

**THE POETESS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The Poetess, and Other Poems by Georgiana Bennet

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GEORGIANA BENNET

**THE POETESS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

THE POETESS,

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY

GEORGIANA BENNET,

Author of "Iantha," "The Egyptian," "Remarks on Female Education,"
"A Lay of Home," &c, &c.

LONDON:

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1844.

TO
THE REV. H. R. WOOLLEY, A.M.,
RECTOR OF HANDSWORTH, —
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF SINCERE GRATITUDE,
RESPECT, AND ESTEEM,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED:
BY
GEORGIANA BENNET.

THE POETESS.

"The fate which waits the gifted One,—
To pine, each finer impulse checked;
At length to sink, and die."

L. E. LANDON.

"I tell the tale, as 'twas told to me."

I.

It was the sunset of a summer eve,—
I wandered to a wild, sequestered spot,
There lonely fancies and sweet dreams to weave;
Recalling scenes and thoughts too long forgot,
Much of the Past, till now remembered not;—
I heard a voice, with deep and mournful sound,
Speaking of the dark sorrows of a lot
Most desolate and sad; and looking round,
Beneath my favourite tree, a stranger's form I found.

II.

A wild, unsettled light shone in her eye,
As if the fire of fever scorched her brain;—
She watched the sunset fading from the sky,
As though she ne'er should look on it again,
And would its bright remembrance still retain
Through life's long years; and as night's shadows loomed
She struck her harp, and breathed a parting strain;—
So wild indeed, and sad the notes it poured,
It seemed as o'er the strings Grief's bitterest tears were
showered.

III.

There was no other shelter for her head
Than the green boughs of the o'erhanging trees,
Whose lighter branches, thus above her spread,
Sighed sadly in the fitful evening breeze;
As if things even inanimate, like these,
Felt for the sorrow of that mourner lone;
And, to assuage her secret miseries,
Gave to each sound a sad and kindred tone,
As if with untold griefs they had familiar grown!

IV.

No human form, save hers, and mine, was there,—
No earthly friend, with soothing words, was nigh;—
And were there none who felt for her despair,
Or heeded if she'd sought that place *to die*?
Did not the restless wandering of her eye,
And the hot hectic spot upon her cheek,
And the long, yearning gaze upon the sky,
With an unheeded voice of warning speak,—
Telling, the feeble frame was for such mind too weak?

V.

But hark! the echoes of the forest ring
With her wild Harp's sweet, though untutored, sound;
Even as some simple flower, in secret, flings,
Uncared for, and unsought, its fragrance round:—
There is a tree in other climates found,
Which you must bruise to call its sweetness forth;—
Thus with some minds the careless world may wound,
Knowing but little of their power or worth,
Nor how such hearts shall soar above their native earth!

VI.

Of darkly blighted dreams that wild strain told,—
 Of pure and holy thoughts, and hopes laid low ;
 Of cherished friends, whose hearts too soon grew cold ;—
 Some, by the world estranged, forgot their vow ;
 Others, most loved, sank before stern Death's blow,
 Like trees untimely felled ;—and as she sung,
 The dew of anguish gathered on her brow ;
 And from her lifted eyes hot tears were wrung ;—
 And these the bitter words that faltered from her tongue :

VII.

“ Lo! at Night's coming every sound is hushed ;
 It is Day's calmest, and most holy hour !
 Although my haughty heart at length is crushed,
 Wild Lyre! *thou* still retain'st thine early power,—
 Then, ere the darkness round us both shall lour,
 And hide,—for aye, perchance,—the light of day,
 Do thou the magic of thy numbers pour ;
 Breathe for me now a high and powerful lay,
 That shall my spirit's depths to human sight display.

VIII.

“ Even as the vivid lightning’s flashing gleam
Pierces beneath the surface of the deep,
And with a passing, but a glorious beam,
Lights up the caves where untold riches sleep ;—
Shows where bright gems their former lustre keep,
And lays the secrets of old Ocean bare ;—
So doth a ray, ev’n like that lightning, sweep
Through my lone heart, and ’midst its dark despair
Kindles a passing gleam from treasures buried there !

IX.

“ Awakened by that momentary ray,
Before relentless Death his prey shall claim,
My long neglected Harp ! give me one lay
Full of the Past ;—tell how I nursed a flame
Whose fatal influence taught me to aim
At high reward,—a lofty name to win,
And bind around my brow the wreath of Fame !
Tell how, while listening to that voice within,
I saw,—unheeding saw,—life’s darkest woes begin.