

**Felicia Hemans**  
**in**  
**The New Monthly Magazine**  
**Volume 31**  
**1831**

**Compiled**  
**By**  
**Deter J. Bolton**

**Contents**

	Page
The Sisters	125-126
Flowers in a Room of Sickness	141
The Haunted House	269-270

THE SISTERS.

—————“ We grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition ;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart :  
And will you rend our ancient love asunder ?”

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

“ I go, sweet sister ! yet my love would linger with thee fain,  
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain :  
Take then the braid of Eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,  
And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair ;  
Its pale, pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,  
And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent-cell.”

“ Oh ! sister, sister ! wherefore thus ?—why part from kindred love ?  
Through festal scenes, when thou art gone, my step no more shall move.  
How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless throng ?  
I should but miss Earth's dearest voice in every tone of song !  
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearl ! or let me proudly twine  
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine !”

- “ Oh! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain?  
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again?  
Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,  
And bath'd with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong!  
It could not still *my* beating heart—but may it be a sign  
Of Peace and Hope, my gentle one! when meekly press'd to thine!”
- “ Take back, take back the cross of gold! our mother's gift to thee—  
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be;  
With funeral splendour to mine eyes it would but sadly shine,  
And tell of early treasure lost, of joy no longer mine!  
Oh! sister! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppress'd,  
Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast?”
- “ Urge me no more!—a blight hath fall'n upon mine alter'd years,  
I should but darken *thy* young life with sleepless pangs and fears!  
But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,  
And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone of memory wake!  
Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own sweet Vesper-hymn,  
And think that I, too, chaunt it then, far in my cloister dim!”
- “ Yes! I *will* take the silvery lute, and I will sing to thee  
A song we heard in childhood's days, ev'n from our father's knee!  
Oh! listen, listen! are those notes amidst forgotten things?  
Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings?  
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain?  
—Kind sister, gentlest Leonor! say, shall it plead in vain?”

SONG.

“ Leave us not, leave us not!  
Say not, adieu!  
Have we not been to thee  
Tender and true?”

“ Take not thy sunny smile  
Far from our hearth!  
With that sweet light will fade  
Summer and Mirth.

“ Leave us not, leave us not!  
Can thy heart roam?  
Wilt thou not pine to hear  
Voices from Home?”

“ Too sad our love would be,  
If thou wert gone!  
Turn to us, leave us not!  
Thou art our own!”

- “ Oh sister! thou hast won me back!—too many fond thoughts lie  
In every soft, spring-breathing tone of that old melody!  
I cannot, cannot leave thee now! ev'n though my grief should fall  
As a shadow o'er the pageantries that crowd our ancient hall!  
But take me, clasp me to thine arms—I will not mourn my lot,  
Whilst love like thine remains on earth—I leave, I leave thee not!”

FLOWERS IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

"I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health.*

BEAR them not from grassy dells,  
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;  
Not from where sweet water-sounds  
Thrill the green wood to its bounds ;  
Not to waste their scented breath  
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
And the glow-worm's emerald star,  
And the bird, whose song is free,  
And the many-whispering tree :  
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,  
They would win to Earth again !

Spread them not before the eyes,  
Closing fast on summer skies !  
Woo thou not the spirit back,  
From its lone and viewless track,  
With the bright things which have birth  
Wide o'er all the coloured Earth !

With the violet's breath would rise  
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;  
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,  
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eyes—  
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis *thou* that dreaming art,  
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.  
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,  
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love ;  
But that passion, deep and true,  
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,  
In their fragile mould she sees ;  
Shadows of yet richer things,  
Born beside immortal springs,  
Into fuller glory wrought,  
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,  
She can read no word of grief ;  
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,  
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !  
And her dim, yet speaking eye,  
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,  
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;  
From her chamber take the gloom,  
With a light and flush of bloom :  
So should one depart, who goes  
Where no Death can touch the Rose !

F. H.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I seem like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he, departed.

MOORE.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,  
Where the deep elm-shadows fall !  
Voices that have left the earth  
Long ago,  
Still are murmuring round its hearth,  
Soft and low :  
Ever there :—yet one alone  
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

Guests come thither, and depart,  
Free of step, and light of heart;  
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,  
In the haunted chambers rest;  
One alone unslumbering lies  
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,  
One quick heart and watchful ear,  
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine-flowers  
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?  
Startling faces of the dead,  
    Pale, yet sweet,  
One lone woman's entering tread  
    There still meet!  
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,  
Faintly shining through bright hair;  
Some with reverend locks of snow—  
All, all buried long ago!  
All, from under deep sea-waves,  
Or the flowers of foreign graves,  
Or the old and banner'd aisle,  
Where their high tombs gleam the while,  
Rising, wandering, floating by,  
Suddenly and silently,  
Through their earthly home and place,  
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,  
Are those sounds and visions known?  
Wherefore hath that spell of power  
    Dark and dread,  
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,  
    Thus been shed?  
Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,  
No strange gift of mystery lies!  
She is lone where once she moved  
Fair, and happy, and beloved!  
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,  
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;  
Now those silver cords are broken,  
Those bright looks have left no token,  
Not one trace on all the earth,  
Save her memory of her mirth.  
She is lone and lingering now,  
Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,  
Midst gay song and children's play,  
She is dwelling far away;  
Seeing what none else may see—  
Haunted still her place must be!