

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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by
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BY L. E. L.

WEEP not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave ;
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave :
And make the sod we're spreading fair,
For her who sleeps below ;
We might not bear to lay her there,
In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long,
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step, and birdlike song,
And eyes that only smiled ;
A something shadowy and frail
Was even in her mirth ;
She look'd a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes,
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies :
Too changeable the rose which shed
Its colour on her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore ;
And when she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepen'd on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.

Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved ;
Yon sky which was her native clime
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one, to whom
Nothing of earth was given ;
'Twas but a resting place, her tomb,
Between the world and heaven.



GOOD ANGELS

Painted by H. Howard R. A. Engraved by C. Rolls

GOOD ANGELS.

BY L. E. L.

THE ANGEL OF EARTH.

TRIUMPH, for my task is done—
Triumph, for my prize is won.
Angel! who dost keep the gate
Where the rescued souls await
For the speaking of that word
Which doth sheath the fiery sword,
And reveals to human eyes
Hope's long promised paradise,
Bend thine head, and stretch thine hand:
Place! in thy immortal band,
For the child I bear above,
In the strength of faith and love.
Vanquish'd at my feet, behold
He the serpent king of old.
Round us is the burning coil—
Who may 'scape from such a toil?
Flashes yet his fiery eye—
Who may its fierce light defy?
Who might aid? for vain were here
Human sword, or human spear.
Death is on each forked tongue,
Lightning round each neck is hung:
But I triumph'd, for I came
In the Saviour's blessed name.
Victory o'er the soil and snare,
O'er earth's crime, and o'er earth's care;

Over hopes which lead astray,
Wishes yet more wild than they ;
Over each delusive sin
Which the heart takes pleasure in.
Red ambition, which doth ask
Kingdoms for its glorious task ;
Avarice, which hath cast its lot
'Mid the gold it uses not ;
Pleasures, which like opiates steep
Higher aims in idle sleep ;
Vain affections which control
All too much the heaven-bound soul :
These are vanquish'd 'neath my tread.
See the serpent's bruised head :—
Angel! take the child I bring.
Oh, death! where is now thy sting?

AN EARLY PASSAGE IN SIR JOHN PERROT'S
LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

There is a very curious and rare biography extant of this accomplished knight and courtier, and it was placed in my hands by Mr. Crofton Croker, who thought that I should find a variety of subjects for poetical illustration in Sir John Perrot's adventurous and romantic career. The present incident he especially marked as very characteristic of the picturesque tone of the age. To Mr. Croker I beg to inscribe the ballad, and trust the rest of its readers will partake in his sympathy for the memories of our ancestors.

THE evening tide is on the turn; so calm the waters flow,
There seems to be one heav'n above, another heav'n below;
The blue skies broken by white clouds, the river by white
foam,
The stars reflect themselves, and seem to have another home.

A shade upon the elements, 'tis of a gallant bark,
Her stately sides fling on the wave an outline dim and dark;
The difference this by things of earth, and things of heav'n
made,
The things of heav'n are traced in light, and those of earth
in shade.

Wrapt in his cloak a noble knight stept to and fro that deck,
Revolving all those gentler thoughts the busier day-hours
check.

A thousand sad sweet influences in truth and beauty lie,
Within the quiet atmosphere of a lone starry sky.

A shower of glittering sparkles fell from off the dashing oar,
 As a little boat shot rapidly from an old oak on shore :
 His eye and pulse grew quick, the knight's, his heart kept no
 true time
 In its unsteady beating, with the light oars' measured chime.

“ Thou hast loiter'd—so, in sooth, should I—thine errand be
 thy plea;
 And now what of my lady bright, what guerdon sent she me?
 Or sat she lonely in her bower, or lovely in the hall?
 How look'd she when she took my gift? sir page, now tell
 me all.”—

“ I found her with a pallid cheek, and with a drooping head,
 I left her, and the summer rose wears not a gladder red ;
 And she murmur'd something like the tones a lute has in its
 chords,
 So very sweet the whisper was, I have forgot the words.”

“ A health to thee, my lady love, a health in Spanish wine,
 To-night I'll pledge no other health, I'll name no name but
 thine.”

The young page hid his laugh, then dropp'd in reverence on
 his knee:—

“ In sooth, good master, that I think to-night may scarcely be.

“ While kneeling at your lady's feet another dame past by,
 The lion in her haughty step, the eagle in her eye.
 ‘ And doth the good knight barter gems? God's truth, we'll
 do the same.’

A pleasant meaning lit the smile, that to her proud eyes came.

“ She took the fairest of the gems upon her glittering hand,
 With her own fingers fasten'd it upon a silken band,

And held it to the lamp, then said, 'Like this stone's spot-
less flame,
So tell your master that I hold his high and knightly fame.'"

Low on his bended knee, the knight received that precious
stone,
And bold and proud the spirit now that in his dark eyes shone:
"Up from your sleep, my mariners, for ere the break of day,
And even now the stars are pale, I must be miles away."—

The spray fell from the oars in showers, as in some fairy hall
They say in melting diamonds the charmed fountains fall;
And though as set the weary stars, the darker grew the night,
Yet far behind the vessel left a track of silver light.

