

PR
4872
.P75
1922

POEMS TO JANETHE

LANDOR



Class PR 4872

Book P 75

1922

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.











IANTHE

POEMS TO IANTHE

by

Walter Savage Landor

Arranged, with an Introduction and Notes, by

FINLEY M. K. FOSTER, PH. D.

Associate Professor of English in

The University of Delaware

Published by

The Craftsmen of Kells

Newark, Delaware

MDCCCXXII

PR4872
.P75
1922

Copyright, 1922
FINLEY M. K. FOSTER

©CLA674591

JUN 14 '22

Acknowledgment

The editor wishes to thank the Macmillan Company for their permission to print the following material from publications of which they hold the copyright:

From *Letters and Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor* edited by Stephen Wheeler:

The portrait of Ianthe.

ii. "Can not you make the name of Jane

xxxvii. Now thou art gone, tho' not gone far

lviii. Poplar! I will not write upon thy rind

lxv. Bid my bosom cease to grieve

lxxv. If I am proud, you surely know

lxxix. To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb

lxxxii. Dreamer I ever was by night and day

lxxxvii. The violets of thine eyes are faded

lxxxviii. For me you wish you could retain

From *Life of Landor by Sidney Colvin (English Men of Letters Series)*:

iii. Sometimes, as boys will do, I play'd at love



Contents

Introduction

FIRST LINES	NUMBER
Ah! could I think there's nought of ill	lxii
All tender thoughts that e'er possess	xxvii
Along this coast I led the vacant hours	xlii
<i>Ask me not</i> , a voice severe	lxx
As round the parting ray the busy notes	xliv
A time will come when absence, grief, and years	xxx
Away my verse; and never fear	i
Behold what homage to his idol paid	xii
Bid my bosom cease to grieve	lxv
"Can not you make my name of Jane	ii
Circe, who bore the diadem	xxvi
Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes invite	xxv
Come back, ye Smiles, that late forsook	xi
Could but the dream of night return by day	xvii
Darling shell, where hast thou been	v
"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"	lxxiv
Dreamer I ever was by night and day	lxxxii
Dull is my verse: not even thou	lxxxv
Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know	xxi
For me you wish you could retain	lxxxviii
From heaven descend two gifts alone	vii
Go, sole companion of a joyless bed	xvi
Have I, this moment, led thee from the beach	xxxv
Here, ever since you went abroad	xli
Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea	xxxvi
I can not tell, not I, why she	lxi
I dare not trust my pen, it trembles so	lxxxix
I draw with trembling hand my doubtful lot	xxviii
If I am proud, you surely know	lxxv
If mutable is she I love	xxix
I held her hand, the pledge of bliss	li
I love to hear that men are bound	xviii
I often ask upon whose arm she leans	xxxviii
I sadden while I view again	xxxix
It often comes into my head	xiv
I wonder not that youth remains	lxxxvi
Lie, my fond heart at rest	lix
Little it interests me how	lxiv
Many may yet recall the hours	lxxxiv
Maria! I have said <i>adieu</i>	lxxxviii
Mild is the parting year, and sweet	xcii
Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers	lv

My basil, to whose fragrance, from the breast	xiii
My hopes retire; my wishes as before	liv
No, my own love of other years!	lxxxviii
No, thou hast never griev'd, but I griev'd too	liii
Now thou art gone, tho' not gone far	xxxvii
O fond, but fickle and untrue	lxvii
One pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast	xxxii
On the smooth brow and clustering hair	lxxii
O thou whose happy pencil strays	xx
Past ruin'd Iliion Helen lives	vi
Pleasure! why thus desert the heart	xl
Poplar! I will not write upon thy rind	lviii
Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak	lxix
Pursuits! alas, I now have none	xlvi
"Remember you the guilty night,"	xxxix
Retired this hour from wondering crowds	xxiv
Say ye that years roll on and ne'er return?	lxxxvi
She I love (alas in vain!)	xv
She leads in solitude her youthful hours	xxxiv
Silent, you say, I'm grown of late	lii
So late removed from him she swore	lxvi
Sometimes, as boys will do, I play'd at love	iii
Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest	l
Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er	viii
Tears, and tears only, are these eyes that late	lxviii
Tears! are they tears indeed?	xc
Thank Heaven, Ianthe, once again	xlvi
The heart you cherish can not change	ix
There are some tears we would not wish to dry	lvi
There are some wishes that may start	lxxiii
There is a flower I wish to wear	lxxi
These are the sights I love to see	xix
The violets of thine eyes are faded	lxxxvii
Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire	iv
To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb	lxxix
Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not keep	xcii
Well I remember how you smiled	lxxx
We once were happier; true; but were	lxxxix
We will not argue, if you say	xlvi
Where alders rise up dark and dense	xlvi
Where is my heart, perfidious boy	lxiii
While the winds whistle round my cheerless room	xxvii
While you, my love, are by	lvii
Will you not come, my little girl!	xxii
Years, many parti-colour'd years	lxxvii
Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again	xliv
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass	x
You see the worst of love, but not the best	xxxvii
You smiled, you spoke, and I believed	lx
You tell me I must come again	xlvi

Introduction

i

At an unknown date between the years 1795 and 1798 Walter Savage Landor met Sophia Jane Swift at Clifton in South Wales. To her, according to the story told in Nos. ii and iii of this collection, Landor gave the name Ianthe. Their friendship, which ripened into love on Landor's part at least, endured for the remainder of their lives. Whether or not Landor seriously proposed marriage is not known. If he did, his suit was rejected; for in 1803 Ianthe married her cousin Godwin Swift. During the next twenty-six years Landor dropped out of Ianthe's life. In 1816, Swift having died in 1814, Ianthe married Count Lepelletier de Molande, a Norman nobleman who had emigrated to England. Eleven years later she was again a widow. In the meanwhile Landor had married and had established himself in a villa near Florence. To Florence went Ianthe and her children in 1829. The romance of their second meeting is portrayed in No. lxxiv, a meeting which renewed their previous friendship and rejuvenated Landor's love for her. In 1832 Landor returned her visit by spending a few days at her home in Brighton. Throughout these years she had many suitors for her hand, among them the Duc de Luxemburg; but she would have none of them. During the latter part of Ianthe's life, Landor saw her at intervals at Bath; for he was at this time separated from his family. However, the old intimacy was never renewed, and Landor was a worshipper from afar. Her death at Versailles in the latter part of July, 1851, brought from Landor one of the most poignantly sorrowful lyrics in all English poetry.

