

Miscellaneous Poetry 6
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CHURCH MUSIC.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

————— “ All the train
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas.”—MILTON.

AGAIN! oh, send those anthem-notes again
Thro' the arch'd roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,
The banners tremble, as with victory!

Sing them once more!—they waft my soul away,
High where no shadow of the past is thrown;
No earthly passion, thro' th' exulting lay,
Breathes mournfully one haunting under-tone.

All is of Heaven!—yet wherefore to mine eye,
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source,
Ev'n while the waves of that strong harmony,
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course?

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power?
—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour!

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
—Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire—
But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
This, this, awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Their music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice, prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife?
—Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
Not e'en the triumph's hour;—
Love is the gifted and the strong
To wake that music's power!
His breath awakes that power!

THE BED OF HEATH.

“SOLDIER, awake! the night is past;
Hear'st thou not the bugle's blast?
Feel'st thou not the dayspring's breath?
Rouse thee from thy bed of heath!
Arm, thou bold and strong!
Soldier! what deep spell hath bound thee
Fiery steeds are neighing round thee—
Banners to the fresh wind play:
Rise, and arm—'tis day, 'tis day!
And thou hast slumber'd long.”

“Brother! on the heathery lea
Longer yet my sleep must be;
Though the morn of battle rise,
Darkly night rolls o'er my eyes—
Brother, this is death!
Call me not when bugles sound,
Call me not when wine flows round;
Name me but amidst the brave,
Give me but a soldier's grave—
But my bed of heath!”

FAIRY SONG.

HAVE ye left the greenwood lone,
Are your steps for ever gone ?
Fairy King and Elfin Queen,
Come ye to the sylvan scene,
From your dim and distant shore,
Never more !

Shall the pilgrim never hear
With a thrill of joy and fear,
In the hush of moonlight hours,
Voices from the folded flowers,
Faint, sweet flute-notes as of yore,
Never more !

“ Mortal ! ne'er shall bowers of earth
Hear again our midnight mirth :
By our brooks and dingles green
Since unhallow'd steps have been,
Ours shall thread the forests hoar
Never more.

“ Ne'er on earthborn lily's stem
Will we hang the dewdrop's gem ;
Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head
Quiver to our dancing tread,
By sweet fount or murmuring shore—
Never more !”

LOOK ON ME THUS NO MORE.

**It is thy pity makes me weep,
My soul was strong before ;
Silent, yet strong its griefs to keep
From vainly gushing o'er.
Turn from me, turn those gentle eyes !
In this fond gaze my spirit dies :
Look on me thus no more !**

**Too late that softness comes to bless,
My heart's glad life is o'er ;
It will but break with tenderness,
Which cannot now restore !
The lyre-strings have been jarr'd too long,
Winter hath touch'd the source of song !
Look on me thus no more !**

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

How can that love so deep, so lone,
So faithful unto death,
Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
In airy word, find breath ?

Nay ! ask how on the dark wave's breast,
The lily's cup may gleam,
Though many a mournful secret rest
Low in the unfathom'd stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
In its deep current's power ;
And like the play of words above,
That lily's trembling flower.
