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Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)

compiled by
Peter J. Bolton

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SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

THIRD SERIES.

I.

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
 Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid ;
 Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
 Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.

When will he awaken ?

When will he awaken ? a loud voice hath been crying
 Night after night, and the cry has been in vain ;
 Winds, woods, and waves, found echoes for replying,
 But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.

When will he awaken ?

Ask'd the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping ;
 Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead ;
 By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
 And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.

When will he awaken ?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring,
 Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above ;
 When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
 Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring love ?

When will he awaken ?

Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd untiring,
 Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
 Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
 Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.

When will he awaken ?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
 The poet's passionate world has entered in his soul ;
 He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
 When sages and when kings first uphold the mind's control.

When will he awaken ?

Ask'd midnight's stately queen.

Lo ! the appointed midnight ! the present hour is fated ;
 It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air ;
 How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
 Waited with a love too mighty for despair.

Soon he will awaken !

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
 Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart ;
 Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos, but is bringing
 Music that is murmur'd from nature's inmost heart.

Soon he will awaken,

To his and midnight's queen !

Subjects for Pictures.

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy;
 Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
 Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
 O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.

Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
 Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own,
 While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
 With a life more glorious than ere they closed was known.

Yes, he has awakened

For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history but a lesson given,
 How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth,
 How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
 Sanctify the visions of hope, faith, and youth.

'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
 Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
 Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
 To a being more intense, more spiritual and true.

So doth the soul awaken,

Like that youth to night's fair queen!

II.

THE DEATH OF THE SEA KING.

Dark, how dark the morning
 That kindles the sky!
 But darker the scorning
 Of Earl Harald's eye;
 On his deck he is lying,—
 It once was his throne,
 Yet there he is dying,
 Unheeded and lone.

There gather'd round nor follower nor foeman,
 But over him bendeth a young and pale woman.

He has lived mid the hurtle
 Of spears and of snow;
 Yet green droops the myrtle
 Where he is laid low:
 The vessel is stranded
 On some southern isle;
 The foes that are banded
 Will wait her awhile:—

Ay, long is that waiting—for never again
 Will the Sea Raven sweep o'er her own northern main.

He was born on the water,
 'Mid storm and 'mid strife;
 Through tempest and slaughter
 Was hurried his life;
 Few years has he numbered,
 And golden his head,
 Yet the north hills are cumbered
 With bones of his dead.

The combat is distant, the whirlwind is past
 From the spot where Earl Harald is breathing his last.

Subjects for Pictures.

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'Tis an isle which the ocean
 Has kept like a bride,
 For the moonlit devotion
 Of each gentler tide ;
 No eyes hath ere wander'd,
 No step been address'd,
 Where nature has squander'd
 Her fairest and best.
 Yet the wild winds have brought from the Baltic afar
 That vessel of slaughter, that lord of the war.

He saw his chiefs stooping,
 But not unto him ;
 The stately form drooping,
 The flashing eye dim.
 The wind from the nor'erd
 Swept past, fierce and free ;
 It hurried them forward,
 They knew not the sea ;
 And a foe track'd their footsteps more stern than the tide—
 The plague was among them—they sicken'd and died.

Left last, and left lonely,
 Earl Harold remain'd ;
 One captive—one only
 Life's burden sustain'd ;
 She watch'd o'er his sleeping,
 Low, sweetly she spoke,
 He saw not her weeping,
 She smiled when he woke ;
 Tho' stern was his bearing and haughty his tone,
 He had one gentler feeling, and that was her own.

Fierce the wild winds were blowing
 That drove them all night,
 Now the hush'd waves are flowing
 In music and light :
 The storm is forsaking
 Its strife with the main,
 And the blue sky is breaking
 Thro' clouds and thro' rain :
 They can see the fair island whereon they are thrown,
 Where the palms and the spice groves rise lovely and lone.

Her bright hair is flying
 Escaped from its fold,
 The night-dews are drying
 Away from its gold ;
 The op'ning flowers quiver
 Beneath the soft air ;
 She turns with a shiver
 From what is so fair.
 Paler, colder the forehead that rests on her knee !
 For her, in the wide world, what is there to see !

He tries—vain the trying—
 To lift up his sword,
 As if still defying
 The Death, now his lord.

Subjects for Pictures.

Once to gaze on the ocean,
 His lips faintly stir ;
 But life's last emotion
 Is one look on her.

Down drops on his bosom her beautiful head,—
 The Earl and the maiden together lie dead !

 III.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

VERY fair the child was, with hair of darkest auburn,—
 Fair, and yet sunburnt with the golden summer :
 Sunshine seem'd the element from which she drew her being.
 Careless from her little hand the gather'd ears are scatter'd,
 In a graceful wreath the purple corn-flowers binding ;
 While her sweet face brightens with a sudden pleasure.
 Blame not her binding : already stirs within her
 All the deep emotions in the love of nature,—
 Love, that is the source of the beautiful and holy.
 In long-after years will memory, recalling
 Sweetness undying from that early garland,
 Keep the heart glad with natural devotion.
 'Tis a true, sweet lesson ; for, in life's actual harvest,
 Much we need the flowers that mingle with our labours.
 Pleasures, pure and simple, recall us to their Giver ;
 For ever, in its joy, does the full heart think of Heaven.

L. E. L.



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A NAME.

THEY named him—ah ! yet
 Do I start at that name ;
HAVE I still to forget ?
 Is my heart still the same
 Long hours have passed on
 Since that name was too dear ;
 Now its music is gone,
 It is death to my ear !
 It tells of a false one,
 Ah ! falsest to me ;
 My heart's life begun,
 It has ended, with thee !
 I loved, as those love
 Who but one image know
 In the blue sky above,
 On the fair earth below.
 I had not a thought
 In which thou had'st no part ;
 In the wide world I sought
 But a place in thy heart.
 To win it I gave
 All that had been my pride ;
 Like a child or a slave
 Subdued at thy side.
 All homage was sweet
 I for thee could resign ;
 Others knelt at my feet,
 But I knelt at thine.
 I was happy, I dreamed
 I could trust to thy word ;
 My soul's faith it seemed
 In my idol—and lord !
 And yet thou could'st change—
 And, did we meet now,
 Thy voice would be strange,
 And altered thy brow.
 I thought I had schooled
 My heart from regret—
 It will not be ruled,
 'Tis so hard to forget.
 I live in a crowd,
 And I seem like the rest,
 But my spirit is bowed
 By a grief unconfess'd.
 From my pillow at night—
 'Tis so wretched—sleep flies,
 And morning brings light
 And the tears to my eyes ;
 They speak, and I ask what
 It is they would say,
 For the thoughts that I name not
 Are with thee, far away.
 'Twas a light word and careless
 That named thee again ;

A Name.

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There were none by to guess
Why I shuddered like pain.
But the damp on my brow,
The pang at my heart,
Revealed to me how
Wildly loved still thou art.
Yet, false one, farewell !
I have still enough pride ;
Though hopeless to quell,
Yet at least it can hide.
But, ah ! may an hour
Be waiting for thee—
When Love, in his power,
Shall avenge him for me !

L. E. L.

SONGS.

I.

FAREWELL, and when to-morrow
Seems little, like to-day,
And we find life's deepest sorrow
Melts gradual away ;
Yet do not quite forget me,
Though our love be o'er ;
Let gentle dreams regret me
When we shall meet no more.
Not painfully, not often,
Remembrance shall intrude ;
But let my image soften
Sometimes your solitude.
Let twilight sad and tender
Recall our parting tear.
Ah ! hope I might surrender,
But memory is too dear.

11.

May morning light fall o'er thee
 When I am far away ;
 Let hope's sweet light restore thee
 All we have dreamed to-day.
 I would not have thee keep me
 In mind by tears alone ;
 I would not have thee weep me,
 Sweet love, when I am gone.
 No, as the brook is flowing
 With sunshine at its side ;
 While fair wild flowers are growing,
 All lovely o'er the tide,
 So, linked with many a treasure
 Of nature and of spring,
 With all that gives thee pleasure,
 My heart to thine shall cling.
 The rose shall be enchanted
 To breathe of love to thee ;
 All fair things shall be haunted
 With vows of faith for me.
 The west wind shall secure thee
 My tidings from the main,
 But most of all assure thee
 How soon we meet again.

L. R. L.

The New Monthly Magazine, Volume 49, Pages 478-481

THREE EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A WEEK.

BY L. E. L.

A record of the inward world, whose facts
 Are thoughts—and feelings—fears, and hopes, and dreams.
 There are some days that might outmeasure years—
 Days that obliterate the past, and make
 The future of the colour which they cast.
 A day may be a destiny; for life
 Lives in but little—but that little teems
 With some one chance, the balance of all time:
 A look—a word—and we are wholly changed.
 We marvel at ourselves—we would deny
 That which is working in the hidden soul;
 But the heart knows and trembles at the truth:
 On such these records linger.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

WE might have been!—these are but common words,
 And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
 They are the echo of those finer chords,
 Whose music life deplores when unavailing.
 We might have been!

Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week.

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We might have been so happy! says the child,
 Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
 When the green rushes 'mid the marshes wild,
 And rosy fruits attend the radiant comer.
 We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
 When first experience—sad experience—teaches
 What fallacies we have believed for truth,
 And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.
 We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are
 Had we but known the bitter path before us;
 But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,
 What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?
 We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
 The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;
 The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,
 It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking.
 We might have been!

And when warm with the heaven that gave it birth
 Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysian;
 The last fair angel lingering on our earth;
 The shadow of what thought obscures the vision.
 We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,
 Too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens;
 The star which is our fate springs up above,
 And we but say—while round the vapour thickens—
 We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery,—the rest
 Are single sorrows,—but in this are blended
 All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
 The light that was our loveliest is ended.
 We might have been.

Henceforth how much of the full heart must be
 A seal'd book at whose contents we tremble?
 A still voice mutters 'mid our misery
 The worst to hear—because it must dissemble—
 We might have been.

Life is made up of miserable hours,
 And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
 For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
 Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
 We might have been.

The future never renders to the past
 The young belief 's intrusted to its keeping;
 Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
 On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
 We might have been.

NECESSITY.

In the ancestral presence of the dead
Sits a lone power—a veil upon the head,
Stern with the terror of an unseen dread.

It sitteth cold, immutable, and still,
Girt with eternal consciousness of ill,
And strong and silent as its own dark will.

We are the victims of its iron rule,
The warm and beating human heart its tool;
And man immortal-godlike but its fool.

We know not of its presence, though its power
Be on the gradual round of every hour,
Now flinging down an empire, now a flower.

And all things small and careless are its own,
Unwittingly the seed minute is sown,—
The tree of evil out of it is grown.

At times we see and struggle with our chain,
And dream that somewhat we are freed, in vain;
The mighty fetters close on us again.

We mock our actual strength with lofty thought,
And towers that look into the heavens are wrought,—
But after all our toil the task is nought.

Down comes the stately fabric, and the sands
Are scatter'd with the work of myriad hands,
High o'er whose pride the fragile wild flower stands.

Such are the wrecks of nations and of kings,
Far in the desert, where the palm-tree springs,
'Tis the same story in all meaner things.

The heart builds up its hopes, though not address
To meet the sunset glories of the west,
But garnered in some still, sweet singing nest.

But the dark power is on its noiseless way,
The song is silent so sweet yesterday,
And not a green leaf lingers on the spray.

We mock ourselves with freedom and with hope
The while our feet glide down life's faithless scope,
And the one has no strength, the other has no scope.

Toys we are flung on Time's tumultuous wave,
Forced there to struggle, but denied to save,
Till the stern tide ebbs—and there is the grave.

Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week.

481

MEMORY.

I do not say bequeath unto my soul
 Thy memory,—I rather ask forgetting;
 Withdraw, I pray, from me thy strong control,
 Leave something in the wide world worth regretting.

I need my thoughts for other things than thee,
 I dare not let thine image fill them only;
 The hurried happiness it wakes in me
 Will leave the hours that are to come more lonely.

I live not like the many of my kind,
 Mine is a world of feelings and of fancies,
 Fancies whose rainbow empire is the mind,
 Feelings that realize their own romances.

To dream and to create has been my fate,
 Alone, apart from life's more busy scheming;
 I fear to think that I may find too late
 Vain was the toil, and idle was the dreaming.

Have I uprear'd my glorious pyre of thought
 Up to the heavens but for my own entombing?
 The fair and fragrant thing that years have brought
 Must they be gathered for my own consuming?

