

Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Forget Me Not, 1827

compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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FORGET ME NOT ;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

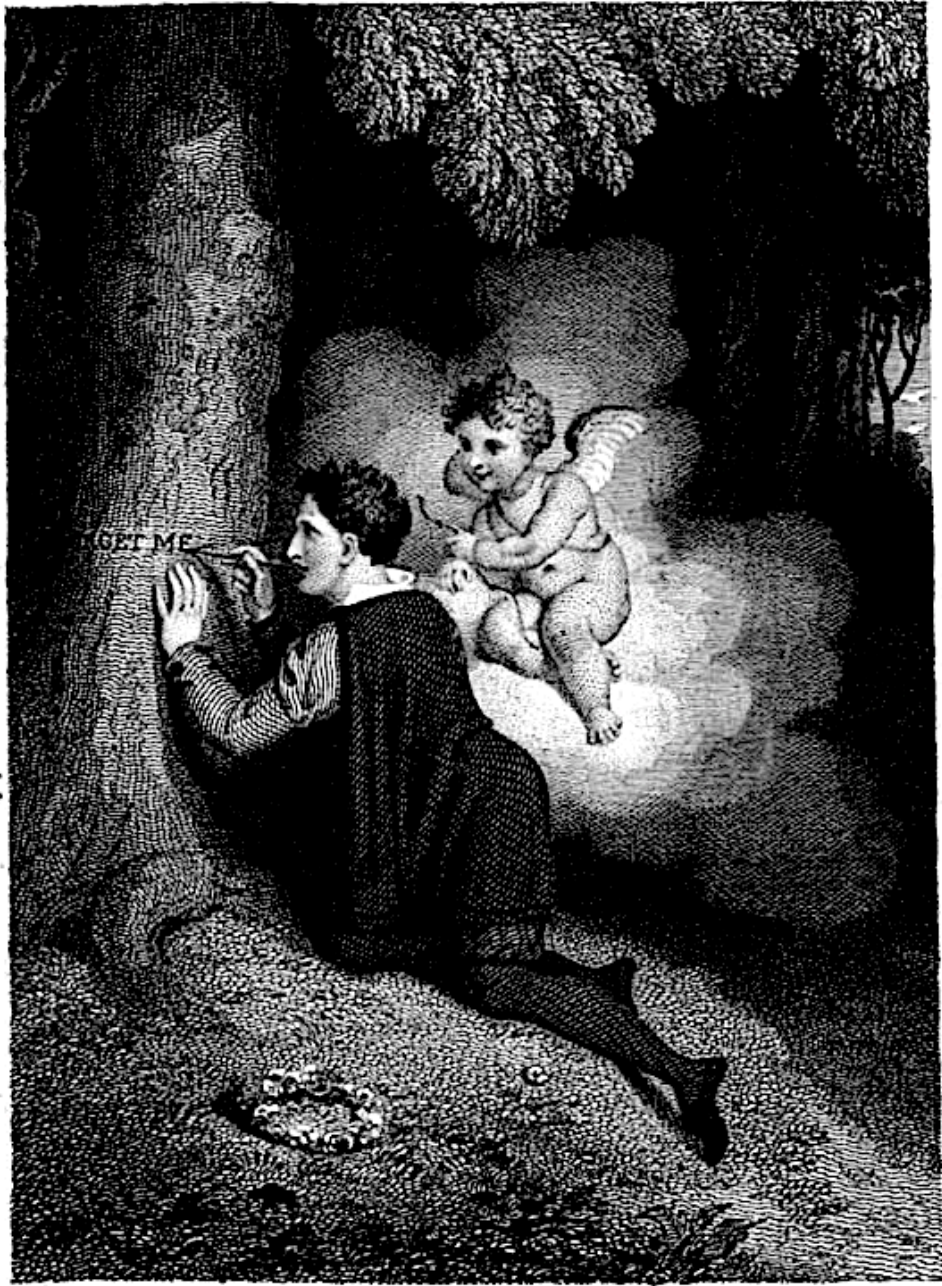
MDCCCXXVII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.



P. Wood, R.A. del.

F. Hinden sculp.

LOVE'S MOTTO.

