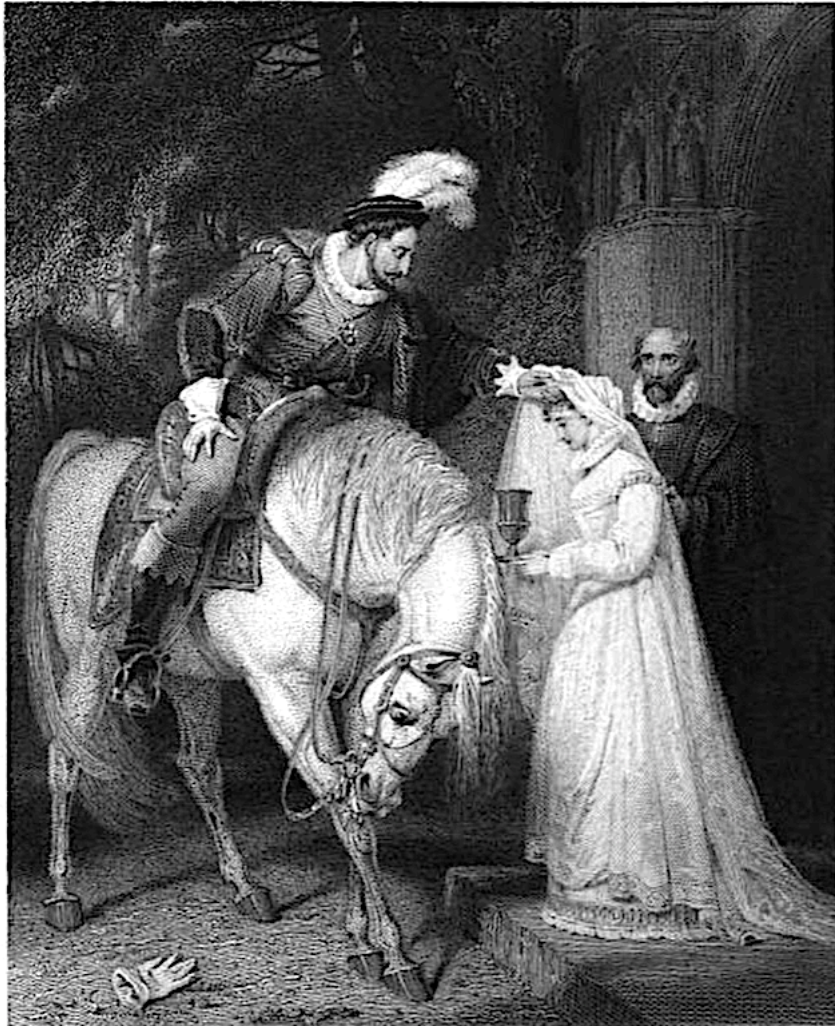


Poems of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
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compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

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HENRI IV AND GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES

Painted by R. Westall R. A. Engraved by R. Staines

HENRI IV. TO THE FAIR GABRIELLE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

NAY, fling back that veil, — 't is a shame to the sky
The sight of such beauty as thine to deny !
Nay, fling back that veil, — were it but to disclose
A cheek that is reddening to rival the rose.

II.

And yet thou art fair, my beloved one, how fair !
And thy young cheek is pale, save when blushes are there.
Sweet messengers springing, the rosy and fleet,
Thy heart's timid truths to surprise and repeat.

III.

Come, give me the cup ; but how pale is the wine !
It is mocked by the light in those blue eyes of thine !
Those eyes that the midnight and morning unite,
Like the moonshine so soft, like the sunshine so bright.

IV.

They say that the stars, which are shining above,
Can tell of man's glory, can tell of man's love ;
But I ask not the love that is writ in the skies,
So long as I read of thy heart in thine eyes.

V.

Ah! give me one moment that little white hand ;
Its least wave commandeth where'er I command ;
Oh ! fair are the lilies of Bourbon's proud line —
But they are not so fair as this white hand of thine.

VI.

The trumpet soon summons the soldier from rest,
He has brief while to gaze on the face he loves best ;
My foot in the stirrup, my hand on my sword,
I must live on a look, I must woo with a word.

VII.

My idol, farewell ! — But ah ! give me to wear
One curl from thy ringlets of long golden hair ;
It will cheer me when lonely, will lead me in war,
And in death will be found next the heart of Navarre.



THE BILLET-DOUX

Painted by G. S. Newton R. A. Engraved by S. Sangster

THE BILLET-DOUX.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

YES! sweet letter, I will keep thee
 Years — alas! it may be years;
 Midnight's lonely hour shall steep thee
 With the tenderest, truest tears.
 'Tis his last — his farewell letter,
 Doomed 'mid distant lands to rove;
 He may find a brighter, better,
 Never a more faithful love.

II.

Yet to such vain fear replying,
 When the days pass long and lone;
 Still my heart, on his relying,
 For his truth will pledge its own.
 Ah! the love from childhood cherished
 Links a sweet and household tie;
 If such old affection perished,
 All life's early hopes must die

III.

