

Written for the Amaranth.

A VISION.

THE stars were 'round all bright and calm,  
The summer eve was breathing balm,  
The rose was tinged with a richer hue  
And the sapphire sky had a deeper blue;  
When a sound of sorrow came on the air  
And a form came flitting by me there—  
Oh! his eye-beams told of heavenly birth,  
And his raven hair was not of earth;  
His beauty was bright, yet it made me weep,  
And o'er my heart came a sadness deep.  
'Twas the spirit of Death in his speed and might  
On his mission came, in the silent night—  
And a spell of power was o'er me cast,  
And I soared with him on the sweeping blast,  
Away by the shores of the deep old Nile  
Where the lotus lilies calmly smile;  
And away where the Hindoo makes his grave,  
In the hallowed light of Ganges' wave—  
O'er northern hills where the dark pine grows,  
O'er southern plains where the myrtle blows;  
O'er the glittering stream and the deep blue seas  
We came in the storm and the summer breeze.  
Through the frozen zone and the torrid clime  
The Death Spirit passed o'er things of time:  
He looked on the coronet's circling gold,  
And the monarch's brow beneath was cold—  
He came in the winter's icy wreath,  
And the weary wanderer ceased to breathe.  
The sirocco howled its song for him—  
The zephyr sighed and their eyes grew dim;  
He entered the fond heart's highest home  
Where love had raised his holiest dome;  
But he paled the light of his rosy plume,  
And love lay faded upon the tomb.  
I saw where a dying mother lay,  
Her life was passing with the day;  
Around were gathered a childish band  
And she blest them with her gentle hand;  
And the grief was deep o'er each fair cheek  
As they heard her voice so soft and weak;  
The Spirit smiled when he saw my tears,  
And raised the veil of coming years.  
I saw again that weeping throng,  
But their grief had been forgotten long;  
And the thousand hues of life had traced  
O'er the shrine death had laid waste.  
Hope had sung her fairy flowers  
Over memory's vanished hours,  
Joy had brought them gems so bright,  
And that early sorrow lost in light—  
If the blessed thought of that mother dead  
Was e'er around their spirit shed;  
'Twas but when gath'ring clouds of woe  
Called it back with its sunny glow;

Holy and pure as a heavenly beam—  
Yet faint and dim as a morning dream.  
We came where the bridal song rose high—  
Where banners were floating to the sky,  
A maiden had given her heart and hand  
To him she loved, in the marriage band;  
And the lover looked with joy and pride  
On his heart's best treasure, the fair young bride.  
The bridal was gay, as it well might be,  
But I sadly sighed their joy to see—  
For the Spirit bowed and kissed the pearl,  
On the shining hair of the gentle girl;  
'The shadows' dark fell o'er her face,  
And mourning rung in the mirthful place.  
In woe and agony, dark and deep  
Was the lover's heart, ere his eyes could weep;  
Deserted and lone I saw him then,  
But the future was bared to me again,  
And tho' on earth he might love no more—  
She was forgotten he loved before;  
The world's stern chill had o'er him swept,  
And her name was buried where she slept—  
Thus the children's love and wedded faith  
Vanish beneath the power of death.  
But again the Spirit called me back,  
And again I followed in his track—  
I heard a cry of sorrow wild,  
A mother mourned her dying child;  
'The bright young soul exhaled away  
In the early light of its spring-time day;  
And I heard the deep mysterious tone  
That thrills the mother's heart alone;  
None might know the love she bore,  
But the shining veil was raised once more.  
I saw her again when years had flown,  
She wept no more by her hearth alone—  
For a fair and happy throng were there  
Of gracious youths and maidens fair;  
The mother smiled, for she loved them well—  
Yet who the mother's heart can tell;  
Ever around her happy hearth  
She saw a face no more of earth,  
The bright blue eyes and the waving hair  
Of him she lost, were ever there.  
She heard his voice upon the breeze,  
And his form went glancing through the trees:  
Each token of his early youth  
She hallowed with unfading truth.  
And where her life's last rays were shed—  
'Ere she joined her cherished dead,  
She beheld a vision of light and bliss,  
In a glorious world more fair than this;  
A cherub wreathed her a crown of joy,  
And he bore the face of her darling boy.  
Thus one feeling alone the deep heart hath—  
Liveth unchanged by time or death;  
'Till the heart it filleth is called above,