

A Poem by
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To the Memory of Bishop Heber

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.*

By Mrs. HEEMANS.

It is sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light from this world taken whilst it shone,
Yet kindled onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, oh guide and gifted friend, for thee!
Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Went from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?
Yes; in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned—
Of heaven they were, and thither are returned.

How shall we mourn thee? with a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye to track the just,
Through shades and myst'ries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep!—for Nature so deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores,
And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allowed!
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto Death hast bowed!
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine has won.

Praise! for yet one more name, with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us onward as we press;
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

We are not certain whether this piece has ever appeared in print before.—*Ed.*