

A Poem of
Felicia Hemans
in
The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1835

Compiled
by
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Invocation to Dreams

INVOCATION TO DREAMS.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

By FELICIA HEMANS.

The clouds of night, the wings of sleep,
Are brooding now o'er hill and heath ;
Too startling for the silence deep,
Were music's faintest breath.
Descend, ye visions, from aërial bowers,
To glorify your own soft, silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
The weary day for man hath pass'd ;
Now, dreams of bliss, be yours to reign,
Now let your spells be cast !
Steal from lone hearts the pang, sad eyes the tear,
And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

Oh ! bear your kindest balm to those
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead ;
To them that world of peace disclose,
Where the pure soul is fled,—
Where love, immortal in his native clime,
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight from time.

Haste ! to his lov'd, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear ;
To feel once more his heart expand,
In his own mountain-air, —
Hear the wild echoes well-known strains repeat,
And bless each note, as heaven's own music sweet.

But oh ! with fancy's brightest ray,
Kind dreams ! the bard's repose illumine ;
Bid forms of heaven around him play,
And bowers of Eden bloom !
He needs those glimpses of his native skies,
To light him on through life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep ;
Nor star nor moonbeam's dewy light
Falls on the brow of sleep :
Descend, oh visions ! from aerial bowers,
Dim, silent, solemn, are your chosen hours.