

Poems in The Court Journal
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by

Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)

Also a tribute by Another

compiled by
Peter J. Bolton

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ENGRAVING OF
LANDSEER'S PIC RE.

BY L. E. L.

COME back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before !
Come back, come back, my childhood ;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wild wood,
From beside the charmed well !
'Tis Red Riding-Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

The fields were covered over
With colours, as she went ;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover,
Below her footsteps bent.
Summer shed its shining store,
She was happy as she prest them
Beneath her little feet ;
She plucked them and caress'd them.
They were so very sweet—
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding-Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day !
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they !
A world where phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming ;
When once grown up and tall,
Now is the time for scheming,
Then we shall do them all !
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding-Hood the darling,
The flower of fairy lore ?

She seems like an ideal love,—
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own ;
A younger sister for the heart ;
Like the young pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright,
And her smile is pleasant—
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part,
With red Riding-Hood the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower ?
Winning it with eager eyes—
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight ?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In red Riding-Hood the darling,
The flower of fairy lore ?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us—
We too loiter mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like red Riding-Hood the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

SONG.

LET morning light fall o'er thee,
While I am far away :
Let hope, sweet hope restore thee
All we have dreamed to-day.

I would not have thee keep me
In mind, by tears alone :
I would not have thee weep me
Love mine when I am gone.

No ; as the brook is flowing,
With sunshine on its tide,
While fair and wild flowers blowing,
Lean lovely at its side !

So linked with many a treasure
Of nature, and of spring,
With all that gives thee pleasure,
My heart to thine shall cling.

The rose shall be enchanted,
To breathe of sighs to thee ;
All fair things shall be haunted
With vows of faith from me.

The west wind shall secure thee
My tidings o'er the main ;
But most of all assure thee,
How soon we meet again.

L. E. L.

THE SWARMING OF THE BEES.

They are come, they are come ; yet what brings them
here,

With smoke around, and with walls so near ?

Yet there they cling to the golden wand

As there were no sunnier garden beyond.

The garden is filled with their drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

Whence have they wandered I cannot tell,

But I dream me a dream of some lonely dell,

Where violets thick mid the green grass sprung,

Like a purple cloak by a monarch flung.

Our garden now fills with their drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

Had they grown weary of roses in bloom,

Or the long falling wreaths of the yellow-haired
broom !

Of the seringa's pale orange-touched flowers

Of the gardens afar, that they wander to ours !

How pleasant it is with their drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

Our garden is somewhat pale and lone,

And the walls are high, with ivy o'ergrown ;

And the dust of the city lies dark on the rose,

And the lily is almost afraid to unclose.

Yet, welcome the sound of their drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

The vapours of London float over our head,

Yet athwart them the shower and the sunshine are
shed ;

And cheerful the light of the morning falls

O'er the almond-tree and the ivied walls.

Sweet sounds around it the drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

We have shrubs that have flourished the summer
through—

The jessamine hanging like pearls on dew,

The fusia that droops, like the curls of a bride,—

Bells of coral, with Syrian purple inside.

They'll grow more fair, with that drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

The sun-flower's golden round shall yield

Its shining store for their harvest field ;

We'll plant wild thyme with the April rain,

And feed them till then on the sugar-cane.

Welcome, welcome, their drowsy hum !

Oh where is a hive, for the bees are come !

L. E. L.

CHANSON.

By L. E. L.

[The following song is supposed to have been addressed to the fair Gabrielle, by Henri Quatre. I believe that it has not been before published. I have just attempted to give a very literal version.]

VIENS, Aurore,
Je t'implore,
Je suis gai quand je te voi.
La bergère
Qui m'est chère,
Est vermeille comme toi.

De rosée,
Arrosée,
La rose a moins de fraîcheur,
Une hermine
Est moins fine ;
Le lait a moins de blancheur.

Pour entendre
Sa voix tendre,
On déserte le hameau :
Et Tityre
Qui soupire,
Fait taire son chalumeau.

Elle est blonde,
Sans seconde ;
Elle a la taille à la main
Sa prunelle
Étincelle
Comme l'étoile du matin.

D'ambrosie
Bien choisie,
Hébé la nourrit à part ;
Et sa bouche,
Quand je touche,
Me parfume de nectar.

TRANSLATION.

COME, Aurore,
I implore,
I am glad when thou art breaking.
That sweet cheek
Whose smiles I seek,
Is vermilion like thy waking.

Bathed and fair
With dew and air,
Yon fresh rose has less of brightness ;
And less fine
Is the ermine,
While the milk has less of whiteness.

To rejoice
In her soft voice,
Leave they yonder hamlet lonely ;
And the swain
Neglects his strain,
Listening to her music only.

She is fair
Beyond compare,
You may span her waist so slender ;
Like a star
Her soft eyes are,
Opening in its morning splendour.

When none heed her,
Hebe feeds her
With such balm as heaven consumeth ;
And her mouth,
Like the sweet south,
With one fragrant touch perfumeth.

FORMER TIMES.

By L. E. L.

WE meet not in the valley
Where we were wont to meet ;
Where the little brook was flowing,
And the birds were singing sweet.

Our treasures were the lilies
That open in the spring,
Or the purple feathers falling
From off the peacock's wing.

We were young, and we were happy,
The present was our own,
The past was not remembered,
The future was unknown.

The music of the river,
The dear blue sky above,
Filled the inmost heart within us
With happiness and love.

We had a thousand fancies,
And we had not a care—
Life's hours were stealing round us,
While dreaming what they were.

