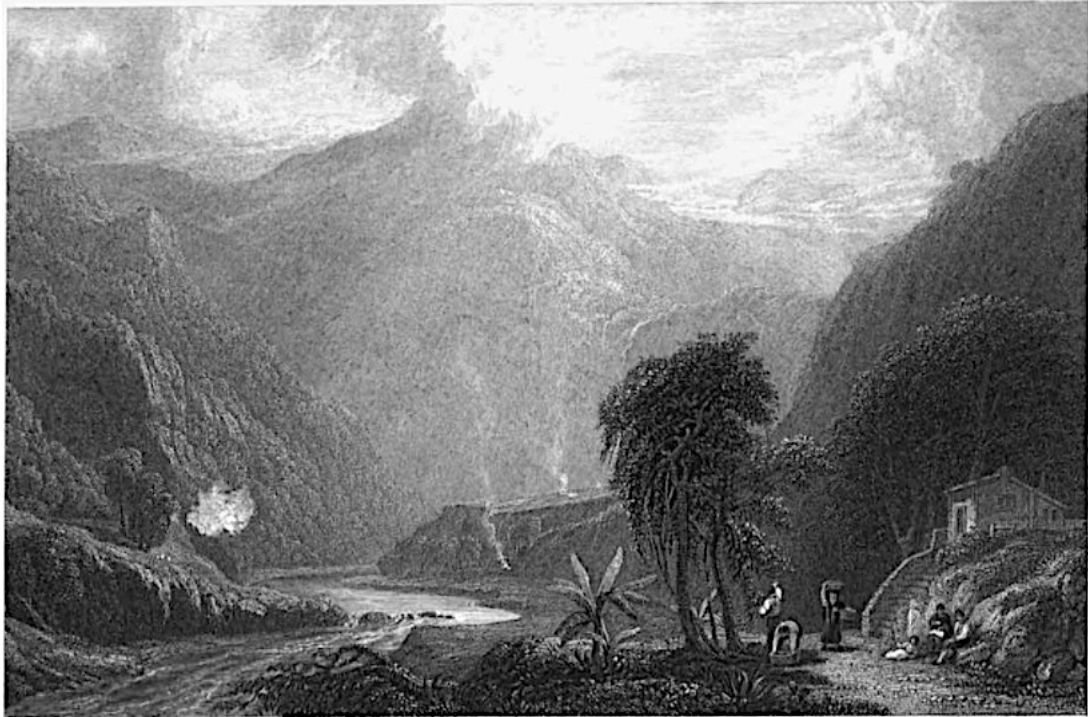


A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Forget Me Not, 1835

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

Madeira



MADEIRA

Drawn by W. Westall A. R. A. Engraved by E. Goodall

MADEIRA.

BY L. E. L.

ON the deep and quiet sea
The day was fast declining ;
In the far empurpled sky
A few bright stars were shining.

And the moon looked through the clouds
Which round her path were sweeping,
Like some lone and gentle one
Who Love's vigil late is keeping.

Anchored off that beauteous coast
A noble ship is lying,
While above her stately mast
Are English colours flying.

For the shore is now in sight,
And the perfume of its flowers,
And the odour of its vines,
Make sweet the twilight hours.

There is silence in that ship ;
Each step is softly taken,
As around some dear one's bed
Whose sleep they feared to waken.

But it is not sleep, now rocked
By the heaving of the billow,
But a darker slumber flits
Around a weary pillow.

They have brought her from the land
Where her parents' ashes slumber ;
They have brought her to the south,
But her days have told their number.

Though the vault that bears her name
Will not open for another,
And she is the only child
That sleeps not by her mother ;

Yet the loveliest and the last
Of that ancient line is failing,
Like those evanescent hues
In the shadowy west now paling.

She is laid upon the deck,
For the cool land-breeze is blowing ;
But the last faint warmth of life
Fast from her cheek is going.

And her loosened long black hair
Is sweeping darkly round her,
As if it were the solemn pall
That already bound her.

But the sweet pale mouth was calm,
And the eyes were meekly closing,
And upon the marble cheek
Was the silken lash reposing ;

Softly as a little child
Sleeps on its mother's bosom,
Sweetly as a tender flower
Closes its languid blossom.

There were eyes, unused to weep,
Around her dim with weeping ;
Yet death seemed not for tears,
'Twas so like sweetest sleeping.

Not beneath the deep sea waves,
Vexed with perpetual motion,
Neither in the sparry caves
Of the tumultuous ocean,

Did that youthful maiden rest —
She had more fit entombing
In that balmy southern isle,
With its summer's sunny blooming.

There the moon will shed her light,
There the watching stars burn clearer ;
For never yet did earth enshrine
One fairer or one dearer.