He will think, when summer weather
Lights some foreign forest glade,
How we used to roam together
In the greenwood's golden shade.
When strange flowers are round him blowing,
Purple in their eastern pride ;
He 'll recall the wild ones growing
By his native river's side.

IV.

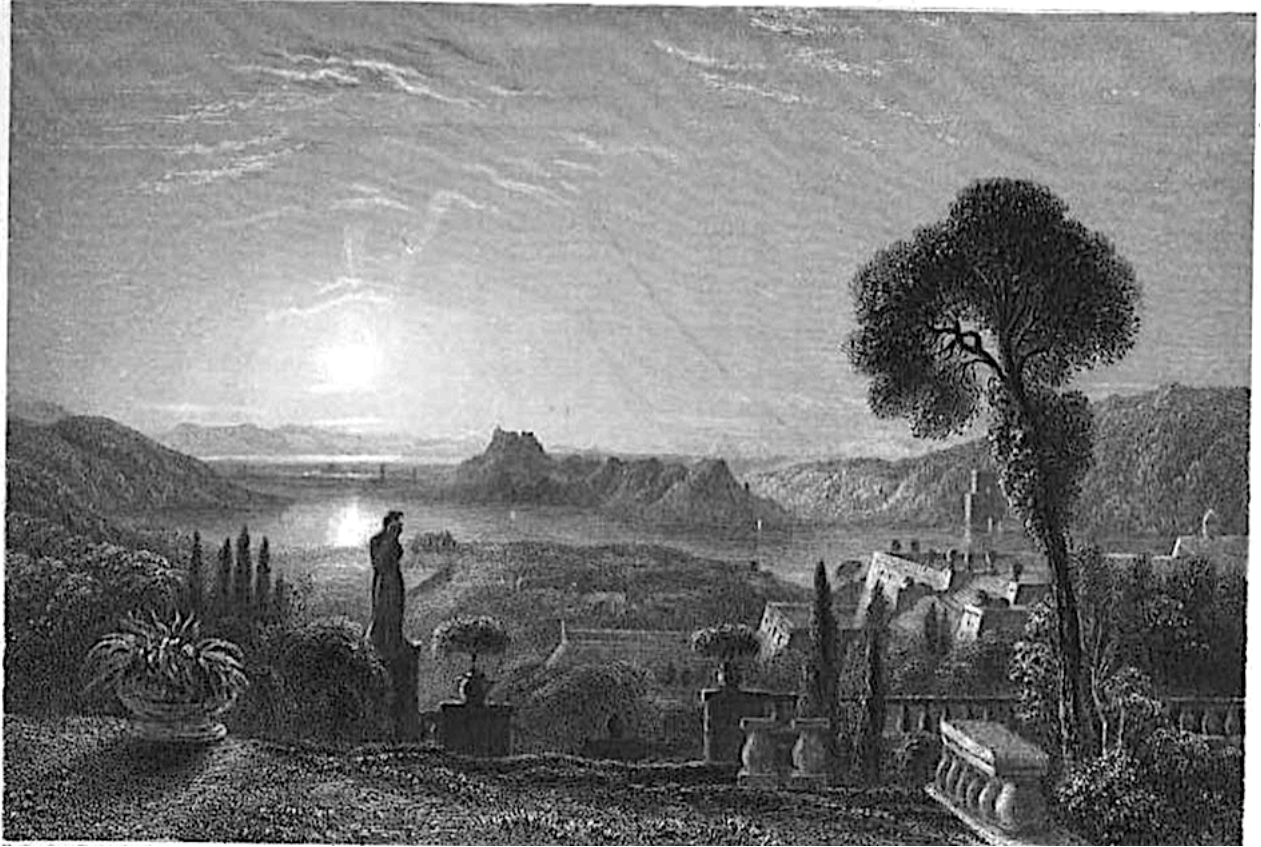
On some stranger's hearth when gazing
With a home-awakened heart,
He 'll but see the wood fire blazing
Where we wont to sit apart.
All life's dearest links enthrall thee,
Wheresoever thou may'st roam ;
Every thought that can recall me,
Must recall, too, youth and home.

V.

Yes! I see the gliding motion
Of his vessel on the deep ;
Oh thou far and fearful ocean,
Carefully my loved one keep.
Ah, ye white sails slowly sweeping,
Like the wings of some vast bird,
Stay one moment for my weeping :
Let my last farewell be heard.

VI.

Tell him how each morning breathing
Shall my constant prayer ascend ;
How the earliest flowers enwreathing,
I shall at our altar bend.
May St. Geneviève watch o'er him,
Every night I'll seek her shrine ;
May she to his home restore him,
To a home that will be mine.



ANCIENT GARDEN

Drawn by F. Danby R. A. Engraved by W. Hill

THE GRECIAN GARDEN.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

'Tis lonely as my own sad heart,
 'Tis silent as my own still lute,
 Fair garden—lovely as thou art,
 Thy walks are lorn, thy songs are mute.
 The sun-set's melancholy beam
 Falls o'er thy vases' sculptured snow,
 These urns for roses made, now seem
 As if the dead were laid below.

