

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1836

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

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No image available at present

## THE LITTLE MOUNTAINEER

*Drawn by A Chisholm      Engraved by W. Greatbach*

## THE LITTLE MOUNTAINEER.

BY L. E. L.

HER naked feet are nothing loath  
To touch their mother earth ;  
The pebble and the flower have been  
Their comrades from their birth.  
The wind is in her long fair hair,  
She bares her listening ear,  
And questions if a storm be nigh —  
The little mountaineer.

The birds are sweeping through the sky,  
Their white wings bear away  
The brightness of the morning time,  
The sunshine's lingering ray.  
Like armies summoned by a king,  
The clouds come far and near ;  
They gather round her native hills —  
The little mountaineer.

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She stands beside the ancient well  
That from the broken wall  
Sings day and night the same sweet song  
In one low silvery fall.  
She stands a lovely, lonely child  
Without a thought of fear ;  
The cave of nature is around  
The little mountaineer.

A pensiveness beyond its years  
Is in her childish grace ;  
For many lonely hours have given  
Their meaning to her face.  
The mighty storms, the mighty hills,  
Have lent their solemn cheer ;  
A poet's world is in her heart —  
The little mountaineer.

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## THE LESSON.

By L. E. L.

COME, dearest, to your lesson,  
You have so much to say,  
One, two, three, four, five letters,  
Before you go to play.

There is "A" that stands for apple,  
You know our own old tree,  
It is covered now with blossoms  
That shew where fruit will be.

There's "B" that stands for butterfly,  
But yesterday we caught  
One whose wings with brown and crimson,  
And specks of gold were wrought.

There is "C" that stands for cowslip ;  
When you have said them all  
We will go into the meadow,  
And make a cowslip ball.

There's "D" that stands for darling ;  
The prettiest in the row :  
Who is his mother's darling—  
Who is he—do you know ?

You say you'll be a sailor :  
How sorry you would be  
Not to read your mother's letters,  
When far away at sea.

Ah ! I see you'll be a scholar ;  
You've said them rightly o'er :  
There's a good child — and to-morrow  
You are to learn some more.

Come now into the garden,  
To the fruit and flowers away ;  
So well you've said your lesson,  
That you deserve to play.