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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONGS.

1. *The Absent.*

THERE is no music on the strings
 Of her neglected lute ;
 Her white hand wakes no more its chords —
 Her bird-like voice is mute.
 She wreathes no flowers for her vase,
 No roses for her hair—
 She loiters in her favourite grove,
 But her heart is not there.

The dancers gather in the hall—
 She is amid the band,
 With vacant smile and wandering glance
 For those who claim her hand.

Her eyes fill with unbidden tears,
 Her cheek is pale with care—
 Lonely amid the festival,
 For her heart is not there.

She broods above her own dear thoughts,
 As o'er her nest the dove ;
 Memory and hope own but one dream—
 Her first young dream of love.
 She hears a gallant trumpet sound,—
 A banner sweeps the air—
 She sees a knight lead on the charge,—
 And oh, her heart is there !

2. *The Companions.*

WITH thy step in the stirrup, one cup of bright
 wine,
 We'll drink the success of thy sabre and mine :
 When as boys we took down the bright arms
 from the wall, [hall,
 And rushed, in mock combat, around the old
 We longed in true warfare the weapons to wield :
 —Now the foe is before us, and yonder the field.
 We'll onward together, thy steed beside mine,
 Our blow be as one when we rush on the line ;
 Should one fall, one only, the other will try
 A step for his vengeance, another to die—
 On the neck of the fallen yield up his last breath,
 And the vow of their boyhood be cancelled by
 death.
 But rather this evening as victors we'll ride
 O'er the field of our conquest, the place of our
 pride, [as one—
 With our names on each lip, but named only
 'Tis the glory of either what each may have
 done.
 Now on for the harvest that darkens yon plain,
 We come back in honour, or come not again.

3. *Memory.*

A VOICE of gentle singing
Went by upon the wind,
And an echo sweet is ringing—
The thought it left behind.
'Twas a song of other feelings
That belonged to other days,
Ere I marked the stern revealings
Of the curtain time must raise.
When my heart and step were lighter
Than they'll ever be again,
And the dream of hope was brighter—
For I believed it then.
That sweet song was of gladness,
Yet it has left with me
A shadow one-half sadness,
One-half dear memory.
Though the darkness of November
Around my heart be thrown,
Yet how pleasant to remember
The spring hours once its own!

4. *The Departed.*

SET thy spur to thy steed, thy sail to the wind,
 You may leave the far vale and the mountain
 behind ; may'st be ;
 Like the storm o'er the south in thy flight thou
 But where may'st thou fly from the memory of
 me ?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the
 strife,

May fill up thy days with the hurry of life ;
 But night cometh lonely o'er land and o'er sea,
 And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose on my cheek, with no rose in my
 hair,

But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
 Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that
 are fled, [dead.

A voice breaks thy slumber — the voice of the

Let thy loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her
 strain —

Ay, drain the red wine-cup, — it all is in vain :
 From the haunt of thy midnight I will not
 depart, [heart.

For thy guilt is my power — my home is thy

5. *The Portrait.*

AH ! let me look upon thy face,
 Fling back thy clustering hair ;
 It is a happiness to gaze
 On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness—
 The blushing and the bright—
 Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
 The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson flushing up the rose
 When some fresh wind has past,
 Parting the boughs—just such a hue
 Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
 As in a summer home ;
 The brow whose snow is pure and white
 As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
 And worldliness no stain ;
 It is as only flowers could grow
 In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands :
 I'd bid it but allow
 Thy future to be like thy past,
 And keep thee just as now.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE FESTIVAL.**

THE young and the lovely are gathered :
 Who shall talk of our wearisome life,
 And dwell upon weeds and on weeping—
 The struggle, the sorrow, the strife ?
 The hours of our being are coloured,
 And many are coloured with rose ;
 Though on some be a sign and a shadow,
 I list not to speak now of those.
 Through the crimson blind steals forth the
 splendour
 Of lamps, like large pearls which some fay
 Has swelled with her breath till their lustre,
 If more soft, is as bright as of day.
 Beneath the verandah are flowers—
 Camellias like ivory wrought
 With the grace of a young Grecian sculptor,
 Who traced what some Oread brought ;
 And roses—the prodigal summer
 Has lavished upon them its bloom,—
 O never the East with its spices
 Made altar so rich of perfume !
 The bright crowd is mingling together—
 How gay is the music they bring !
 The delicate laugh and the whisper—
 The steps that re-echo the string.
 The harp to the flute is replying—
 'Tis the song of a far-distant land ;
 But never, in vineyard or valley,
 Assembled a lovelier band.
 Come thou, with thy glad golden ringlets,
 Like rain which is lit by the sun—
 With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirrors—
 Whose cheek and the rose-bud are one.

