

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
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Compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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Sebastian of Portugal.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEBASTIAN.	⋮	ZAMOR—a young Arab.
GONZALEZ—his friend.	⋮	SYLVEIRA.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Shore near Lisbon.*

SEBASTIAN—GONZALEZ—ZAMOR.

SEBASTIAN.

WITH what young life and fragrance in its breath,
My native air salutes me!—from the groves
Of citron, and the mountains of the vine,
And thy majestic tide, thus foaming on
In power and freedom o'er its golden sands,

Fair stream, my Tajo!—Youth, with all its glow
 And pride of feeling, through my soul and frame
 Again seems rushing, as these noble waves
 Past their bright shores flow joyously. Sweet land,
 My own, my fathers' land of sunny skies,
 And orange bowers! Oh! is it not a dream
 That thus I tread thy soil? Or do I wake
 From a dark dream but now? Gonzalez, say,
 Doth it not bring the flush of early life
 Back on th' awakening spirit, thus to gaze
 On the far-sweeping river, and the shades
 Which in their undulating motion speak
 Of gentle winds amidst bright waters born;
 After the fiery skies and dark red lands
 Of the lone desert? Time and toil must needs
 Have changed *our* mien; but this, our blessed land
 Hath gained but richer beauty since we bade
 Her glowing shores farewell? Seems it not thus?
 Thy brow is clouded!

GONZALEZ. To mine eye the scene
 Wears, amidst all its quiet loveliness,
 A hue of desolation; and the calm,
 The solitude, and silence which pervade
 Earth, air, and ocean, seem belonging less
 To peace than sadness! We have proudly stood
 Even on this shore, beside th' Atlantic wave,
 When it hath looked not thus!

SEBASTIAN. Aye, now thy soul
 Is in the past! Oh no! it looked not thus,
 When the morn smiled upon our thousand sails,

And the winds blew for Afric ! How that hour,
With all its hues of glory, seems to burst
Again upon my vision ! I behold
The stately barks, the arming, the array,
The crests, the banners of my chivalry
Swayed by the sea-breeze, till their motion showed
Like joyous life. How the proud billows foamed !
And the oars flashed, like lightnings of the deep,
And the tall spears went glancing to the sun,
And scattering round quick rays, as if to guide
The valiant unto fame ! Aye, the blue heaven
Seemed for that noble scene a canopy
Scarce too majestic, while it rung afar
To peals of warlike sound ! My gallant bands !
Where are ye now ?

GONZALEZ. Bid the wide desert tell
Where sleep its dead ! To mightier hosts than thine
Hath it lent graves ere now ; and on its breast
Is room for nations yet !

SEBASTIAN. It cannot be,
That all have perished ! Many a noble man,
Made captive on that war-field, may have burst
His bonds like us. Cloud not this fleeting hour,
Which to my soul is as the fountain's draught
To the parched lip of fever, with a thought
So darkly sad !

GONZALEZ. Oh ! never, never cast
That deep remembrance from you ! When once more
Your place is midst earth's rulers, let it dwell
Around you, as the shadow of your throne,

Wherein the land may rest ! My king, this hour
(Solemn as that which to the voyager's eye
In far and dim perspective doth unfold
A new and boundless world ;) may haply be
The last in which the courage and the power
Of Truth's high voice shall reach you ! Who may stand
As man to man, as friend to friend, before
Th' ancestral throne of monarchs ? Or, perchance,
Toils, such as tame the loftiest to endurance,
Henceforth may wait us here ! But howsoe'er
This be, the lessons won from sufferings past,
Befit all time, all change. Oh ! by the blood,
The free, the generous blood of Portugal
Shed on the sands of Afric ; by the names
Which, with their centuries of high renown,
There died, extinct for ever ; let not those
Who stood in hope and glory at our side
Here, on this very sea beach, whence they passed
To fall, and leave no trophy ; let them not
Be soon, be e'er forgotten ! for their fate
Bears a deep warning in its awfulness,
Whence power might well learn wisdom !