Oh! give me back the past that took no part
 In the existence it was but surveying;
 That knew not then of the awaken'd heart
 Amid the life of other lives delaying.

Why should such be mine own? I sought it not:
 More than content to live apart and lonely,
 The feverish tumult of a loving lot,
 Is what I wish'd and thought to picture only.

Surely the spirit is its own free will;
 What should o'ermaster mine to vain complying
 With hopes that call down what they bring of ill,
 With fears to their own questioning replying?

In vain, in vain! Fate is above us all;
 We struggle, but what matters our endeavour?
 Our doom is gone beyond our own recall,
 May we deny or mitigate it—never!

And what art thou to me,—thou who dost wake
 The mind's still depths with trouble and repining?
 Nothing;—though all things now thy likeness take;
 Nothing,—and life has nothing worth resigning.

Ah, yes! one thing thy memory—though grief
 Watching the expiring beam of hope's last ember,
 Life had one hour,—bright, beautiful, and brief,
 And now its only task is to remember.

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SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

BY L. E. L.

THE CARRIER-PIGEON RETURNED.

Sunset has flung its glory o'er the floods,
 That wind amid Ionia's myrtle woods,—
 Sunset that dies a conqueror in his splendour ;
 But the warm crimson ray
 Has almost sunk away
 Beneath a purple twilight faint and tender.
 Soft are the hues around the marble fanes,
 Whose marble shines amid the wooded plains,—
 Fanes where a false but lovely creed was kneeling,—
 A creed that held divine
 All that was but a sign,
 The outward to the inward world appealing.
 Earth was a child and child-like in those hours,
 Full of fresh feelings, and scarce conscious powers,
 Around its own impatient beauty flinging,—
 These young believings were
 Types of the true and fair,—
 The holy faith that Time was calmly bringing.
 Still to those woods, with ruins fill'd, belong
 The ancient immortality of song,—
 Names and old words whose music is undying,—
 Yet do they haunt the heart
 With its divinest part,
 The past that to the present is replying.
 The purple ocean far beneath her feet,
 The wild thyme on the fragrant hill her seat,
 As in the days of old there leans a Maiden,—
 Many have watch'd before
 The breaking waves ashore,—
 Faint with uncounted moments sorrow-laden.
 With cold and trembling hand
 She has undone the band
 Around the carrier-pigeon just alighted,—
 And instant dies away
 The transitory ray
 From the dark eye it had one instant lighted.
 The sickness of a hope too long deferred
 Sinks on her heart,—it is no longer stirred
 By the quick presence of the sweet emotion,—
 Sweet even unto pain,
 With which she sees again
 Her bird come sweeping o'er the purple ocean.
 Woe for the watcher,—still it doth not bring
 A letter nestled fragrant 'neath its wing ;
 There is no answer to her fond inquiring,—
 Again, and yet again,
 No letter o'er the main
 Quiets the anxious spirit's fond desiring.

Subjects for Pictures.

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Down the ungather'd darkness of her hair
 Floats like a pall that covers her despair,—
 What woman's care hath she in her adorning?
 The noontide's sultry hours
 Have wither'd the white flowers,
 Binding its dark lengths in the early morning.
 All day her seat hath been beside the shore
 Watching for him who will return no more;
 He thinks not of her or her weary weeping.
 Absence, it is thy lot
 To be too soon forgot,
 Or to leave memory but to one sad keeping.
 Oh, folly of a loving heart that clings
 With desperate faith, to which each moment brings
 Quick and faint gleams an instant's thought must smother,
 And yet finds mocking scope
 For some unreal hope,
 Which would appear despair to any other!
 She knows the hopelessness of what she seeks,
 And yet, as soon as rosy morning breaks,
 Doth she unloose her pigeon's silken fetter;
 But thro' the twilight air
 No more its pinions bear
 What once so oft they brought—the false one's letter.
 The harvest of the summer-rose is spread,
 But lip and cheek with her have lost their red;
 Theirs is the paleness of the soul's consuming—
 Fretfully day by day
 In sorrow worn away;
 Youth, joy, and bloom have no more sure entombing.
 It is a common story, which the air
 Has had around the weary world to bear,
 That of the trusting spirit's vain accusing;
 Yet once how firm and fond
 Seemed the eternal bond
 That now a few brief parted days are loosing.
 Close to her heart the weary pigeon lies,
 Gazing upon her with its earnest eyes,
 Which seem to ask—Why are we thus neglected?
 It is the still despair
 Of passion forced to bear
 Its deep and tender offering rejected,
 Poor girl! her soul is heavy with the past;
 Around the shades of night are falling fast;
 Heavier still the shadow passing o'er her.
 The maiden will no more
 Watch on the sea-beat shore—
 The darkness of the grave is now before her.

