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THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
But in the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou passed away?
Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours are floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.
And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly, 'midst the garden-flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee.
But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?
Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;—
To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—
To the sailor on the billows,
In longings, wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!
And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:
In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.
But, oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!
Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

F. H.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

" Oh ! fondly, fervently, those two had loved ;
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust ;
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years :
—And thus they met !"

" HASTE, with your torches, haste ! make firelight round !"
—They speed, they press—what hath the miners found ?
Relic or treasure, giant sword of old ?
Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold ?
—Not so—the dead, the dead ! An awe-struck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
Before the thing that, in the night of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth, with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair !)
O'er his cold brow : no shadow of decay
Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery ? From the throng
A woman wildly broke ; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings :—all had been for him !
Those two had loved ! And there he lay, the dead,
In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
Had long since ebb'd :—a meeting sad and strange !
—Oh ! are not meetings in this world of change
Sadder than partings oft ? She stood there, still,
And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill
With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
'Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,
By torchlight and by death :—until, at last,
From her deep heart the spirit of the past
Gushed in low broken tones :—" And there thou art !
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
As for a few brief hours !—My friend, my friend !
First-love, and only one ! Is this the end
Of hope deferred, youth blighted ? Yet thy brow
Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
Smiles—how unchanged !—while I, the worn, and weak,
And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
If thou couldst look on me !—a withered leaf,
Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief !
—Better to see thee thus !—for thou didst go,
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
Unto the dead. My Ulric ! through the night
How have I called thee !—with the morning light
How have I watched for thee !—wept, wandered, prayed,
Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
In search of thee !—bound my worn life to one,
One torturing hope !—Now let me die !—'tis gone !
Take thy betrothed !" —And on his breast she fell.
—Oh ! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
How changed in all but love !—the true, the strong—
Joining in death whom life had parted long !
—They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—
No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed !
His name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dead face—and die !

F. H.

THE DREAMER.

There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*English Opium-eater.*

Rest from thy griefs!—thou art sleeping now ;
The moonlight's peace is upon thy brow :
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies, 'midst the hush of thy heart, at rest ;
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When Eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay ;
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee, as winds bow the willow's head ;
The yearnings for voices and faces gone ;—
All are forgotten ! Sleep on—sleep on !

Are they forgotten? It is not so !
Slumber divides not our hearts from their woe ;
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass :
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O Love and Grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still ;
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily ;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd !—
Sorrowful Dreamer ! this is not rest.

It is Thought, at work amidst busied hours ;
It is Love, keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.
—Oh ! we bear within us mysterious things,
Of memory and anguish unfathomed springs,
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still !

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away !
Well might we look on our souls in fear ;
They find no fount of oblivion here !
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we, if under the wings of Death ?

F. H.