

Classic Poetry Series

**Letitia Elizabeth Landon**  
**- poems -**

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# Letitia Elizabeth Landon(1802-1838)

# A Child Screening A Dove From A Hawk. By Stewardson

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,  
Ay, screen it if you may,--  
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand  
Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,--  
Is this their destinie?  
Ever amid the sweets of life  
Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralize,--is it not thus  
We've mourn'd our hope and love?  
Alas! there's tears for every eye,  
A hawk for every dove!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# A Legend Of Tintagel Castle

ALONE in the forest, Sir Lancelot rode  
O'er the neck of his courser the reins lightly flowed  
And beside hung his helmet, for bare was his brow  
To meet the soft breeze that was fanning him now.

And 'the flowers of the forest' were many and sweet,  
Which, crushed at each step by his proud courser's feet,  
Gave forth all their fragrance, while thick over-head  
The boughs of the oak and the elm-tree were spread.

The wind stirred its branches, as if its low suit  
Were urged, like a lover who wakens the lute,  
And through the dark foliage came sparkling and bright  
Like rain from the green leaves, in small gems of light.

There was stillness, not silence, for dancing along,  
A brook went its way like a child with a song;  
Now hidden, where rushes and water-flags grow;  
Now clear, while white pebbles were glistening below.

Lo, bright as a vision, and fair as a dream,  
The face of a maiden is seen in the stream;  
With her hair like a mantle of gold to her knee,  
Stands a lady as lovely as lady can be.

Short speech tells a love-tale;—the bard's sweetest words  
Are poor, beside those which each memory hoards;  
Sound of some gentle whisper, the haunting and low,  
Such as love may have murmured—ah, long, long ago.

She led him away to an odorous cave,  
Where the emerald spars shone like stars in the wave,  
And the green moss and violets crowded beneath,  
And the ash at the entrance hung down like a wreath.

They might have been happy, if love could but learn  
A lesson from some flowers, and like their leaves turn  
Round their own inward world, their own lone fragrant nest,  
Content with its sweetness, content with its rest.

But the sound of the trumpet was heard from afar,  
And Sir Lancelot rode forth again to the war;  
And the wood-nymph was left as aye woman will be,  
Who trusts her whole being, oh, false love, to thee.

For months, every sunbeam that brightened the gloom,  
She deemed was the waving of Lancelot's plume;  
She knew not of the proud and the beautiful queen,  
Whose image was treasured as hers once had been.

There was many a fair dame, and many a knight,  
Made the banks of the river like fairy-land bright;  
And among those whose shadow was cast on the tide,  
Was Lancelot kneeling at Genevra's side.

With purple sails heavily drooping around  
The mast, and the prow, with the vale lily bound;  
And towed by two swans, a small vessel drew near  
But high on the deck was a pall-covered bier.

They oared with their white wings, the bark thro' the flood,  
Till arrived at the bank where Sir Lancelot stood:  
A wind swept the river, and flung back the pall,  
And there lay a lady, the fairest of all.

But pale as a statue, like sunshine on snow,  
The bright hair seemed mocking the cold face below:  
Sweet truant, the blush and the smile both are fled—  
Sir Lancelot weeps as he kneels by the dead.

And these are love's records; a vow and a dream,  
And the sweet shadow passes away from life's stream:  
Too late we awake to regret—but what tears  
Can bring back the waste to our hearts and our years?

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# A Suttee

GATHER her raven hair in one rich cluster,  
Let the white champac light it, as a star  
Gives to the dusky night a sudden lustre,  
Shining afar.

Shed fragrant oils upon her fragrant bosom,  
Until the breathing air around grows sweet;  
Scatter the languid jasmine's yellow blossom  
Beneath her feet.

Those small white feet are bare—too soft are they  
To tread on aught but flowers; and there is roll'd  
Round the slight ankle, meet for such display,  
The band of gold.

Chains and bright stones are on her arms and neck;  
What pleasant vanities are linked with them,  
Of happy hours, which youth delights to deck  
With gold and gem.

She comes! So comes the Moon, when she has found  
A silvery path wherein thro' heaven to glide.  
Fling the white veil—a summer cloud—around;  
She is a bride!

And yet the crowd that gather at her side  
Are pale, and every gazer holds his breath.  
Eyes fill with tears unbidden, for the bride—  
The bride of Death!

She gives away the garland from her hair,  
She gives the gems that she will wear no more;  
All the affections, whose love-signs they were,  
Are gone before.

The red pile blazes—let the bride ascend,  
And lay her head upon her husband's heart,  
Now in a perfect unison to blend—  
No more to part.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Alexander And Phillip

HE stood by the river's side  
A conqueror and a king,  
None match'd his step of pride  
Amid the armed ring.  
And a heavy echo rose from the ground,  
As a thousand warriors gather'd round.  
And the morning march had been long,  
And the noontide sun was high,  
And weariness bow'd down the strong,  
And heat closed every eye;  
And the victor stood by the river's brim  
Whose coolness seem'd but made for him.

The cypress spread their gloom  
Like a cloak from the noontide beam,  
He flung back his dusty plume,  
And plunged in the silver stream;  
He plunged like the young steed, fierce and wild,  
He was borne away like the feeble child.

They took the king to his tent  
From the river's fatal banks,  
A cry of terror went  
Like a storm through the Grecian ranks:  
Was this the fruit of their glories won,  
Was this the death for AMMON'S son?

Many a leech heard the call,  
But each one shrank away;  
For heavy upon all  
Was the weight of fear that day:  
When a thought of treason, a word of death,  
Was in each eye, and on each breath.

But one with the royal youth  
Had been from his earliest hour,  
And he knew that his heart was truth,  
And he knew that his hand was power;  
He gave what hope his skill might give,



And bade him trust to his faith and live.

ALEXANDER took the cup,  
And from beneath his head a scroll,  
He drank the liquor up,  
And bade PHILLIP read the roll;  
And PHILLIP look'd on the page, where shame,  
Treason, and poison were named with his name.

An angry flush rose on his brow,  
And anger darken'd his eye,  
What I have done I would do again now!  
If you trust my fidelity.  
The king watch'd his face, he felt he might dare  
Trust the faith that was written there.

Next day the conqueror rose  
From a greater conqueror free;  
And again he stood amid those  
Who had died his death to see:  
He stood there proud of the lesson he gave  
That faith and trust were made for the brave.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Amelioration And The Future, Man's Noble Tasks

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground:  
Not in your sculptured rise  
Is the real exercise  
Of human nature's brightest power found.  
'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,  
'Tis in the gifted line,  
In each far thought divine,  
That brings down Heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true;  
'Tis in the generous thought,  
Of all that man has wrought,  
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Cafes In Damascus

LANGUIDLY the night-wind bloweth  
From the gardens round,  
Where the clear Barrada floweth  
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute-note's sweet shiver  
Can such music find,  
As is on a wandering river,  
On a wandering wind.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming  
O'er the inward world,  
While around the fragrant steaming  
Of the smoke is curled.

