

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
in
Death's Doings

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

Contents

Death and the Warrior
The Angler



THE WARRIOR.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

“ AYE, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

“ Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief!
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

“ Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and still!”

“ Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death?
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with Victory's cheer!

“ Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die,
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

“ High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death! Death! I fear thee not.”

“ Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory's tide?

“ It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert-sands,
Where men for fountains pine!

“ It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow dull steps, and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold!”

“ Death ! Death ! I go to a doom unblest’d,
If this indeed must be !
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

“ Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine ;
I bow my soul to the will of heaven,
O Death ! and not to thine !”

F. H.



THE ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

" I in these flowery meads would be :
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice ;
 • • • •
 And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast lov'd so long and well
 The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
 Shedding forth tender gleams ;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eyes of spring ;

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
 Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
 The gloom of alder-boughs ;
And in the midst, a richer hue,
One gliding vein of heaven's own blue !

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
 The whisper of the reed,
 The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
 The scythe upon the mead ;
 Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
 There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,
 At noon, his panting breast ;
 'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
 Seeking her sedgy nest ;
 The air is fill'd with summer's breath,
 The young flowers laugh—yet look ! 'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
 Thy heart, grown still and sage,
 Hath learn'd to read the words of love
 That shine o'er nature's page ;
 If holy thoughts thy guests have been
 Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour
 By deep lone waters pass'd,
 Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
 To cheer thee through the last ;
 And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
 Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell

F. H.