

**SABBATH BELLS
CHIMED BY
THE POETS**

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Sabbath Bells Chimed by the Poets by Various

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VARIOUS

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1856

*"Sundays observe: think when the Bells do chime,
'Tis Angels' music."* GEORGE HERBERT.



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1856.

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SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH,
AND DICTATED TO HER BROTHER.




HOW many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Thro' England's primrose meadow paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, midst shadowy elms
ascending,

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day!
The bells from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness!

HEMANS.

The thanks of the Editor are due to Mr. John Taylor, the present proprietor of the copyright of "Clare's Poems," who has kindly allowed several extracts to be included in this volume; and to Messrs. Rivington, who possess the right to Bishop Mant's poetical works, for the same permission; to Mr. Birket Foster, for the beautiful drawings with which the work is illustrated; to Mr. Edmund Evans, for the great care he has taken in engraving them on wood and printing them in colours; and to Mr. Charles Whittingham, for the use of the ornamental initials and the excellence of the typography.

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*Selected by the Editor of "The Poetry of the Year,"
"The Poets of the Woods," &c.*