

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
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Peter J. Bolton

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## THE LOST STAR.

### I.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,  
A star has left its sphere ;  
The beautiful—and do they die  
In yon bright world as here ?  
Will that star leave a lonely place,  
A darkness on the night ?—  
No ; few will miss its lovely face,  
And none think heaven less bright !

### II.

What wert thou star of ?—vanished one !  
What mystery was thine ?  
Thy beauty from the east is gone :  
What was thy sway and sign ?  
Wert thou the star of opening youth ?—  
And is it then for thee,  
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,  
So early cease to be ?

## III.

Of Hope?—and was it to express  
How soon hope sinks in shade ;  
Or else of human loveliness,  
In sign how it will fade ?  
How was thy dying like the song,  
In music to the last,  
An echo flung the winds among,  
And then for ever past ?

## IV.

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light  
The fair moon renders vain ?—  
The rest shine forth the next dark night,  
Thou didst not shine again.  
Didst thou fade gradual from the time  
The first great curse was hurled,  
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,  
Star of our early world !

## V.

Forgotten and departed star !  
A thousand glories shine  
Round the blue midnight's regal car,  
Who then remembers thine ?  
Save when some mournful bard like me  
Dreams over beauty gone,  
And in the fate that waited thee,  
Reads what will be his own.

L. E. L.

III.—Juliet after the Masquerade. Engraved by Charles  
Rolls; from a Painting by Henry Thomson, Esq.,  
R.A., in the possession of W. Chamberlayne,  
Esq., M.P.



Painted by J. Thomson, R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Rolls

JULIET AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green

## JULIET AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

From a Picture, by Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A.

Those fond, vague dreams, that make love's happiness ;  
Its first—and oh, its last !

### I.

SHE has left the lighted hall,  
She has flung down cap and plume,  
Her eye wears softer light,  
And her cheek a tenderer bloom :

### II.

And her hair in sunny showers  
Falls o'er her marble brow,  
From its midnight bonds of pearl,  
Free as her thoughts are now.—

### III.

She has left the yet glad dance,  
O'er those gentle thoughts to brood,  
That haunt a girl's first hour  
Of love-touched solitude.

## IV.

Music's sweet and distant sound  
Comes floating on the air,  
From the banquet-room it tells  
The dancers still are there :

## V.

But she, their loveliest one,  
Has left the festal scene,  
To dream on what may be,  
To muse o'er what has been ;

## VI.

To think on low, soft words,  
Her ear had drunk that night,  
While her heart beat echo-like,  
And her cheek burnt ruby bright.

## VII.

How beautiful she looks  
Beneath that moonlit sky,  
With her lip of living rose,  
Her blue and drooping eye !

## VIII.

Spell-like, the festal scene  
Rises on heart and brain ;  
Not a word, and not a look,  
But she lives them o'er again.

## IX.

Well, dream thy dream, fair girl !  
Tho' ne'er did morning close,  
With its cold and waking light,  
Dreams fair and false as those :

## X.

They are like the mists that rise  
At day-break to the sky,  
There, touched by all bright hues,  
On its breast awhile they lie ;

## XI.

But the darker hour draws on,  
The rose-tint disappears,  
And the falling cloud returns  
To its native earth in tears.—

## XII.

Yet dream thy dream, fair girl !  
Tho' away it will be driven,  
'Tis something to have past  
A single hour in heaven.

## XIII.

Tho' thine eye has April light,  
Tho' thy cheek has April bloom,  
There is that upon them both  
Which marks an early tomb.

## XIV.

So young, so fair, to die—  
And can those words be true ?  
Ah ! better far ' to die,'  
Than live as some must do ;

## XV.

With a heart that will not break,  
Though every nerve be strained,  
Whether won to be betrayed,  
Or discovered and disdained :—

## XVI.

For Love to watch Hope's grave,  
And yet itself breathe on,  
Like the blighted flower which lives,  
Tho' scent and bloom be gone.

## XVII.

But this watching each last leaf,  
Green on the fading tree,  
The while we see it wither,  
Is maiden not for thee.

## XVIII.

One hour of passionate joy,  
And one of passionate grief—  
A morning and a midnight—  
Fill up thy life's short leaf !



XIX.

Short, sad, but still how much  
Of death's bitterness is past,  
Thy last sigh breathed upon the heart,  
Beating thine unto the last !

L. E. L.

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## BALLAD.

### I.

My ship is weighing from the land,  
My prow points o'er the sea,  
Yet here I linger on the strand,  
To bid farewell to thee.

### II.

Farewell thou lovely islander ;  
I only ask for mine,  
A boon a princess might confer,  
A single look of thine.

### III.

I do not ask for sigh or smile,  
A smile I could not brook ;  
A sigh I should not leave thine isle,  
Then give me but a look.

### IV.

Oh, lovely are your English dames,  
Although not fair like thee ;  
The wine shall circle to their names,  
In our far Sicily.

## V.

But thine shall be unnamed, unknown,  
The cup that I shall press,  
Will only be thy name to drown  
In deep forgetfulness.

## VI.

I will go gaze on raven eyes,  
Like thine they cannot be ;  
The brightest smiles, the softest sighs,  
Are nothing now to me.

