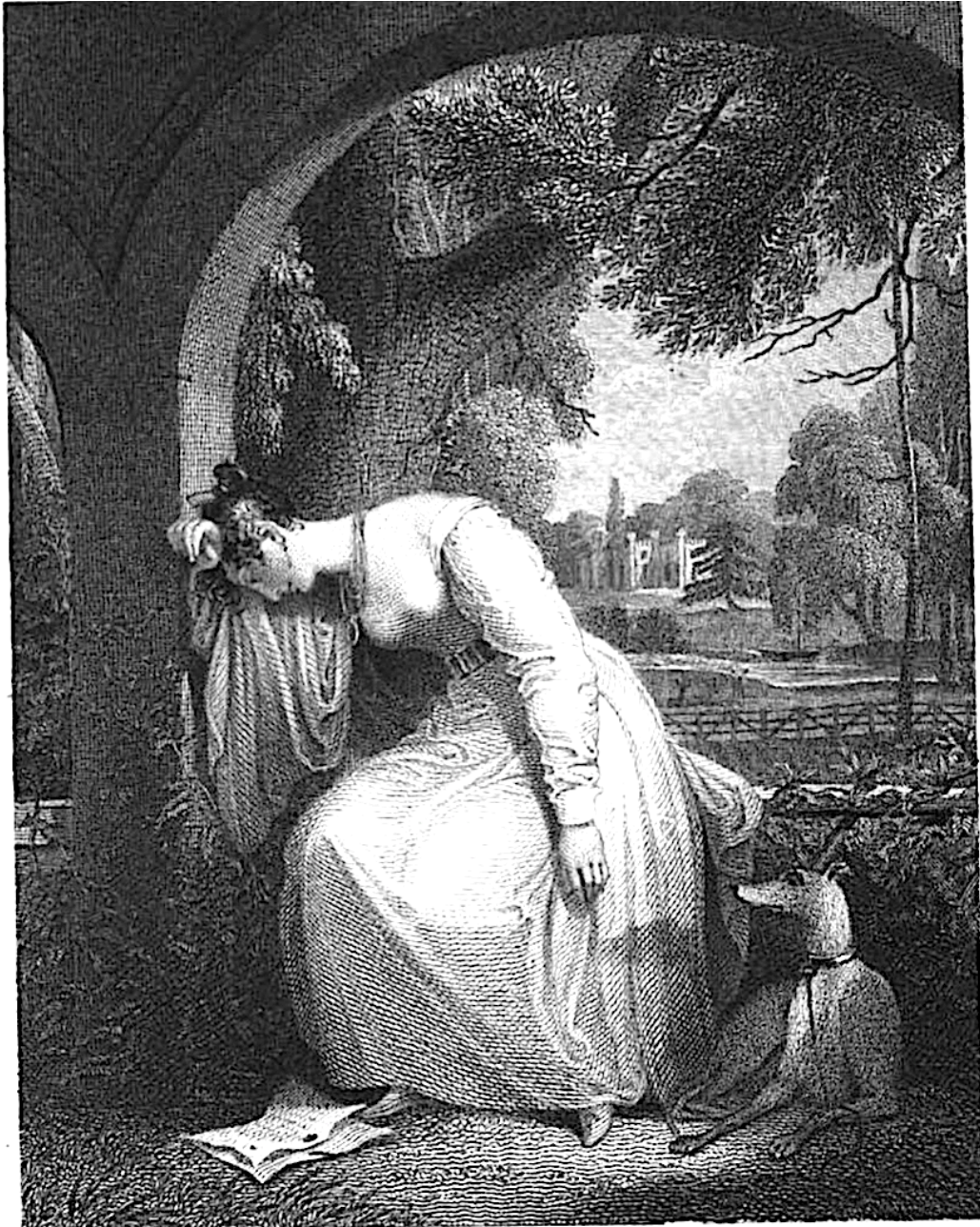


A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Forget Me Not, 1831

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

The Disconsolate



THE DISCONSOLATE

Painted by H. Corbould Engraved by C. Rolls

THE DISCONSOLATE.

Down from her hand it fell, the scroll
She could no longer trace ;
The grief of love is in her soul,
Its shame upon her face.

Her head has dropp'd against her arm,
The faintness of despair ;
Her lip has lost its red rose charm,
For all but death is there.

And there it lies, the faith of years,
The register'd above,
Deepen'd by woman's anxious tears,
Her first and childish love.

Are there no ties to keep the heart,
A vow'd and sacred thing ?
Theirs had known all life's better part,
The freshness of its spring.

It had begun in days of joy,
In childhood, and had been
When he was but a gallant boy,
And she a fairy queen.

Memory was as the same in both ;
The love their young hearts dream'd,

Strong with their strength, grown with their growth,
A second nature seem'd.

How oft on that old castle wall
Appears their mingled name !
Their pictures hang within the hall—
They'll never seem the same.

The shadows of the heart will throw
Their sadness over all ;
And darker for their early glow
Those heavy shadows fall.

Little she dream'd of time to come,
While lingering at his side ;
De Lisle would seek another home,
And win another bride.

Like a fair flower beneath the storm
Is bow'd that radiant brow ;
But pride is in that fragile form,
It droops not aye as now.

That sea-nymph foot will join the dance,
That face grow bright again ;
And rose-red cheek and sunshine glance
Deny their hour of pain.

But deem not that she can forget,
 Howe'er she scorn the past;
 Love's fate upon one die is set,
 And that for her is cast.

'Tis not the lover that is lost,
 The love, for which we grieve;
 But for the price which they have cost,
 The memory which they leave.

The knowledge of the bitter truth—
 Contrast of word and deed—
 That Hope, religion of our youth,
 Can falsify her creed—

Trusting affection, confidence,
 The holy, and the deep;
 Feelings which rain'd sweet influence—
 It is for these we weep.

Maiden, I pity thee, thy trust
 Too short a life hath known;
 Too soon thy temple is in dust,
 Thy first fond faith o'erthrown.

The heart betray'd believes no more,
 Distrust eats in the mind;
 Never may after-time restore
 The years it leaves behind.

L. E. L.

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