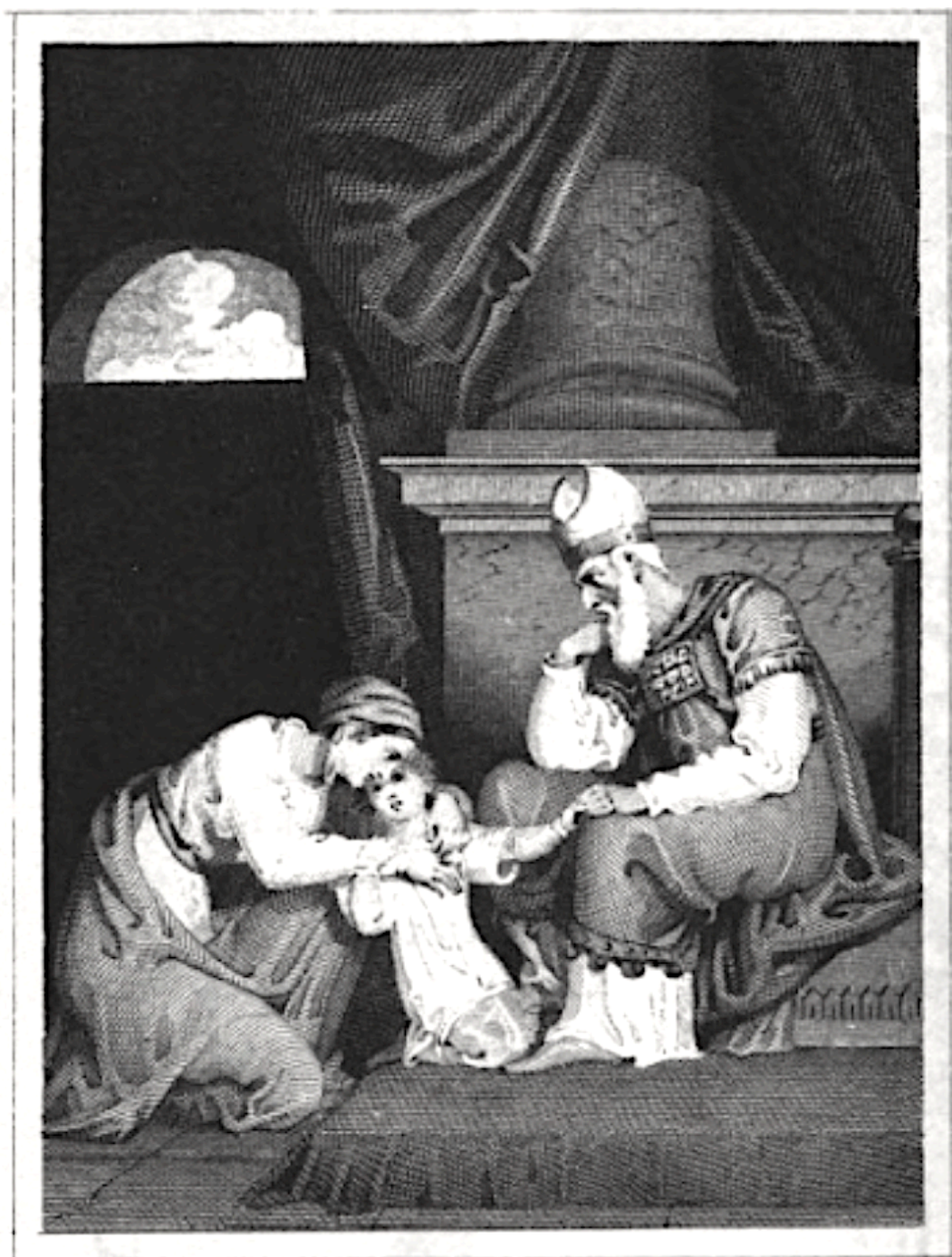


Poems of
Felicia Hemans
in
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Compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

Contents

The Hebrew Mother
The Trumpet
Christ in the Garden



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THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE
HEBREW MOTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd, that he might rest ;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chas'd the sleep

That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart : and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary ; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, thro' the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm
Clung e'en as ivy clings ; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high ; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas !” she cried,

“ Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart ?—

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair !

And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted !
Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away,
While, thro' its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,

With the full water-urn !
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck ; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child?—will HE not hear thee
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Will HE not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

THE TRUMPET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE Trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre !
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire !
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast,
And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
A king to war went past !

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth ;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth !
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye ;—
They come not back, tho' all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side ;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride !
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread !
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead ?

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but His Father's eye
Look'd thro' the lonely Garden's shade,
On that dread agony!
The Lord of All above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power,
So to o'ershadow *Him!*
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all!—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darken'd round His head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not—tho' the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread ;
It pass'd not— tho' to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die !

And was *His* mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but thro' Him, that path who trod ?—
Save, or we perish, Son of God !