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To a Flower brought from the Field of Grutli

**TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.\***

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,  
When Winter-stars gleam cold,  
The glorious tales of older days  
May proudly yet be told;  
Forget not then the shepherd-race,  
Who made the hearth a holy place!

SWISS SONG.

WHENCE art thou, flower?—from holy ground  
Where freedom's foot hath been!  
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound  
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth  
Was not where spears have cross'd,  
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth  
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers  
Unto thy cup were given,  
There met high hearts at midnight hours,  
Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,  
Through every Alpine dell,  
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,  
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,  
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,  
And souls grew strong for battle there,  
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,  
That calm, devoted band;  
And rose, and made their spirits felt,  
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower!  
Even in thy pale decay,  
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,  
Which all high thoughts obey.

F. H.

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\* The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.