The poems addressed to Ianthe fall into three distinct groups: first, those written during the time of Landor's first love for Ianthe and of his dejection at the failure of his suit (i - lxxiii); second, those written to Ianthe in after years (lxxiv - lxxxviii); third, those written upon Ianthe's death (lxxxix - xci).

The love story as told in the poems seems to show that at the outset Landor received great encouragement and had some reason to believe his affection was returned. Then followed a visit by Ianthe across "the sea"; where or for what purpose we do not know. During this time Landor anxiously awaited her return, only to find when she did come back, that her heart had been bestowed elsewhere. The poems written after this event portray how keenly he felt the loss of one he loved so well. In time his grief abated and he was able to view those years of love more placidly.

The poems written to Ianthe after 1829 show that the old love had reawakened to burn for the remainder of his life in a sober, steady flame, a love not passionate but calm and reflecting. For him Ianthe had lost none of her charm. His poems to her daughter are but opportunities to cast a reflected glory upon her. His devotion is that of the man who wrote *Pericles and Aspasia*.

The last few poems which he wrote upon the death of Ianthe make a fitting ending to this love of Landor's which had endured for fifty years and more. They serve to show that the earlier poems, expressed as they sometimes were with the crudeness of youth and affectations learned from earlier poets, were based on no mere flirtation. Landor felt her death deeply and genuinely mourned her passing; but he found his consolation in the thought that he had given her immortality among mortals:

One name, Ianthe, shall not die.

This, in brief, is the record of the spiritual story of Landor and Ianthe. Beginning with all the ve-

hemenace of youthful passion, it developed gradually into Platonic devotion which, on the part of Landor at all events, was as genuine as the great philosopher could have desired.

iii

This little volume is the first attempt to bring together and arrange the poems written to Ianthe. In 1831 Landor published as part of a volume of poems thirty-one lyrics which he specifically called *Poems Addressed to Ianthe*. In the notes I have indicated which poems these are. In addition to these I have tried to include all the poems which Landor wrote in which the name Ianthe appears. Nine more were added from a collection of hitherto unpublished writings of Landor which Mr. Stephen Wheeler published in 1897; and one was taken from Mr. Sidney Colvin's *Life of Landor*. The remaining thirty-three poems were found in the poet's works and are included wholly on the basis of interpretation.

The inclusion of the last group is, of course, the most difficult to defend. For seven of them I have the assistance of Mr. Colvin's interpretation in maintaining their presence. For the remainder I can only plead that internal evidence seems to point to their having been written in connection with the Ianthe story. Date of publication is of no importance, for some of the earliest poems Landor published in his last volumes. Consequently, with a very real knowledge of the hazards of internal evidence and implied interpretation, and with the hope that later studies will verify my conclusions with facts, I have ventured to include them.

I have arranged the poems in an order which I think will make them tell their own story. Here again the failure of Landor to connect his poems to Ianthe in any particular manner, has added to the burden of risk for the editor. By placing them in what seems to be a proper chronological order and by matching like content with like content, I have made an arrangement

which appears plausible. For this reason I have broken up the little collection of thirty-one which Landor published as a unit and placed them in their proper places in this larger edition. They all, with one exception, fall among the poems which deal with the early years and his first love. The exception is the last poem in this book. As Landor placed it last in his group, so I have placed it last in this collection; for it fits its position admirably.

In the last analysis, although an editor may do much for an author by logical arrangement and intelligent annotation, whatever of truth and beauty is present in the work is the author's, and on him its merit depends. Landor has immortalized Ianthe, but in the portrayal of his love he has also memorialized himself forever.

*The touch of Love dispels the gloom
Of life, and animates the tomb;
But never let it idly flare
On gazers in the open air,
Nor turn it quite away from one
To whom it serves for moon and sun,
And who alike in night and day
Without it could not find his way.*



POEMS TO IANTHE

Written at sundry times
by
Walter Savage Landor



POEMS TO IANTHE

i

Away my verse; and never fear,
As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

ii

Ianthe's Name

'Cannot you make my name of Jane
Sound pleasanter? Now try again,'
Said she. At once I thought about
The matter, and at last cut out
A letter from Greek alphabet,
And had it, as I thought, well set;
'Twas then 'lanthe.' Soon there came
A smart ring'd robber with a claim,
You find it in his wardrobe stil,
More he would have, but never will.

Sometimes, as boys will do, I play'd at love,
 Nor fear'd cold weather, nor withdrew in hot;
 And two who were my playmates at that hour,
 Hearing me call'd a poet, in some doubt
 Challenged me to adapt their names to song.
 Ione was the first; her name is heard
 Among the hills of Cambria, north and south,
 But there of shorter stature, like herself;
 I placed a comedy vowel at its close,
 And drove an ugly sibilant away.



Ianthe, who came later, smiled and said,
 I have two names and will be praised in both;
 Sophia is not quite enough for me,
 And you have simply named it, and but once.
 Now call the other up—



I went, and planted in a fresh parterre
 Ianthe; it was blooming, when a youth
 Leapt o'er the hedge, and snatching at the stem
 Broke off the label from my favourite flower,
 And stuck it on a sorrier of his own.