Rising from the coffee berry,  
Dark grape of the South;  
Or the pipe of polished cherry,  
With its amber mouth.

Cooled by passing through the water,  
Gurgling as it flows—  
Scented by the Summer's daughter,  
June's impassioned rose.

By that rose's spirit haunted  
Are the dreams that rise,  
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,  
And of deep black eyes.

Thus with some sweet dream's assistance,  
Float they down life's stream;  
Would to heaven our whole existence  
Could be such a dream!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Children

A word will fill the little heart  
With pleasure and with pride;  
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,  
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours  
Those joyous creatures know;  
How much of sorrow and restraint  
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults!  
How much from our mistakes!  
How often, too, mistaken zeal  
An infant's misery makes!

We overrule and overteach,  
We curb and we confine,  
And put the heart to school too soon,  
To learn our narrow line.

No: only taught by love to love,  
Seems childhood's natural task;  
Affection, gentleness, and hope,  
Are all its brief years ask.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Cupid And Swallows Flying From Winter. By Dagley

'We fly from the cold.'

AWAY , away, o'er land and sea,  
This is now no home for me;  
My light wings may never bear  
Northern cloud or winter air.  
Murky shades are gathering fast,  
Sleet and snow are on the blast,  
Trees from which the leaves are fled,  
Flowers whose very roots are dead,  
Grass of its green blade bereft,  
These are all that now are left.  
--Linger here another day,  
I shall be as sad as they;  
My companions fly with spring,  
I too must be on the wing.

Where are the sweet gales whose song  
Wont to waft my darts along?  
Scented airs! oh, not like these,  
Rough as they which sweep the seas;  
But those sighs of rose which bring  
Incense from their wandering.  
Where are the bright flowers that kept  
Guard around me while I slept?

Where the sunny eyes whose beams  
Waken'd me from my soft dreams?--  
These are with the swallows gone,--  
Beauty's heart is chill'd to stone.

Oh! for some sweet southern clime,  
Where 'tis ever summer time,--  
Where, if blossoms fall, their tomb  
Is amid new birth of bloom,--  
Where green leaves are ever springing,  
Where the lark is always singing,--  
One of those bright isles which lie  
Fair beneath an azure sky,

Isles of cinnamon and spice,  
Shadow each of Paradise,--  
Where the flowers shine with dyes,  
Tinted bright from the sun-rise,--  
Where the birds which drink their dew,  
Wave wings of yet brighter hue,  
And each river's course is roll'd  
Over bed of pearl and gold!

Oh! for those lime-scented groves  
Where the Spanish lover roves,  
Tuning to the western star,  
His soft song and light guitar,--  
Where the dark hair'd girls are dancing,  
Fairies in the moonlight glancing,  
With pencill'd brows, and radiant eyes,  
Like their planet-lighted skies!  
Or those clear Italian lakes  
Where the silver cygnet makes  
Its soft nest of leaf and flower,  
A white lily for its bower!

Each of these a home would be,  
Fit for beauty and for me:  
I must seek their happier sphere  
While the Winter lords it here.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Fairies On The Sea Shore. By Howard

## FIRST FAIRY.

MY home and haunt are in every leaf,  
Whose life is a summer day, bright and brief,--  
I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,  
I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,  
I drink the dew of the blue harebell,  
I know the breath of the violet well,--  
The white and the azure violet;  
But I know not which is the sweetest yet,--  
I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose;  
I have watch'd the lily unclose,  
My silver mine is the almond tree,  
Who will come dwell with flower and me?

## CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Dance we our round, 'tis a summer night,  
And our steps are led by the glow-worms' light.

## SECOND FAIRY.

My dwelling is in the serpentine  
Of the rainbow's colour'd line,--  
See how its rose and amber clings  
To the many hues of my radiant wings;  
Mine is the step that bids the earth  
Give to the iris flower its birth,  
And mine the golden cup to hide,  
Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.  
Search the depths of an Indian mine,  
Where are the colours to match with mine?

## CHORUS.

Dance we round, for the gale is bringing  
Songs the summer rose is singing.

## THIRD FAIRY.

I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute,  
Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute,  
Linger I over the tones that swell  
From the pink-vein'd chords of an ocean-shell;  
I love the sky-lark's morning hymn,  
Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim,  
The echo, the fountain's melody,--  
These, oh! these are the spells for me!

CHORUS.

Hail to the summer night of June;  
See! yonder has risen our ladye moon.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

My palace is in the coral cave  
Set with spars by the ocean wave;  
Would ye have gems, then seek them there,--  
There found I the pearls that bind my hair.  
I and the wind together can roam  
Over the green waves and their white foam,--  
See, I have got this silver shell,  
Mark how my breath will its smallness swell,  
For the Nautilus is my boat  
In which I over the waters float,--  
The moon is shining over the sea,  
Who is there will come sail with me?

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Our noontide sleep is on leaf and flower,  
Our revels are held in a moonlit hour,--  
What is there sweet, what is there fair,  
And we are not the dwellers there?  
Dance we round, for the morning light,  
Will put us and our glow-worm lamps to flight!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# Fountain's Abbey

NEVER more, when the day is o'er,  
Will the lonely vespers sound;  
No bells are ringing—no monks are singing,  
When the moonlight falls around.

A few pale flowers, which in other hours  
May have cheered the dreary mood;  
When the votary turned to the world he had spurned,  
And repined at the solitude.

Still do they blow 'mid the ruins below,  
For fallen are fane and shrine,  
And the moss has grown o'er the sculptured stone  
Of an altar no more divine.

Still on the walls where the sunshine falls,  
The ancient fruit-tree grows;  
And o'er tablet and tomb, extends the bloom  
Of many a wilding rose.

Fair though they be, yet they seemed to me  
To mock the wreck below;  
For mighty the tower, where the fragile flower  
May now as in triumph blow.

Oh, foolish the thought, that my fancy brought;  
More true and more wise to say,  
That still thus doth spring, some gentle thing,  
With its beauty to cheer decay.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Furness Abbey

I WISH for the days of the olden time,  
When the hours were told by the abbey chime,  
When the glorious stars looked down through the midnight dim,  
Like approving saints on the choir's sweet hymn:  
I think of the days we are living now,  
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

I would be content alone to dwell  
Where the ivy shut out the sun from my cell,  
With the death's-head at my side, and the missal on my knee,  
Praying to that heaven which was opening to me:  
Fevered and vain are the days I lead now,  
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

Silken broidery no more would I wear,  
Nor golden combs in my golden hair;  
I wore them but for one, and in vain they were worn;  
My robe should be of serge, my crown of the thorn:  
'Tis a cold false world we dwell in now,  
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

I would that the cloister's quiet were mine;  
In the silent depths of some holy shrine.

I would tell my blessed beads, and would weep away  
From my inmost soul every stain of clay:  
My heart's young hopes they have left me now,  
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## Girl At Her Devotions. By Newton

SHE was just risen from her bended knee,  
But yet peace seem'd not with her piety;  
For there was paleness upon her young cheek,  
And thoughts upon the lips which never speak,  
But wring the heart that at the last they break.  
Alas! how much of misery may be read  
In that wan forehead, and that bow'd down head:--  
Her eye is on a picture, woe that ever  
Love should thus struggle with a vain endeavour  
Against itself: it is a common tale,  
And ever will be while earth soils prevail  
Over earth's happiness; it tells she strove  
With silent, secret, unrequited love.