II.

ALEXANDER ON THE BANKS OF THE HYPHISIS.

Lonely by the moonlit waters
 Does the conqueror stand,
 Yet unredde'n'd by the slaughters
 Of his mighty band.

Subjects for Pictures.

Yet his laurel wants a leaf.
 There he stands, sad, silent, lonely ;
 For his hope is vain :
 He has reached that river only
 To return again.
 Mournful bends the matchless chief;
 He—the earth's unrivalled one—
 He must leave his task undone.

Far behind the camp lies sleeping—
 Gods ! how can they sleep,
 Pale fear o'er their slumbers creeping,
 With a world to weep ?
 With a victory to win.
 There they lie in craven slumber,
 By their murmurs won—
 Must their earthly weakness cumber
 Jove's immortal son ?
 From the ardent fire within,
 Is there no impelling ray
 To excite their onward way ?

No ! beside that moonlit river
 Stands the soldier-king,
 While he hears the night-wind shiver
 With a weary wing—
 With a weary sound to hear.
 By the numerous shadows broken
 On the river's brim,
 From the mirror'd stars a token
 That his star is dim.
 Changed and sullen they appear.
 To a great and fix'd despair
 All things fate and omen are.

Far away the plains are spreading
 Various, dark and vast—
 Where a thousand tombs are shading
 Memories from the past—
 He must leave them still unknown.
 All the world's ancestral learning—
 Secrets strange and old—
 Early wisdom's dark discerning
 Must remain untold.
 Mighty is the hope o'erthrown—
 Mighty was the enterprise
 Which upon that moment dies.

With the moonlight on them sleeping
 Stands each stately palm,
 Like to ancient warriors keeping
 Vigil stern and calm
 O'er a prostrate world below.
 Sudden from beneath their shadow
 Forth a serpent springs,
 O'er the sands as o'er a meadow,
 Winding in dark rings.
 Stately doth it glide, and slow
 Like an omen in a dream,
 Does that giant serpent seem.

Subjects for Pictures.

321

Silvery rose those far sands shining,
 Where that shade was cast—
 While the king with stern repining
 Watched the serpent past.
 Sadly did the conqueror say—
 "Would my steps were like my spirit,
 I would track thy path!
 What those distant sands inherit,
 What this new world hath,
 Should grow bright around my way.
 Ah! not mine yon glorious sphere—
 My world's boundary is here!"

Pale he stood, the moonlight gleaming
 In his golden hair—
 Somewhat of a spirit's seeming,
 Glorious and fair,
 Is upon that radiant brow.
 Like the stars that kindle heaven
 In the sacred night,
 To those blue, clear eyes were given
 An unearthly light,
 Though the large tears fill them now;
 For the Macedonian wept
 As his midnight watch he kept.

In those mighty tears o'erflowing
 Found the full heart scope
 For the bitter overthrowing
 Of its noblest hope;
 So will many weep again.
 Our aspirings have arisen
 In another world;
 Life is but the spirit's prison,
 Where its wings are furl'd,
 Stretching to their flight in vain,—
 Seeking that eternal home
 Which is in a world to come.

Like earth's proudest conqueror, turning
 From his proudest field,
 Is the human soul still yearning
 For what it must yield
 Of dreams unfulfill'd and powers.
 Like the great yet guided ocean
 Is our mortal mind,
 Stirr'd by many a high emotion,
 But subdued, confined;—
 Such are shadows of the hours,
 Glorious in the far-off gloom,
 But whose altar is the tomb!

