

A Poem of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Forget Me Not, 1832

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

The Thunder-Storm



## THE THUNDERSTORM

*Painted by J. Wood      Engraved by W. Finden*

## THE THUNDER-STORM.

BY L. E. L.

“ Fear not, thy God is with thee.”

It comes!—the rushing wind has burst  
The silence and the weight which nurst  
Its gathering strength: deep as the tomb,  
One heavy cloud sweeps on in gloom;  
A few faint gleams of broken light—  
A streak of blue—all else is night!—  
Not the soft night of moon and star,  
But made by elements at war.

A human step is on the heath—  
A child that bears a wild-flower wreath:  
Wild o'er the mountains howls the wind;  
The morn's fair vale is far behind;  
She is alone: her large blue eye  
Turns timid to the awful sky;  
The innocent, the loved, the young,  
To whom the widow's heart has clung;  
The dear reminder of the past,  
On whom all future hope is cast.  
Guarded by all thy mother's tears,  
Sweet orphan, shake from thee thy fears;  
Tremble to mark God's might above,  
Tremble, but cheer thy dread with love!

Though dark the tempest o'er thy head,  
Not this the tempest thou shouldst dread—  
Dread thou the storms which coming time  
Must mingle with thine hour of prime—  
The tempests of the heart, which none,  
However they subdue, may shun.  
The feverish hope, the vain desire,  
Envy, repentance, grief, and ire,  
The trust deceived, the faith betray'd,  
The wrong that only Heaven can aid:  
These wait for all, and these must be  
A portion of thy life and thee.

Ah! when in after-years, if care  
Or toil seem more than thou canst bear;  
And sleepless night, and anxious day,  
Wear life in heaviness away;  
Think thou, amid thy weary lot,  
How this storm pass'd and harm'd thee not:  
The Hand that kept the wind-swept hill  
And lonely moor is with thee still,  
The same to save, the same to spare,  
Let thy lip guard its early prayer.

Thy wrongs are register'd on high,  
Thy tears a holy hope shall dry,  
Thy toil meet harvest will return,  
Thy grief is as the fires that burn

And purify, if that thy heart  
Has kept its early faith apart ;  
If thou canst raise a heavenward brow  
As trustingly as thou dost now ;  
If meekest faith and piety  
Can say—Thy God is still with thee.

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