It matters not its history; love has wings  
Like lightning , swift and fatal, and it springs  
Like a wild flower where it is least expected,  
Existing whether cherish'd or rejected;  
Living with only but to be content,  
Hopeless, for love is its own element,--  
Requiring nothing so that it may be  
The martyr of its fond fidelity.  
A mystery art thou, thou mighty one!  
We speak thy name in beauty, yet we shun  
To own thee, Love, a guest; the poet's songs  
Are sweetest when their voice to thee belongs,  
And hope, sweet opiate, tenderness, delight,  
Are terms which are thy own peculiar right;  
Yet all deny their master,--who will own  
His breast thy footstool, and his heart thy throne?

'Tis strange to think if we could fling aside  
The masque and mantle that love wears from pride,  
How much would be, we now so little guess,  
Deep in each heart's undream'd, unsought recess.  
The careless smile, like a gay banner borne,  
The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,--  
And for a cloak what is there that can be  
So difficult to pierce as gaiety?

Too dazzling to be scann'd, the haughty brow  
Seems to hide something it would not avow;  
But rainbow words, light laugh, and thoughtless jest,  
These are the bars, the curtain to the breast,  
That shuns a scrutiny: and she, whose form  
Now bends in grief beneath the bosom's storm,  
Has hidden well her wound,--now none are nigh  
To mock with curious or with careless eye,  
(For love seeks sympathy, a chilling yes,  
Strikes at the root of its best happiness,  
And mockery is worm-wood), she may dwell  
On feelings which that picture may not tell.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Hannibal's Oath

AND the night was dark and calm,  
There was not a breath of air,  
The leaves of the grove were still,  
As the presence of death were there;

Only a moaning sound  
Came from the distant sea,  
It was as if, like life,  
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child  
Pass'd through the sacred wood,  
Which, like a mystery,  
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn  
With the weight of casque and plume,  
And sun-burnt was his cheek,  
And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,  
But the forehead large and high,  
And the dark eyes' flashing light  
Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,  
And stood before the shrine,  
It stream'd with the victim's blood,  
With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,  
The thunder shook the dome,  
But the boy stood firm, and swore  
Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history  
O'er which tears of blood were wept,  
And that page is the record  
How that oath of hate was kept.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Hebe

YOUTH! thou art a lovely time,  
With thy wild and dreaming eyes;  
Looking onwards to their prime,  
Coloured by their April skies,  
Yet I do not wish for thee,  
Pass, oh! quickly pass from me.

Thou hast all too much unrest,  
Haunted by vain hopes and fears;  
Though thy cheeks with smiles be drest,  
Yet that cheek is wet with tears.  
Bitter are the frequent showers,  
Falling in thy sunny hours.

Let my heart grow calm and cold,  
Calm to sorrow, cold to love;  
Let affections loose their hold,  
Let my spirit look above.  
I am weary—youth pass on.  
All thy dearest gifts are gone.

She in whose sweet form the Greek  
Bade his loveliest vision dwell;  
She of yon bright cup and cheek,  
From her native heaven fell:  
Type of what may never last,  
Soon the heaven of youth is past.

Oh! farewell—for never more  
Can thy dreams again be mine;  
Hope and truth and faith are o'er,  
And the heart which was their shrine  
Has no boon of thee to seek,  
Asking but to rest or break.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## Juliet After The Masquerade. By Thompson

SHE left the festival, for it seem'd dim  
Now that her eye no longer dwelt on him,  
And sought her chamber,--gazed, (then turn'd away),  
Upon a mirror that before her lay,  
Half fearing, half believing her sweet face  
Would surely claim within his memory place.  
The hour was late, and that night her light foot  
Had been the constant echo of the lute;  
Yet sought she not her pillow, the cool air  
Came from the casement, and it lured her there.  
The terrace was beneath, and the pale moon  
Shone o'er the couch which she had press'd at noon,  
Soft-lingering o'er some minstrel's love-lorn page,--  
Alas, tears are the poet's heritage!

She flung her on that couch, but not for sleep;  
No, it was only that the wind might steep  
Her fever'd lip in its delicious dew:  
Her brow was burning, and aside she threw  
Her cap and plume, and, loosen'd from its fold,  
Came o'er her neck and face a shower of gold,  
A thousand curls. It was a solitude  
Made for young hearts in love's first dreaming mood:--  
Beneath the garden lay, fill'd with rose-trees  
Whose sighings came like passion on the breeze.

Two graceful statues of the Parian stone  
So finely shaped, that as the moonlight shone  
The breath of life seem'd to their beauty given,  
But less the life of earth than that of heaven.  
'Twas PSYCHE and her boy-god, so divine  
They turn'd the terrace to an idol shrine,  
With its white vases and their summer share  
Of flowers, like altars raised to that sweet pair.

And there the maiden leant, still in her ear  
The whisper dwelt of that young cavalier;  
It was no fancy, he had named the name  
Of love, and at that thought her cheek grew flame:



It was the first time her young ear had heard  
A lover's burning sigh, or silver word;  
Her thoughts were all confusion, but most sweet,--  
Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its beat.

She murmur'd over many a snatch of song  
That might to her own feelings now belong;  
She thought upon old histories she had read,  
And placed herself in each high heroine's stead,  
Then woke her lute,--oh! there is little known  
Of music's power till aided by love's own.  
And this is happiness: oh! love will last  
When all that made it happiness is past,--  
When all its hopes are as the glittering toys  
Time present offers, time to come destroys,--  
When they have been too often crush'd to earth,  
For further blindness to their little worth,--  
When fond illusions have dropt one by one,  
Like pearls from a rich carcanet, till none  
Are left upon life's soil'd and naked string,--  
And this is all what time will ever bring.

--And that fair girl,--what can the heart foresee  
Of her young love, and of its destiny?  
There is a white cloud o'er the moon, its form  
Is very light, and yet there sleeps the storm;  
It is an omen, it may tell the fate  
Of love known all too soon, repented all too late.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Kate Kearney

WHY doth the maiden turn away  
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?  
Why doth the maiden turn away  
When love and flattery woo her ear?  
And rarely that enchanted twain  
Whisper in woman's ear in vain.  
Why doth the maiden leave the hall?  
No face is fair as hers is fair,  
No step has such a fairy fall,  
No azure eyes like hers are there.

The maiden seeks her lonely bower,  
Although her father's guests are met;  
She knows it is the midnight hour,  
She knows the first pale star is set,  
And now the silver moon-beams wake  
The spirits of the haunted Lake.  
The waves take rainbow hues, and now  
The shining train are gliding by,  
Their chieftain lifts his glorious brow,  
The maiden meets his lingering eye.

