

**POEMS,
PP. 1-190**

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Poems, pp. 1-190 by Reginald Heber

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REGINALD HEBER

**POEMS,
PP. 1-190**

POEMS.

BY THE LATE

RT. REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

AND

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

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TRIBUTE
TO THE
MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken while it shone,
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend, for thee ?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Went from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower ?
Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have
burned—
Of heaven they were, and thither are returned.

How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above,
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of
of love,
And yet can weep !—for Nature so deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier
shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allowed,
Thou that, rejoicing on thy mid-career,
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed!
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.
Praise, for yet one more name, with power en-
dowed,
To cheer and guide us onward as we press,
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine, whose memory from the
dead
Shines as the star, which to the Saviour led.

FELICIA HEMANS.