SEBASTIAN. Thinkest thou then
That years of sufferance and captivity,
Such as have bowed down eagle hearts ere now,
And made high energies their spoil, have passed
So lightly o'er my spirit ? It is not thus !
The things thou wouldst recall are not of those
To be forgotten ! But my heart hath still
A sense, a bounding pulse for hope and joy,

And it is joy which whispers in the breeze
 Sent from my own free mountains. Brave Gonzalez !
 Thou art one to make thy fearless heart a shield
 Unto thy friend, in the dark stormy hour
 When knightly crests are trampled, and proud helms
 Cleft, and strong breast-plates shivered. Thou art one
 To infuse the soul of gallant fortitude
 Into the captive's bosom, and beguile
 The long slow march beneath the burning noon
 With lofty patience ; but for those quick bursts,
 Those buoyant efforts of the soul to cast
 Her weight of care to earth, those brief delights
 Whose source is in a sunbeam, or a sound
 Which stirs the blood, or a young breeze, whose wing
 Wanders in chainless joy ; for things like these
 Thou hast no sympathies !

And thou, my Zamor,
 Art wrapt in thought ! I welcome thee to this
 The kingdom of my fathers. Is it not
 A goodly heritage ?

ZAMOR. The land is fair ;
 But he, the archer of the wilderness,
 Beholdeth not the palms beneath whose shade
 His tents are scattered, and his camels rest ;
 And therefore is he sad !

SEBASTIÃO. Thou must not pine
 With that sick yearning of th' impatient heart
 Which makes the exile's life one fevered dream
 Of skies, and hills, and voices far away,
 And faces wearing the familiar hues

Won from his native sunbeams. I have known
Too much of this, and would not see another
Thus daily die. If it be so with thee,
My gentle Zamor, speak. Behold, our bark
Yet, with her white sails catching sunset's glow,
Lies within signal reach. If it be thus,
Then fare thee well, farewell, thou brave, and true,
And generous friend! How often is our path
Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it, but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers yet
Around that image. And e'en so, kind Zamor,
Shalt thou be long remembered!

ZAMOR. By the fame
Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior tribes
Tell round the desert's watch fire, at the hour
Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,
I will not leave thee. 'Twas in such an hour
The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay
Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within
The chambers of the dead. Who saved me then,
When the Pard, soundless as the midnight, stole
Soft on the sleeper? Whose keen dart transfixed
The monarch of the solitudes? I woke,
And saw *thy* javelin crimsoned with his blood,
Thou, my deliverer! and my heart e'en then
Called thee its brother.

SEBASTIAN. For that gift of life,
With one of-tenfold price, even freedom's self,
Thou hast repaid me well.

ZAMOR. Then bid me not
Forsake thee ! Though my father's tents may rise
At times upon my spirit, yet my home
Shall be amidst thy mountains, Prince, and thou
Shalt be my chief, until I see thee robed
With all thy power. When thou canst need no more
Thine Arab's faithful heart and vigorous arm,
From the green regions of the setting sun
Then shall the wanderer turn his steps, and seek
His orient wilds again.

SEBASTIAN. Be near me still,
And ever, oh my warrior ! I shall stand
Again amidst my hosts, a mail-clad king,
Begirt with spears and banners, and the pomp
And the proud sounds of battle. Be thy place
Then at my side. When doth a monarch cease
To need true hearts, bold hands ? Not in the field
Of arms, nor on the throne of power, nor yet
The couch of sleep. Brave friend, we will not part.

GONZALEZ.

Be all thy friends thus faithful, for even yet
They may be fiercely tried.

SEBASTIAN. I doubt them not.
E'en now my heart beats high to meet their welcome.
Let us away.

