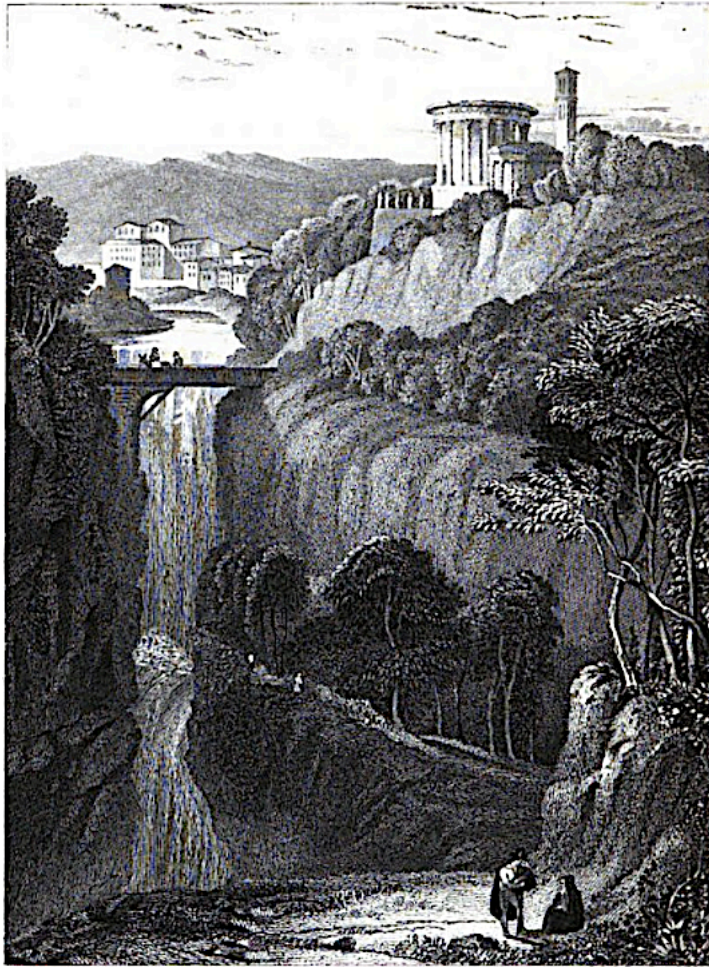


Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
The Bijou, 1829

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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THE CASCADE OF TIVOLI.

Artist: Henning - Engraved by: W. J. Cooke

TIVOLI.

BY L. E. L.

Rushing, like uncurbed passion, thro' the rocks
Which it has riven with a giant's strength
Down came the gushing waters, heaped with foam,
Like melted pearl, and filling the dark woods
With thunder tuned to music.

WHEN last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon those falls of thine,
Another step was by my side,
Another hand in mine :
And, mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.

I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lost in thy mighty waterfall,
Altho' we were so near,
My breath was fragrant with the air
The rose-wreath gave she wont to wear.

How often have we past the noon
Beneath thy pine-trees' shade,
When arching bough, and dark green leaf,
A natural temple made ;
Haunt of some young divinity,
And more than such she seemed to me.

So very fair, oh ! how I blest
The gentle southern clime,
That to the beauty of her cheek
Had brought back summer time.
Alas ! 'twas but a little while,—
The promise of an April smile.

Again her clear brow turned too clear ;
Her bright cheek turned too bright ;
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toil and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What in my earliest despair
I dream't not they could be ;
But here the past comes back again,
Oh ! why so utterly in vain ?

I stood here in my happy days,
And every thing was fair ;
I stand now in my altered mood,
And marvel what they were.
Fair Tivoli, to me the scene
No longer is what it has been.

There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky ;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change in my own eye :
It is our feelings give their tone
To whatsoever we gaze upon.

Back to the stirring world again,
Its tumult and its toil ;
Better to tread the roughest path,
Than such a haunted soil :
Oh ! wherefore should I break the sleep
Of thoughts whose waking is to weep.

Yes, thou art lovely, but alas !
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask ;
To look on it no more.
Earth does not hold a spot for me
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli.

LINES.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

I BID thee to my mystic Feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there ;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear ;
The board with faded flowers is spread ;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled ;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound ;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, tho' dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears ;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What ! turnest thou with averted brow ?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine ;
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee ;
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality !



MONT BLANC.

Artist: J. M. W. Turner R. A. - Engraved by: Davies

MONT BLANC.

BY L. E. L.

Heaven knows our travellers have sufficiently alloyed the beautiful, and profaned the sublime, by associating these with themselves, the common-place, and the ridiculous ; but out upon them, thus to tread on the grey hairs of centuries,---on the untrodden snows of Mont Blanc.

THOU monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth but heaven ;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.

Before that human step had left
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below :
Men gaz'd upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,
The vague but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses ;
And owns a nobler power ;—
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream ;
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair !
We looked for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old,
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves ;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centered in ourselves.
Alas ! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow ?
Thy summit, once the unapproached,
Hath human presence owned,
With the first step upon thy crest
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned.