a bride be drest,
But it wins her back no more!

F. H.

SONG FOR A SWISS FESTIVAL ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

Look on the white Alps 'round!
—If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band
Of dauntless men, our sires, who fell
Here, in the rocky battle-dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn;
Home! Home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps 'round!
Up to their shining snows
That day the savage-rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled, as it pass'd.

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down and trampled here!
They saw!—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel-array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field,
To break an Empire's lance and shield.

F. H.