

A Poem of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Forget Me Not, 1837

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

The Sleeping Beauty



## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

*Painted by J. Wood      Engraved by F. Bacon*

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY L. E. L.

Sleep with honey-dews hath bound her,  
Sleep unwaked by day ;  
Through the forest growing round her  
None may take their way,  
For it is a path forbidden  
By the words of power ;  
There the beauty must be hidden  
Till the appointed hour ;  
Till the young deliverer cometh,  
And the maiden life resumeth.

Purple fruit and golden chalice  
Lie upon the floor ;  
For, in that enchanted palace,  
All is as before.  
There still is the censer burning,  
With its perfumed flame ;  
Years on many years returning,  
See it still the same ;  
It will burn till light re-living  
In those closed eyes quench its giving.

There her ivory lute, too, slumbers  
On the haunted ground,

Silent are its once sweet numbers,  
Like all things around ;  
On her cheek the rose is breathing  
With its softest red ;  
And the auburn hair is wreathing  
Round the graceful head :  
Changeth not that rosy shade,  
Stirreth not that auburn braid.

Hath the wild west wind then only  
Leave to come and weep ?  
Is the lovely one left lonely  
To her charmed sleep ?  
No, when yon full moon has risen  
O'er the azure lake,  
Cometh one to that sweet prison  
For the sleeper's sake ;  
On that only moonlit hour  
Hath the gentle fairy power.

Then she calls fair spirits nigh her,  
Each one with a dream,  
So with sweet thoughts to supply her,  
And those shadows seem  
Real as life, but that each vision  
Hath a lovelier ray,  
More etherial and elysian  
Than earth's common day.  
Human thoughts and feelings keep  
Life in that enchanted sleep.

Soon o'er that dark pine and laurel  
Will a youth prevail :  
Is there not a gentle moral  
In that fairy tale ?  
Like that maiden's sleep unwaking,  
Slumbereth woman's heart,  
Till Love comes, that slumber breaking  
For life's loveliest part.  
Ah, the heart which it must waken  
Soon will mourn its rest forsaken !

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