

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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Compiled
by
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RESOLVES.

BY L. E. L.

GLIDE thou gentle river on,
But not until I write on thee,
Much of changed, much of good,
That henceforward I will be.
By thy swift and silver stream,
Prayers and blessings will I send,
On to yonder glorious haven,
Where I see thy waters blend.
Careless river, thou has lost
All I trusted to thy wave ;
All my best intents, and hopes,
In thy depths have found a grave.
Thus it is the waves of time,
Bear the heart's resolves away,
Useless all, and life's best part
Thus becomes the spoiler's prey.
Woe for man's weak foolishness,
Playing thus the infant's part ;
Writing that upon the wave,
Which he should grave on his heart.

WISHES.

BY L. E. L.

1

It was a summer night,
And I looked upon the sky,
When suddenly a light
Flashed in its splendour by.
I watched the red flash pass
On its shining path of flame,
And a wish rose in my heart,
That mine might be the same.
It left its native sky,
And when it touched the earth,
There rose a pillar of fire,
As 'twere a spirit's birth ;
And stronger grew my wish,
Till as I passed next day,
Where fell that radiant light,
But blackened ashes lay ;
The forest oak was sear,
The grass had lost its green :
Reproof!—how could I wish
Such course for me had been ?

It was one summer night,
I sailed on the wide sea far,
And our pilot and our hope
Was the gleam of one pale star.
It had risen unmarked; what time
The red sun touched the brine;
But a thousand rich clouds shone,
And it won no gaze of mine.
Now eve after eve I watched
That sweet star's guiding light;
And my heart learnt a meeker lesson
From the quiet presence of night;
And such, I said, be my fate—
A calm and a lowly one,
But passed in blessing and peace,
As that fair star has done.
Oh! what is the brightest hour
That ever to earth was given,
To the beauty of that mild light,
Which is direct from heaven!