

Felicia Hemans

Quotes

*Heart, Summer, Flower, Forget, Death, Song, Soil, Hats, Laughing, Dwelling,
Gone, Courage, Grief, Thinking, Spirit, Forgetfulness, Sea, Gratitude, Art,
Struggle*

There is in all this cold and hollow world, No fount of deep,
strong, deathless love ; save that within a mother's heart

~Felicia Hemans

Though the past haunt me as a spirit, I do not ask to forget.

~Felicia Hemans

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude, Suffering, yet hoping all things.

~Felicia Hemans

Oh, call my brother back to me! I cannot play alone: The summer comes
with flower and bee, - Where is my brother gone?

~Felicia Hemans

There's beauty all around our paths, If but our watchful eyes Can trace
it 'midst familiar things, And through their lowly guise.

~Felicia Hemans

We pine for kindred natures To mingle with our own.

~Felicia Hemans

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine, The wealth of
seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine.

~Felicia Hemans

Passing away" is written on the world and all the world contains.

~Felicia Hemans

Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the fireflies dance thro'
the myrtle boughs?

~Felicia Hemans

Oh! lovely voices of the sky Which hymned the Saviour's birth, Are ye
not singing still on high, Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?

~Felicia Hemans

There is strength deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck but little
till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth
be rent before her gems are found?

~Felicia Hemans

Ay, call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod, They have left
unstained, what there they found,- Freedom to worship God.

~Felicia Hemans

The stately Homes of England,How beautiful they stand!Amidst their tall
ancestral trees,O'er all the pleasant land.

~Felicia Hemans

I had a hat. It was not all a hat,-Part of the brim was gone:Yet still I
wore it on.

~Felicia Hemans

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

~Felicia Hemans

The opening and the folding flowers, that laugh to the summer's day.

~Felicia Hemans

life's best balm - Forgetfulness!

~Felicia Hemans

A passion for flowers, is, I think, the only one which long sickness
leaves untouched with its chilling influence.

~Felicia Hemans

Alas! for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, O earth.

~Felicia Hemans

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