II.

The statues wear a sterner brow
 Than they were wont to wear of old ;
 The blossoms, drooping from the bough,
 Leave half sweet summer's tale untold.
 Droop, droop, pale flowers, for ye are mine ;
 Your early doom my own will be ;
 Give me some sympathising sign
 That nature sorroweth with me.

III.

Ah! folly — yonder solemn sky
Is not for pity, but for prayer ;
And Nature's universal eye
Weeps not, though one wrung heart despair.
Oh wind! that with a noiseless wing
Art wandering 'mid the olive grove,
In vain I ask of thee to bring
Some solace for my grief and love.

IV.

Let echo, by thy voice, reveal
All I would ask the wind to tell ;
Echo might surely pity feel,
For sorrow she hath known so well.
Ah! bring me one beloved face,
Ah! breathe me one beloved name :
I wish I could one moment trace
His path of fortune, and of fame.

V.

Yet wherefore should I seek to know
The path that I may never share ;
Oh! flower, that for the sun dost blow,
Say thou how dear is such fond care.
Life cannot fling again the gleam
First flung on morning's glancing tide ;
I'd rather keep its sweet sad dream
Than win a waking world beside.

VI.

How often in his purple wine
He's bathed the red rose from my hair,
And said, "The cup is pale, love mine!
Unless what breathes of thee be there."
When others in his halls rejoice,
And wake the lute, and lead the choir
Ah! does he miss Ione's voice,
And does he miss Ione's lyre?

VII.

I will not call him false, but changed;
Some change the wanderer may restore;
Alas! the heart, when once estranged,
Returns to its first faith no more.
I only ask to weep apart,—
Reproach I scorn,—regret is vain;
Yet, idol of my dreaming heart,
You'll never be so loved again.



VENICE
SANTA SALUTE

Drawn by C. Bentley Engraved by J. Thomas

VENICE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I.

Aye, the Ocean has bright daughters,
Each one a crowned queen ;
Whose empire o'er the waters
A fairy tale has been ;
A tale of pomp and glory,
Of fame on land and sea,
An old historic story,
Such Venice tells of thee.
The soldier and the sailor
Were each of them thine own ;
The Pilgrim's cheek grew paler,
Where'er thy name was known.

II.

Where the Ottoman's white crescent
Arose o'er Christian blood,
Was the winged Lion present,
To pour a darker flood.
That banner met the morning,
St. Mark its guard and guide ;
Still the battle front adorning,
His Lion led the tide.

Then resting from his labour,
He sought his place of pride,
For the ataghan and sabre
Were shivered at his side.

III.

Fair Venice, like a beauty,
Arose from out the sea ;
The waves, with a sweet duty,
Were proud her slaves to be :
The fleets she sent to rove them
Their empire seemed to know,
With a favouring sky above them,
A subject sea below :
Now sent on warlike sallies,
Now on some richer quest,
The bold Republic's gallies
Were known from east to west.

IV.

Dalmatia's forest highlands
Were searched for slaves and ore ;
The soft Ionian Islands
Gave up their summer store ;
The olive, fig, and myrtle,
All woods, the sweet and rare ;
Silks for the maiden's kirtle,
Pearls for her shining hair ;
And myrrh in silver measures,
And spices, oil, and grain,
These heaped the merchant treasures
She brought from off the main.

V.

When the summer day declining,
 Sank purple o'er her towers,
 How lovely was the shining
 Of evening's early hours ;
 Then beneath the moonlight gliding,
 Swept the gondolas along,
 While the gondoliers seemed guiding
 Their dark barks with a song.
 With barcarolles sweet laden,
 The wind to music turned ;
 While the cheek of many a maiden
 With conscious crimson burned.

VI.

There was many a princely greeting
 On good St. Mark's broad square ;
 And many a festal meeting
 Rejoiced the midnight air ;
 For her nobles dwelt in palaces,
 Whose marble mocked the brine,
 And drank from golden chalices
 The Cypriot's golden wine.
 For she was called "The Pleasant,"
 That city of the mask ;
 Where the light hours of the present
 Were sped with lute and flask.

VII.

But her glory is departed,
 And her pleasure is no more,
 Like a pale queen, broken-hearted,
 Left lonely on the shore.

No more the waves are cumbered
With her galleys bold and free ;
For her days of pride are numbered,
And she rules no more the sea.
Her sword has left her keeping,
Her prows forget the tide,
And the Adriatic weeping
Wails round his mourning bride.

VIII. :

Gloomy, the proud Venetian
Surveys his father's halls,
Where the fading hues of Titian
Yet light the mouldering walls.
For they look reproach and sorrow,
They dreamed not the disgrace
That would darken o'er the morrow
Of the once Patrician race.
In those straits is desolation,
And darkness and dismay—
Venice, no more a nation,
Has owned the stranger's sway.