

**Landon**  
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by  
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(L. E. L.)

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The Distant Grave

**THE DISTANT GRAVE.**

THEY tell me that his grave is made  
Where the stately palm tree bendeth,  
A summer temple, upon whose shade  
The purple eve descendeth.

They say the mighty ocean swells  
Beside where he is sleeping,  
That moaning winds and murmuring shells  
Seem like perpetual weeping.

'Tis his fitting tomb the sea-girt strand,  
His fitting dirge the billow—  
But I wish he were laid in his native land,  
By yon meek and lowly willow.

His father's grave is beneath yon tree,  
His mother's grave is beside it—  
There's space at the feet for him and me,  
My brother! we shall not divide it.

I would I could kneel above by thy grave,  
And pray for the much-loved sleeper!  
But my thoughts go over the far wild wave,  
And my lonely grief grows deeper.

You fear'd for her whose cheek was pale,  
Which your last kiss left yet paler—  
The life your fondness deem'd so frail,  
Your own has been yet frailer.

I would you slept mid familiar things,  
Which your childhood wont to cherish,  
Where the church its holy shadow flings  
And your native wild-flowers perish.

The more I think of the dreary sea,  
The more we feel divided,  
Thy tomb had been like a friend to me,  
Where my sorrow had been confided.

But my God is recalling the life he gave,  
My love with my grief is dying,  
But the spirit—the heavens know no grave,  
And my heart is on those relying.

L. E. L.