

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Friendship's Offering, 1837

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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PARTING WORDS.

BY L. E. L.

MAY morning light fall o'er thee,
When I am far away ;
Let Hope's sweet words restore thee
All we have dreamed to-day.

I would not have thee keep me
In mind by tears alone ;
I would not have thee weep me,
Love mine,—when I am gone.

No ;— as the brook is flowing,
With sunshine at its side,
While fair wild flowers are growing,
Leant lovely o'er the tide ;

So linked with many a treasure
Of nature and of spring,
With all that gives thee pleasure,
My heart to thine shall cling.

The rose shall be enchanted
To breathe of love to thee ;
All fair things shall be haunted
With vows of faith from me.

The west wind shall secure thee
My tidings from the main ;
But, most of all, assure thee
How soon we meet again.



THE BRIDAL MORN

Painted by J. J. Jenkins Engraved by Henry Rolls

THE BRIDAL DAY.

BY L. E. L.

SHE leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet something unfamiliar is on her lovely face :
She wears a wreath, a snow-white wreath, which yet
 she never wore ;
It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and, of the flowers
 beneath,
She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight
 wreath ;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be ;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange
 tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn,—once only may
 she wear
The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her
 shining hair ;
They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of
 coming years ;
The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and
 fears.

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes, upon her mirror
 dwell,
For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter
 cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot, prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were
 her own ;
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing
 unknown :
Though at one name her cheek turn red, though sweet
 it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has
 been dear.

It is an anxious happiness, — it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the
 golden ring ;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's care ;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows
 wait her there ?

Ah ! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and both
 blest ;
And yet, how much they teach the heart of trial and
 unrest !
Sweet maiden, while these troubled thoughts 'mid
 bridal fancies sweep,
Well mayst thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn
 aside to weep !



THE SECRET

Painted by F. Corbaux Engraved by C. A. Periam

THE SECRET DISCOVERED:

BY L. E. L.

Of all the things that angels see,
Who look from heaven above,
There cannot be a sweeter thing
Than is a sister's love.

It groweth in our early years,
It shareth in their light ;
It blendeth fancies, fears and hopes,
With a sweet sense of right.

Count Herman had two daughters fair,
And very fair were they ;
The one was like a summer night,
One like a summer day.

Though three or four brief years were all
They measured to each other,
Yet Elinore had always been
To Minna, like a mother.

A pale and thoughtful girl was she,
And with a statue's grace
Upon the tall and perfect form,
And on the pensive face.

But Minna was a fairy thing,
With sunshine in her eyes ;
And such a blush as the red rose
To welcome June supplies.

The song with which she woke the morn,
At night was scarcely done ;
Her spirits, to her sister, were
Like walking in the sun.

Of late the blush had been less bright,
The eyes of deeper blue ;
As if the just awakening heart
Its own soft shadow threw.

Her sister watched her anxiously,
She saw that she was changed ;
And felt, although she would not own,
Somewhat they were estranged.

For sudden and unnatural
Was often Minna's glee ;
And her fond sister saw the tears
She was not meant to see.

One day she watched her steal away
Towards a little wood ;
Ah ! what could Minna's young glad heart
Desire of solitude ?

She saw her bend above a scroll,
She saw her bend and weep ;
“ My own sweet sister, why should'st thou
Such weary secret keep ?”

Unseen she reached the reader's side :
Ah ! doth she see aright ?
There is a name upon the scroll,—
Her own betrothed knight.

She had, herself, when but a child,
Been named Count Rodolph's bride ;
Alas ! now for her woman's love,
And for her woman's pride.

She felt it was their fathers' act,
In which he had no part,
Though they may give the hand away,
They cannot give the heart.

A moment, and her cheek was pale
Beyond its natural hue ;
A moment, and a deeper breath
The struggling bosom drew.

Her sister turned, and saw her there ;
She only met a smile ;
And Elinore, to calm her tears,
Forgot her own the while.

She drew the maiden to her side,
And soothed her with fond words,
And sympathy, whose music comes
From the heart's own fine chords.

She said that she was glad to know
Her sister's heart was given,
For that her own had only room
For their own hearth, and heaven.

A few weeks, and the hills around
Caught lute and trumpet's call ;
For stately was the wedding feast
Within Count Herman's hall.

And Elinore arrayed the bride,
And bound her golden hair ;
And if her cheek was pale, it seemed
But a fond sister's care.

Years passed ; beside their lonely hearth,
She cheered her father's age,
And made, for him, life's last dark leaf
A sweet and sunny page.

Did never other lovers come ?
They did — but came in vain ;
A heart like hers, when given once,
Is given not again.