GONZALEZ. Yet hear once more, my liege :
The humblest pilgrim, from his distant shrine

Returning, finds not even his peasant home
 Unchanged amidst its vineyards. Some loved face
 Which made the sun-light of his lowly board,
 Is touched by sickness, some familiar voice
 Greets him no more ; and shall not fate and time
 Have done their work, since last we parted hence,
 Upon an Empire ? Aye, within those years,
 Hearts from their ancient worship have fallen off
 And bowed before new stars ; high names have sunk
 From their supremacy of place, and others
 Gone forth, and made themselves the mighty sounds
 At which thrones tremble. Oh ! be slow to trust
 E'en those to whom your smiles were wont to seem
 As light is unto flowers. Search well the depths
 Of bosoms in whose keeping you would shrine
 The secret of your state. Storms pass not by,
 Leaving earth's face unchanged.

SEBASTIAN. Where didst thou learn
 The cold distrust which casts so deep a shadow
 O'er a most noble nature ?

GONZALEZ. Life hath been
 My stern and only teacher. I have known
 Vicissitudes in all things, but the most
 In human hearts. Oh ! yet awhile tame down
 That royal spirit, till the hour be come
 When it may burst its bondage ! On thy brow
 The suns of burning climes have set their seal,
 And toil, and years, and perils, have not passed
 O'er the bright aspect, and the ardent eye,
 As doth a breeze of summer. Be that change

The mask beneath whose shelter thou may'st read
Men's thoughts, and veil thine own,

SEBASTIAN. Am I thus changed
From all I was? And yet it needs must be,
Since e'en my soul hath caught another hue,
From its long sufferings. Did I not array
The gallant flower of Lusian chivalry,
And lead the mighty of the land, to pour
Destruction on the Moslem? I return,
And, as a fearless and a trusted friend,
Bring, from the realms of my captivity,
An Arab of the desert!

But the Sun
Hath sunk below th' Atlantic. Let us hence—
Gonzalez, fear me not. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street in Lisbon illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

In sooth, our city wears a goodly mien
With her far-blazing fanes, and festive lamps
Shining from all her marble palaces,
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The humblest lattice
Sends forth its radiance. How the sparkling waves
Fling back the light!

SECOND CITIZEN. Aye, 'tis a gallant shew;
And one which serves, like others, to conceal
Things which must not be told.

FIRST CITIZEN. What wouldst thou say ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

That which may scarce, in perilous times like these,
Be said with safety. Hast thou looked within
Those stately palaces ? Were they but peopled
With the high race of warlike nobles, once
Their princely lords, think'st thou, good friend, that now
They would be glittering with this hollow pomp,
To greet a conqueror's entrance ?

THIRD CITIZEN. Thou sayest well.

None but a land forsaken of its chiefs,
Had so been lost and won.

FOURTH CITIZEN. The lot is cast ;

We have but to yield. Hush !—for some strangers come :
Now, friends, beware.

FIRST CITIZEN. Did the King pass this way
At morning, with his train ?

SECOND CITIZEN. Aye, saw you not
The long and rich procession ?

[SEBASTIAN *enters with GONZALEZ and ZAMOR*]

SEBASTIAN (to GONZALEZ.) This should be
The night of some high festival. E'en thus
My royal city to the skies sent up
From her illumined fanes and towers, a voice
Of gladness, welcoming our first return
From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gonzalez, ask
The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart
Deep feelings rush, so mingled and so fast,
My voice perchance might tremble.

GONZALEZ. Citizens,

What festal night is this, that all your streets
Are thronged and glittering thus ?

FIRST CITIZEN. Hast thou not heard
Of the King's entry, in triumphal pomp,
This very morn ?

GONZALEZ. The King ! triumphal pomp !
Thy words are dark.

SEBASTIAN. Speak yet again ; mine ears
Ring with strange sounds. Again !

FIRST CITIZEN. I said the King,
Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,
This morning entered with a conqueror's train,
Our city's royal palace ; and for this,
We hold our festival.

SEBASTIAN. (*in a low voice.*)

Thou saidst—the King !

His name ? I heard it not.

FIRST CITIZEN. Philip of Spain.

SEBASTIAN.

Philip of Spain ! We slumber, till aroused
By th' earthquake's bursting shock. Hath there not fall'n
A sudden darkness ? All things seem to float
Obscurely round me. Now 'tis past. The streets
Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench those lamps !
They glare upon me, till my very brain
Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dared ye thus
Light up your shrines for *him* ?

GONZALEZ. Away, away,
This is no time, no scene—

SEBASTIAN. Philip of Spain !

How name ye this fair land ? Why—is it not
 The free, the chivalrous Portugal ? the land
 By the proud ransom of heroic blood
 Won from the Moor of old ? Did that red stream
 Sink to the earth, and leave no fiery current
 In the veins of noble men, that so its tide,
 Full swelling at the sound of hostile steps,
 Might be a kingdom's barrier ?

SECOND CITIZEN. That high blood
 Which should have been our strength, profusely shed
 By the rash King Sebastian, bathed the plains
 Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt
 Hath brought this ruin down.

SEBASTIAN. Must this be heard,
 And borne, and unchastised ? Man, darest thou stand
 Before me face to face, and thus arraign
 Thy sovereign ?

ZAMOR (*aside to Sebastian.*)

Shall I lift the sword, my Prince,
 Against thy foes ?

GONZALEZ. Be still !—or all is lost.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I dare speak that which all men think and know.
 'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,
 And power, and treasure, that we owe these bonds.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Talk not of bonds. May our new monarch rule
 The weary land in peace ! But who art thou,
 Whence com'st thou, haughty stranger, that these things,
 Known to all nations, should be new to thee ?

SEBASTIAN (*wildly.*)

I come from regions where the cities lie
In ruins, not in chains.

(*Exit with Gonzalez and Zamor.*)

SECOND CITIZEN. He wears the mien
Of one that hath commanded ; yet his looks
And words were strangely wild.

FIRST CITIZEN. Marked you his fierce
And haughty gesture, and the flash that broke
From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's name
Became our theme ?

SECOND CITIZEN. Trust me, there's more in this
Than may be lightly said. These are no times
To breathe men's thoughts in th' open face of Heaven
And ear of multitudes. They that would speak
Of monarchs and their deeds, should keep within
Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence, and then
We'll commune of this stranger. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—GONZALEZ—ZAMOR.

SEBASTIAN.

Withstand me not ! I tell thee that my soul,
With all its passionate energies, is roused
Unto that fearful strength which *must* have way,
E'en like the elements, in their hour of might,
And mastery o'er creation.

GONZALEZ. But they wait

That hour in silence. Oh! be calm awhile,
Thine is not come. My king—

SEBASTIAN. I am no King,
While in the very palace of my sires,
Aye, where mine eyes first drank the glorious light,
Where my soul's thrilling echoes first awoke
To the high sound of earth's immortal names,
Th' usurper lives and reigns. I am no king,
Until I cast him thence.

ZAMOR. Shall not thy voice
Be as a trumpet to th' awakening land?
Will not the bright swords flash like sunbursts forth,
When the brave hear their Chief?

GONZALEZ. Peace, Zamor, peace:
Child of the desert, what hast thou to do
With the calm hour of counsel?

Monarch, pause!
A kingdom's destiny should not be the sport
Of passion's reckless winds. There is a time,
When men, in very weariness of heart
And careless desolation, tamed to yield
By misery, strong as death, will lay their souls
E'en at the conqueror's feet, as nature sinks
After long torture, into cold, and dull,
And heavy sleep. But comes there not an hour
Of fierce atonement? Aye, the slumberer wakes
With gathered strength and vengeance. And the sense,
And the remembrance of his agonies
Are in themselves as power, whose fearful path
Is like the path of Ocean, when the Heavens

Take off its interdict. Wait thou the hour
Of that high impulse.

SEBASTIAN. Is it not the Sun
Whose radiant bursting through th' embattled clouds
Doth make it morn? The hour of which thou speak'st
Itself, with all its glory, is the work
Of some commanding nature, which doth bid
The sullen shades disperse. Away!—e'en now
The land's high hearts, the fearless and the true,
Shall know they have a leader. Is not this
The mansion of mine own, mine earliest friend,
Sylveira?