The glittering shapes melt into night;  
Another look, their chief is gone,  
And chill and gray comes morning's light,  
And clear and cold the Lake flows on;  
Close, close the casement, not for sleep,  
Over such visions eyes but weep.

How many share such destiny,  
How many, lured by fancy's beam,  
Ask the impossible to be,  
And pine, the victims of a dream.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Little Red Riding Hood

COME back, come back together,  
All ye fancies of the past,  
Ye days of April weather,  
Ye shadows that are cast  
By the haunted hours before !  
Come back, come back, my childhood ;  
Thou art summon'd by a spell  
From the green leaves of the wild wood,  
From beside the charmed well !  
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.  
The fields were cover'd over  
With colours as she went ;  
Daisy, buttercup, and clover,  
Below her footsteps bent.  
Summer shed its shining store,  
She was happy as she press'd them  
Beneath her little feet ;  
She pluck'd them and caress'd them ;  
They were so very sweet,  
They had never seem'd so sweet before,  
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.  
How the heart of childhood dances  
Upon a sunny day !  
It has its own romances,  
And a wide, wide world have they !  
A world where phantasie is king,  
Made all of eager dreaming,  
When once grown up and tall ;  
Now is the time for scheming,  
Then we shall do them all !  
Do such pleasant fancies spring  
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.  
She seems like an ideal love,  
The poetry of childhood shown,  
And yet loved with a real love,  
As if she were our own ;

A younger sister for the heart;  
Like the woodland pheasant,  
Her hair is brown and bright;  
And her smile is pleasant,  
With its rosy light.  
Never can the memory part  
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.  
Did the painter, dreaming  
In a morning hour,  
Catch the fairy seeming  
Of this fairy flower ?  
Winning it with eager eyes,  
From the old enchanted stories,  
Lingering with a long delight,  
On the unforgotten glories  
Of the infant sight ?  
Giving us a sweet surprise  
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore ?  
Too long in the meadow staying,  
Where the cowslip bends,  
With the buttercups delaying  
As with early friends,  
Did the little maiden stay.  
Sorrowful the tale for us,  
We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,  
A little while so glorious,  
So soon lost in darker hours.  
All love lingering on their way,  
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Long Years Have Past Since Last I Stood

LONG years have past since last I stood  
Alone amid this mountain scene,  
Unlike the future which I dreamed,  
How like my future it has been!  
A cold grey sky o'erhung with clouds,  
With showers in every passing shade,  
How like the moral atmosphere  
Whose gloom my horoscope has made!

I thought if yet my weary feet  
Could rove my native hills again,  
A world of feeling would revive,  
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.  
My early hopes, my early joys,  
I dreamed those valleys would restore;  
I asked for childhood to return,  
For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed!  
There did not always rest as now  
That shadow in the valley's depth,  
That gloom upon the mountain-brow.  
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt  
Like treasures in stone fairy hold,  
And morning o'er the mountains shed  
Her kindling world of vapoury gold.

Another season of the year  
Is now upon the earth and me;  
Another spring will light these hills—  
No other spring mine own may be:  
I must retune my unstrung harp,  
I must awake the sleeping tomb,  
I must recall the loved and lost,  
Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I've wandered, but it was in vain,  
In many a far and foreign clime,  
Absence is not forgetfulness,

And distance cannot vanquish time.  
One face was ever in my sight,  
One voice was ever on my ear,  
From all earth's loveliness I turned  
To wish, Ah that the dead were here!

Oh! weary wandering to no home,  
Oh! weary wandering alone,  
I turned to childhood's once glad scenes  
And found life's last illusion flown.  
Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes  
For after-years of toil and pain,  
Who but bring back the breaking heart  
Should never seek those scenes again.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Love Nursed By Solitude. By W. I. Thomson, Edinburgh

AY, surely it is here that Love should come,  
And find, (if he may find on earth), a home;  
Here cast off all the sorrow and the shame  
That cling like shadows to his very name.

Young Love, thou art belied: they speak of thee,  
And couple with thy mention misery;  
Talk of the broken heart, the wasted bloom,  
The spirit blighted, and the early tomb;  
As if these waited on thy golden lot,--  
They blame thee for the faults which thou hast not.  
Art thou to blame for that they bring on thee  
The soil and weight of their mortality?  
How can they hope that ever links will hold  
Form'd, as they form them now, of the harsh gold?  
Or worse than even this, how can they think  
That vanity will bind the failing link?  
How can they dream that thy sweet life will bear  
Crowds', palaces', and cities' heartless air?  
Where the lip smiles while the heart's desolate,  
And courtesy lends its deep mask to hate;  
Where looks and thoughts alike must feel the chain,  
And nought of life is real but its pain;  
Where the young spirit's high imaginings  
Are scorn'd and cast away as idle things;  
Where, think or feel, you are foredoom'd to be  
A marvel and a sign for mockery;  
Where none must wander from the beaten road,--  
All alike champ the bit, and feel the goad.  
It is not made for thee, young Love! away  
To where the green earth laughs to the clear day,  
To the deep valley, where a thousand trees  
Keep a green court for fairy revelries,--  
To some small island on a lonely lake,  
Where only swans the diamond waters break,  
Where the pines hang in silence oe'r the tide  
And the stream gushes from the mountain side;

These, Love, are haunts for thee; where canst thou brood  
With thy sweet wings furl'd but in Solitude.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# Nymph And Zephyr: A Statuary Group. By Westmacott

AND the summer sun shone in the sky,  
And the rose's whole life was in its sigh,  
When her eyelids were kiss'd by a morning beam,  
And the Nymph rose up from her moonlit dream;  
For she had watch'd the midnight hour  
Till her head had bow'd like a sleeping flower;  
But now she had waken'd, and light and dew  
Gave her morning freshness and morning hue,--  
Up she sprang, and away she fled  
O'er the lithe grass stem and the blossom's head,  
From the lillies' bells she dash'd not the spray,  
For her feet were as light and as white as they.  
Sudden upon her arm there shone  
A gem with the hues of an Indian stone,  
And she knew the insect bird whose wing  
Is sacred to PSYCHE and to spring;  
But scarce had her touch its captive prest  
Ere another prisoner was on her breast,  
And the Zephyr sought his prize again,--  
'No,' said the Nymph, thy search is vain:  
And her golden hair from its braided yoke  
Burst like the banner of hope as she spoke,  
'And instead, fair boy, thou shalt moralize  
Over the pleasure that from thee flies;  
Then it is pleasure,--for we possess  
But in the search, not in the success.'

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# On An Engraving Of Hindoo Temples

LITTLE the present careth for the past,  
Too little—'tis not well!  
For careless ones we dwell  
Beneath the mighty shadow it has cast.

Its blessings are around our daily path,  
We share its mighty spoil,  
We live on its great toil,  
And yet how little gratitude it hath.

Look on these temples, they were as a shrine  
From whence to the far north  
The human mind went forth,  
The moral sunshine of a world divine—

That inward world which maketh of our clay  
Its temporary home;  
From whence those lightnings come,  
That kindle from a far and better day.

The light that is of heaven shone there the first  
The elements of art,  
Mankind's diviner part;  
There was young science in its cradle nurst.

