

**THE FOREST
SANCTUARY:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The forest sanctuary: and other poems by Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans

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FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS

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OTHER POEMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

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MDCCCXXV.

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THE
FOREST SANCTUARY.

Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden,
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar!

So ist des geistes ruf an mich ergangen,
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.

Die Jungfrau von Orleans.

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have hied and suffer'd bonds.

Remorse, a Tragedy.

The following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country in the 16th century, takes refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

I.

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still, unchang'd:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

II.

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
 In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born ;
 Ev'n as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
 On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
 Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

III.

And find mine ark!—yet whither?—I must bear
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
 Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
 And sighing through the feathery canes!—hath power
 To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
 From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!—
 So must it be!—These skies above me spread,
 Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here, my dead!