

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Forget Me Not, 1826

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

Contents

The Choice
Prince Ahmed and the Fairy

## THE CHOICE.

---

Now take thy choice, thou maiden fair,  
Of the gifts thy lovers bring ;  
The one has brought thee jewels rare,  
The other flowers of spring.

The maiden watched the rubies glow,  
And wreathed them in her hair ;  
But heavy they prest upon her brow,  
Like the weight of secret care.

The gems that bound her forehead high,  
Might have lighted a diadem ;  
Yet pale grew her cheek, and dim her eye ---  
Her heart was not with them :

And ever an inward pulse would stir,  
When she saw a spring flower wave ;  
But never again did they bloom for her,  
Till they bloomed upon her grave !

She was borne to her grave with purple pall,  
And scutcheon, and waving plume ;  
One followed — the saddest one of all —  
And threw flowers over her tomb.

L. E. L.

## PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY.

*A Sketch from the Arabian Nights.*

---

ON he past

Through the strange cavern : still a distant sound  
Of music led him on ; and still a light,  
A faint and lovely light, played o'er his way,  
And shewed the walls, where ev'ry gem of earth  
Shone with the hues of heaven : deeply blue,  
The sapphire softened the red ruby's blaze ;  
The ethereal diamond and green emerald  
Made it seem like the palace of a king.  
Still follow'd the young prince the graceful light,  
That like a spirit danced before his path ;  
At last, a fresher air passed o'er his brow—  
Fresh, but as sweet as if its course had been  
Over a thousand roses ; and the flame,  
His sparkling guide, vanish'd when the clear sky,  
Fountains, and trees, and flow'rs grew visible.  
And Ahmed saw a lovely garden spread,  
As if it were the Summer's favourite home ;  
The turf was like a Persian carpet, dight  
With myriads of gay colours ; and rich beds  
Of tulips, earth's bright rainbows, seemed to hold  
Divided wealth with the gold amaranth.  
Kings of the solitude, gigantic palms,  
Held shadowy empire, and like lovers hung  
Over the delicate acacia's boughs,

Which guarded in their turn blue violets,  
Lying like clouds earth-dropt beneath their shade.  
Around were marble fountains, and their spray,  
A silver shower, fell o'er the scented shrubs,  
Making exchange of freshness for their odours.  
There the birds nestled thickest, with their wings  
Shining like Indian stones, and each soft throat  
Tuned like a separate lute. At the far end,  
Mirrored in the clear crystal of the lake,  
Arose the garden's wonder, the bright palace,  
All glorious, with its purple towers, like those  
The evening clouds build for the setting sun.—

He entered one rich hall; his dazzled sight  
Sank in the splendour. Pearl and ruby shafts  
Supported the high dome, where amber gave  
Its fragrance forth; incense and precious woods  
Shed their sweet influence, and music's sound—  
Lutes and soft voices mingled—met his ear;  
And beautiful young forms were floating round  
The gorgeous throne whereon the fairy sat,  
Like waving clouds about the lovely moon.  
She rose, their radiant mistress, and flung back  
The ebon tresses from her marble brow;  
And Ahmed gaz'd upon the large dark eyes  
That welcom'd him:—a smile, a timid blush,  
Were on her cheek—they told the tale of love.

L. E. L.