

Poems in The London Literary  
Gazette  
during the year 1821  
by  
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(L. E. L.)  
compiled by  
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## Original Poetry.

### BELLS.

How sweet on the breeze of the evening swells  
 The vesper call of those soothing bells,  
 Borne softly and dying in echoes away,  
 Like a requiem sung to the parting day.  
 Wandered from roses the air is like balm,  
 The wave like the sleep of an infant is calm;  
 No cars are now plying in flashes to wake  
 The blue repose of the tranquil lake;  
 And so slight are the sighs of the slumbering  
 gale,  
 Scarce have they power to waft my slack sail;  
 Fair hour, when the blush of the evening light,  
 Like a beauty is veiled by the shadow of night,  
 When the heart-beat is soft as the sun's farewell  
 beams,  
 When the spirit is melting in tenderest dreams;  
 A wanderer, dear England, from thee and from  
 thine, [best shrine;  
 Yet the hearths I have left are my bosom's  
 And dear are those bells, for most precious to  
 me,  
 Whatever can wake a remembrance of thee;  
 They bring back the memory of long absent  
 times, [chimes,  
 Young hopes and young joys are revived in those  
 To me they are sweet as the meadows in June,  
 As the song which the nightingale pours to the  
 moon. [come,  
 Like the voice of a friend on my spirit they  
 Whose greeting is love, and whose tale is of  
 home. [year,  
 How blithely they're wont to ring in the new  
 The gayest of sounds amid Christmas time  
 cheer. [young May,  
 How light was the welcome they gave thee  
 When sunshine and flowers decked her festival  
 day. [bell,  
 How soft at the shade of the twilight that  
 Rolled faintly away o'er my favourite dell;

When the woodbine was fresh, and the tremulous shade  
 Of the aspen leaf over my path beneath played ;  
 When his day of toil over, the hind turned  
 away [hay ;  
 From the perfumed fields of the newly-mown  
 When no sound was heard, save the woodlark's  
 wild song, [along ;  
 And the peal of those bells borne in echoes  
 They were dear to me then, but now they are  
 brought [fraught  
 More home to my heart, for their music is  
 With all that to memory is hallowed and dear,  
 With all those fond thoughts that but speak in  
 a tear.

Voiceless and holy— that simple chime is,  
 As a spell on the heart at a moment like this ;  
 Yes, sweet are those bells, for most precious to  
 me,  
 Whatever reminds me loved England of thee !

*L. E. L.*

## STANZAS

*On the Death of Miss Campbell.*

ROSE of our love, how soon thou art faded,  
 The blight has past over thy April bloom,  
 Where are the hopes that dwelt on thee, all  
     shaded,   [thy tomb.  
 The hearts which they brightened are dark as  
 We saw thee with youth, health, and happiness  
     glowing,  
 We saw thee again, but health was no more,  
 Sadness was round thee, and warm tears were  
     flowing,   [not restore.  
 O'er the wan cheek whose bloom their dew could  
 Still on thy face, while others wept round thee,  
 Was the look that would soothe, the smile that  
     would cheer,   [bound thee,  
 Each hour loosed the chain, that unto this life  
 And each hour we found thee more dear, and  
     more dear.

Where art thou now, in the silent grave sleep-  
     ing,  
 Cold, long and dark this last slumber will be ;  
 Wild o'er thy sod, thy pale mother is weeping,  
 The joy of her life has departed with thee.  
 Fare thee well, tho' we mourn o'er the pro-  
     mising blossom,  
 Sadly and fondly its memory enshrine ;  
 Was it not better to part with a bosom  
 So free from earth's taints and earth's sorrow's  
     as thine.

Was it not better to part with thy spirit,  
 All piety, purity, patience, and love?—  
 Will not the meek and the gentle inherit  
 A crown of life fadeless and holy above ?

