

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
in
Forget Me Not, 1827

compiled
by
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DOVER

Designed by S. Owen Engraved by E. Finden

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rocks of my country ! let the cloud
Your crested heights array ;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam ;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home !

I have left sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious ; yet again
I bless thee, land of home !

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land ;
And thine the guarded hearth ;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze ;
Their steps are on thy plains ;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes :

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea ;—
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee !

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

CALL back your odours, lonely flowers,
From the night-wind call them back,
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth on the sunbeam's track !

The lark lies couch'd in his grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye thus alone ?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies ?

Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew ?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you ?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child, with a fairy shout,
Goes dancing on his way.

Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light ;
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze when no step is nigh ;
Oh ! thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high !

And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to Heaven !