

A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
The Keepsake, 1828

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

The Danish Warrior's Death Song

The Keepsake, in its first year, published all its contents anonymously.

This one poem by Letitia Landon is identified because she later included it in her collection 'The Vow of the Peacock, and Other Poems' in 1835. It happens also to be one of those selected for reproduction in the Literary Gazette review on 17th November, 1827.

The other poems in this volume remain anonymous. None of them seem to bear the stamp of Landon but I may be mistaken.

THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

AWAY, away! your care is vain;
No leech could aid me now;
The chill of death is at my heart,
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
Within a warrior's eyes:
Away! how can ye weep for him
Who in the battle dies?

If I had died with idle head
Upon my lady's knee,
Had Fate stood by my silken bed,
Then might ye weep for me:

But I lie on my own proud deck
Before the sea and sky;
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
Another droops below:
Well with my heart's best blood is paid
Such purchase from a foe.

Go ye, and seek my halls, there dwells
A fair-hair'd boy of mine;
Give him my sword, while yet the blood
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him, that only other blood
Should wash such stains away;
And, if he be his father's child,
There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!
Now fling me on the wave;
One cup of wine, and one of blood,
Pour on my bounding grave.