

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
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## THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

BY L. E. L.

The days are gone when pilgrims knelt  
By sacred spot or shrine,  
The cells where saints have lived or died  
No more are held divine.

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell,  
Are signs of faith no more ;  
The common grave is holy held,  
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee  
Had worn the rock away,  
And that here, even at my feet,  
Earth hid the righteous clay ;

I felt this was no common spot  
For any common thought,  
The place's own calm sanctity  
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp, it spoke  
Of penance and of prayer,  
Remorse, that scarcely dared to hope,  
And heavy grief were there.

But at the entrance was a scene  
Which seemed expressly given,  
To bring the heart again to earth,  
Yet win it back to heaven.

For so benign an influence  
Was falling from the sky,  
And, like a blessing on the earth,  
The sunshine seemed to lie :

The long green grass was full of life,  
And so was every tree,  
On every bough there was a bud,  
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power  
Thus in its joy arrayed,  
The God who made the world so fair,  
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook  
Went murmuring along,  
And to its music, from the leaves,  
The birds replied in song ;

And, white as ever lily grew,  
A wilding broom essayed  
To fling upon the sunny wave  
A transitory shade.

Misty and grey as morning skies  
Mid which their summits stood,  
The ancient cliffs encompassed round  
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take  
Lessons from all it saw,  
And feel amid its depths, that hope  
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away,  
The future might renew  
Its early confidence in heaven,  
When years and sins were few :

Till, in the strength of penitence,  
To the worst sinner given,  
The grave would seem a resting-place  
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory  
That lingers in this dell,  
That human tears, and human prayers,  
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see  
Were only some fair scene,  
Not linked unto our present time,  
By aught that once hath been.

But now a moral influence  
Is on that small grey stone ;  
For who e'er watched another's grave  
And thought not of his own,

And felt that all his trust in life  
Was leaning on a reed ?  
And who can hear of prayer and faith  
And not confess their need ?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years  
Of prayer might scarce suffice  
To reconcile his God, and win  
A birthright in the skies,

What may we hope, who hurry on  
Through life's tumultuous day,  
And scarcely give one little hour  
To heaven upon our way !



## MAY MORNING

*Painted by J. Inskip Engraved by C. Rolls*

## MAY MORNING.

BY L. E. L.

Up with the morning, and up with the sun,  
Night, with its dreams and its shadows, is done ;  
The lilac's small stars in their thousands arise,  
While the garden is filled with their languishing sighs,  
I must away with the earliest hours,  
To gather the may-dew that lies in the flowers.

The yellow laburnum, the spendthrift of spring,  
How lavish the wealth which its bright branches fling,  
Is rich as the bough which the sybil of yore  
To chase the dark spirits of Acheron bore.  
Ah yet, at the sight of its gladness, depart  
The shadows that gather in gloom o'er the heart.

The violets open their eyes in the grass,  
Each one has a dew-drop to serve as a glass ;  
Last night in their shelter the fairy queen slept ;  
And to thank the sweet watch o'er her sleep which they  
kept,

The look which she gave them at parting left there  
The blue of her eyes, and the scent of her hair.

With his wings filled with music, the bee is abroad,  
He seeks the wild thyme-beds of which he is lord.  
The lark starts from slumber, and up-soaring flings  
The night-tears the clover had shed on his wings.  
The chirp of the grasshopper gladdens the field,  
For all things their mirth or their melody yield.

The glory of spring, and the glory of morn,  
O'er all the wide world in their beauty are borne ;  
For the winter is gone to the snows of the north,  
And the promise of summer in green leaves looks forth.  
The red rose has summoned her sisters from rest,  
And earth with the sight of the lovely is blest.

I too will go forth, I too will renew  
My bloom and my spirits in sunshine and dew.  
I hear the birds singing, and feel that their song  
Bears my own heart that shareth their gladness along.  
Ah, let me away with the earliest hours,  
To gather the may-dew that lies in the flowers.





## THE MOTHER'S WARNING

*Painted by F. Stone    Engraved by W. Greatbach*

## THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

BY L. E. L.

