

**Additional Poetry
Of
Felicia Hemans
In the
1840 edition of
Songs of the Affections**

**compiled
by
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TO THE DAUGHTER OF BERNARD BARTON,
THE QUAKER POET.

HAPPY thou art, the child of one
Who in each lowly flower,
Each leaf that glances to the sun,
Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,
Or sparkle of the stream,
Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye
To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,
A joy in wood and wild ;—
And e'en for this I call thee blest,
The gentle poet's child !

THE STAR OF THE MINE.

FROM the deep chambers of a mine,
With heavy gloom o'erspread,
I saw a star at noontide shine,
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
Of the rich upper day ;
But in that shadowy world below,
How my heart bless'd its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight
Torches and lamps were borne,
The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light
That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh ! what is like that heavenly spark ?
—A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;
Where, brightest when the world grows dark,
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

THE ROD OF AARON.

(Numbers xvii. 8.)

Was it the sigh of the southern gale
That flush'd the almond bough?
Brightest and first the young Spring to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its flowers
With a kindling look of love?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden bowers,
That smile of heaven can rove!

No! from the breeze and the living light
Shut was the sapless rod;
But it felt in the stillness a secret might,
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move;
And all such things as are good and fair,
Be the blossoms, its track that prove!

TO THE NEW-BORN.*

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes
and fears !

A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled
smiles and tears.

Thy father greets thee unto life, with a full and
chasten'd heart,

For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all pre-
cious as thou art !

* Addressed to the child of her eldest brother.

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon thy mother's
breast,
Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy
rosy rest ;
And how her soul with love, and prayer, and glad-
ness, will o'erflow,
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd eyes, thou dear
one, well I know !

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and bless'd thou *art*
in truth,
For a home where God is felt, awaits thy childhood
and thy youth :
Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as
light and air,
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs
now folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels that unto her
is given,
In that young day-spring glance the pledge of a
soul to rear for heaven !
Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy o'er
thy wakening shed !
Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy ! upon
thy head !

EPITAPH.

FAREWELL, beloved and mourn'd! we miss awhile
Thy tender gentleness of voice and smile,
And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to cheer us lent—
That thrilling touch, divinely eloquent,
Which breathed the soul of prayer, deep, fervent,
 high,
Through thy rich strains of sacred harmony;
Yet from those very memories there is born
A soft light, pointing to celestial morn.
Oh! bid it guide us where *thy* footsteps trode,
To meet at last “the pure in heart” with God!

TO GIULIO REGONDI,

THE BOY GUITARIST.

BLESSING and love be round thee still, fair boy !
Never may suffering wake a deeper tone,
Than genius now, in its first fearless joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
Thy fairy touch ! Oh ! may'st thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought !

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
A dower, more precious e'en than genius lies,
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow !
God, who hath graced thee thus, oh, gentle child,
Keep 'midst the world thy brightness undefiled !

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,
And thy soft voice, low and clear ;
When thy glancing eyes I meet,
In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
For a path by care unworn !
Thou must be a shelter'd flower,
With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah ! fair child, not e'en for thee
May this lot of brightness be ;
Yet, if grief must add a tone
To thine accents now unknown ;
If within that cloudless eye
Sadder thought must one day lie,
Still, I trust the signs which tell
On thy life a light shall dwell,
Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
From *within* around thee thrown.

ON THE "IPHIGENIA" OF GOETHE.

AN UNFINISHED FRAGMENT.

THERE is a charm of antique grace, of the majestic repose resulting from a faultless symmetry, about the whole of this composition, which inclines us to rank it as among the most consummate works of art ever achieved by the master-mind of its author. The perfection of its design and finish is analogous to that of a Grecian temple, seen as the crown of some old classic height, with all its pure outlines—all the delicate proportions of its airy pillars—brought into bold relief by the golden sunshine, and against the unclouded blue of its native heavens. Complete within itself, the harmonious edifice is thus also to the mind and eye of the be-

holder; they are filled, and desire no more—they even feel that more would be but incumbrance upon the fine adjustment of the well-ordered parts constituting the graceful whole. It sends no vague dreams to wander through infinity, such as are excited by a Gothic minster, where the slight pinnacles striving upward, like the free but still baffled thought of the architect—the clustering pillars and high arches imitating the bold combinations of mysterious forests—the many-branching cells, and long visionary aisles, of which waving torchlight or uncertain glimpses of the moon seem the fittest illumination—ever suggest ideas of some conception in the originally moulding mind, far more vast than the means allotted to human accomplishment—of struggling endeavour, and painfully submitted will. Akin to the spirit of such creations is that of the awful but irregular Faust, and other works of Goethe, in which the restless questionings, the lofty aspirations, and dark misgivings of the human soul, are perpetually called up to “come like shadows, so depart,” across the stormy splendours of the scene; and the mind is engaged in ceaseless conflict with the interminable mysteries of life. It is otherwise with the work before us: overshadowed, as it were, by the dark wings of the inflexible destiny which hovers above the children of Tantalus, the spirit of the imaginary personages, as well as of the reader, here moves acquiescently *within* the prescribed circle of events, and is seldom tempted beyond, to plunge into the abyss of general speculations upon the lot of humanity.

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FRAGMENTS FROM THE IPHIGENIA.

I.

JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE
LANGUAGE.

OH, sweetest voice! Oh, bless'd familiar sound
Of mother-words heard in the stranger's land!
I see the blue hills of my native shore,
The far blue hills again! those cordial tones
Before the captive bid them freshly rise
For ever welcome! Oh, by this deep joy,
Know the true son of Greece!

II.

EXCLAMATIONS OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER
BROTHER.

Oh hear me, look upon me! how my heart,
After long desolation, now unfolds
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth!
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before! Oh give me way,
Give my soul's rapture way! The eternal fount
Leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff
Of high Parnassus, down the golden vale,
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
And swells around me to a flood of bliss—
Orestes!—oh, my brother!

III.

LOT OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY IPHIGENIA.

Man by the battle's hour immortalized
May fall, yet leave his name to living song ;
But of forsaken woman's countless tears,
What reck's the after-world ? the poet's voice
Tells nought of all the slow, sad, weary days,
And long, long nights, through which the lonely soul
Pour'd itself forth, consumed itself away,
In passionate adjurings, vain desires,
And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,
The loved and vanish'd !

IV.

LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood! reach me one
draught,
One last cool goblet fill'd with dewy peace!
Soon will the spasm of life departing leave
My bosom free! Soon shall my spirit flow
Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,
Calmly and silently! away to you,
Ye dead! Ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,
Take home the son of earth, and let him steep
His o'erworn senses in your dim repose
For evermore.

V.

CONTINUATION OF ORESTES' SOLILOQUY.

Hark ! in the trembling leaves
Mysterious whispers : hark ! a rushing sound
Sweeps through yon twilight depth !—e'en now they
come,
They throng to greet their guest ! and who are they
Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,
As a king's children gather'd for the hour
Of some high festival ! Exultingly,
And kindred-like, and godlike, on they pass,
The glorious wandering shapes ! aged and young,
Proud men and royal women ! Lo my race,
My sire's ancestral race !