While he of the lute and the laurel
 For thee has forgotten the throng,
 And builds on thy fairy-like beauty
 A future of sigh and of song.
 Ay, listen, but as unto music
 The wild wind is bearing away,
 As sweet as the sea-shells at evening,
 But far too unearthly to stay.

For the love-dream that haunts the young poet
 Is coloured too much by his mind—
 A fabric of fancy and falsehood,
 But never for lasting designed.
 For he lives but in beauty—his visions
 Inspire with their passion his strain ;
 And the spirit so quick at impression
 Was never meant long to retain.

But another is passing before me—
 Oh, pause, let me gaze on thy brow ;
 I've seen thee, fair lady, thrice lovely,
 But never so lovely as now.
 Thou art changed since those earlier numbers,
 When thou wert a vision to me ;
 And copies from some fairest picture,
 My heroines were painted from thee.

Thy cheek with its sunset of crimson,
 Like a rose crushed on ivory, bears
 Its sunny smile still, but a softness
 Is now in the radiance it wears.
 A halo of love is around thee,
 It is as if nature had willed
 That thy happiness should be affection,
 And thy destiny now is fulfilled.

Be thou happy—a thousand times happy !
 If the gentle, the good, and the kind,
 Could make of themselves an existence,
 How blessed a fate thou wouldst find !
 For never their elements blended
 In a nature more lovely than thine ;
 And thy beauty is but a reflection
 Of what thine own heart is the shrine.

Farewell ! I shall make thee no longer
 My sweet summer queen of romance ;
 No more will my princes pay homage,
 My knights for thy smile break the lance.
 Confess they were exquisite lovers,
 The fictions that knelt at thy throne ;
 But the graceful, the gallant, the noble,
 What faucy could equal thine own ?

Farewell ! and henceforth I enshrine thee
 Mid the earlier dreams that have past
 O'er my lute, like the fairies by moonlight,
 To leave it more lovely at last.
 Alas ! it is sad to remember
 The once gentle music now mute ;
 For many a chord hath time stolen
 Alike from my heart and my lute.

Ah, most of their memories are shadows,
 Flung down from the brightness of yore ;
 There are feelings for ever departed,
 And hopes that are treasures no more.
 But thou livest only in music—
 A broken but beautiful spell ;
 'Tis as well, for my song has grown colder—
 Sweet lady, for ever farewell !

'Tis midnight—but think not of slumber,
 There are dreams enow floating around ;
 But ah, our soft dreams while thus waking
 Are aye the most dangerous found.
 Like the note of a lute was that whisper—
 Fair girl, do not raise those dark eyes ;
 Love only could breathe such a murmur,
 And what will Love bring thee but sighs ?

And thou, thou pale dreamer, whose forehead
 Is flushed with the circle's light praise,
 O let it not dwell on thy spirit—
 How vain are the hopes it will raise !

The praise of the crowd and the careless,
 Just caught by a chance and a name,
 O take it as pleasant and passing,
 But never mistake it for fame !

Look for fame from the toil of thy midnight,
 When thy rapt spirit eagle-like springs ;
 But for the glad, the gay, and the social,
 Take only the butterfly's wings.
 The flowers around us are fading—
 Meet comrades for revels are they ;
 And the lamps overhead are decaying—
 How cold seems the coming of day !

There, fling off the wreath and the sandal,
 And bid the dark curtains round close ;
 For your cheek from the morning's tired
 slumber

Must win its sweet exile the rose.
 What, weary and saddened ! this evening
 Is an earnest what all pleasures seem—
 A few eager hours' enjoyment—
 A toil, a regret, and a dream !

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**FOLLOW ME !***

A summer morning, with its calm, glad light,
 Was on the fallen castle: other days
 Were here remembered vividly; the past
 Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
 For that we do not pause to think upon.
 First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
 The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
 Was the bold motto, "Follow me:" again
 I saw it scrolled around the lofty crest
 Which, mouldering, decked the ruined banquet-room:
 A third time did I trace these characters—
 On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
 Was written "Follow me!"