GONZALEZ. Aye, its glittering lamps too well
Illume the stately vestibule, to leave
Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever loved
Such pageantries.

SEBASTIAN. *His* dwelling thus adorned
On such a night! Yet will I seek him here.
He must be faithful, and to him the first
My tale shall be revealed. A sudden chill
Falls on my heart; and yet I will not wrong
My friend with dull suspicion. He hath been
Linked all too closely with mine inmost soul.
And what have I to lose?

GONZALEZ. Is their blood nought
Who, without hope, will follow where thou leadest,
Even unto death?

SEBASTIAN. Was that a brave man's voice?
Warrior and friend! how long then hast thou learned
To hold thy blood thus dear?

GONZALEZ. Of mine, mine own,
 Thinkest thou I spoke? When all is shed for thee,
 Thou'lt know me better.

SEBASTIAN (*entering the palace.*)

For awhile, farewell. *Exit.*

GONZALEZ.

Thus Princes read men's hearts. Come, follow me,
 And if a home is left me still, brave Zamor,
 There will I bid thee welcome. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall within the Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—SYLVEIRA.

SYLVEIRA.

Whence art thou, stranger; what wouldst thou with me?
 There is a fiery wildness in thy mien,
 Startling and almost fearful.

SEBASTIAN. From the stern
 And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose lord
 Is the fierce lion, and whose gentlest wind
 Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark children make
 The bow and spear their law, men bear not back
 That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask
 The secrets of their spirit, 'midst the stir
 Of courts and cities. I have looked on scenes,
 Boundless, and strange, and terrible; I have known
 Sufferings, which are not in the shadowy scope
 Of wild imagination; and these things
 Have stamped me with their impress. Man of peace,

Thou lookest on one familiar with th' extremes
Of grandeur and of misery.

SYLVEIRA. Stranger, speak,
Thy name and purpose briefly, for the time
Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence ; to-night
I feast the lords of Spain.

SEBASTIAN. Is that a task
For King Sebastian's friend ?

SYLVEIRA. Sebastian's friend !
That name hath lost its meaning. Will the dead
Rise from their silent dwellings, to upbraid
The living for their mirth ? The grave sets bounds
Unto all human friendship.

SEBASTIAN. On the plain
Of Alcazar, full many a stately flower,
The pride and crown of some high house, was laid
Low in the dust of Afric ; but of these
Sebastian was not one.

SYLVEIRA. I am not skilled
To deal with men of mystery. Take thou off
The strange dark scrutiny of thine eye from mine.
What mean'st thou ? Speak !

SEBASTIAN. Sebastian died not there.
I read no joy in that cold doubting mien.
Is not thy name—Sylveira ?

SYLVEIRA. Aye.

SEBASTIAN. Why, then,
Be glad. I tell thee that Sebastian lives !
Think thou on this, he lives ! Should he return,
—For he may yet return ; and find the friend

In whom he trusted with such perfect trust
As should be Heaven's alone,—Mark'st thou my words?
Should he then find this man, not girt and armed,
And watching o'er the heritage of his lord,
But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,
Holding luxurious revels with his foes;
How wouldst thou meet his glance?

SYLVEIRA. As I do thine,
Keen tho' it be, and proud.

SEBASTIAN. Why, thou dost quail
Before it, even as if the burning eye
Of the broad Sun, pursued thy shrinking soul,
Through all its depths.

SYLVEIRA. Away! He died not there!
He *should* have died then, with the chivalry,
And strength, and honour of his kingdom, lost
By his impetuous rashness.

SEBASTIAN. This from *thee*.
Who hath given power to falsehood, that one gaze
At its unmasked and withering mien should blight
High souls at once? I wake. And this from thee!
There are, whose eyes discern the secret springs
Which lie beneath the desert, and the gold
And gems within earth's caverns, far below
The everlasting hills: but who hath dared
To dream that heaven's most awful attribute
Invested his mortality, and to boast
That through its inmost folds his glance could read
One heart, one human heart? Why then to love,
And trust, is but to lend a traitor arms

Of keenest temper, and unerring aim,
Wherewith to pierce our souls. But thou, beware,
Sebastian lives !

