

A Poem of
Felicia Hemans
in
The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1834

Compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

The Bird at Sea

THE BIRD AT SEA.

By MRS. HEMANS.

“ BIRD of the greenwood !
Oh ! why art thou here ?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near :
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away !

Midst the wild billows
Thy place will not be,
As midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree :
How shouldst *thou* battle
With storm and with spray ?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away !

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine-leaves are fann'd?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!”

“ Chide not my lingering
Where waves are dark!
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherish'd
Through winter's long day—
So I turn from the greenwood
Away, away!”