FOLLOW me!—'tis to the battle-field—
 No eye must turn, and no step must yield;
 In the thick of the battle look ye to be:
 On!—'tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me!—'tis to the festal ring,
 Where the maidens smile and the minstrels
 sing;
 Hark! to our name is the bright wine poured:
 Follow me on to the banquet-board!

Follow me!—'tis where the yew-tree bends,
 When the strength and the pride of the victor
 ends;
 Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
 Follow me on to the silent tomb!

L. E. L.

* "Follow me!" is the motto of the noble race of Breadalbane, and was seen in the way described at their feudal castle in the Highlands.

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.†

OH! plant them above me, the soft, the bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light,
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's
wing ;

Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep?—
Weep for life, with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear ;
Let tears and the sign of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead !

Plant not the cypress nor yet the yew ;
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and in love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above ;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose ;
Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
My hope like their promise of early red ;
Let strangers, too, share in their breath and
their bloom—

Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb !

L. E. L.

† A person who died at Barnes left an annual sum to be laid out in roses planted on his grave: authority, Mr. Crofton Croker.

THE ASPEN TREE.

THE quiet of the evening hour
Was laid on every summer leaf ;
That purple shade was on each flower,
At once so beautiful, so brief.

Only the aspen knew not rest,
But still, with an unquiet song,
Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
And cast a changeful shade along.

Not for its beauty—other trees
Had greener boughs, and statelier stem ;
And those had fruit, and blossoms these,
Yet still I chose this tree from them.

'Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
Which dwells within the human heart ;
From earth below to heaven above,
In each, in all, it fain has part.

It must find sympathy, or make ;
And hence beliefs, the fond, the vain,
The thousand shapes that fancies take,
To bind the fine connecting chain.

We plant pale flowers beside the tomb,
And love to see them droop and fade ;
For every leaf that sheds its bloom
Seems like a natural tribute paid.

Thus Nature soothes the grief she shares :
What are the flowers we hold most dear ?
The one whose haunted beauty wears
The sign of human thought or tear.

Why hold the violet and rose
A place within the heart, denied
To fairer foreign flowers, to those
To earlier memories allied ?

Like those frail leaves, each restless thought
Fluctuates in my weary mind ;
Uncertain tree ! my fate was wrought
In the same loom where thine was twined.

And thus from other trees around,
Did I still watch the aspen tree,
Because in its unrest I found
Somewhat of sympathy with me.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.**THE SICILIAN GIRL TO THE MADONNA.**

MADONNA, I have gathered flowers,
And wreathed them round thy shrine ;
And every rose I offer thee
Is wet with tears of mine.

Madonna, I am kneeling here ;
Yet will they not depart,
The earthly hopes and earthly fears
That war within my heart.

I strive to only pray for peace,
To only think of thee ;
Alas ! my wild and wandering thoughts
Ill with my words agree.

Madonna, 'tis in vain to strive ;
My lips may move in prayer,
But thou canst read my inmost soul,
And other thoughts are there.

Thou knowest all my wretchedness,
Thou knowest all my love ;
Oh ! mother dear, look down on me,
I dare not look above,

Mother, though not on that pure brow
 One earthly shade appears,
 That radiant head has been bowed down,
 Those eyes been filled with tears.

Thou knowest the bitterness of grief,
 The mortal pang and strife
 Of hopes that look beyond the grave,
 Of ties that bind to life.

I feel the damp upon my brow,
 The flush upon my cheek ;
 My languid pulse, my failing breath,
 More weary and more weak.

Ah ! little should she think of love
 Whose steps are on the grave ;
 Of love, the almighty to destroy,
 The powerless to save.

It is in vain ; I cannot pray,
 And yet not think his name ;
 It may be silent on my lips,
 'Tis in my heart the same.

The love of happy childhood's years,
 The love of youth's first vow ;
 The same through sickness, grief, and wrong,
 May not be banished now.

I know no more my evening song
 Will rise at twilight dim ;
 I know this is my latest prayer,—
 Well, let it breathe for him.

His sails are spread ; Madonna, keep
 The tempest from the sky ;
 Bless thou the bridal which he seeks—
 And let me go and die ! L. E. L.