L. E. L.

## Original Poetry.

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[*Six Songs of Love, Constancy, Romance, Inconstancy,  
Truth, and Marriage.*]

Oh! yet one smile, tho' dark may lower  
Around thee clouds of woe and ill,  
Let me yet feel that I have power,  
Mid Fate's bleak storms, to soothe thee still,

Tho' sadness be upon thy brow,  
Yet let it turn, dear love, to me,  
I cannot bear that thou should'st know  
Sorrow I do not share with thee.

True love's wreath is of mountain flowers,  
They stand the storm and brave the blast,  
And blossom on, so love like ours  
Is sweetest when all else is past.

Too well I know what storms have frowned,  
And now frown on life's troubled tide;  
Still darker let them gather round,  
They have no power on hearts so tried.

Then say not that you may not bear,  
To shadow spirit light as mine;  
I shall not shrink, or fear to share  
The darkest fate if it be thine!

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Oh! say not love was never made  
 For heart so light as mine ;  
 Must love then seek the cypress shade,  
 Rear but a gloomy shrine.  
 Oh! say not, that for me more meet  
 The revelry of youth ;  
 Or that my wild heart cannot beat  
 With deep devoted truth.  
 Tho' mirth may many changes ring,  
 'Tis but an outward show,  
 Even upon the fond dove's wing  
 Will varying colours glow.  
 Light smiles upon my lip may gleam  
 And sparkle o'er my brow,  
 'Tis but the glisten of the stream  
 That hides the gold below.  
 'Tis love that gilds the mirthful hour,  
 That lights the smile for me,  
 Those smiles would instant lose their power,  
 Did they not glance on thee !

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On ! come to my slumber  
 Sweet dreams of my love,  
 I have hung the charmed wreath  
 My soft pillow above.

The roses are linked  
 In a chain pure and white ;  
 And the rose-leaves are wet  
 With the dew drops of night.

The moon was on high  
 As I gather'd each flower ;  
 The dew that then falls  
 Has a magical power.

The Spirit of slumber  
 Those roses has blest ;  
 And sweet are the visions  
 They'll bring to my rest.  
 Be their spell on my soul,  
 So they let me but see  
 His dark eyes flash in love  
 And his smile glance on me.

Let sleep bring the image  
 Of him far away ;  
 'Tis worth all the tears  
 I shed for him by day.

I have hung the charmed wreath  
 My soft pillow above ;  
 Then come to my slumber,  
 Sweet dreams of my love !

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How vain to cast my love away  
On bosom false as thine ;  
The floweret's bloom, that springs in May,  
Would be a safer shrine  
To build my fondest hopes upon,  
Tho' fragile it may be.  
That flower's smile is not sooner gone  
Than love that trusts to thee.

Love asks a calm, a gentle home,  
Or else its life is o'er ;  
If once you let its pinions roam,  
Oh! then 'tis love no more.

The aspen's changetul shade can be  
No shelter for the dove ;  
And hearts as varying as that tree,  
Are sure no place for love.

Hope linger'd long and anxiously,  
O'er failing faith, but now  
I give thee back each heartless sigh,  
Give back each broken vow.

I'll trust the stay of tulip dyes,  
The calm of yon wild sea,  
The sunshine of the April skies,  
But never more to thee!

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Oh! would that love had power to raise  
 A little isle for us alone,  
 With fairy flowers, and sunny rays,  
 The blue sea wave its guardian zone.  
 No other step should ever press  
 This hidden Eden of the heart,  
 And we would share its loveliness,  
 From every other thing apart.  
 The rose and violet should weep,  
 Where'er our leafy couch was laid,  
 The lark should wake our morning sleep,  
 The bulbul sing our serenade.  
 And we would watch the starry hours,  
 And call the moon to hear our vows,  
 And we would cull the sweetest flowers,  
 And twine fresh chaplets for our brows.  
 ———  
 I thought thus of the flowers, the moon,  
 This fairy isle for you and me ;  
 And then I thought how very soon  
 How very tired we should be.  
 —————

## MATRIMONIAL CREED.

He must be rich whom I could love,  
 His fortune clear must be,  
 Whether in land or in the funds,  
 'Tis all the same to me.