Thou hast not rais'd, lanthe, such desire
 In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.
 No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
 Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
 And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
 When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,
 So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
 Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

Darling shell, where hast thou been,
 West or East? or heard or seen?
 From what pastimes art thou come?
 Can we make amends at home?

Whether thou hast tuned the dance
 To the maids of ocean
 Know I not; but Ignorance
 Never hurts Devotion.

This I know, lanthe's shell,
 I must ever love thee well,
 Tho' too little to resound
 While the Nereids dance around:

For, of all the shells that are,
 Thou art sure the brightest;
 Thou, lanthe's infant care,
 Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
 Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:
 And what other shell can say
 On her bosom once it lay?

That which into Cyprus bore
 Venus from her native sea,
 (Pride of shells!) was never more
 Dear to her than thou to me.

Past ruin'd Iliion Helen lives,
 Alcestis rises from the shades;
 Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
 Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
 Hide all the peopled hills you see,
 The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
 These many summers you and me.

The tear for fading beauty check,
 For passing glory cease to sigh,
 One form shall rise above the wreck,
 One name, Ianthe, shall not die.

From heaven descend two gifts alone;
 The graceful line's eternal zone
 And Beauty, that too soon must die.
 Exposed and lonely Genius stands,
 Like Memnon in the Egyptian sands,
 At whom barbarian javelins fly.

For mutual succour heaven designed
 The lovely form and vigorous mind
 To seek each other and unite.
 Genius! thy wing shall beat down Hate,
 And Beauty tell her fears at Fate
 Until her rescuer met her sight.

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
 And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
 Grant only (and I ask no more),
 Let love remain that little while.

ix

The heart you cherish can not change;
 The fancy, faint and fond,
 Has never more the wish to range
 Nor power to rise beyond.

x

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
 Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever;
 From you, lanthe, little troubles pass
 Like little ripples down a sunny river.

xi

Come back, ye Smiles, that late forsook
 Each breezy path and ferny nook.
 Come Laughter, though the sage hath said
 Thou favourest most the thoughtless head:
 I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd
 To love the vacant easy mind;
 But now am ready, may it please,
 That mine be vacant and at ease.
 Sweet children of celestial breed,
 Be ruled by me . . . repress your speed.
 Laughter, though Momus gave thee birth,
 And said, *My darling, stay on earth!*
 Smiles, though from Venus you arise,
 And live for ever in the skies!
 Softly! and let not one descend
 But first alights upon my friend.
 When one upon her cheek appears,
 A thousand spring to life from hers;
 Death smites his disappointed urn,
 And spirit, pleasure, wit, return.

To Ianthe
With Petrarca's Sonnets

Behold what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valcluca's shade.
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age:
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

My basil, to whose fragrance, from the breast
Of Venus, even the myrtle bends her head,
Say that I broke upon thy sunny rest
And dreams perhaps by quiet fancies fed,

Not thoughtless nor in malice; the desire
That courtly hands should take thee, prompted
mine.

His only daughter thus some country squire
Sends to her town-bred cousins, spruce and fine:

He looks for something . . can it then be grace?
The want that wounds it, softens too his heart;
The blushes leave his clear bald brow apace,
And the stiff steed in bearded pride may start.

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
I should for ever dream of you.

She I love (alas in vain!)
 Floats before my slumbering eyes:
 When she comes she lulls my pain,
 When she goes what pangs arise!
 Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
 Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
 If even thus she soothe my sighs,
 Never let we wake again!

To My Watch

Go, sole companion of a joyless bed,
 Nor drive the slumbers from this frantic head.
 Point not how slow malignant Time departs,
 How ill agree thy motion and my heart's.
 Why so averse, ye hours, to Cambria's coast?
 Why cannot sleep still hang o'er treasures lost,
 And let me dream that, meeting on the way,
 lanthe chides, as once, my long delay!
 "Ah, why this absence! why, when men possess,
 Hold they the gift, but love the giver less!
 Perhaps some rival I have lived to see,
 Or hear some other youth has charms for me.
 No, in this bosom none shall ever share,
 Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
 If, wing'd with amorous fear, the unfetter'd slave
 Stole back for you the heart she rashly gave,
 O call it feeble, call it not untrue. .
 Its destination, though it fail'd, was you.
 So, to some distant ile, the unconscious dove
 Bears at her breast the billet dear to love,
 But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
 On some hard rock or desert beach between."

xvii

Could but the dream of night return by day,
 And thus again the true lanthe say,
 "Altho' some other I should live to see
 As fond, no other can have charms for me.
 No, in this bosom none shall ever share,
 Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
 If wing'd with amorous fear the unfetter'd slave
 Stole back the struggling heart she rashly gave,
 Weak, they may call it, weak, but not untrue;
 Its destination, though it fail'd, was you.
 So to some distant isle the unconscious dove
 Bears at her breast the billet dear to love,
 But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
 On some hard rock or desert beach between."

xviii

I love to hear that men are bound
 By your enchanting links of sound:
 I love to hear that none rebel
 Against your beauty's silent spell.
 I know not whether I may bear
 To see it all, as well as hear;
 And never shall I clearly know
 Unless you nod and tell me so.

xix

These are the sights I love to see:
 I love to see around
 Youths breathing hard on bended knee,
 Upon that holy ground
 My flowers have covered: all the while
 I stand above the rest;
 I feel within the angelic smile,
 I bless, and I am blest.

xx

O thou whose happy pencil strays
 Where I am call'd, nor dare to gaze,
 But lower my eye and check my tongue;
 O, if thou valuest peaceful days,
 Pursue the ringlet's sunny maze,
 And dwell not on those lips too long.
 What mists athwart my temples fly,
 Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
 With torturing care her graceful zone!
 For all that sparkles from her eye
 I could not look while thou art by,
 Nor could I cease were I alone.