SYLVEIRA. If it be so, and thou
Art of his followers still, then bid him seek
Far in the wilds which gave one sepulchre
To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a home,
For none is left him here.

SEBASTIAN. This is to live
An age of wisdom in an hour ! The man
Whose Empire, as in scorn, o'erpassed the bounds
E'en of the infinite Deep ; whose orient realms
Lay bright beneath the Morning, while the clouds
Were brooding, in their sunset mantle still,
O'er his majestic regions of the West ;
This heir of far dominion shall return,
And, in the very city of his birth,
Shall find no home ! Aye, I *will* tell him this,
And he will answer that the tale is false,
False as a traitor's hollow words of love,
And that the stately dwelling, in whose halls
We commune now—a friend's, a monarch's gift,
Unto the chosen of his heart, Sylveira,
Should yield him still a welcome. *

SYLVEIRA. Fare thee well.
I may not pause to hear thee, for thy words
Are full of danger, and of snares, perchance
Laid by some treacherous foe. But all in vain.
I mock thy wiles to scorn.

SEBASTIAN. Ha ! ha ! the snake

Doth pride himself in his distorted cunning
 Deeming it wisdom. Nay, thou goest not thus.
 My heart is bursting, and I *will* be heard.
 What! know'st thou not my spirit was born to hold
 Dominion over thine? Thou shalt not cast
 Those bonds thus lightly from thee. Stand thou there,
 And tremble in the presence of thy lord.

SYLVEIRA.

This is all madness.

SEBASTIAN. Madness! No; I say
 'Tis reason starting from her sleep, to feel
 And see, and know, in all their cold distinctness
 Things which come o'er her, as a sense of pain
 O'th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay thee yet.
 Be still. Thou art used to smile and to obey,
 Aye, and to weep. I have seen thy tears flow fast,
 As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharged
 With loyal love. Oh! never, never more,
 Let smiles or tears be trusted! When thy King
 Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,
 Upon thy bed of sickness thou wast laid,
 And he stood o'er thee with the look of one
 Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes
 Were filled with tears like thine. No! *not* like thine:
 His bosom knew no falsehood, and he deemed
 Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's shield,
 Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone
 Are brightly imaged forth.

SYLVEIRA. What now avail
 These recollections?

SEBASTIAN. What? I have seen thee shrink
 As a murderer from the eye of light before me.
 I have earned (how dearly and how bitterly
 It matters not, but I *have* earned at last)
 Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom. Now, begone!
 Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though arraigned
 E'en of Sebastian's friendship. Make his scorn
 (For he *will* scorn thee, as a crouching slave
 By all high hearts is scorned,) thy right, thy charter
 Unto vile safety. Let the secret voice
 Whose low upbraidings will not sleep within thee,
 Be as a sign, a token of thy claim
 To all such guerdons as are showered on traitors,
 When noble men are crushed. And fear thou not.
 'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm
 Hurls from his mountain throne; th' ignoble shrub,
 Grovelling beneath, may live.

SYLVEIRA. It is *thy* part
 To tremble for thy life.

SEBASTIAN. They that have looked
 Upon a heart like thine, should know too well
 The worth of life, to tremble. Such things make
 Brave men and reckless. Aye—and they, whom fate
 Would trample, should be thus. It is enough.
 Thou may'st depart.

SYLVEIRA. And thou, if thou dost prize
 Thy safety, speed thee hence. *Exit SYLVEIRA.*

SEBASTIAN (*alone.*) And this is he
 Who was as mine own soul: whose image rose
 Shadowing my dreams of glory with the thought,

That on the sick man's weary couch he lay,
Pining to share my battles!—

(Music heard within, and voices.)

CHORUS.

Ye winds, that sweep
The conquered billows of the Western Deep,
Or wander where the morn
'Midst the resplendent Indian Heavens is born,
Waft o'er bright isles and glorious Worlds the fame
Of the crowned Spaniard's name:
Till in each glowing zone,
Its might the nations own,
And bow to him the vassal knee,
Whose sceptre shadows realms from Sea to Sea!

