

A Farewell to Wales

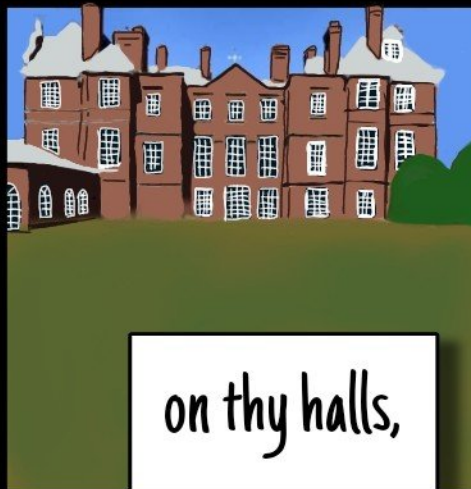
Felicia Dorothea Hemans



The sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
—Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!



On thy hearths,



on thy halls,



on thy pure
mountain-air,



On the chords of
the harp,



and the
minstrel's free
hand!



From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and
my dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills,



on the rocks of thy shore;

And not for the memory set deep
in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the
mighty of yore;

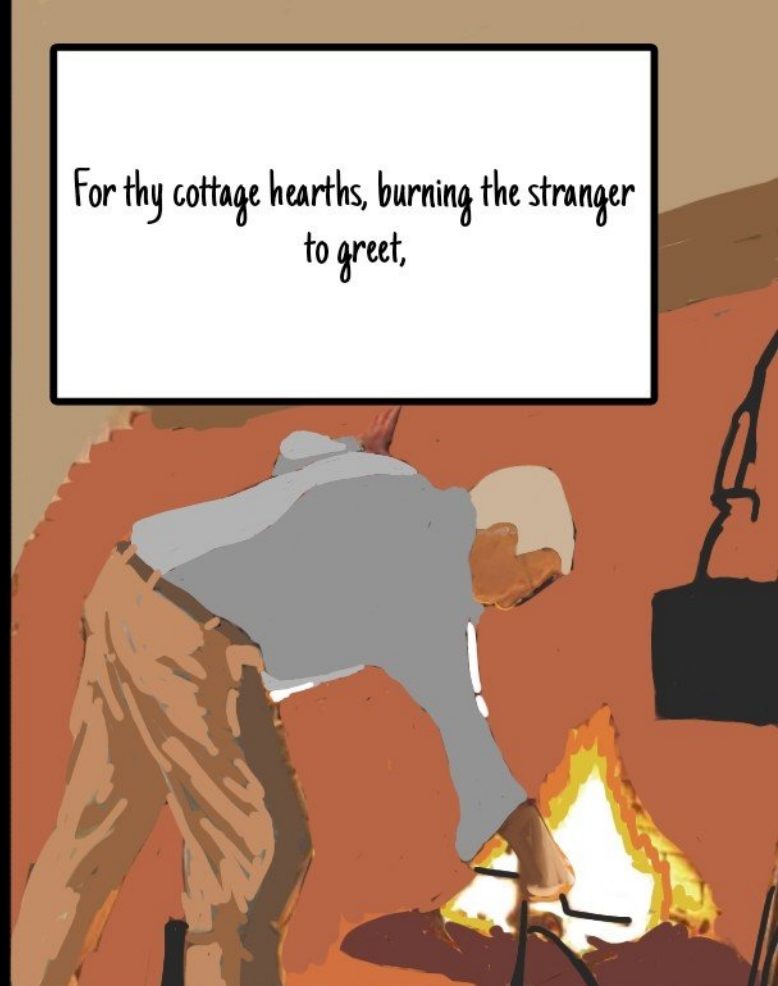


And not for thy songs of those proud ages
fled,
—Green land, Poet-land of my
home and my dead!





I bless thee for all the true bosoms that
beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy
skies,



For thy cottage hearths, burning the stranger
to greet,



For the soul that shines forth from
thy children's kind eyes!



May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,

Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!