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THE LYRE'S COMPLAINT.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave its melancholy music to the wind. But no human being was to be seen."—*Salathiel*.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea ;—
"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
"What would thy breath with me ?

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies ;
Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire
Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the lone dark waters !
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness
With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the gift, the spell, the lightning,
Within my frame conceal'd—
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

"I have power, high power, for Freedom
To wake the burning soul ;
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll :

"I have pealing notes of Victory,
That might welcome kings from war ;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a Hero's death afar :

"I have chords to lift the Pæan
From the Temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons,
When sweeping winds are high.

"And Love—for Love's lone sorrow
I have music that might swell
Through the summer-air with the rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell.

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined ;—
But who shall call that sweetness forth ?
Thou canst not, Ocean-wind !

"No kindling heart gives echoes
To the passion of my strain ;
I perish with my wasted gifts,
Vain is that dower—all vain !

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life ?
—Wild fitful wind, away !"

So sigh'd the broken music,
That in gladness had no part ;—
—How like art thou, neglected lyre !
To many a human heart !

F. H.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—MANFRED.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood play'd,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met

In grief or glee?
 All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
 The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
 Pour'd full and free?
 A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
 To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
 For evermore!
 Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
 Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
 A thought restore!
 In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
 In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
 Set deep that thought!
 And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
 And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
 With me be fraught!
 And Memory answer'd me:—"Wild wish and vain!
 I have no hues the loveliest to detain
 In the heart's core:
 The place they held in bosoms all their own,
 Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,
 Is theirs no more!"
 Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
 "It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
 Of hope and trust,
 Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
 'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
 Wild words on dust!"
 Song! is the gift with *thee*?—I ask a lay,
 Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
 From the still breast;
 Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
 But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
 Where it would rest!
 And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
 Though call'd immortal—though my power may be
 All but divine:
 A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
 A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live,
 This is not mine!"
 Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?
 —And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
 Each vain regret:
 What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
 Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
 Wilt soon forget."
 Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
 As from all Nature's voices one reply,
 But one, was given:
 "Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,
 To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
 Seek it in Heaven!"

F. H.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

“Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe ; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie.”—*Madame de Staël*.

THERE was music on the midnight ;—
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath ;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight ;—
A sound of many feet ;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street ;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

* Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inez taken from the grave, solemnly enthroned and crowned.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave ;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom ;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow !
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from th' encircling band,
Stept Prince and Chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came ?
Was not the settled aspect fair ?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face ?

Death, Death ! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of *Life* ?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife ?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead !

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail :
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not
Which once his star had been ;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless Queen :
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.
There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that Queen of clay.
And tearlessly and firmly,
King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
—'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wert and art!

F. H.

NO MORE.

———“There came a sound of song
From the dark ruins—a faint strain
As if some Echo that among
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd long,
Were murmuring into life again.

Ah! where are they, who heard in former hours
The voice of song in those neglected bowers?
They are gone—they all are gone!
'Tis thus in future hours, some bard will say
Of her who sings, and him that hears this lay,
They are gone—they too are gone.”—*Evenings in Greece.*

No more!—a harp-string's deep, sad, *breaking* tone,
A last low summer-breeze, a far-off knell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those murmurs of farewell—
No more!

To dwell in peace with home-affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—
No more!

A dirge-like sound!—to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—
No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn, and meet our own heart's answer *there*—
No more!

Words of Despair!—yet Earth's, all Earth's—the woe
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—oh! image *then* the flow
Of gladness in its tones!—to part, to weep—
No more!

To watch in dying hope, Affection's wane,
To see the Beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart—
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love, and never quench that thirst ;
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—
No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead ;
To send our searching spirits through th' unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled—
No more !

Words of triumphant music !—bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, th' ungenial air ;
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
To learn in joy :—to struggle, to despair—
No more ! *

* "*Jamais, jamais ! Je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,*" was the mournful expression of Madame de Staël.