

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Pledge of Friendship, 1828

Due to the poor quality of the only  
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transcribed and proofread against  
F. J. Sypher's text  
by  
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## SEPARATION

Aye, think of me in after years,  
Although the dream be past,  
Love's charmed dream of hopes and fears,  
It is not made to last.

It cannot last—hearts will grow cold,  
And weary, although blest;—  
Life's book has but one leaf of gold—  
'Tis but a single scene.

That scene,—oh life may never more  
Seen lovely as it seemed,  
When wanderers on a fairy shore,  
Our way we only dreamed.

But this is past—why should I say  
What is in mine own heart?  
I know each has a separate way—  
I know that we must part.

I know your heart,—I know my own—  
Wide difference is there—  
And these, so opposite in tone,  
A various fate must share.

Deem not I would thy faith recall—  
Look not for tears from me—  
Equals, pride will for me do all,  
Indifference does for thee.

Oh strange that two once so beloved,  
Each all the world to each,  
Should meet in other days unmoved;—  
What lesson does it teach?

One that, at least, I long have known—  
To trust to nothing here;  
That the heart should be cast in stone,  
To suit so cold a sphere.

It is not for a thought of love,  
I bid thee think of me;  
The stars may leave their homes above,  
Ere that again may be!

But keep that thought, like one rich vein  
Of pure and golden ore,  
'Mid all the false and heartless train  
Teach in their worldly lore,

To mind thee that there are such things,  
As truth and love on earth,  
When heartless sneers the scoffer flings,  
Upon their priceless worth.

Thou canst not be all worldly, while  
Such memories with thee dwell,  
Haunting thee with a midnight smile  
Of former love—Farewell!

## OTHMAN

Morning, bright morning, thou art on the wave,  
Where sweep the proud gallies, whose freight is the brave  
The red flag is streaming—a meteor of war;  
Woe to the eyes that watch for it afar!

Young warrior, the sabre is bright in thy hand,—  
Why does thy dark eye yet linger on land?  
The heart of the warrior should be, like his shield,  
As firm in its temper, unknowing to yield.

Thou art brave; where's the Infidel foe dare advance,  
For the blow of thy sword, or the flight of thy lance?  
Thy white sails are spread, in their pride to the wind,  
Why lingerest thou, with thy fond looks behind?

Oh! the heart has its softness, tho' covered with steel;  
And the rock has deep waters it cannot conceal;  
And he who has ridden in blood to the knee,  
Will start at a shadow, when touched, Love by thee!

He turned to the shore; for a maiden is there,  
The least rose of whose cheek, the least wave of whose hair,  
Are dearer to him than the wealth of the world,  
Or the red hour of triumph, when banners are furled.

That eye's slightest look, that lip's softest word,  
He is meek as a slave in the chains of his lord:  
Not the less, when the battle ships meet on the brine,  
Will his bark and his brand be the first in the line.

But the wind fills the sails, and they sweep from the shore;  
They part with that parting which never meets more:  
They may gaze from the land on the desolate main,  
But the bark of young Othman returns not again.

'Tis evening; alone, in her tower on the steep,  
His lady sits watching the war of the deep.  
Like a trumpet, the wild wind has rung to the charge,  
And the unprisoned thunders are rushing at large.

Even fearful the strife of the sky and the sea—  
The time of their battle; but what must it be,  
When we know that our heart has its all on the wave,  
And yet look on the main as we look on the grave.

But the clouds are dispersing, the wild hour is past,  
And the setting sun masters the tempest at last;  
There is peace on the sky, there is rest on the sea,  
But the peace and the rest are not, Leila, for thee.

Scene of wild beauty, the black clouds are driven,  
Like rebels subdued, from their empire o'er heaven;  
Clear as a crystal, now spreads the bright west,  
Where the glad orb is sinking in glory to rest.

A purple gloom hangs o'er the north, but the light  
Is breaking around it, the waters are bright,  
Like mirrors for sunshine, and silver with foam,  
Like the sea-bird's white wings that now over them roam.

But sad is such hour, though the tempest be o'er,  
And the sky and the sea be as calm as before:  
The glory is mockery, the beauty is doom,—  
The light froth, the glad sunlight, are they for the tomb?

The heart hath its omens; she rushed from her tower,  
The wave wind-borne dashed o'er her, she felt not the shower:  
We watched her dark hair stream as onwards she prest;  
One faithful slave followed, and told us the rest.

She found him; some instinct had led her the way,  
Where, borne by the billows, and washed by the spray,  
Lay Othman. Oh, thus must he meet his young bride!  
'Twas but one moment's parting—she sank by his side!

## SONG

Thou shalt think of me when the stars are weeping  
    Their tears of light;  
Thou shalt think of me when the stars are keeping  
    Their watch at night;  
Thou shalt think of me when summer flowers  
    In autumn fade;  
When sinks the glory of noon-tide hours  
    In twilight shade;

When the waves round some fragile bark are breaking  
    Alone at sea;  
Or when from your saddest dream awaking,  
    Then think of me.  
But I will think of thee at the dawning  
    Of the daylight's star,  
When slowly comes forth the beauty of morning,  
    Like joy from afar.

I will think of thee when over the ocean  
    Some tall ship rides,  
Stately and swift a spirit of motion,  
    Breasting the tides;  
And when they are telling some ancient story  
    Of chivalry,  
Of some proud one who died in his fulness of glory,  
    I'll think of thee;

But of me thou shalt think with sorrow,  
    Though light it be,  
But a night that knows no morrow  
    Has closed o'er me.