

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
The Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1837

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

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## THE WATCHFUL FRIEND

*Painted by J. LeBlanc    Engraved by Miller*

## The Watchful Friend.

IN a hidden thicket's shade  
Is the little maiden laid ;  
O'er her bends the wilding rose,  
At her side the violet grows :  
And, instead of feudal splendour,  
Summer's fragrant airs attend her.  
More than castle watch or ward—  
O'er her sleep the dog keeps guard :  
None unseen can venture here  
With that faithful watcher near.  
Lady, who to woodlands wild  
Dost resign thy darling child ;  
Lady, of an ancient line,  
Sweet and natural faith is thine.  
Thou dost know what influence lies  
In the summer sun and skies ;  
Thou dost know what healthy red  
By the open air is shed :  
And what pleasant sleep is given  
By the blue uncurtained heaven ;  
Nor to that fond mother known  
Outward influence alone.

She hath deeper thoughts that tell  
Of dear Nature's inward spell ;

She doth bid the wind impart  
Its own freshness to the heart.  
Every flower around is rife  
With fine poetry for life :  
Not a perfumed wreath but brings  
Some true feelings on its wings.  
On that rosy child await  
Rank and sway, and wealth and state ;  
Sad, too often, is their dower,  
Much they need a softening power.

Let with worldlier airs be blent  
Some diviner element ;  
Let love, poetry, and thought,  
Be to that fair infant brought ;  
Let the face of nature be  
Dearest to its infancy ;  
And all after life will keep  
Treasures from that woodland sleep.

*The plate, which shows a young girl carrying a dog over a streamlet, cannot at present be sourced.*

## WET FEET

*Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds      Engraved by C. Rolls*

*As F. J. Sypher comments, the artist shows the girl with 'Wet Feet', whereas, for Landon, the dog has 'Dry Feet'.*

## DRY FEET

You do not like the streamlet,  
That runs so clear and bright;  
I scarcely think it water,  
It looks so much like light.

Some white, and others purple,  
The pebbles glitter through;  
I can't pick up those pebbles,  
If I must carry you.

There are such lovely wild-flowers  
Amid the tangled grass;  
The little deep-blue bird's eye  
Looks at me as I pass.

But they must stay ungathered,  
Though the very air is sweet,  
Because my sad spoilt Fanchette  
Dislikes to wet her feet,

Half laughing, half complaining  
On went the dark-eyed girl,  
While the soft warm airs of summer  
Played amid each bright brown curl.

The dog was carried over,  
Her own feet wet and bare,  
But of that the little rustic  
Took neither cold nor care.

'Twas a sweet and natural lesson  
For woman, ay, or man,  
Of every slight disaster  
To make the best you can.