

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Heath's Book of Beauty, 1839

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

Contents

| |
|---------------|
| Mrs. Maberly |
| Miss Cockayne |



MRS. MABERLY

Painted by A. E. Chalon R. A. Engraved by W. H. Mote

LINES ON THE
PORTRAIT OF MRS. MABERLY.

BY L. E. L.

WHAT may be the music
Wandering from the chords?
Does some air Italian,
Scarcely need of words?
Is the strain of sadness,
When the spirit's wings
Deepen with the shadows
Of remembered things?
Are the notes more mirthful,
Waking in the heart
All those pleasant fancies,
Which so soon depart?
Tell me, lovely ladye,
Who art leaning there,
In the golden shadow
Of thy golden hair—
Of what art thou singing?
Yet in vain I ask;
Many moods doth music
Bring its graceful task.
Strange must be the sorrow,
Dark must be the hour,
Which would not, bright ladye,
Own thy harp and power.



MISS COCKAYNE

Painted by A. E. Chalon R. A. Engraved by W. H. Mote

ON THE
PORTRAIT OF MISS COCKAYNE.

BY L. E. L.

A DARK-EYED beauty, one on whom the south
Has lavished loveliness—the red rose stooping,
Has cast its shadow on that small, sweet mouth,
Whose lip is with its weight of sweetness drooping.

Like the dark hyacinth in the early spring,
Those long, soft curls in graceful rings descending,
Dark as the feather of the raven's wing,
With just one touch of golden sunshine blending.

Fair as thou art, a deeper charm is thine—
So sweet a face inspires a thousand fancies :
The history that we know not we divine,
And, for thy sake, invent such fair romances.

And give thee fancied names ; and say, less bright
Were they, the heroines of chivalric story,
When ready spears flung round their silver light,
And Beauty gave the noblest crown to glory.

Such were the eyes that over Surrey cast
The deep enchantment of his graceful numbers ;
What time the lovely vision by him past,
Of Geraldine, just lulled in magic slumbers.

So soft, so dark the eyes that governed Spain,
When Isabella was the worshipped sovereign,
The crown of gold and pearl could scarce restrain
The raven curls around her forehead hovering.

These are but fancies — thou art of our time,
Of some sweet present home the hope and pleasure :
Not to the past, nor to some foreign clime,
Need we to wander for the English treasure.

Our early flowers are springing at her feet ;
Our stars, their watch above, her path are keeping ;
Our native words from that young mouth came sweet ;
Ours is her laughter — ours her gentle weeping.

Be those dark eyes long ignorant of tears —
Clear be the summer sky that bendeth o'er thee ;
Be Hope the planet which thy fate enspheres,
And long and bright the path life spreads before thee.