They saw again that self-same shore which they that morn
had pass'd,
On which they'd look'd as those who know such look may be
the last:—

Then out he spoke, the helmsman old: "I marvel we should go
Just like a lady's messenger on the same path to and fro."—

"And 'tis to see a lady's face this homeward task we ply,
I wot the proudest of us all were proud to catch her eye.
A royal gift our queen hath sent, and it were sore disgrace
If that I first put on her gem and not before her face."—

On the terrace by the river side there stood a gallant band,
The very flower of knight and dame were there of English land.
The morning wind toss'd ostrich plume, and stirr'd the silken
train,
The morning light from gold and gem was mirror'd back again.

There walk'd the queen Elizabeth, you knew her from the rest
More by the royal step and eye than by the royal vest;

There flash'd, though now the step was staid, the falcon eye
 was still,
 The fiery blood of Lancaster, the haughty Tudor's will.

A lady by the balustrade, a little way apart,
 Lean'd languidly indulging in that solitude of heart
 Which is Love's empire, tenanted by visions of his own—
 Such solitude is soon disturb'd, such visions soon are flown:

Love's pleasant time is with her now, for she hath hope and
 faith,
 Which think not what the lover doth, but what the lover saith;
 Upon her hand there is a ring, within her heart a vow:—
 No voice is whispering at her side—what doth she blush for
 now?

A noble galley valiantly comes on before the wind,
 Her sails are dyed by the red sky she's leaving fast behind;
 None other mark'd the ship that swept so eagerly along;
 The lady knew the flag, and when hath lover's eye been
 wrong?

The lonely lady watch'd, meantime went on the converse gay,
 It was as if the spirits caught the freshness of the day:
 "Good omen such a morn as this," her grace of England
 said:
 "What progress down our noble Thames hath Sir John
 Perrot made?"

Then spoke Sir Walter Raleigh, with a soft and silv'ry smile,
 And an earnest gaze that seem'd to catch the queen's least look
 the while:
 "Methinks that every wind in heav'n will crowd his sails to fill,
 For goeth he not forth to do his gracious sovereign's will?"—

With that the bark came bounding up, then staid her in her
flight,
And right beneath the terrace she moor'd her in their sight.
"Now, by my troth," exclaim'd the queen, "it is our cap-
tain's bark :
What brings the loiterer back again?"—her eye and brow
grew dark.

"Fair queen," replied a voice below, "I pay a vow of mine,
And never yet was voyage delay'd by worship at a shrine."—
He took the jewel in his hand, and bent him on his knee,
Then flung the scarf around his neck where all the gem might
see.

His white plumes swept the very deck, yet once he glanced
above,
The courtesy was for the queen, the glance was for his love.
"Now, fare thee well," then said the queen, "for thou art a
true knight ;"—
But even as she spoke the ship was fitting from the sight.

Wo to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas,
When roll'd the thunder of that deck upon the southern breeze ;
For bravely Sir John Perrot bore our flag across the main,
And England's bells for victory rang when he came home
again.



DO YOU REMEMBER IT.

Painted by Miss L. Sharpe Engraved by Chas. Heath

DO YOU REMEMBER IT?

BY L. E. L.

I.

Do you remember that purple twilight's falling,
 As if it were the atmosphere of some fairy land?
 One pale star to its lingering kindred calling,
 Was alone in the sky of all night's spirit band.
 To and fro, mournfully the oak boughs were swinging,
 For a soft warm wind put the branches aside;
 Afar a little river wound through the meadow, singing
 To the tall grass and wild flowers hanging o'er its tide.
 Down at our feet the blue violets were growing,
 We saw not their blossoms, but we felt that they were fair,
 For the fresh and fragrant rain of young April's bestowing,
 Fell from their leaves as they opened to the air.
 Deep fell the shadows round, each could see only
 The dark outline softening of the other's face;
 Thick closed the trees above, earth held no such lonely,
 Nor, as we then deem'd, so lovely a place.
 Sweet was the silence, but sweeter was it broken
 By words such as Love whispers once in his youth,
 When leaf, star, and night, are each taken for a token,
 And a witness, though we doubted not, of such stainless truth;
 Hope with its fever, and memory with its sorrow,
 Came not o'er a moment, whose joy stood alone:
 There are some days which never know a morrow,
 And the day when Love first finds utterance is one—
 Do you remember it?

II.

Still the blue violets by the oak are shaded,
Time in that quiet grove has left no trace;
But as the colours of this picture are faded,
So are the colours the heart threw o'er the place.
Passion and picture were each a fair delusion,
Tears have washed the brightness of each away;
Why should we wake from such beautiful illusion,
To know that life's happiness was lavish'd on a day?
And yet we are not false mid absence and mid strangers;
Mid trial and mid time, how dearly we've loved on;
Faithful through all that the faith of love endangers,
Though we feel that the dream of our earlier love is gone.
We have heard the heart's religion, its holy truth derided,
And the sneer, if not admitted has yet profaned;
By the world's many busy cares our thoughts have been
divided,
And selfishness has harden'd whatever ground it gain'd.
When I think how that affection is bless'd beyond all measure,
The last best trace of heaven our earth retains,
I marvel how ambition, or vanity, or pleasure,
E'er have power to relax, or to break its gentle chains.
My spirit ponders mournfully, my eyes are dim with weeping,
Aside for a moment all life's worldliness is cast;
The flowers and the green leaves their summer watch are
keeping,
And I dream beneath their shadow of the shadow of the
past.
Do you remember it?