Mighty the legacies by mind bequeathed,  
For glorious were its pains  
Amid those giant fanes,  
And mighty were the triumphs it achieved

A woman's triumph mid them is imprest  
One who upon the scroll  
Flung the creative soul,  
Disdainful of life's flowers and of its rest.

Vast was the labour, vast the enterprise,  
For she was of a race  
Born to the lowest place,  
Earth-insects, lacking wings whereon to rise.

How must that youthful cheek have lost its bloom,  
How many a dream above  
Of early hope and love  
Must that young heart have closed on like a tomb.

Such throw life's flowers behind them, and aspire  
To ask the stars their lore  
And from each ancient store  
Seek food to stay the mind's consuming fire.

Her triumph was complete and long, the chords  
She struck are yet alive;  
Not vainly did she strive  
To leave her soul immortal on her words.

A great example has she left behind,  
A lesson we should take,  
Whose first task is to wake  
The general wish to benefit our kind.

Our sword has swept o'er India; there remains  
A nobler conquest far,  
The mind's ethereal war,  
That but subdues to civilize its plains.

Let us pay back the past, the debt we owe,  
Let us around dispense  
Light, hope, intelligence,  
Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England, thine be the deliverer's meed,  
Be thy great empire known  
By hearts made all thine own,  
By thy free laws and thy immortal creed.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Portrait Of A Lady. By Sir Thomas Lawrence

LADY , thy lofty brow is fair,  
Beauty's sign and seal are there;  
And thy lip is like the rose  
Closing round the bee's repose;  
And thine eye is like a star,  
But blue as the sapphires' are.  
Beautiful patrician! thou  
Wearest on thy stately brow  
All that suits a noble race,  
All of high-born maiden's grace,--  
Who is there could look on thee  
And doubt thy nobility?

Round thee satin robe is flung,  
Pearls upon thy neck are hung,  
And upon thy arm of snow  
Rubies like red sun-gifts glow;  
Yet thou wearest pearl and gem  
As thou hadst forgotten them.--  
'Tis a step, but made to tread  
O'er Persian web, or flower's head,--  
Soft hand that might only move  
In the broider'd silken glove,--  
Cheek unused to ruder air  
Than what hot-house rose might bear,--  
One whom nature only meant  
To be queen of the tournament,--  
Courtly fete, and lighted hall,--  
Grace and ornament of all!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Revenge

Ay, gaze upon her rose-wreathed hair,  
And gaze upon her smile;  
Seem as you drank the very air  
Her breath perfumed the while:

And wake for her the gifted line,  
That wild and witching lay,  
And swear your heart is as a shrine,  
That only owns her sway.

'Tis well: I am revenged at last,—  
Mark you that scornful cheek,—  
The eye averted as you pass'd,  
Spoke more than words could speak.

Ay, now by all the bitter tears  
That I have shed for thee,—  
The racking doubts, the burning fears,—  
Avenged they well may be—

By the nights pass'd in sleepless care,  
The days of endless woe;  
All that you taught my heart to bear,  
All that yourself will know.

I would not wish to see you laid  
Within an early tomb;  
I should forget how you betray'd,  
And only weep your doom:

But this is fitting punishment,  
To live and love in vain,—  
Oh my wrung heart, be thou content,  
And feed upon his pain.

Go thou and watch her lightest sigh,—  
Thine own it will not be;  
And bask beneath her sunny eye,—  
It will not turn on thee.

'Tis well: the rack, the chain, the wheel,  
Far better hadst thou proved;  
Ev'n I could almost pity feel,  
For thou art nor beloved.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Scenes In London I - Piccadilly

THE sun is on the crowded street,  
It kindles those old towers;  
Where England's noblest memories meet,  
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,  
Tradition's giant fane,  
Whereto a thousand years are linked,  
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light  
First steals upon the skies;  
And shadow'd by the fallen night,  
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,  
Touched by the first cold shine;  
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past,  
Of which it is the shrine.

'Tis lovely when the moonlight falls  
Around the sculptured stone  
Giving a softness to the walls,  
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence  
The human heart can know,  
The mourning over those gone hence  
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,  
Have vanished from the scene;  
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray  
O'er the park's sweeping green.

Sad shining on her lonely path,  
The moon's calm smile above,  
Seems as it lulled life's toil and wrath  
With universal love.

Past that still hour, and its pale moon,  
The city is alive;  
It is the busy hour of noon,  
When man must seek and strive.

The pressure of our actual life  
Is on the waking brow;  
Labour and care, endurance, strife,  
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street,  
Its tumult and its throng,  
The hurrying of the thousand feet  
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,  
With such a scene beside;  
All sounds in one vast murmur melt  
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on—none pause to look  
Upon another's face:  
The present is an open book  
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,  
His daily bread to find;  
The rich man has yet wearier chase,  
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass  
For which they live so fast—  
What doth the present but amass,  
The wealth that makes the past.

The past is round us—those old spires  
That glimmer o'er our head;  
Not from the present is their fires,  
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past, the present's powers



Were waste of toil and mind;  
But for those long and glorious hours  
Which leave themselves behind.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## Scenes In London Ii - Oxford Street

LIFE in its many shapes was there,  
The busy and the gay;  
Faces that seemed too young and fair  
To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,  
Led forth its glittering train;  
And poverty's pale face beside  
Asked aid, and asked in vain.

The shops were filled from many lands,  
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers;  
The patient work of many hands,  
The hope of many hours.

Yet, mid life's myriad shapes around  
There was a sigh of death;  
There rose a melancholy sound,  
The bugle's wailing breath.

They played a mournful Scottish air,  
That on its native hill  
Had caught the notes the night-winds bear  
From weeping leaf and rill.

'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain  
Its warning music shed,  
Rising above life's busy train,  
In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band  
In sad procession by:  
Reversed the musket in each hand,  
And downcast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave;  
The sympathizing crowd  
Divided like a parted wave  
By some dark vessel ploughed.

A moment, and all sounds were mute,  
For awe was over all;  
You heard the soldier's measured foot,  
The bugle's wailing call.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,  
The helmet and the sword,  
The drooping war-horse followed near,  
As he, too, mourned his lord.

Slowly—I followed too—they led  
To where a church arose,  
And flung a shadow o'er the dead,  
Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there—beneath the shade  
Of one, was made a grave;  
And there to his last rest was laid  
The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed  
Of an unconscious ear;  
The birds sprang fluttering overhead,  
Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground, the bugles died  
Away upon the wind;  
Only the tree's green branches sighed  
O'er him they left behind.

Again, all filled with light and breath,  
I passed the crowded street—  
Oh, great extremes of life and death,  
How strangely do ye meet!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Scenes In London Iii - The Savoyard In Grosvenor Square

HE stands within the silent square,  
That square of state, of gloom;  
A heavy weight is on the air,  
Which hangs as o'er a tomb.

It is a tomb which wealth and rank  
Have built themselves around—  
The general sympathies have shrank  
Like flowers on high dry ground.

