

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
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Compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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GUARDIAN ANGELS

Painted by W. Etty R. A. Engraved by E. Finden

THE ANGELS' CALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!”

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned for ever!—midst that shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back, once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long-bereft!

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And, oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
Come, Spirit, to thy God!

WOMAN AND FAME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Happy—happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow ;
She that makes the humblest hearth,
Lovely but to one on earth.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath ;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy;
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need;
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

THE THEMES OF SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith. *Wordsworth.*

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
Where'er, for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to Heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
In its pride hath been struck down,
Or a bright-haired virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,
That now are man's no more ;
A place of ivy, freshly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a violet wave,
A star its vigil keep ;

Or where a yearning heart of old,
Or a dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould,
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found—
We die, we pass away ;
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn, and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream,
To the deep sea hath gone ;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
Th' exhaustless flood rolls on.