FORGET ME NOT.

LOVE'S MOTTO.

Is it that natural impulse of the heart,
Its consciousness of immortality,
Which makes it happiness to be remembered ?
Memory—the Hero buys it with his blood ;
The Patriot, with proud sacrifice of self ;
The Poet, with sweet music from his lute,
Of which his feelings are the subtle chords :
Nay, even the vain Rich build palaces
To make their name immortal : but of these
Is there one whose delight in memory
Can be like the young Lover's ?—'tis as life,
As hope, to know his image is secure,
Recall'd by all sweet thoughts in one fond heart.

The pictur'd scroll, that lies before me now,
Has wakened thoughts of this : upon the grass,
Fresh as his new-sprung feelings, kneels a youth,
While through the green boughs of the shadowy beech
The sunshine falls like rain-drops, and behind,

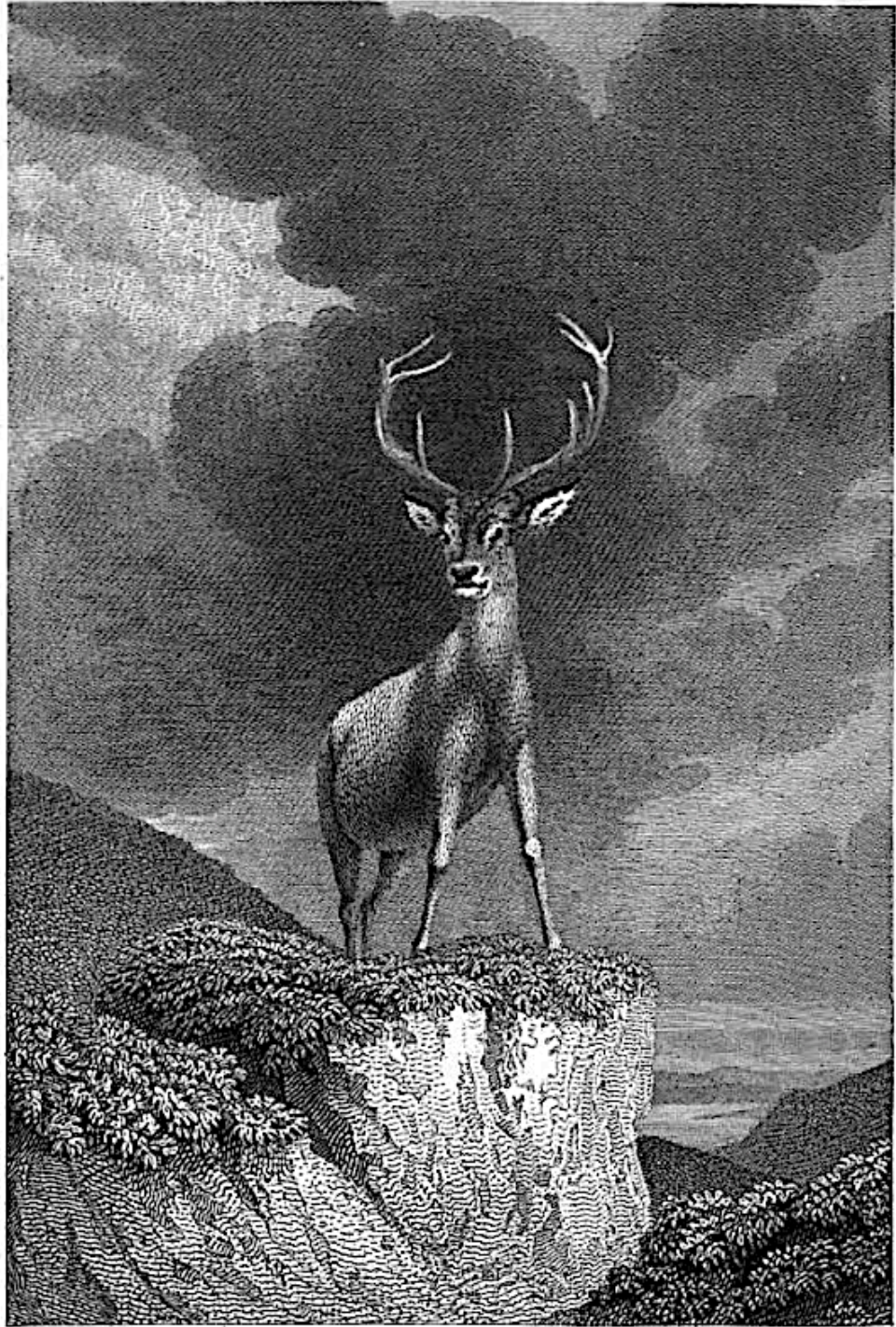
On a bright cloud, whose purple hue has caught
Its lustre from his wings, the boy-god floats—
He whose sway is of smiles, and sighs, and tears,
And yet whose rule is iron ; he has lent
A golden arrow from his quiver's store,
And the youth's eager hand has on the bark
Carved these so gentle words, "FORGET ME NOT,"—
Murmuring the while one of those tender songs,
Which have their echo in each lover's heart :