None heed the wandering boy who sings,  
An orphan though so young;  
None think how far the singer brings  
The songs which he has sung.

None cheer him with a kindly look,  
None with a kindly word;  
The singer's little pride must brook  
To be unpraised, unheard.

At home their sweet bird he was styled,  
And oft, when days were long,  
His mother called her favourite child  
To sing her favourite song.

He wanders now through weary streets,  
Till cheek and eye are dim;  
How little sympathy he meets,

Sudden his dark brown cheek grows bright  
His dark eyes fill with glee,  
Covered with blossoms snowy-white,  
He sees an orange tree.

No more the toil-worn face is pale,  
Nor faltering step is sad;  
He sees his distant native vale,

He sees it, and is glad.

He sees the squirrel climb the pine,  
The doves fly through the dell,  
The purple clusters of the vine;  
He hears the vesper-bell.

His heart is full of hope and home,  
Toil, travel, are no more;  
And he has happy hours to come  
Beside his father's door.

Oh, charm of natural influence!  
But for thy lovely ties,  
Never might the world-wearied sense  
Above the present rise.

Blessed be thy magic every where,  
Oh Nature, gentle mother;  
How kindlier is for us thy care,  
Than ours is for each other.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## Scenes In London Iv - The City Churchyard

I PRAY thee lay me not to rest  
Among these mouldering bones;  
Too heavily the earth is prest  
By all these crowded stones.

Life is too gay—life is too near—  
With all its pomp and toil;  
I pray thee do not lay me here,  
In such a world-struck soil.

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake  
The slumbers of the dead;  
I cannot bear for life to make  
Its pathway o'er my head.

The flags around are cold and drear,  
They stand apart, alone;  
And no one ever pauses here,  
To sorrow for the gone.

No: lay me in the far green fields  
The summer sunshine cheers;  
And where the early wild flower yields  
The tribute of its tears.

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,  
Where droops the willow tree,  
Where the long grass is filled with dew—  
Oh! make such grave for me!

And passers-by, at evening's close,  
Will pause beside the grave,  
And moralize o'er the repose  
They fear, and yet they crave.

Perhaps some kindly hand may bring  
Its offering to the tomb;  
And say, As fades the rose in spring,  
So fadeth human bloom.

But here there is no kindly thought  
To soothe, and to relieve;  
No fancies and no flowers are brought,  
That soften while they grieve.

Here Poesy and Love come not—  
It is a world of stone;  
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot!  
And then life hurries on.

Sorrow and beauty—nature—love—  
Redeem man's common breath;  
Ah! let them shed the grave above—  
Give loveliness to death.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Secrets

LIFE has dark secrets; and the hearts are few  
That treasure not some sorrow from the world--  
A sorrow silent, gloomy, and unknown,  
Yet colouring the future from the past.  
We see the eye subdued, the practised smile,  
The word well weighed before it pass the lip,  
And know not of the misery within:  
Yet there it works incessantly, and fears  
The time to come; for time is terrible,  
Avenging, and betraying.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# She Sat Alone Beside Her Hearth

SHE sat alone beside her hearth—  
For many nights alone;  
She slept not on the pleasant couch  
Where fragrant herbs were strewn.

At first she bound her raven hair  
With feather and with shell;  
But then she hoped; at length, like night,  
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering mid the woods,  
Lone, with rite cheerless dawn,  
And then they said, 'Can this be her  
We called 'The Startled Fawn?' '

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,  
Half sunshine and half shade;  
And love, as love first springs to life,  
Of every thing afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily  
Fell down to autumn earth,  
Than her light feet, which seemed to move  
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,  
What hopes and joys depart,  
Ah! nothing like the heavy step  
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history  
That Indian girl could tell;  
Fate sets apart one common doom  
For all who love too well.

The proud—the shy—the sensitive,—  
Life has not many such;  
They dearly buy their happiness,  
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,  
That fair young stranger came;  
They raised for him the funeral song—  
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity,—and her arms  
Around his arms she threw;  
She told her father, 'If he dies,  
Your daughter dieth too.'

For her sweet sake they set him free—  
He lingered at her side;  
And many a native song yet tells  
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have passed—how much two years  
Have taken in their flight!  
They've taken from the lip its smile,  
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—  
So timid and so young;  
With what a fond and earnest faith  
To desperate hope she clung!

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—  
They only grew more dear.  
She served him meekly, anxiously,  
With love—half faith—half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart  
Be worthless in those eyes  
For which it beats?—Ah! wo to those  
Who such a heart despise.

Poor child! what lonely days she passed,  
With nothing to recall  
But bitter taunts, and careless words,  
And looks more cold than all.

Alas! for love, that sits at home,

Forsaken, and yet fond;  
The grief that sits beside the hearth—  
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she followed him—  
She thought he could not bear,  
When she had left her home for him,  
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream  
She took her lonely way;  
The stars at night her pilots were,  
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully!—  
The Indian looked behind,  
When the last sound of voice or step  
Died on the midnight wind,

Yet still adown the gloomy stream  
She plied her weary oar;  
Her husband—he had left their home,  
And it was home no more.

She found him—but she found in vain—  
He spurned her from his side;  
He said, her brow was all too dark,  
For her to be his bride.

She grasped his hands,—her own were cold,—  
And silent turned away,  
As she had not a tear to shed,  
And not a word to say.

And pale as death she reached her boat,  
And guided it along;  
With broken voice she strove to raise  
A melancholy song.

None watched the lonely Indian girl,—  
She passed unmarked of all,  
Until they saw her slight canoe

Approach the mighty Fall!

Upright, within that slender boat  
They saw the pale girl stand,  
Her dark hair streaming far behind—  
Upraised her desperate hand.

The air is filled with shriek and shout—  
They call, but call in vain;  
The boat amid the waters dash'd—  
'Twas never seen again!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Sir Thomas Lawrence

DIVINEST art, the stars above  
Were fated on thy birth to shine;  
Oh, born of beauty and of love,  
What early poetry was thine!

The softness of Ionian night  
Upon Ionian summer lay,  
One planet gave its vesper light,  
Enough to guide a lover's way;  
And gave the fountain as it played  
The semblance of a silvery shower,  
And as its waters fell, they made  
A music meet for such an hour;

That, and the tones the gentle wind  
Won from the leaf, as from a lute,  
In natural melody combined,  
Now that all ruder sound was mute;  
And odours floated on the air,  
As many a nymph had just unbound  
The wreath that bound their raven hair,  
And flung the fragrant tresses round.

Pillowed on violet leaves, which prest  
Filled the sweet chamber with their sighs,  
Lulled by the lyre's low notes to rest,  
A Grecian youth in slumber lies;  
And at his side a maiden stands,  
The dark hair braided on her brow,  
The lute within her slender hands,  
But hushed is all its music now.

She would not wake him from his dreams,  
Although she has so much to say,  
Although the morning's earliest beams  
Will see her warrior torn away.  
How fond and earnest is the gaze  
Upon these sleeping features thrown,  
She who yet never dared to raise

Her timid eyes to meet his own.