xxi

Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
 For me, not him, ye flow.
 Stay, precious tears! ah stay! this jealous heart
 Would bid you flow apart,
 Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
 And hope you rise for him.
 Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
 Nor, tho' I'm absent, weep.

xxii

Will you not come, my little girl!
 What on this sand-hill can I do?
 What, but around my finger twirl
 The sever'd lock I stole from you?
 Come, or the wanton wind shall have it,
 And every whispering breeze shall tell
 How, when you snatcht it back, you gave it,
 And pouted that you snatcht so well.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy, rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promised love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise and tears my flow . . . in vain.
Fancy, that brings her in her earthly bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason, do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit till heaven shall cease to lour
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour,
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

Retired this hour from wondering crowds
And flower-fed poets swathed in clouds,
Now the dull dust is blown away,
lanthe, list to what I say.
Verse is not always sure to please
For lightness, readiness, and ease;
Romantic ladies like it not
Unless its steams are strong and hot
As Melton-Mowbray stables when
Ill-favoured frost comes back again.
Tell me no more you feel a pride
To be for ever at my side,
To think your beauty will be read
When all who pine for it are dead.
I hate a pomp and a parade
Of what should ever rest in shade;
What not the slenderest ray should reach,
Nor whispered breath of guarded speech:
There even Memory should sit
Absorbed, and almost doubting it.

Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes invite,
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy hight;
 The sheep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
 Untune the distant church's mellow chime,
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
 And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
 Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
 While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below
 A net of silver round the black canoe.
 Now the last lonely solace must it be
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
 Then join my friends and let those friends believe
 My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.
 What voice can charm us, or what view can cheer,
 Removed from her the restless heart holds dear?
 Ah, why then, self-tormentor, why removed?
 Say, thou who lovest, art thou not beloved?
 Resume thy courage, give thy sorrows o'er—
 Will not her bosom press thy bosom more?
 Her clasping arms around thy neck entwine,
 Her gentle hands be linkt again in thine?
 Will not her lips again their honied dews impart,
 And will not rapture swell her answering heart?
 Soon shall thy exile, and thy grief be closed,
 By whom but thee, for whom but her, imposed.
 Through seven days, imperfect, waste and wild,
 In seven days the whole creation smiled.

xxvi

Circe, who bore the diadem
 O'er every head we see,
 Pursued by thousands, turn'd from them
 And fill'd her cup for me.

She seiz'd what little was design'd
 To catch a transient view;
 For thee alone she left behind
 The tender and the true.

xxvii

All tender thoughts that e'er possess
 The human brain or human breast,
 Centre in mine for thee . . .
 Excepting one . . . and that must thou
 Contribute: come, confer it now:
Grateful I fain would be.

xxviii

Twelfth-Night

I draw with trembling hand my doubtful lot;
 Yet where are Fortune's frowns if she frown not
 From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?
 O gentle Love! if there be aught beyond
 That makes the bosom calm, but leaves it fond,
 O let her give me that, and take back this!

xxix

If mutable is she I love,
If rising doubts demand their place,
I would adjure them not to move
Beyond her fascinating face.

Let it be question'd, while there flashes
A liquid light of fleeting blue,
Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes,
Plays on the surface or peeps through.

With every word let there appear
So modest yet so sweet a smile,
That he who hopes must gently fear,
Who fears may fondly hope the while.

xxx

A time will come when absence, grief, and years,
Shall change the form and voice that please you
now,
When you perplex shall ask, "And fell my tears
Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"

It must be so, lanthe! but to think
Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,
Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:
Believe it not: 'Tis what I'll never do.

"Remember you the guilty night,"
 A dying myrtle said,
 "You snatcht and seized me pale with fright?"
 She paused; I bowed my head.
 "At every swell more close I prest
 With jealous care that lovely breast:
 Of every tender word afraid
 I cast a broader, deeper shade,
 And trembled so, I fell between
 Two angel-guards by you unseen. .
 Or else your hand had never dared
 To strip me from their holy ward. .
 There, pleasures, perils, all forgot,
 I clung and fainted . . who would not?
 Yet certainly, this transport over,
 I should, for who would not? recover.
 Yes! I was destined to return
 And sip anew the crystal urn,
 Where, with four other sister sprays,
 I bloom'd away my pleasant days.
 But less and less, and less again,
 Each day, hour, moment, is the pain
 My little shrivell'd heart endures. .
 Now can you say the same for yours?
 I torn from her, and she from you,
 That wiser thing can either do,
 Than with our joys our fears renounce
 And leave the vacant world at once?
 When she you fondly love must go,
 Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease.
 I never shall awake to woe,
 Nor you to happiness or peace."

xxxii

One pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,
 A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.
 She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,
 Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.
 I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;
 I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew
 She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt
 Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

xxxiii

You see the worst of love, but not the best,
 Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.
 Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,
 In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

xxxiv

She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
 Her nights are restless, her days are pain.
 O when will Health and Pleasure come again,
 Adorn her brow and strew her path with flowers,
 And wandering wit relume the roseate bowers,
 And turn and trifle with his festive train?
 Grant me, O grant me this wish, ye heavenly
 Powers!
 All other hope, all other wish, restrain.

xxxv

Have I, this moment, led thee from the beach
 Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!
 Stand there a little while, and wave once more
 That kerchief; but may none upon the shore
 Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!
 Dizzily on the plashing water swim
 My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain
 Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.
 In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone
 Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone.
 O could I hear the creaking of the mast!
 I curst it present, I regret it past.

xxxvi

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea!
 A path forbidden *me!*
 Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
 Upon the mountain-heads,
 How often we have watcht him laying down
 His brow, and dropt own own
 Against each other's, and how faint and short
 And sliding the support!
 What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
 Ianthe! nor will rest
 But on the very thought that swells with pain.
 O bid me hope again!
 O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
 Not Heaven itself can do,
 One of the golden days that we have past;
 And let it be my last!
 Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
 Fragile and incomplete.