## VII.

Give me the battle on the brine,  
The revel on the shore ;  
Be peril or be pleasure mine,  
To think of thee no more.

## VIII.

My way is on the wandering wave,  
My home on many a coast ;  
But I must seek within the grave,  
The peace that I have lost.

## IX.

My night dream still will be of her,  
My day thoughts on her dwell !  
Then farewell lovely islander,  
A long but vain farewell !

L. E. L.

## THE ADIEU.

It was not in the winter, our loving lot was cast ;  
It was the time of roses—we plucked them as we past.

*T. Hood.*

### I.

A FAIR good-night to thee, love, a fair good-night to  
thee ;  
And pleasant be thy path, love, though it end not with me.  
Liking light as ours, was never meant to last—  
It was a moment's phantasy, and as such it hath past.

### II.

We met in lighted halls, and our spirits took their tone ;  
Like other dreams of midnight, with colder morning  
flown ;—  
And thinkest thou to ever win a single tear from me ?  
Lightly won and lightly lost, love, I shed no tear for  
thee !

### III.

Thy words were courtly flattery, such sink like morn-  
ing dew ;  
But oh ! love takes another tone, the tender and the true.

I knew thee light as foam that plays the ocean waves  
among,  
I knew thee vain as ever gaze upon the mirror flung.

## IV.

And he the light and vain one, for him there never wakes  
That love for which a woman's heart will beat until it  
breaks ;  
But yet the spell was pleasant, though it be broken now,  
Like shaking down loose blossoms from off the careless  
bough.

## V.

They never came to fruit, and their sweet lives soon were  
o'er,  
But we lived an hour beneath them, we never dreamed of  
more :  
No vow was ever plighted, we had no farewell to say,  
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just  
as gay.

## VI.

Our last was even as our first—light, volatile and vain ;  
The dance was done, the song was sung, we never met  
again ;—  
There was little to remember, and nothing to regret,  
Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the co-  
quette.

## VII.

'Twas of youth's fairy follies, by which no shade is cast,  
One of its airy vanities, and like them it hath past.  
Then a fair good-night to thee, love, a fair good-night  
the while,  
I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile !

L. E. L.

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II.—Title to face Frontispiece: Love tormenting the  
Soul. Engraved by William Greatbatch and  
John Lewis; from a Painting by John Wood



Painted by J. Wood.

Engraved by W. Greatbatch & J. Lewis.

## LOVE TORMENTING THE SOUL\*.

### I.

YOUNG tyrant, and young torturer!  
Young Love! how can it be,  
That such extremes and opposites  
Should meet and mix in thee?

### II.

Thou of the rainbow wing! whose reign  
Is as the colours there,  
If thou hadst such delight in pain,  
Thou could'st not be so fair.

### III.

I looked upon thy morning cheek,  
Thy lip with ruby dyed,  
And then I blamed thy painted task,  
And said thou wert belied.

\* See the title-page.



## IV.

Methought I would go forth awhile,  
And track thy steps of flame,  
Henceforth my young lute should be vowed  
To vindicate thy name.

## V.

I paused beside a convent grate,  
I heard a mournful tone,  
The maiden's cheek was very pale,  
Her eye's blue light was gone ;

## VI.

For tears had washed the rose and light  
Away from cheek and eye ;  
She knelt before the crucifix,  
And only prayed to die.

## VII.

The maiden's tale was quickly told—  
Of love that could forsake,  
Of a fond heart that beat too true,  
And then could only break.

## VIII.

I saw a young knight spur his steed  
Amid the thickest fight ;  
It was not for the warrior's meed,  
Nor for his country's right :

## IX.

It was to seek forgetfulness,  
Though from the sword or spear—  
How could he think on one too false,  
And, oh ! yet still too dear.

## X.

I stood next by a lovely one,  
She looked the queen of all ;  
And every eye was turned to her,  
Star of the festal hall !

## XI.

But her dark eye had troubled light,  
Such as the wild storms shed ;  
The beacon-sign of inward strife  
Was that cheek's flushing red.

## XII.

That proud heart had been given to one,  
Who sought it not to win,  
And now she only strove to hide  
The burning wound within.

## XIII.

Leant by a marble column near,  
There stood a youthful bard,  
And were praise all the poet asks,  
He had won his reward.

## XIV.

But oh! there was a dearer hope  
Nurst in that gentle strain,  
He turned to meet one worshipped eye,  
He sought, and sought in vain.

## XV.

The heavy dew came o'er his brow,  
His flashing eye grew dim,  
He felt the vanity of song,  
And oh! I felt with him.

## XVI.

For love and song have been the same  
From early youth to me ;  
And withered feelings, blighted hope,  
May tell what they can be.

## XVII.

I am still young in time, but I  
Have lived through wasting years  
Of sleepless nights, of anxious days,  
Of heart-burnings and tears.

## XVIII.

'Tis a charmed destiny—tho' well  
I know the wearying chain,  
I cannot even wish to be  
Free as I was again.

## XIX.

I sought no longer a defence,  
Flung down the useless shell ;  
Oh Love ! this likeness is thine own,  
The painter knows thee well.



L. E. L.