

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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Compiled
by
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THE CYPRESS.

BY L. E. L.

THOU graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to yon blue heaven stooping,
In meek humility.

Like one who patient grieves,
When the fierce wind's o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping,
While tear-like fall thy green leaves.

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining,
Yet with thy slight boughs declining,
Still thou seekest the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green :
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging ;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow ;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee,
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
On some martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in thy weakness,
And trust in Heaven !

STANZAS.

BY L. E. L.

Oh life, what wouldst thou be, but that thine end
Has hope!

My heart hath turned away
From its early dream;
To me its course has been
Like a mountain stream,

Pure and clear it left
Its place of birth;
But soon on every wave
Were taints of earth.

Weeds grew upon the banks,
And as the waters swept
A bad or useless part,
Of all they kept

Till it reached the plain below
An altered thing,
Bearing trace and sign
Of its wandering.

Withered and noxious leaves
Floated on its brim,
And the blue, clear face of heaven
Was in its mirror dim.

Just thus my heart has changed
By the world which it has past;
Ah, hope, and truth, and feeling,
Are too pure to last.

But that stream will wash away
Its earthly soil and stain,
When its wandering has reached
Its grave, the main.

And such is my heart's hope
From sorrow and sully free,
It will find a glorious home—
Thy rest—eternity.