[There is something singularly fine in Alexander's appeal to his army, when the Indian world lay before them, but more present to their fears than to their hopes. "For my own part," said the ardent conqueror, "I recognise no limits to the labours of a high-spirited man, but the failure of adequate objects." Never was more noble motto for all human achievement; and it was from a lofty purpose that the Macedonians turned back on the banks of the Hyphasis. But it is the same with all mortal enterprise: nothing is, in this world, carried out to its complete fulfilment. Our mortality predominates in a world only meant to be a passage to another.]

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PAST HOURS.

Ah, surely there are moments when thy heart
 Must think of her it has so coldly banished ;—
 Does not my image to thy memory start,
 Though all that made its earlier charm be vanished ?
 Do you not think of me sometimes at night,
 When the dark hours are passing still and lonely,
 The pale stars watching with their dreamy light,
 And thou art with thy own hushed thoughts left only ?
 Do they not bring me back ? Dost thou not say,
 Perhaps this very moment she is weeping
 Those bitter tears that pride subdues by day,
 To wet the pillow that I keep from sleeping !
 Does the still midnight waken no remorse,
 No pity for the misery of thy making ?
 False as thou art—I could not wish thee worse
 Than one sad midnight of my own awaking.
 I hear thy voice, I look within thine eyes,—
 Then start to think it is but an illusion ;—
 False as thy promise, fleeting as the ties
 That bound me to thee with such vain delusion.
 Then I recall thy words and looks, and think,
 How could they wear such true, such tender seeming ?—
 I think till I can bear no more, and shrink,
 And mock myself for all this idle dreaming.
 How many words of thine I now recall,
 Scarce noticed at the time when they were spoken ;
 Alas ! how true love fondly treasures all
 The slightest things, like some heart precious token.
 I wish I could forget them—for they keep
 Calm from my waking hours—rest from my pillow,
 Like those uncertain restless winds that sweep,
 Rising with their perpetual strife, the billow.
 If weary of the weight upon my heart,
 I struggle to be glad with vain endeavour ;
 How soon I sicken of such seeming part !
 The spirits I would force are gone for ever.
 If I am sad and weary, and fling by
 The tasks in which I take my old delight no longer :
 All other sorrows bring one sadness nigh,—
 Life's cares are strong—but those of love are stronger.
 Love has its part in every other thing,
 All grief increasing and all joy impairing ;
 Death is the only hope, for death will bring
 Rest to the heart, fevered with long despairing.
 Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me ;
 Those sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow ;
 I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be
 Where the last shadow falls on life's last sorrow.

L. E. L.

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THE OLD TIMES.

Do you recal what now is living only
 Amid the memories garnered at the heart?—
 The quiet garden, quiet and so lonely,
 Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?
 When we had gathered cowslips in the meadow
 We used to bear them to the ancient seat,
 Moss-grown, beneath the apple-tree's soft shadow,
 Which flung its rosy blossoms at our feet,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

Near was the well o'er whose damp walls were weeping
 Stonecrop, and grounsel, and pale yellow flowers,
 While o'er the banks the strawberry plants were creeping
 In the white beauty of June's earliest hours.
 The currant-bush and lilac grew together ;
 The bean's sweet breath was blended with the rose ;
 Alike rejoicing in the pleasant weather
 That brought the bloom to these, the fruit to those,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

There was no fountain over marble falling ;
 But the bees murmur'd one perpetual song,
 Like soothing waters, and the birds were calling
 Amid the fruit-tree blossoms all day long ;
 Upon the sunny grass-plot stood the dial,
 Whose measured time strange contrast with ours made :
 Ah! was it omen of life's after trial,
 That even then the hours were told in shade,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times ?

But little recked we then of those sick fancies
 To which in after life the spirit yields :
 Our world was of the fairies and romances
 With which we wandered o'er the summer fields ;
 Then did we question of the down-balls blowing
 To know if some slight wish would come to pass ;
 And if we feared a shower we sought where growing
 Some weather-flower which was our weather-glass :
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,
 Breaking the heavy shadow on my day.
 Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections—
 The love, the kindness I have thrown away?
 The dear old garden there is now remaining,
 As little of its bloom as rests with me.
 Thy only memory is this sad complaining,
 Mourning that never more for us can be
 The old, old times,
 The dear old times.

L. E. L.