

# Hester



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When maidens such as Hester die  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flush'd her spirit:  
I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was train'd in Nature's school;  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind;  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind;  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore  
Some summer morning  
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet fore-warning?

by C. Lamb