The Lover

Now thou art gone, tho' not gone far,
 It seems that there are worlds between us;
 Shine here again, thou wandering star!
 Earth's planet! and return with Venus.

At times thou broughtest me thy light
 When restless sleep had gone away;
 At other times more blessed night
 Stole over, and prolonged thy stay.

I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
 She whom I dearly love,
 And if she visit much the crowded scenes
 Where mimic passions move.
 There, mighty powers! assert your just controul,
 Alarm her thoughtless breast,
 Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
 But never break its rest.
 O let some faithful lover, absent long,
 To sudden bliss return;
 Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
 Her cheek thro' tears shall burn.

I sadden while I view again
 Smiles that for me the Graces wreathed.
 Sure my last kiss those lips retain
 And breathe the very vow they breathed;

At peace, in sorrow, far or near,
 Constant and fond she still would be,
 And absence should the more endear
 The sigh it only woke for me.

Till the slow hours have past away,
 Sweet image, bid my bosom rest.
 Vain hope! yet shalt thou night and day,
 Sweet image, to this heart be prest.

Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
 In its spring-tide?
 I could have seen her, I could part,
 And but have sigh'd!

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
 To gaze, to touch . .
 Pleasure! why take so much away,
 Or give so much!

Here, ever since you went abroad,
 If there be change, no change I see,
 I only walk our wonted road,
 The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
 Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
 I catch at times, at times I miss
 The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
 Two shortest months! then tell me why
 Voices are harsher than they were,
 And tears are longer ere they dry.

Along this coast I led the vacant Hours
 To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,
 And nipt the stubborn grass and jucier flowers
 With one unconscious inobservant hand,
 While crept the other by degrees more near
 Until it rose the cherisht form around,
 And prest it closer, only that the ear
 Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard
 sound.

Pursuits! alas, I now have none,
But idling where were once pursuits,
Often, all morning quite alone,
I sit upon those twisted roots
Which rise above the grass, and shield
Our harebell, when the churlish year
Catches her coming first afield,
And she looks pale tho' spring is near;
I chase the violets, that would hide
Their little prudish heads away,
And argue with the rills, that chide
When we discover them at play.

As round the parting ray the busy notes
 In eddying circles play'd,
 Some little bird threw dull and broken notes
 Amid an elder's shade.

My soul was tranquil as the scene around,
 Lanthe at my side;
 Both leaning silent on the turfy mound,
 Lowly and soft and wide.

I had not lookt, that evening, for the part
 One hand could disengage,
 To make her arms cling round me, with a start
 My bosom must assuage:

Silence and soft inaction please as much
 Sometimes the stiller breast,
 Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch
 And love in peace possest.

"Hark! hear you not the nightingale?" I said,
 To strike her with surprise.
 "The nightingale?" she cried, and raised her head,
 And beam'd with brighter eyes.

"Before you said 'twas he that piped above,
 At every thrilling swell
 He pleas'd me more and more; he sang of love
 So plaintively, so well."

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird
 Pour'd love in every strain?
 Ye days, when true was every idle word,
 Return, return again!

Where alders rise up dark and dense
 But just behind the wayside fence,
 A stone there is in yonder nook
 Which once I borrow'd of the brook:
 You sate beside me on that stone,
 Rather (not much) too wide for one.
 Untoward stone! and never quite
 (Tho' often very near it) right,
 And putting to sore shifts my wit
 To roll it out, then steady it,
 And then to prove that it must be
 Too hard for anyone but me.
 Ianthe, haste! ere June declines
 We'll write upon it all these lines.

Ianthe's Letter

We will not argue, if you say
 My sorrows when I went away
 Were not for you alone;
 For there were many very dear,
 Altho' at dawn they came not near,
 As you did, yet who griev'd when I was gone.
 We will not argue (but why tell
 So false a tale?) that scarcely fell
 My tears were mostly due.
 I can not think who told you so:
 I shed (about the rest I know
 Nothing at all) the first and last for you.

You tell me I must come again
 Now buds and blooms appear:
 Ah! never fell one word in vain
 Of yours on mortal ear.
 You say the birds are busy now
 In hedgerow, brake, and grove,
 And slant their eyes to find the bough
 That best conceals their love:
 How many warble from the spray!
 How many on the wing!
 "Yet, yet," say you, "one voice away
 I miss the sound of spring."
 How little could that voice express,
 Beloved, when we met!
 But other sounds hath tenderness,
 Which neither shall forget.

Thank Heaven, Ianthe, once again
 Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
 And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
 Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet:
 Then cease repeating while you mourn,
 "I wonder when he will return."

Ah wherefore should you so admire
 The flowing words that fill my song,
 Why call them artless, yet require
 "Some promise from that tuneful tongue?"
 I doubt if heaven itself could part
 A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

xlix

Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,
And I am solaced now you tell me when.
Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,
And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.
Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast
My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,
I blush at every tear I have repress,
And one is starting to reprove the rest.

l

Soon as lanthe's lip I prest,
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:
Ah, there the wanton would not rest!
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay!

li

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss . . .
My heart was sure that hers was true.
Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

lii

Silent, you say, I'm grown of late,
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?
Ah! that alone is truly pain
Of which we never can complain.

No, thou hast never griev'd, but I griev'd too;
 Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine
 Could answer it. The sun himself can give
 But little colour to the desert sands.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before
 Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
 The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
 The shore repels it; it returns again.

Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers
 Would swell, not soothe their pain,
 Ah! if she look but at these tears,
 They do not fall in vain.

