

Miscellaneous Poetry 4
1820s

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Compiled

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Contents

Stanzas to the Memory of * * *
The Lost Pleiad
The Wreck
To the Poet Wordsworth
The Songs of our Fathers
The King of Arragon's Lament for his Brother
The Forsaken Hearth

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF * * *

In the full tide of melody and mirth,
While joy's bright spirit beams from every eye,
Forget not him, whose soul, though fled from earth,
Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal hour,
Charm'd by those strains, for us has lightly flown:
And memory's visions, mingling with their power,
Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays
Revive life's morning dreams, when youth is fled,
And, fraught with images of other days,
Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.

His the dear art whose spells awhile renew
Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom—
Oh! what were life, unless such moments threw
Bright gleams, "like angel visits," o'er its gloom!

Original source not identified,
Taken from Galignano's Magazine, December 1823, Page 272.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.—Lord Byron.

And is there glory from the Heavens departed?

—Oh, void unmark'd!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,

Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou! that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the Night lost a gem, the regal Night?

—She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence!

No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning!
The Shepherd greets them on his mountains free,
And from the silvery sea

To them the Sailor's wakeful eye is turning;

—Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd
for thee!

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Ev'n as a dew-drop from the myrtle-spray,

Swept by the wind away?

Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Who, who shall talk of Thrones, of Sceptres riven?

—It is too sad to think on what we are,

When from its hight afar,

A world sinks thus! and yon majestic Heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star!

F. H.

Original source not identified,
Taken from *The League of the Alps, and Other Poems*, 1826, Boston.

65

THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had peal'd along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had veil'd her topsails to the sand,
And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn,
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away—
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze—
And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that shore
Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside—
Yet by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.
And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That there *a mother* slept !

For her pale arms a babe had prest,
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful 'midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony !

Oh ! human Love, whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu—
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !

Original source not identified,
Taken from *The League of the Alps, and Other Poems*, 1826, Boston.

100

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

THINE is a strain to read amongst the hills,
The old and full of voices—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound—for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast, in some sweet garden-bowers,
Where summer winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hush'd the woods with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, link'd with household words.
While, in pleas'd murmurs, woman's lip might move,
And the rais'd eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around,
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy !—thou art e'en as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie—
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touch'd by thee,
Bright, healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer
free !

Original source not identified,
Taken from *The League of the Alps, and Other Poems*, 1826, Boston.

120

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

————— “Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.”
Wordsworth.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters rov'd,
And swell them through the torrent's roar—
 The songs our fathers lov'd!

The songs their souls rejoic'd to hear
 When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
 Thrill on the banner'd wall:

The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves :
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove ;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love :
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
 When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer !
So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those lov'd ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
 Shall sweetly speak again ;
The heathery heights in vision rise
 Where like the stag they rov'd—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers lov'd.

Original source: The Monthly Magazine, Volume 6, 1828 (not at present accessible);
Taken from The Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, 1828, Pages 475-476.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT
FOR HIS BROTHER.*

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"
Coleridge's Wallenstein.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in
the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held with-
in its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high,
after years of bright blood shed;
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst
the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the
tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a
gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the
horn and cymbals' tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt
more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou
city of the sea!
But oh! what portion of delight is mine at last
in thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the
glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is
mournful to my soul.

“ My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone,
the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon
thy grave :

There are many round my throne to stand, and
to march where I lead on ;
There was *one* to love me in the world—my
brother! thou art gone !

“ In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean tem-
pest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side ; one hope was
ours—one path :

Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak,
thou hast fenced me with thy breast ;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—
oh! bravest heart, and best !

“ I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull
sad world they shine ;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where
is *thine* ?

* The grief of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit
found reply!—

Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hol-
low pageantry!

“ I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my
glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend*
hath passed away!

For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my
heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it can-
not come again!

“ I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the
offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I
have purchased cold renown:
How often will my weary heart 'midst the
sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower
of chivalry!

“ I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as
death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the
battle-trumpet's breath;
Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the
royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother?—where?—
in thy low and early grave!”

And louder swelled the songs of joy through
that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the
stars' and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard
the conqueror's moan—

“ My brother! oh! my brother! best and
bravest! thou art gone!”

F. H.

Original source: The Monthly Magazine, Volume 6, 1828 (not at present accessible);
Taken from The Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, 1828, Pages 674-675.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

* "And still the green is bright with flowers;
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers.
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly:
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revelled on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey?"—*Wilson.*

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire
is quenched and gone,
That into happy children's eyes once brightly
laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met is hush'd
through day and night:
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that
here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by
mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dis-
persed to meet no more;
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's
grief or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas!
the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak
another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs
their mother sung;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must
sound each household tone—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright
fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their
days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet
on land or sea?
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed
—and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly
again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long
remembered years,
Alas! the brother knows not now where fall
the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may
droop alone;
For broken is the household chain—the bright
fire quenched and gone!
Not so!—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory
binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent
now and chill!

The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine
attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children
for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—
though called from earth away—
With music rising from the dead, their spirits
yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted
yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the
bright fire quenched and gone.

F. H.