He must be old whom I could love,  
 Then he'll not plague me long ;  
 In sooth 'twill be a pleasant sight,  
 To see him borne along

To where the croaking ravens lurk,  
 And where the earth worms dwell ;  
 A widow's hood will suit my face,  
 And black becomes me well.

And he must make a settlement,  
 I'll have no man without ;  
 And when he writes his testament,  
 He must not leave me out.

Oh ! such a man as this would suit  
 Each wish I here express ;  
 If he should say, — Will you have me ?  
 I'll very soon say — Yes ! *L. E. L.*

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## Original Poetry.

### REQUIEM.

On! cold are thy slumbers, and low is thy grave,  
 Above it one cypress shall mournfully wave &  
 No flowers shall flourish around thy death  
 shrine,— [as thine  
 Their bloom would but mock such a dark sleep  
 The pale stone overhead, the sod of dank  
 green,  
 Will be sad as the path of thy life-time has been.  
 Thy wild harp shall hang on a willow beside,  
 O'er its chords like a spirit the night wind  
 shall glide  
 And pour forth thy dirge; that harp wont to be  
 The charm of the wilderness thrilling for thee:  
 It will soothe thee mid sadness and coldness no  
 more,  
 Its strings will grow damp, and its music be o'er.  
 As a vase of sweet flowers with summer dews  
 bright,  
 Thy heart was all tenderness, beauty, and light,  
 But the sweet vase was broken, the flowers  
 decay'd, [betray'd;  
 And, like them, thy feelings were crush'd and  
 And the glimpses of song, that had flashed o'er  
 thy lyre, [their fire.  
 But prey'd on the heart that had cherish'd  
 Thy day-star was even in dawning o'ercast,  
 Thy song in the moment of breathing was past,  
 There is but one heart to lament o'er thy doom,  
 There is but one cheek will for thee lose its  
 bloom:  
 That cheek will grow pale as thy funeral stone,  
 That heart will soon break, it was truly thine  
 own.

STANZAS.

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“ And while the moon reigns cold above,  
 Oh, warm below reign thou, my love,  
 And endless raptures reign with thee.”—*Lit. Gazette.*

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WHEN should lovers breathe their vows ?  
 When should ladies hear them ?  
 When the dew is on the boughs,  
 When none else are near them ;  
 When the moon shines cold and pale,  
 When the birds are sleeping,  
 When no voice is on the gale,  
 When the rose is weeping ;  
 When the stars are bright on high,  
 Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,  
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,  
 Like soft fears to shade their beaming.  
 The fairest smiles are those that live  
 On the brow by starlight wreathing ;  
 And the lips their richest incense give  
 When the sigh is at midnight breathing.  
 Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray  
 When seen by moonlight hours,  
 Other roses seek the day,  
 But blushes are night flowers.  
 Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,  
 When the dew-drops glisten,  
 Then their vows should lovers plight,  
 Then should ladies listen.

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## SONG.

Oh, you cannot prove false to me, my love,  
 Think how I have confided in thee,  
 I have prized thy love all else above,  
 Oh, you cannot be false to me.

Could you chill the first warm overflow of the  
 heart,  
 Freeze the fountain you first taught to flow;  
 Could you act a cruel, a treacherous part,  
 Could you be the herald of woe.

I will not believe it, but still will repose  
 Ev'ry hope of my heart upon thine;  
 I will not believe you could blight the young rose  
 That but blossom'd to bloom on thy shrine.

I'll believe that the sun will forsake his day  
 throne,  
 The moon her night palace of blue, [own,  
 That blushes, sighs, smiles, are no longer love's  
 Ere I will believe you untrue. *L. E. L.*

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