She bends her lover's rest above,  
Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,  
And that unutterable love  
Which never yet spoke but in tears;  
She would not that those tears should fall  
Upon the cherished sleeper's face,  
She turns, and sees upon the wall  
Its imaged shade, its perfect grace;  
With eager hand she marked each line,  
The shadowy brow, the arching head,

Till some creative power divine,  
Love's likeness o'er love's shadow spread:  
Since then, what passion and what power  
Has dwelt upon the painter's art;  
How has it soothed the absent hour,  
With looks that wear life's loveliest part.

Oh, painter of our English isle,  
Whose name is now upon my line,  
Who gave to beauty's blush and smile  
All that could make them most divine;  
The fair Ionian's ancient claim  
Was never paid, till paid by thee,  
And thou didst honour to her name,  
By showing what her sex can be.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Sir Walter Scott

DEAD!—it was like a thunderbolt  
To hear that he was dead;  
Though for long weeks the words of fear  
Came from his dying bed;  
Yet hope denied, and would deny—  
We did not think that he could die.

The poet has a glorious hold  
Upon the human heart,  
Yet glory is from sympathy  
A light alone—apart;  
But there was something in thy name,  
Which touched us with a dearer claim

The earnest feeling borne to thee  
Was like a household tie,  
A sunshine on our common life,  
And from our daily sky.  
Thy works are those familiar things  
From which so much of memory springs.

We talked of them beside the hearth,  
Till every story blends  
With some remembered intercourse  
Of near and dearest friends,  
Friends that in early youth were ours.  
Connected with life's happiest hours.

How well I can recall the time  
When first I turned thy page,  
The green boughs closed above my head  
A natural hermitage;  
And sang a little brook along,  
As if it heard and caught thy song.

I peopled all the walks and shades  
With images of thine;  
The lime-tree was a lady's bower,  
The yew-tree was a shrine:

Almost I deemed each sunbeam shone  
O'er banner, spear, and morion.

Now, not one single trace is left  
Of that sequestered nook;  
The very course is turned aside  
Of that melodious brook:  
Not so the memories can depart,  
Then garner'd in my inmost heart.  
The past was his—his generous song  
Went back to other days,  
With filial feeling, which still sees  
Something to love and praise,  
And closer drew the ties which bind  
Man with his country and his kind.

It rang throughout his native land,  
A bold and stirring song,  
As the merle's hymn at matin sweet,  
And as the trumpet strong:  
A touch there was of each degree,  
Half minstrel and half knight was he.

How many a lonely mountain glade  
Lives in his verse anew,  
Linked with associate sympathy,  
The tender and the true;  
For nature has fresh beauty brought,  
When animate with life from thought.

'Tis not the valley nor the hill,  
Tho' beautiful they be,  
That can suffice the heart, till touched  
As they were touched by thee;  
Thou who didst glorify the whole,  
By pouring forth the poet's soul.

Who now could stand upon the banks  
Of thine own 'silver Tweed?'  
Nor deem they heard thy 'warrior's horn,'  
Or heard thy 'shepherd's reed?'



Immutable as Nature's claim,  
The ground is hallowed by thy name.

I cannot bear to see the shelf  
Where ranged thy volumes stand,  
And think that mute is now thy lip,  
And cold is now thy hand;  
That, hadst thou been more common clay,  
So soon thou hadst not passed sway,

For thou didst die before thy time,  
The tenement o'erwrought,  
The heart consumed by its desire,  
The body worn by thought;  
Thyself the victim of thy shrine,  
A glorious sacrifice was thine.

Alas, it is too soon for this—  
The future for thy fame;  
But now we mourn as if we mourned  
A father's cherished claim.  
Ah! time may bid the laurel wave—  
We can but weep above thy grave.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The African Prince

IT was a king in Africa,  
He had an only son;  
And none of Europe's crowned kings  
Could have a dearer one.

With good cane arrows five feet long,  
And with a shining bow,  
When but a boy, to the palm woods  
Would that young hunter go.

And home he brought white ivory,  
And many a spotted hide:  
When leopards fierce and beautiful  
Beneath his arrows died.

Around his arms, around his brow,  
A shining bar was rolled;  
It was to mark his royal blood,  
He wore that bar of gold.

And often at his father's feet,  
The evening he would pass;  
When, weary of the hunt, he lay  
Upon the scented grass.

Alas! it was an evil day,  
When such a thing could be:  
When strangers, pale and terrible,  
Came o'er the distant sea.

They found the young prince mid the woods,  
The palm woods deep and dark:  
That day his lion-hunt was done,  
They bore him to their bark.

They bound him in a narrow hold,  
With others of his kind;  
For weeks did that accursed ship  
Sail on before the wind.

Now shame upon the cruel wind,  
And on the cruel sea,  
That did not with some mighty storm,  
Set those poor captives free:

Or, shame to those weak thoughts, so fain  
To have their wilful way:  
God knoweth what is best for all—  
The winds and seas obey.

At length a lovely island rose  
From out the ocean wave;  
They took him to the market-place,  
And sold him for a slave.

Some built them homes, and in the shade  
Of flowered and fragrant trees,  
They half forgot the palm-hid huts  
They left far o'er the seas.

But he was born of nobler blood,  
And was of nobler kind;  
And even unto death, his heart  
For its own kindred pined.

There came to him a seraph child  
With eyes of gentlest blue:  
If there are angels in high heaven,  
Earth has its angels too.

She cheered him with her holy words,  
She soothed him with her tears;  
And pityingly she spoke with him  
Of home and early years.

And when his heart was all subdued  
By kindness into love,  
She taught him from this weary earth  
To look in faith above.

She told him how the Saviour died  
For man upon the tree;

'He suffered,' said the holy child,  
'For you as well as me.'

Sorrow and death have need of faith—  
The African believed;  
As rain falls fertile on the earth  
Those words his soul received.

He died in hope as only those  
Who die in Christ depart—  
One blessed name within his lips,  
One hope within his heart.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Combat. By Etty

THEY fled,--for there was for the brave  
Left only a dishonour'd grave.  
The day was lost; and his red hand  
Was now upon a broken brand,  
The foes were in his native town,  
The gates were forced, the walls were down,  
The burning city lit the sky,--  
What had he then to do but fly;  
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet  
Revenge might strike, or peace forget!

They fled,--for she was by his side,  
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,--  
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,  
Or linger'd only with that one.  
They hasten'd by the lonely way  
That through the winding forest lay,  
Hearth, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,  
And shout and shriek came on the wind;  
And twice the warrior turn'd again  
And cursed the arm that now in vain,  
Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp  
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade  
Which seem'd as for their safety made;  
And there they paused, for the warm tide  
Burst in red gushes from his side,  
And hung the drops on brow and cheek,  
And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak.  
She took her long dark hair, and bound  
The cool moss on each gaping wound,  
And in her closed-up hands she brought  
The water which his hot lip sought,--  
And anxious gazed upon his eye,  
As asking, shall we live or die?  
Almost as if she thought his breath  
Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark!--'tis not the wind deceives,  
There is a step among the leaves:  
Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high,  
It is their fiercest enemy;  
He of the charm'd and deadly steel,  
Whose stroke was never known to heal,--  
He of the sword sworn not to spare,--  
She flung her down in her despair!