There are some tears we would not wish to dry,
 And some that sting before they drop and die.
 Ah! well may be imagined of the two
 Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.
 Such, ere th lover sinks into the friend,
 On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

While you, my love, are by,
 How fast the moments fly!
 Yet who could wish them slower?
 Alas! to think ere long
 Your converse and your song
 Can reach my ear no more.
 O let the thought too rest
 Upon your gentle breast,
 Where many kind ones dwell;
 And then perhaps at least
 I may partake a feast
 None e'er enjoy'd so well.
 Why runs in haste away
 Such music, day by day,
 When every little wave
 Of its melodious rill
 Would slake my thirst, until
 I quench it in the grave.

Love's Secrets

Poplar! I will not write upon thy rind
 lanthe's cherisht name,
 Which it would grieve me should another find,
 And the same station claim.

Ours, O lanthe, ours must never meet,
 Tho' here we tarry long.
 To hear the whisper of the leaves is sweet,
 And that bird's even-song.

One sweeter I have bidden thee to check
 In fear of passer by,
 Who might have seen an arm about a neck;
 So timorous am I.

lix

Lie, my fond heart at rest,
 She never can be ours.
 Why strike upon my breast
 The slowly passing hours?

Ah! breathe not out the name!
 That fatal folly stay!
 Conceal the eternal flame,
 And tortured ne'er betray.

lx

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
 By every word and smile deceived.
 Another man would hope no more;
 Nor hope I what I hoped before:
 But let not this last wish be vain;
 Deceive, deceive me once again!

lxi

I can not tell, not I, why she
 Awhile so gracious, now should be
 So grave: I can not tell you why
 The violet hangs its head awry.
 It shall be cull'd, it shall be worn,
 In spite of every sign of scorn,
 Dark look, and overhanging thorn.

lxii

Ah! could I think there's nought of ill
 In what you do, and love you still!
 I have the power for only half,
 My wish: you know it, and you laugh.

lxiii

To Love

Where is my heart, perfidious boy
Give it, ah give it back again!
I ask no more for hours of joy,
Lift but thy arm and burst my chain.

"Fond man, the heart we idly gave
She prizes not, yet won't restore:
She passes on from slave to slave. .
Go to . . thy heart is thine no more."

lxiv

Little it interests me how
Some insolent usurper now
Divides your narrow chair;
Little heed I whose hand is placed
(No, nor how far) around your waist,
Or paddles in your hair.
A time, a time there may have been
(Ah! and there was) when every scene
Was brightened by your eyes.
And dare you ask what you have done?
My answer, take it, is but one . . .
The weak have taught the wise.

lxv

Bid my bosom cease to grieve,
Bid these eyes fresh objects see,
Where's the comfort to believe
None would once have rival'd me?
What, my freedom to receive?
Broken hearts, are they the free?
For another can I live
If I may not live for thee?

lxvi

So late removed from him she swore,
 With clasping arms and vows and tears,
 In life and death she would adore,
 While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.

Can she forswear? can she forget?
 Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! Soft!
 Conscience must come and bring regret . . .
 These let her feel! . . . nor these too oft!

lxvii

O fond, but fickle and untrue,
 Ianthe take my last adieu.
 Your heart one day will ask you why
 You forced from me this farewell sigh.
 Have you not feign'd that friends reprove
 The mask of Friendship worn by Love?
 Feign'd, that they whisper'd you should be
 The same to others as to me?
 Ah! little knew they what they said!
 How would they blush to be obey'd!

Too swiftly roll'd the wheels when last
 These woods and airy downs we past.
 Fain would we trace the winding path,
 And hardly wisht for blissful Bath.
 At every spring you caught my arm,
 And every pebble roll'd alarm.
 On me was turn'd that face divine,
 The view was on the right so fine:
 I smiled . . . those conscious eyes withdrew. . .
 The left was now the finer view.
 Each trembled for detected wiles,
 And blushes tinged with fading smiles.
 But Love turns Terror into jest. . .
 We laught, we kist, and we confest.
 Laugh, kisses, confidence are past,
 And Loves goes too . . . but goes the last.

lxviii

Tears, and tears only, are these eyes that late
 In thine could contemplate
 Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise
 No longer to these eyes!
 Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft
 Of motion, Grief is left.

lxix

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
 Four not exempt from pride some future day.
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
 Over my open volume you will say,
 "This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

lxx

Ask me not, a voice severe
 Tells me, *for it gives me pain.*
 Peace! the hour, too sure, is near
 When I can not ask again.

lxxi

Heart's-Ease

There is a flower I wish to wear,
 But not until first worn by you . . .
 Heart's-ease . . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
 Bring it; and bring enough for two.

lxxii

On the smooth brow and clustering hair
 Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
 The duller olive I would wear,
 Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

lxxiii

There are some wishes that may start
 Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.
 Gladly then would I see how smiled
 One who now fondles with her child;
 How smiled she but six years ago,
 Herself a child or nearly so.
 Yes, let me bring before my sight
 The silken tresses chain'd up tight,
 The tiny fingers tipt with red
 By tossing up the strawberry-bed;
 Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
 A little rounder with surprise,
 And then (her chin against the knee)
 "Mamma! who can that stranger be?
 How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

lxxiv

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
 Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
 Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes.
 "A yes, a yes, to both: for Memory
 Where you but once have been must ever be,
 And at your voice Pride from his throne must
 rise."

lxxv

Called Proud

If I am proud, you surely know,
lanthe! who has made me so,
And only should condemn the pride
That can arise from aught beside.

lxxvi

To the Countess de Molande

I wonder not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

lxxvii

Years, many parti-colour'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*.

lxxviii

Maria! I have said *adieu*,
 To one alone so fair as you;
 And she, beyond my hopes, at last
 Returns and tells me of the past;
 While happier for remembering well
 Am I to hear and she to tell.
 Whether gay Paris may again
 Admire you gayest of her train,
 Or, Love for pilot, you shall go
 Where Orellana's waters flow,
 And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
 Of richer fruits and gaudier flowers;
 Or on the Seine or on the Line
 Remember one command of mine:
 Love with as steady love as e'er
 Illumed the only breast so fair;
 That, in another year at most,
 Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
 Something may scatter from the flame
 Fresh lustre o'er Pereira's name.

lxxix

Ianthe's Daughter

To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb,
 God seem'd to promise many years to come.
 A gift beyond the rest to Him we owe,
 He left one image of thee here below.

lxxx

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand . . . *O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find lanthe's name again.

lxxxi

To Ianthe

We once were happier; true; but were
Our happiest hours devoid of care?
Remains there nothing like the past,
But calmer and less overcast
By clouds no effort could dispel,
And hopes we neither dared to tell?
I wish that hand were earlier free
Which Love should have preserved for me.
Content, if sad, I must be now
With what the sparing Fates allow,
And feel, tho' once the hope seem'd vain,
There may be love that feels no pain.

