

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
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compiled  
by  
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## THE OFFERING.

BY L. E. L.

There is a beauty vanishes away  
From earth, and from earth's lovellest; we can see  
The moonlight falling on the silvered lake,  
The rose unfolding the deep crimson leaves  
Where love-thoughts once were writ, the quiet stars  
Like angels glorifying the still night.  
They do not wear the light that once they wore,  
Their poetry is gone—for that which made  
The spirit of their beauty was in us  
And from ourselves, and we are wholly changed,  
And look on things with cold and altered eyes;  
For the grave casts its darkness long before  
We stand upon its brink!

I SEE them fading round me,  
The beautiful, the bright,  
As the rose-red lights that darken  
At the falling of the night.

I had a lute, whose music  
Made sweet the summer wind,  
But the broken strings have vanished  
And no song remains behind.

I had a lonely garden,  
Fruit and flowers on every bough,  
But the frost came too severely—  
'Tis decayed and blighted now.

That lute is like my spirits—  
They have lost their buoyant tone ;  
Crushed and shattered, they've forgotten  
The glad notes once their own.

And my mind is like that garden—  
It has spent its early store ;  
And wearied and exhausted,  
It has no strength for more.

I will look on them as warnings,  
Sent less in wrath than love,  
To call the being homeward—  
To its other home above.

As the Lesbian in false worship  
Hung her harp upon the shrine,  
When the world lost its attraction,  
So will I offer mine :—

But in another spirit,  
With a higher hope and aim,  
And in a holier temple,  
And to a holier name.

I offer up affections,  
Void, violent, and vain ;  
I offer years of sorrow  
Of the mind, and body's pain :

I offer up my memory—  
'Tis a drear and darkened page,  
Where experience has been bitter,  
And whose youth has been like age.

I offer hopes, whose folly  
Only after-thoughts can know,  
For instead of seeking heaven  
They were chained to earth below !

Saying, wrong and grief have brought me  
To thy altar as a home ;  
I am sad and broken-hearted,  
And therefore am I come.

Let the incense of my sorrow,  
Be on high, a sacrifice ;  
The worn and contrite spirit  
THOU alone wouldst not despise !



## THE LEGACY

*Painted by J. Inskipp*

*Engraved by J. Stewart*

## THE LEGACY.

There, 'mid the many vanities of youth,  
The picture lay ; I knew her gentle face ;  
The eyes recalled the likeness, though the bloom  
Of the sweet season which the portrait wore,  
Had long been past away.

THE same, yet not the same—her face  
Has still that Grecian line ;  
The sculptured perfectness whose grace  
Has long been held divine.

But all beside is changed : that face  
Has spring upon its rose ;  
The eyes—the daylight's earliest break  
Has sunshine such as those.

The very painter's hues have caught  
The spirit from within,  
The light with which young life is fraught,  
Ere care and cloud begin.

That time so breathless and so brief,  
The false, and yet the true,  
When hope writes on a red rose leaf  
The beautiful and new.

The morning lights each hour makes less  
Dance o'er the morning tide ;  
And we believe in happiness,  
Because as yet untried.

Now shine and storm alike are past—  
Thy future is with those  
Whose earthly grief and trouble cast,  
On heaven and hope repose.

Flung carelessly, 'mid robe and plume,  
'Mid chaplet, and 'mid chain,  
This trophy of thy early bloom !—  
It does not speak in vain :

For I am taught how much the heart  
Has with itself to strive—  
How it subdues its weaker part,  
While faith is kept alive !

For thou hast struggled with despair,  
And kept thy steadfast way,  
Though all that seemed so bright, so fair,  
Scattered around thee lay.

And your reward is peace ; for heaven,  
Whose better part you chose,  
Already to your life has given  
The blessing of repose.

Sweet friend, the world is yet with me,  
Its vanity, its care ;  
Vain hopes for things that may not be,  
Regrets for those that are !

This cannot last ! I will believe  
That I shall learn to know  
A hope that will not all deceive,  
A trust not placed below.

I needs must weep—I fain would pray  
For light athwart the gloom ;  
One promise of that holier day  
Whose morning is the tomb !

L. E. L.