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THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS HEMANS.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale,
That saw my childhood's plays:
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear;
He tells me of the noble band,
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their off-spring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.

And I obey.—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers;
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust!

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp
Impreguably arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth;
Perish, my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode:
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall:—
I go up to the mountains, with my God.

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine:—the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the spring
Seems but to weep.—Where art thou, my beloved?—
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—
Along the crested billows;—but in vain!
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—
Yet thou wert faithful ever. O! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head;
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks;
The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lov'd one!

Where art thou—where?—had I but lingering preat
On thy cold lips the last long kiss,—but smooth'd
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief;—I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods,—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful!—I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose.—
—But thou liest far away!—No funeral chant,
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine;—
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck;—
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved!—

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!—

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me!—E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still.—O! speak to me,
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
If yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,
We two shall meet again!—O! I would quit
The day, rejoicingly,—the rosy light,—
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
And sweet familiar melodies of earth,
To dwell with thee below.—Thou answerest not!
The powers, whom I have call'd upon are mute;

The voices buried in old whispery caves,
And by lone river-sources, and amidst
The gloom and mist'ry of dark, prophet-oaks,
The Wood-gods' haunt—they give me no reply!
All silent—heaven and earth!—for ever more
From the deserted mountains thou art gone—
For ever from the melancholy groves,
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound!—
And I—I pine through all the joyous day,
Through the long night I pine,—as fondly pines
The night's own bird, dissolving her lone life
To song in moonlight woods.—Thou hear'st me not!
The Heavens are pitiless of human tears;
The deep sea-darkness is about thy head;
The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

A LYRIC.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto.—DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain ;
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
A cloud-like weeping train ;
Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn-gold
On all the glistening leaves ; and wildly roll'd,
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,
Across the sunset sky ;
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night
Came rushing with her might
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
Wakening or answering some deep Sybil tone,
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

“ Fold, fold thy wings,” they cried, “ and strive no more,
Faint spirit, strive no more !—for thee too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inward wasting fires !—Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way
Beyond their blighting sway,
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore !
How shouldst *thou* hope Earth's fetters to unbind ?
O passionate, yet weak ! O trembler to the wind !

“ Never shall aught but broken music flow
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe ;
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
From the reed's hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague wild symphony :
No power is theirs, and no abiding-place
In human hearts ; their sweetness leaves no trace,—
Born only so to die !

“ Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruis'd life again
A moment's essence breathe ;
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

“ So fade, fade on ! thy gift of love shall cling,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain !
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude ! ”

Then my soul yielded ; spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
Its powers, like leaves before the night-rain, closing ;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
As if a soft mist gleam'd
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
To many a shape and hue
Of vision'd beauty grew,

Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
Unrolling, then swept by,
With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
Of Southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
Which floated past me into orient day,
Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
Colour'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
Height above spiry height !
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steep'd in golden light !
While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings :
Or as if waters forth to music leaping.

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Link'd in majestic anthems ; while through all
That billowy swell and fall,
Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
My being's core ; then, moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by Love and Faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !
A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power ;—a clear unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
And to a new control
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
Th' accordant rush of elemental sound
To one consummate harmony profound ;
One grand Creation-Hymn,
Whose notes the Seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
Faithful though faint ?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its fount and end ?
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heavenward guide ?
An angel of bright power ?—and strongly bear
My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God ?

The radiant hope new-born
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life : and as a ripening rose,
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream
So from that hope are spreading
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me ;—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits ! let them not depart !
Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
Darken'd by mine own heart !
Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure
In the soul's grasp endure ;—
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life ! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring
In a full heart of music !—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song ! O ! let me wake
The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore !
And let me summon all the voices dwelling
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore !

Forgive, O Father ! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise !
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession !—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
The fire from heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue !—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark !
Thine are all holy things—O make *me* Thine,
So shall I too be pure—a living shrine
Unto that spirit, which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.