A Dreamer's Tale

Dreamer I ever was by night and day.
 Strange was the dream that on an upland bank
 My horse and I were station'd, and I saw
 By a late gleam of an October sun
 The windows of a house wherein abode
 One whom I loved, who loved me no less—
 And was she not drawn back? and came not forth
 Two manly forms which would impede her steps?
 I was too distant for them to discern
 My features, but they doubted: she retired;
 Was it into her chamber? did she weep?
 I did not know at that hour, but in the next
 Silently flowed tear after tear profuse.
 There are sweet flowers that only blow at night,
 And sweet tears are there bursting then alone.

I turn'd the bridle back and rode away,
 Nor saw her more until a lossen'd bond
 Led her to find me a less happy man
 Than she had left me, little happy then,
 For hope had gone with her and not return'd.
 She lookt into my eyes, fixt upon hers,
 And said "You are not cheerful, tho' you say
 How glad you are to see me here again.
 Is there a grievance? I have heard there is,
 And the false heart slips down and breaks the true;
 I come to catch it first; give it me back;
 Sweet fruit is no less sweet for being bruised."

Thus at brief intervals she spake and sigh'd;
 I sigh'd, too, but spake not: she then pursued,
 "Tell me, could it be you who came so far
 Over the sea to catch a glance at one
 You could not have? Rash creature! to incur
 Such danger! was it you? I often walkt
 Lonely and sad along that upland bank,
 Until the dew fell heavy on my shawl,
 And calls had reacht me more and more distinct,
 Ah me! calls how less willingly obey'd
 Than some I well remember not so loud."

lxxxiii

No, my own love of other years!
 No, it must never be.
 Much rests with you that yet endears,
 Alas! but what with me?
 Could those bright years o'er me revolve
 So gay, o'er you so fair,
 The pearl of life we would dissolve
 And each the cup might share.
 You show that truth can ne'er decay,
 Whatever fate befals;
 I, that the myrtle and the bay
 Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

lxxxiv

To J. S.

Many may yet recall the hours
 That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
 Nodding and dancing in the shade
 Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
 On many a brain is pictured yet
 Thy languid eye's dim violet,
 But who among them all foresaw
 How the sad snows that never thaw
 Upon that head one day should lie
 And love but glimmer from that eye.

lxxxv

Dull is my verse: not even thou
 Who movest many cares away
 From this lone breast and weary brow,
 Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
 No, nor those gentle words that now
 Support my heart to hear thee say:
 "The bird upon its lonely bough
 Sings sweetest at the close of day."

*To the Comtesse de Molande, about
to Marry the Duc de Luxembourg*

Say ye that years roll on and ne'er return?
Say ye the Sun who leaves them all behind,
Their great creator, can not bring one back
With all his force, tho' he draw worlds around?
Witness me, little streams that meet before
My happy dwelling; witness Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.
Go, and go happy, light of my past days,
Consoler of my present! thou whom Fate
Alone could sever from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
Friendship with faltering accent says "Depart,
And take the highest seat below the crown'd."

To Ianthe in Advancing Age

The violets of thine eyes are faded,
[Surviving] ill their radiant noon,
Nor will thy steps move on unaided
By friendly arm, alas! how soon.

Well I remember whose it was
They sought; no help they wanted then;
Methinks I see the maidens pass
In envy, and in worse the men.

lxxxviii

To Ianthe Growing Old

For me you wish you could retain
The charms of youth; the wish is vain,
Ianthe! Let it now suffice
To pick our way with weaker eyes:
They cannot light it as of yore
Where Pleasure's sparkling fount ran o'er.
Time spares not Beauty, Love he spares,
Who covers with his wing grey hairs.

lxxxix

On the Death of Ianthe

I dare not trust my pen, it trembles so,
It seems to feel a portion of my woe,
And makes me credulous that trees and stones
At mournful fates have utter'd mournful tones.
While I look back again on days long past
How gladly would I yours might be my last.
Sad our first severance was, but sadder this,
When death forbids one hour of mutual bliss.

*The Death in Paris of Jane Sophia,
Countess de Molande*

Tears! are they tears indeed?
And can the dead heart bleed?
Suffering so long, so much,
O heart! I thought no touch
Of pain could reach thee more!
Alas! the thought is o'er.

I will wipe off the tear
That falls not on her bier
Who would have wept o'er mine.
Ah me! that form divine
Above my reach must rest
And make the blest more blest.

June '51

Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not keep
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:
In her own country she shall sleep;
Her epitaph be graven here.

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

Notes

The variations in spelling are Landor's; for he had his own theories about orthography. See his imaginary conversation between Archdeacon Hare and Landor in *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*.

