

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Forget Me Not, 1828
compiled
from contemporary sources
by
Peter J. Bolton

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Forget-Me-Not ; a Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1828. Edited by Frederic Schöberl. R. Ackermann.

“ *The Sword.* By L. E. L.
’Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look’d down on the dead and dying,
And the wind pass’d o’er, with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.
With his father’s sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave’s icy sleep had bound him.
A reckless rover, ’mid death and doom,
Pass’d a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.
Drawn by the shine of the warrior’s sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench’d the hand with a giant’s strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.
He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour’d the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften’d brow he leant o’er him.
‘ A soldier’s death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier’s grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life’s-blood should dye it.
Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o’er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee.’
Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.”

The Bridal Morning



Painted by J. Stephanoff

Engraved by E. Finden

Poem sourced from the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette.
Page 160, 24th November 1827

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

BY MISS LANDON.

Thy bridal morning? They are now
The last braid of thy tresses wreathing;
The last white pearl is on thy brow,
The orange flower's beside thee breathing.

Why, thou art queen-like; that rich zone,
The satin's snowy folds confining,
Is bright with every Indian stone
Whose hues have caught the day-break shi-
ning.

And thou art fair—O, very fair!
And suitest well thy gay adorning;
- Thy clear brow and thy sunny hair,
Are they not beautiful as morning?

But thou art yet less fair than pale—
Pale!—it is but a bride's sweet sorrow;
Fling over her the silver veil—
That cheek will be more bright to-morrow.

No more, no more!—the rose hath said
Farewell to that pale cheek for ever;
Those gems may cast a meteor red
Upon that face, but the heart never.

Those eyes have tears they may not weep,
Those lips words never to be spoken:
As weak as frail, thou canst not keep,
Nor yet forget, vows thou hast broken.

Her eye is on the mirror fixed,
Yet sees she not on what she gazes;
The past has with the present mixed,
Till both seem one in memory's mazes.

That long past hour—what doth it here,
The slumbering pulses to awaken?
His image—how can that be dear?—
His image whom thou hast forsaken?

What does it here?—that cypress grove,
That hour of moonlight and of dreaming;
That one fond dream of early love,
Half of life's worldliness redeeming?

The curl he took, the ring he gave—
The vow that bound your hearts together!
O froth, such is on ocean's wave!
O change, such is in April weather!

And has that fickle heart been won
By baubles such as those around thee?
This chain of gold—is this the one
In which thy newer love has bound thee?

Go, queen it in the lightest hall;
Be there the gayest and the brightest:
Soon words were little to recall
What now in vanity thou slightest.

Go, glittering slave! go, school thy brow:
Henceforth thy heart must still its beating;
Go forth—thy lord awaits thy vow—
Thy lover, shrinkest thou from such meeting?

In vain! thine early dream is past—
Thy heart is sold—there are its fetters:—
Love's flowery contract did not last;
This may—'tis writ in golden letters.

O shame, that ever this should be!
Gold thus o'er love and faith prevailing!
Great curse! where shall we fly from thee,
When even woman's faith is failing?

Also sourced from the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette.
Page 160, 24th November 1827

I GAVE THEE, LOVE.

BY MISS LONDON

I gave thee, love, a snow-white wreath
Of lilies for thy raven hair ;
Alas ! that now another's gift,
Rubies and gold, should glitter there.

I saw this morn that lily wreath
Neglected thrown upon the ground,
And then I saw upon thy brow
The chaplet of those rubies bound.

'Tis no new passion, no new face,
Hath won thy fickle heart from me ;
That I had better borne than know
That gold hath wrought this change in thee.