PRAY thee, dear one, heed him not,  
Love has an unquiet lot ;  
Why for words of fear and fate,  
Shouldst thou change thy sweet estate?  
Linger yet upon the hour  
Of the green leaf and the flower.  
Art thou happy? For thy sake  
Do the birds their music make—  
Birds with golden plumes that bring  
Sunshine from a distant spring.  
For thine eyes the roses grow  
Red as sunset, white as snow.  
And the bees are gathering gold  
Ere the winter hours come cold.  
Flowers are colouring the wild wood,  
Art thou weary of thy childhood?  
Break not its enchanted reign,  
Such life never knows again.

Wilt thou love? Oh, listen all  
I can tell thee of such thrall.  
Though my heart be changed and chill,  
Yet that heart remembers still,  
All the sorrow that it proved,  
All I suffered while I loved.

'Tis to waste the feverish day,  
In impatient hopes away.  
Watching with a weary eye  
For a step that comes not nigh ;  
'Tis to pass the night in weeping,  
Vigils the heart's penance keeping ;  
Shedding tears, that while they fall,  
Are ashamed to weep at all.

There are darker hours in store,  
Loving—yet beloved no more.  
When the lover's heart is changed,  
And the lover's eye has ranged.  
Sit thou down as by a grave,  
Weep o'er all thy young faith gave ;  
Weep and weep in vain, for never  
Could endurance or endeavour,  
Love in every action shown,  
Keep the false heart for your own.  
It is won at little cost,  
But still easier is it lost.

I shall see that sunny hair  
Braided with less anxious care ;

I shall see that cheek grow pale,  
As the lily in the vale.  
I shall hear those steps whose flight  
Is so musical and light,  
Dragging onwards languid slow,  
Caring nothing where they go.

Woe! for all I see will come!  
Woe for our deserted home!  
If to love thy choice shall be,  
Farewell, my sweet child, to thee!



## THE EVENING STAR

*Painted by J. Boaden*

*Engraved by C. Marr*

## THE EVENING STAR.

BY L. E. L.

I COME from the caves of the silent sea,  
Where the red and white coral wreath bowers for me.  
I leave my blush on the shells beside,  
When I rise from the depths of the haunted tide.

I come when the sun has forsaken the sky,  
And the last warm colours of daylight die ;  
And the west is pale and pure as the pearl  
That gems the white brow of some eastern girl.

The birds are hushed on the drooping bough,  
Save the nightingale lone which is murmuring now ;  
The bee has gone home to his honey cell,  
And the lark has gone down in the grass to dwell.

I come when the dew is bright on the rose,  
When the leaves of the languid violet close,  
When notes of the lute are heard on the wind,  
And their music for one, only one, is designed.

The hours of the day are of trouble and toil,  
Then fight they the battle, then part they the spoil ;  
The hours of the midnight, O pale sleep, are thine,  
But one hour, the fairest, the dearest is mine.

Mine is the hour, the stolen, the sweet,  
When the young lover listens his maiden's light feet.  
There are planets in heaven as bright and as far,  
But which has the spell of the sweet evening star ?



## THE CHAPEAU NOIR

*Painted by Henry Wyatt*

*Engraved by W. H. Simmons*



## LE CHAPEAU NOIR.

BY L. E. L.

A courtly beauty—one whose life  
Has been perhaps a pleasant dream,  
The shadow of a flower cast  
Upon a sunny stream.

Upon her brow there are no lines,  
Upon her face there is no care ;  
But such soft pensiveness as oft  
The young and happy wear.

The plumes that play around her head  
The fan within her fairy hand ;  
The pearls that circle that white neck,  
With a scarce whiter band,

Are soft, and light, and fair as she  
Who weareth them as wears a queen  
The crown that from her infancy  
Upon her head has been.

Her beauty is a pride and power,  
The right divine around a throne ;  
It is the triumph of her eyes,  
To make all hearts her own.

She steppeth with a silvery step  
A sweet yet stately grace ;  
She doth not wait to see who marks  
The sunshine of her face.

But there will come another time,  
Its coming is beside her now ;  
I read it on the parted lip,  
And on the gentle brow.

When those sweet eyes will seek the ground,  
Or, raised, will only seek to see,  
What language, till that hour unknown,  
In other eyes can be.

That cheek will wear a deeper rose,  
Whose crimson colours never glow  
But when they speak instead of words,  
For the full heart below.

Pause lady, on thy present time,  
It is life's brightest and its best ;  
Pause ere thou lettest love disturb  
Thy spirit's sunny rest.

For never yet came Love alone,  
Companions strange and sad has he,  
Doubts, fears, regrets, and withering tears ;—  
And must these be for thee ?