

**Doems of  
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SUMMER SONGS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

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I.—A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Hast thou no fears, O thou exulting thing ;  
Thus looking forth on life ? Is there no spell  
In the strong wind to tame thee ? Thou hast yet  
To learn harsh lessons from the changeful hours,  
And bow thy stately head submissively  
Unto a heavy touch ; for here, bright shape !  
Thy resting-place is not.

ROSE, what dost thou here ?  
Bridal, royal Rose !  
How, 'midst grief and fear,  
Canst thou thus disclose  
That fervid hue of love which to thy heart-leaf glows ?

Rose! too much arrayed  
For triumphal hours,  
Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all flowers !

As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Strains of victory,  
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly doom too high !

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
Youthful poet's cheek ;  
Thoughts of glory rushing  
Forth in song to break ;  
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, O festal Rose!  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose,  
Pillowed with the dying,  
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, Life, and Love,  
O'er that bed of pain,  
Met in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a chain  
In its embracing links, the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?  
Oh! within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power,  
Something dimly dwells  
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells!

All the soul, forth flowing  
With that rich perfume,  
All the proud life, glowing  
In that radiant bloom,  
Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race?  
Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might wear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace!

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?  
Shall we not behold thee  
Bright and deathless there,  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly more fair?

Yes, my fancy sees thee  
In that light disclose,  
And its dream thus frees thee  
From the mist of woes,  
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal Rose!

II.—NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of night ! unfolding meekly, slowly,  
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,  
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,  
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers ;  
    To solemn things and deep,  
    To spirit-haunted sleep,  
    To thoughts, all purified  
From earth, ye seem allied,  
    O dedicated flowers !

Ye, from the crowd your vestal beauty turning,  
Keep in dim urns the precious odour shrined,  
Till steps are hush'd and faithful stars are burning,  
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind ;  
    So doth love's dreaming heart  
    Dwell from the throng apart ;  
    And but to shades disclose  
The inmost thought which glows,  
    With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,  
To no triumphant song your petals thrill ;  
But yield their fragrance with the faint sweet voices  
Rising from hidden founts when all is still,  
    So doth lone prayer arise,  
    Mingling with secret sighs,  
    When grief unfolds, like you,  
Her breast, for heavenly dew  
    In silent hours to fill.

III.—THE WANDERING WIND.

THE wind, the wandering wind  
Of golden summer eves!  
Whence is the thrilling magic  
Of its tones among the leaves?

Oh, is it from the waters  
Or from the long, tall grass?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks  
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices  
Of all in one combined,  
That it wins the tone of mastery?  
The wind, the wandering wind!

No, no, the strange sweet accents  
That with it come and go,  
They are not from the osiers,  
Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,  
Nor of the caverned hill:  
'Tis the human love within us  
That gives them power to thrill.

They touch the links of memory  
Around our spirits twined,  
And we start, and weep, and tremble,  
To the wind, the wandering wind!

IV.—O, YE HOURS!

O YE hours, ye sunny hours!  
Floating lightly by,  
Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
Odours and blue sky?

Yes, we come, again we come,  
Through the wood-paths free;  
Bringing many a wanderer home,  
With the bird and bee.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
Are ye wafting song?  
Doth wild music stream in showers  
All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,  
While the starlight reigns,  
Making young leaves and sweet air  
Tremble with her strains.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
In your silent flow  
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!  
Bring ye bliss or woe?

Ask not this—oh! seek not this!  
Yield your hearts awhile  
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
And the heaven's bright smile!

Throw not shades of anxious thought  
O'er the glowing flowers!  
We are come, with sunshine fraught,  
Question not the hours!