SEBASTIAN.

Away, away!—this is no place for him
Whose name hath thus resounded, but is now
A word of desolation!

Exit.



DELOS

Painted by W. Linton

Engraved by Benjamin Hick

A Song of Delos.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce Nature,
 Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau ;
 L'air est si parfume ! la lumière est si pure !
 Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau !

LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
 On the blue seas by Delos : from that isle,
 The Sun-God's own domain, a gentle girl,
 Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
 Lit with a life too perilously bright,
 Was borne away to die. How beautiful
 Seems this world to the dying !—but for *her*,
 The child of beauty and of poesy,
 And of soft Grecian skies—oh ! who may dream
 Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,
 Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,

* It will be remembered, that this beautiful island was sacred to the ancient Greeks, from having been the birth-place of Apollo and Diana. None were born or died there—the mothers and the dying were carried to the neighbouring islet of Rhane. Solemn expeditions, with much priestly pomp, were frequently made from Athens to enforce this ordinance, particularly to propitiate the Gods in time of public calamity. Our era refers to the celebrated lustration, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, during the plague of Athens.

As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried;

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh! pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep.
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore:
—Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Beneath my native sky!
Though breathing from the radiant shore
Voices of youth too sweetly wander by!
Mine hath no part in all their summer-mirth,
Yet back they call me to the laughing earth.

“ A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
 Lord of the Lyre! to me;
 With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

“ Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
 I sink to early rest;
 The ray that lit the incense-pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

“ Bright Isle! might but thine echoes keep
 A tone of my farewell,
 One tender accent, low and deep,
Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh! linger, seamen, linger on the oar!

Rhine Song

OF THE
GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"But I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine at Ehren-brait-stein by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. "At the first gleam of the river," he said, "they all burst forth into the national chant 'AM RHEIN! AM RHEIN!'—they were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time;—for each band renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clack and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus 'Am Rhein! am Rhein!'"

MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, Brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine, the Rhine! our own imperial River!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee Freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! Hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Ev'n as my mother's song!
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours 'till meeting,
—O ransomed ones! I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never—
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills, that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!



SAINT CECILIA, ATTENDED BY ANGELS

Painted by Andrea Celesti

Engraved by H. Robinson

For a Picture

OF SAINT CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
 How bright that heaven-directed glance!
 —Waft her to Glory, winged Powers,
 Ere Sorrow be renewed,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood!

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with Inspiration beaming,
 Wear yet so deep a calm?—Oh, Child of Song!
 Is not the Music-Land a world of dreaming,
 Where Forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?
 Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?
 Low, haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
 Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?

No, not for Thee!—*thy* Spirit, meek, yet queenly,
 On its own starry height, beyond all this
 Floating triumphantly, and yet serenely,
 Breathes no faint under-tone through songs of bliss!

Say, by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
 Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies?
 Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling,
 For the deep cedar-shades of Paradise!

What strain?—oh! not the nightingale's, when
 showering

Her own heart's life drops on the burning lay,
 She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
 And pours her strength, but not her grief, away:

And not the Exile's!—When 'midst lonely billows
 He wakes the Alpine notes his mother sung,
 Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
 Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung.

And not the Pilgrim's!—though his thoughts be holy,
 And sweet his Ave-song, when day grows dim,
 Yet, as he journeys pensively and slowly,
 Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

But Thou—the Spirit which at eve is filling
 All the hushed air and reverential sky,
 Founts, leaves, and flowers with solemn rapture thrilling,
 This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony!

This bears up high those breathings of devotion
 Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free;
 —Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
 Is the dream-haunted Music-Land for *Thee*.

A Farewell to Abbotsford.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—The love
Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
Where dwell the wise and wondrous; but by thee
How much more, "Home of Beauty!" do we feel
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud!..... BYRON.

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moss and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And banks with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice, from thee sent forth,
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway,
As a king's, o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest.

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May thy free sward be prest!
—While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!