The following are the numbers in this edition of the poems addressed to Ianthe published in *Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems, 1831*:

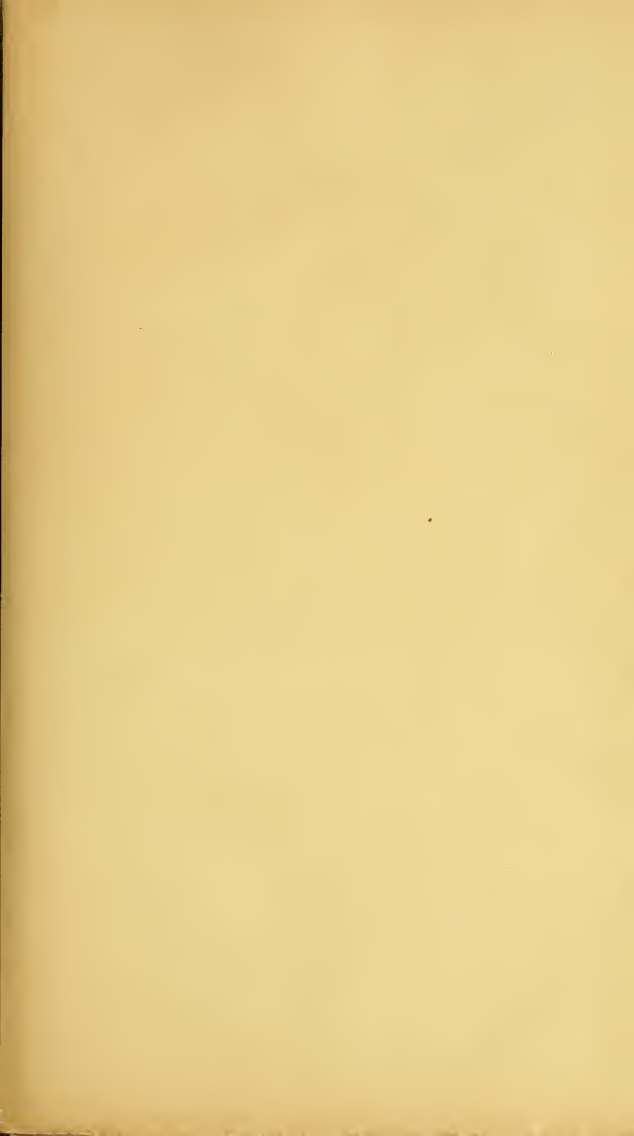
1831	Present edition	1831	Present edition
i	lxiii	xvii	xxii
ii	xx	xviii	l
iii	i	xix	xliv
iv	lxx	xx	xxiii
v	xiii	xxi	vii
vi	xxviii	xxii	xxxi
vii	lxv	xxiii	xxvi
viii	xl	xiv	xxxix
ix	xxxiv	xxv	xxi
x	xi	xxvi	li
xi	xxv	xxvii	lxvi
xii	vi	xxviii	lxvii
xiii	xxxviii	xxix	xxvii
xiv	v	xxx	xxxvi
xv	xii	xxxi	xcii
xvi	xvi		

ii, iii—The reference is probably to Byron who used the name Ianthe as a poetical name for Lady Ann Harley. Shelley named his daughter Ianthe.

lxviii, lxxix—Maria, Ianthe's daughter, married Chevalier Louis de Pereira Sodre, the Brazilian Minister at the Vatican, in 1835. She died in 1836.

lxxxvi—See account of Ianthe in the Introduction.

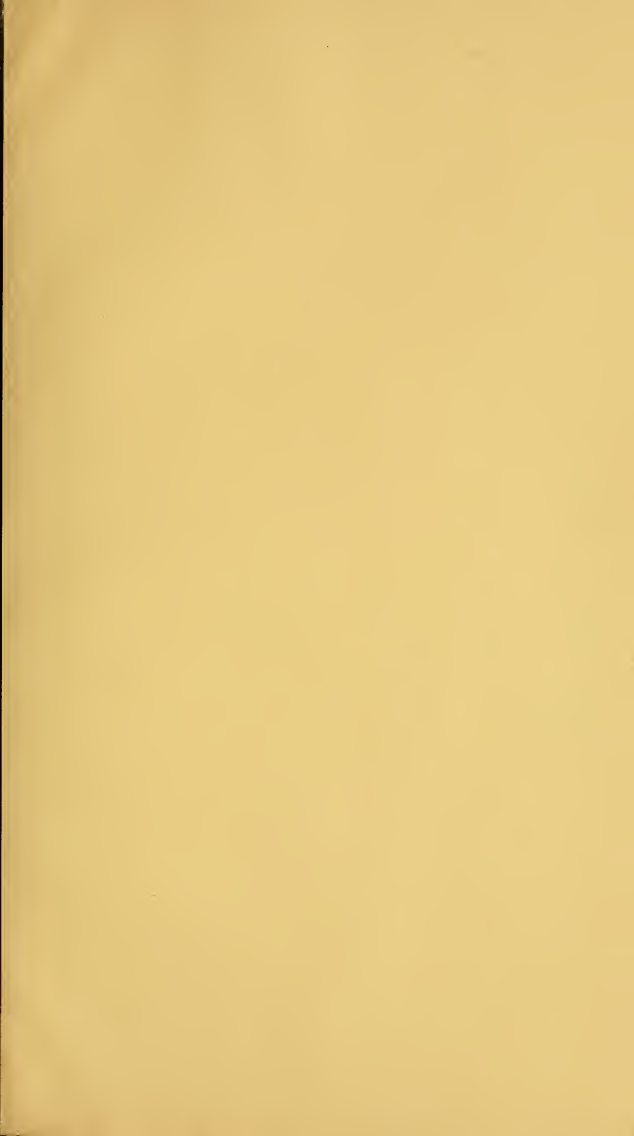
Here endeth the Book of Ianthe written by
Walter Savage Landor and edited by Finley M. K.
Foster and printed by The Craftsmen of Kells at
their Shop at Newark Delaware on the tenth day
of March in the Year of our Lord MDCCCXXII.







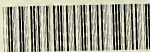








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 525 675 6

