

Poems of
Felicia Hemans
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compiled
by
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Contents

The Mother and Child
The Grave of Körner
Autograph



Painted by W. Brockedon.

Engraved by W. Humphrys.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE art thou, Boy?—Heaven, heaven! the babe
is playing
Even on the margin of the dizzy steep!
Haste—hush! a breath, my agony betraying,
And he is gone!—beneath him rolls the deep!
Could I but keep the bursting cry suppress'd,
And win him back in silence to my breast!

Thou 'rt safe!—Thou com'st, with smiles my fond
arms meeting,
Blest, fearless child!—I, *I* have tasted death!
Nearer! that I may *feel* thy warm heart beating!
And see thy bright hair floating in my breath!
Nearer! to still my bosom's yearning pain,—
I clasp thee now, mine own! thou 'rt here again!

THE
GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword-song." He was buried at the village of Wübbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful Oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited Verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The Monument erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a Lyre and Sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his Works had been entitled. Near the grave of the Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his Portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—*"Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht."*—*Forget not the faithful Dead.*—See Downes' Letters from Mecklenburgh, and Körner's *Prosaische Aufsätze*, &c. Von C. A. Tiedge.

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest !
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest !
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier !—By the Father's hand,
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard !—For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God ! *

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken !

Thou hast a hero's tomb !—A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave !
She pined to share thy grave.

* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his Country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—*She* loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she?
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
Ye were but two!—and when that spirit passed,
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more!

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet Sister!—peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

From autographs of the living Poets of England

Felicia Hemans