

Poems of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
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collected by  
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THE YOUNGEST.

THE voice of the mourner is heard on the air,  
And the old hall is darkened as midnight were there,  
And the foot-falls are soft, as they feared to awake  
The sleep they would yet give the wide world to break.

Their youngest, their dearest, is gone to his rest,  
With health on his brow, and with joy in his breast ;  
The morning he bounded all life o'er the hill,  
At night the light step and the glad pulse were still.

His mother put back the bright curls from his brow,  
And kissed in her pride the white forehead below :  
But the damps on that forehead were gathering fast,  
She kissed them away, but that kiss was her last.

There are others, his elders, the bold and the fair,  
But they wear not the likeness that he wont to wear,  
With his hair of light gold, his eyes of deep blue ;  
They bring not the father, who perished, to view.

With his hawk on his hand, his hound at his feet,  
With flowers strewed o'er him the wild and the sweet,  
He lies that short space before beauty is gone,  
When life and when death are commingled in one.

By turns his bold brothers have over him hung,  
And wept as they gazed on their favourite, their young ;  
But his mother sat by like a statue, no tears  
Relieving the grief that with them disappears.

Again that dark hall will be opened to day,  
And the hymn, and the pall, and the flowers put away ;  
And, alone in their chapel, the boy will be laid,  
And left, as the dead are, to silence and shade.

But long will he be to their memory dear—  
Long his glad voice will sound like a dream in their ear :  
They will miss their boy-hunter from banquet and chase,  
And his place, though filled up, be a still vacant place.

L. E. L.

THE DEAD.

A SPIRIT doth arise  
From the ashes of the dead,  
Holy as if the skies  
Thrice sacred influence shed,

There ethereal hopes are born,  
Such as sanctify the earth—  
The noblest wreath e'er worn,  
Owes to the grave its birth.

For we think upon the dead ;  
The glorious, and the good :  
And the thought where they have led  
Stirs the life-blood like a flood ;

Where the pure bright moon hath shed  
The light which bids it rise,  
Towards the heaven o'er its head ;  
Even such our sympathies.

Is it some hero's grave,  
Who for his country died ?  
Then honour to the brave,  
We would be proud to rest beside.

Is it some sage, whose mind  
Is as a beacon light  
To save and guide his kind,  
Amid their mental night ?

Some poet who hath sung  
The griefs o'er which he wept ;  
The rose where rain hath clung,  
That fresh and sweet is kept ?

Some martyr who hath sealed  
With his blood, his faith divine ;  
That ever men should yield  
To their passions, God's own shrine ?

Who can think on men like these ?  
Nor feel that in them dwell,  
The highest energies ;  
And a hope unquenchable :

While the grave an altar seems,  
For the most exalted creed,  
Till resolves that were as dreams,  
End in honourable deed.

Plant the laurel on the grave,  
There the spirit's hope hath fed,  
By the good, the great, the brave,—  
Be honour to the dead.

L. E. L.

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