Wave—that wanderest singing by,
 Bearing leaves and flowers with thee,
To the lady of my heart
 Waft a benison from me.

Wind—that rov'st around the grove,
 Kissing every flower nigh,
I 'll send thee on a sweeter search—
 Bear my own sweet love my sigh.

Bark—that show'st my graven words,
 Thine be yet a happier lot—
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
 Bidding her "Forget me not !"

L. E. L.



R. Hunt del.

E. Finden sculp.

THE STAG.

THE STAG.

It is morning, and the sky,
Like a royal canopy,
Burns with crimson and with gold ;
And from out his cloudy hold
Joyfully breaks forth the sun,
While each thing he looks upon
Seems bright as if only born
For that first glad hour of morn.

What sweet sound then pass'd along ?
'Twas the skylark's earliest song.
What soft breath is floating by ?
The wild rose's waking sigh,
Breathing odours, as the gale
Shakes away her dewy veil.

There are other sights than these,
Other sounds are on the breeze :
Hearken to the baying hound,
Hearken to the bugle's sound ;
Horse-tramp, shout, upon the ear,
Tell the hunter-band are near.
Sweep they now across the plain—
Sooth it is a gallant train :
Many a high-born dame is there ;
Dance their rich curls on the air,
Catching many a golden hue,
Catching many a pearl of dew ;

Flush the colours on their cheek,
Lovelier than the morning's break ;
Scour the young knights far and wide,
As they would to battle ride,
Finding, gallant chase, in thee
Somewhat of war's mimickry.

Hark! the hunters' shouts declare
They have found the red deer's lair ;
Rising from his fragrant sleep,
Where a thousand wild flowers creep,
With one sudden desperate spring
Rushes forth the forest-king,
Like the lightning from the sky,
Like the wind, when winds are high.
Far, ere yet the train were near,
Dash'd away the noble deer,
As rejoicing in the speed
Which might mock the Arab steed.
As he pass'd the forest green,
Well his pathway might be seen ;
Many a heavy oaken bough
Bent before his antler'd brow ;
Shout and horn rung through the wood—
Paused he not beside the flood ;
Foam and flake shone on its blue,
As the gallant stag dash'd through.
Long or ever midday came,
Wearied stopt each lovely dame,

In some green tree's shade, content
But to hear the day's event.

Still the stag held on his way,
Careless through what toils it lay,
Down deep in the tangled dell,
Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle ;
Stanch the steed, and bold the knight,
That would follow such a flight.
Of the morning's gallant train
Few are those who now remain.
Wearily the brave stag drew
His deep breath, as on he flew ;
Heavily his glazed eye
Seems to seek somewhere to die ;
All his failing strength is spent—
Now to gain one steep ascent !
Up he toils—the height is won—
'Tis the sea he looks upon.
Yet upon the breeze are borne
Coming sounds of shout and horn ;
The hunters gain the rock's steep crest—
Starts he from his moment's rest,
Proudly shakes his antler'd head,
As though his defiance said,
“ Come, but your triumph shall be vain ! ”—
The proud stag plunges in the main,
Seeks and finds beneath the wave
Safety, freedom, and a grave. . . L. E. L.