

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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compiled
by
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LA ROSA PARLANTE

Painted by Alfred Edward Chalon R. A. Engraved by E. J. Portbury

LA ROSA PARLANTE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

I BREATHE on the roses I offer to thee,—
 Every leaf that uncloses says something from me ;
 They come from our garden—that summer world where
 The soft blossoms harden to cherry and pear,
 Where fruit and where flowers together unfold,
 And the morning's bright hours call the bee to his gold !

II.

On the wreath that I bind thee our summer has shone,
 Ah! where will it find thee—afar and alone !
 The walls that have bound thee are dusky and high,
 And dark roofs are round thee that shut out the sky,—
 But the roses I gather will bring thee again
 Our valley's soft weather, its sunshine and rain.

III.

When art thou returning—how long wilt thou roam !
 The wealth thou art earning is not worth thy home.
 The lark's lightest singing awakes me from sleep
 That thine image was bringing—I waken and weep !
 By the prayers that attend thee — the fond hearts that yearn,
 Let the roses I send, say—"return, love, return !"

IV.

To thy heart let them enter!—'mid care and 'mid toil
Hath its innermost centre one spot without soil—
Where the cold world is measured by truth not its own,
And my image is treasured—loved—loving and lone!
Though life have encrusted its rust on the shrine,
That heart may be trusted—I know it by mine!



A GIPSY

Painted by Francis Rochard Engraved by T. Hollis

THE GIPSY.

BY MISS LANDON.

I.

I LIVE by the side of the greenwood tree,
The elm and the ash are companions to me ;
Through the shadowy lanes with the summer I roam,
And the hedge with the hawthorn in bloom is my home !

II.

I know where the primrose first welcomes the south,
Like a love-kiss—the last from a pale and sweet mouth,
Which dies in its sorrow, and dying reveals,
Too late and too vainly, the love which it feels !

III.

The earliest violets breathe, through the grass,
A message that woos me to stay as I pass ;
For I am the first, in the spring, to discover
Their blue eyes, that laugh as they welcomed a lover.

IV.

The morning is glad and the morning is fair,
Song, sunshine, and fragrance awake in the air ;
I feel like a flower that rejoices in light—
Yet dearer to me is the presence of night.

V.

For then I am conscious of knowledge and power,—
I see the clear planets, each bright in its hour,—
I look in the depth of their light for a sign,—
I ask of the future, and know it for mine.

VI.

I trace on the cards what the stars of night tell ;
The past is before me—the heart is my spell :
To me, the sweet hope—the fond secret—is known,
The feelings of others are read by my own.

VII.

Nay, fear not, fair lady ! your life's coming hours,
They are clear as the stars, and as fair as the flowers ;
There is one for whose sake to the greenwood you came ;—
Oh ! lady—you blush !—shall I whisper his name ?



THE WELCOME

Painted by E. T. Parris Engraved by H. Shenton

THE WELCOME.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

FLING the banners from the battlements—
Hang garlands on the walls!—
Today Lord Ulric comes again
To his ancestral halls.

II.

Long time he has been absent—
Long time with sword in hand;—
Now they have tamed the crescent
In every christian land.

III.

The boy he left an infant
He will not find the same,—
The feet can run the greensward,
The lips can name his name.

IV.

There are three that now await him,
And bless the ended strife,—
The boy that will not know him,
His sister, and his wife.

V.

His sister waiteth tenderly,—
But, in her hidden heart,
She thinketh of another,
With whom she wept to part.

VI.

The child is all impatience—
With many a childish word,
He questions of his father,
And of his horse and sword.

VII.

But one is thinking only
Of him—the victor knight;—
She trembles at the honours
He has achieved in fight.

VIII.

Still doth her pale lip quiver
At dangers that are done ;—
Ah, sadly to a woman
Her warrior's praise is won !

IX.

She gazes on the distance,
Until her eyes are dim,
And not a cloud that passes
But she believes it him.

X.

Night after night, her vigils
Have worn away her bloom ;
How often has she started
Beside a fancied tomb !

XI.

There is no love like woman's,—
By distance made more dear ;
That grows more true and tender
With every falling tear.

XII.

She is pale with joy—she sees him !
The warrior-chief is come !
She looks—she cannot speak it—
“ Lord Ulric, welcome home !”