We read old tales of fairies
And half believed them true,
The fortune of our future
Had, at least, enough to do.

Youth's clear and far horizon
Affords such ample scope,
And we too, had our fairy,
The early fairy—Hope.

We had some thought of changes
Whene'er that future came ;
But it was still, in changing,
To find our hearts the same.

I linger o'er those moments
With a true and fond regret—
As we watch the last faint colours
Of a sun that long has set.

No friendships are unselfish
As those which first we knew ;
So linked by pleasant memories—
So generous and so true.

The best of those affections
We form in after hours,
Are the faint and chilling perfume
Of the after-growth of flowers.

We have fallen from each other,
Have changed and disagreed ;
Our lips are closed and careless,
Of love we have no need.

The world has entered in us,
We doubt where once we dreamed ;
We have learnt the bitter lesson,
There is nothing what it seemed.

Oh, lone and silent valley,
Thy loveliness is o'er ;
For youth, hope, and affection,
Return to thee no more.

THE PHANTOM, By L. E. L.

[THE following fanciful production is from the 'Drawing Scrap Book,' which we partially noticed a fortnight ago. Its treasures cannot yet be so far familiarized and fixed in the memory, as to preclude us from the advantage of filling one of our columns with the verses of L. E. L. The plates of this year's volume are as various and well executed as usual; and the poetry more than reflects their beauty and variety. The poem we here copy is remarkable for the ease, grace, and melody of its versification.]

I come from my home in the depth of the sea,
I come that thy dreams may be haunted by me;
Not as we parted, the rose on my brow,
But shadowy, silent, I visit thee now.
The time of our parting was when the moon shone,
Of all heaven's daughters the loveliest one;
No cloud in her presence, no star at her side,
She smiled on her mirror and vassal, the tide.

Unbroken its silver, undreamed of its swell,
There was hope, and not fear, in our midnight fare-
well;
While drooping around were the wings white and
wild,
Of the ship that was sleeping, as slumbers a child.
I turned to look from it, to look on the bower,
Which thou hast been training in sunshine or
shower—
So thick were the green leaves, the sun and the rain
Sought to pierce through the shelter from summer in
vain.

It was not the ash-tree, the home of the wren,
And the haunt of the bee, I was thinking of then ;
Nor yet of the violets, sweet on the air,
But I thought of the true love who planted them
there.

I come to thee now, my long hair on the gale,
It is wreathed with no red rose, is bound with no
veil ;

It is dark with the sea damps, and wet with the spray—
The gold of its auburn has long past away.

And dark is the cavern wherein I have slept ;—
There the seal and the dolphin their vigil have kept ;
And the roof is encrusted with white coral cells,
Wherein the strange insect that buildeth them dwells.
There is life in the shells that are strewed o'er the
sands,

Not filled, but with music, as on our own strands ;
Around me are whitening the bones of the dead,
And a starfish has grown to the rock overhead.

Sometimes a vast shadow goes darkly along,
The shark or the sword-fish, the fearful and strong ;
There is fear in the eyes that are glaring around,
As they pass, like the spectres of death, without
sound :

Over rocks without summer, the dull sea-weeds trail,
And the blossoms that spring there are scentless and
pale ;

Amid their dark garlands the water-snake glides,
And the sponge, like the moss, gathers thick at
their sides.

Oh ! would that the sunshine could fall on my grave—
That the wild-flower and willow could over it wave ;
Oh ! would that the daisies grew over my sleep,
That the tears of the morning could over me weep.
Thou art pale mid thy dreams—I shall trouble n
more,

The sorrow that kept me from slumber is o'er :
To the depths of the ocean in peace I depart,
For I still have a grove greener far in thy heart !

ON FIRST SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF L. E. L.

“ Is this the face that fired a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen ! ” MARLOWE

Ah ! no, not Helen ; Hel—e—n
Of old—but L. E. L. ;
Those letters which the spell-bound pen
Have vainly sought to spell.
Not Helen, who so long ago
Set *Paris* in a blaze,
But one who laid proud London low,
And lit up later days.
Is *this* your meaning, mystic Three !
Handwriting on Fame’s wall !
Ye thrice fair letters, can ye be
A Lady, after all !
How have I wondered what ye meant,
Ye alphabetic Graces !
And so you really represent
One of dear Nature’s faces !
Well, how I’ve guessed ! your meaning rare
No guessing seemed to touch ;
Ye riddles ! the weird-sisters ne’er
Be-witched me half so much.
One knows the power of D. C. L.,
The grandeur of K. G. ;
And F. R. S. will science spell,
And valour, G. C. B.
The sage, the schoolboy, both can tell
The worth of L. S. D.
But then the worth of L. E. L. !
All *letters* told in three !
In vain I’ve sought to illustrate
Each letter with a word ;
’T was only trying to translate
The language of a bird.
I’ve read ye, L. E. L., quite bare ;
Thus—Logic, Ethics, Lays :
Lines, Episodes, and Lyrics fair—
I’ve guessed away my days.

One wild young fancy was the sire
Of fifty following after—
Like these—Love, Eden, and the Lyre,
Light, Elegance, and Laughter.

I've drawn from all the stars that shine,
Interpretations silly;
From flowers;—the Lily, Eglantine—
And what?—oh! then, more Lily!

Now fancy's dead—no thought can strike,
No guess, solution, stricture;
For L. E. L. is—simply like
This dainty little picture.

Life to her lays! However fame
'Mongst brightest names may set hers,
Those Three Initials (nameless name!)
Will never be dead letters!

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