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THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

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" I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth—but bearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of Humanity;  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue."—WORDSWORTH.

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COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,  
To the world that is under the free blue skies!  
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—  
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells  
A light all made for the poet dwells;  
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,  
Whence the primrose a mellower glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,  
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;  
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,  
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,  
Where the streamers, with the lilies they wear, have birth;  
There is peace where the alders are whispering low:  
Come from man's dwellings, with all their woe!

Yes! we will come—we will leave behind  
The homes and the sorrows of human kind;  
It is well to rove where the river leads  
Its bright blue vein along sunny meads:

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,  
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe;  
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,  
When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings:

And to watch the colours that flit and pass  
With insect-wings through the wavy grass;  
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's bark,  
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,  
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea;  
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,  
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet  
A line like the pathway of former feet;—  
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,  
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot;—

If the cell where a hermit of old hath prayed  
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade;—  
Or if some nook, where the wild flowers wave  
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,  
There our quick spirits awhile delayed;  
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,  
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,  
Steeped in soft hues of the summer-air,—  
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,  
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,  
Where it hath poured forth its vows to Heaven;  
Where to repose it hath brightly past,  
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,  
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,  
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,  
We, only we, may be linked to God!

F. H.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.—WOMANSWORTH.

THERE'S Beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise ;  
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,  
Or a cottage-window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear, beneath an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne downwards by the bee ;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen-stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,  
Whence the fitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! Beauty dwells in all our paths—but Sorrow too is there ;  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright still summer air !  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things  
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades ;  
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do ev'n thus—to wander as we will—  
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill ?  
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oft-times bind us fast,  
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts and the violet-dingles back,  
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track ;  
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time hope and mirth,  
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!  
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,  
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right!

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?  
—Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,  
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,  
By the Beauty and the Grief alike, we are training for the skies!

F. H.

A PARTING SONG.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends ?  
When will ye think of me ?  
—When the last red light of the sunny day  
From the rock and the river is passing away ;  
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,  
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought ;  
Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind friends ?  
When will ye think of me ?  
—When the rose of the rich midsummer-time  
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime ;  
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,  
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread ;  
Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet friends ?  
When will ye think of me ?  
—When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye  
At the sound of some olden melody ;  
When ye hear the voice of a mountain-stream ;  
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—  
Then let it be !

Thus let my mem'ry be with you, friends !  
Thus ever think of me !  
Kindly and gently, but as of one  
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone ;  
As of a bird from a chain unbound ;  
As of a wand'rer whose home is found—  
So let it be !