The dying chief sprang to his knee,  
And the staunch'd wounds well'd fearfully;  
But his gash'd arm, what is it now?  
Livid his lip, and black his brow,  
While over him the slayer stood,  
As if he almost scorn'd the blood  
That cost so little to be won,--  
He strikes,--the work of death is done!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Country Retreat

OH lone and lovely solitude,  
Washed by the sounding sea;  
Nature was in a poet's mood,  
When she created thee.

How pleasant in the hour of noon  
To wander through the shade;  
The soft and golden shade which June  
Flings o'er thy inland glade:

The wild rose like a wreath above,  
The ash-tree's fairy keys,  
The aspen trembling, as if love  
Were whispered by the breeze;

These, or the beech's darker bough,  
For canopy o'er head,  
While moss and fragile flowers below  
An elfin pillow spread.

Here one might dream the hours away,  
As if the world had not  
Or grief, or care, or disarray,  
To darken human lot.

Yet 'tis not here that I would dwell,  
Though fair the place may be,  
The summer's favourite citadel:—  
A busier scene for me!

I love to see the human face  
Reflect the human mind,  
To watch in every crowded place  
Their opposites combined.

There's more for thought in one brief hour  
In yonder busy street,  
Than all that ever leaf or flower  
Taught in their green retreat.

Industry, intellect, and skill  
Appear in all their pride,  
The glorious force of human will  
Triumphs on every side.

Yet touched with meekness, for on all  
Is set the sign and seal  
Of sorrow, suffering, and thrall,  
Which none but own and feel;  
The hearse that passes with its dead,  
The homeless beggar's prayer,  
Speak words of warning, and of dread,  
To every passer there.

Aye beautiful the dreaming brought  
By valleys and green fields;  
But deeper feeling, higher thought,  
Is what the city yields.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# The Crusader

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,  
From the sainted battles of Palestine;  
The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest,  
Like a glory, the red cross hangs at his breast;  
His courser is black, as black can be,  
Save the brow star, white as the foam of the sea,  
And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,  
The last love gift of his lady fair;  
It bore for device a cross and a dove,  
And the words - 'I am vowed to my God and my love.'

He comes not back the same that he went;  
For his sword has been tried, and his strength has been spent,  
His golden hair has a deeper brown,  
And his brow has caught a darker frown;  
And his lip has lost its youthful red,  
And the shade of the South o'er his cheek is spread,  
But stately his step, and his bearing high,  
And wild the light of his fiery eye;  
And proud in the lists were the maiden bright,  
Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her knight.

He rides for the home he had pined to see,  
In the court, in the camp, in captivity!  
He reached the castle - his own step was all  
That echoed within the deserted hall;  
He stood on the roof of the ancient tower;  
And, for banner, there waved one pale wall flower,  
And, for sound of the trumpet and peal of the horn,  
Came the scream of the owl, on the night wind borne.  
The turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,  
And the bat ruled the halls, he had called his own;  
His heart throbbed high - Oh! never again  
Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain;  
He never might think of his boyish years,  
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears,  
Which hope and memory shed when they meet -  
The grave of his kindred was at his feet -  
He stood alone, the last of his race,

With the cold wide world for his dwelling place;  
The home of his fathers gone to decay,  
All but their memory had passed away -  
No one to welcome, no one to share  
The laurel, he no more was proud to wear.  
He came, in the pride of his war-success,  
But to weep over very desolateness.

They pointed him to a barren plain,  
Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were slain;  
They shewed him the lowly grave, where slept  
The maiden, whose scarf he so truly had kept;  
But they could not shew him one living thing,  
To which his withered heart could cling -

Amid the warriors of Palestine  
Is one, the first in the battle line.  
It is not for glory he seeks the field,  
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,  
And the motto it bears is, 'I fight for a grave.'  
He found it - That warrior has died with the brave.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Enchanted Island. By Danby

AND there the island lay, the waves around  
Had never known a storm; for the north wind  
Was charm'd from coming, and the only airs  
That blew brought sunshine on their azure wings,  
Or tones of music from the sparry caves,  
Where the sea-maids make lutes of the pink conch.  
These were sea breezes,--those that swept the land  
Brought other gifts,--sighs from blue violets,  
Or from June's sweet Sultana, the bright rose,  
Stole odours. On the silver mirror's face  
Was but a single ripple that was made  
By a flamingo's beak, whose scarlet wings  
Shone like a meteor on the stream: around,  
Upon the golden sands, were coral plants,  
And shells of many colours, and sea weeds,  
Whose foliage caught and chain'd the Nautilus,  
Where lay they as at anchor. On each side  
Were grottoes, like fair porticoes with steps  
Of the green marble; and a lovely light,  
Like the far radiance of a thousand lamps,  
Half-shine, half-shadow, or the glorious track  
Of a departing star but faintly seen  
In the dim distance, through those caverns shone,  
And play'd o'er the tall trees which seem'd to hide  
Gardens, where hyacinths rang their soft bells  
To call the bees from the anemone,  
Jealous of their bright rivals' golden wealth.  
--Amid those arches floated starry shapes,  
Just indistinct enough to make the eye  
Dream of surpassing beauty; but in front,  
Borne on a car of pearl, and drawn by swans,  
There lay a lovely figure,--she was queen  
Of the Enchanted Island, which was raised  
From ocean's bosom but to pleasure her:  
And spirits, from the stars, and from the sea,  
The beautiful mortal had them for her slaves.

She was the daughter of a king, and loved  
By a young Ocean Spirit from her birth,--

He hover'd o'er her in her infancy,  
And bade the rose grow near her, that her cheek  
Might catch its colour,--lighted up her dreams  
With fairy wonders, and made harmony  
The element in which she moved; at last,  
When that she turn'd away from earthly love,  
Enamour'd of her visions, he became  
Visible with his radiant wings, and bore  
His bride to the fair island.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Fairy Of The Fountains

WHY did she love her mother's so?  
It hath wrought her wondrous wo.

Once she saw an armed knight  
In the pale sepulchral light;  
When the sullen starbeams throw  
Evil spells on earth below:  
And the moon is cold and pale,  
And a voice is on the gale,  
Like a lost soul's heavenward cry,  
Hopeless in its agony.

He stood beside the castle-gate,  
The hour was dark, the hour was late;  
With the bearing of a king  
Did he at the portal ring,  
And the loud and hollow bell  
Sounded like a Christian's knell.  
That pale child stood on the wall,  
Watching there, and saw it all.  
Then she was a child as fair  
As the opening blossoms are:  
But with large black eyes, whose light  
Spoke of mystery and might.  
The stately stranger's head was bound  
With a bright and golden round;  
Curiously inlaid, each scale  
Shone upon his glittering mail;  
His high brow was cold and dim,  
And she felt she hated him.  
Then she heard her mother's voice,  
Saying, ' 'Tis not at my choice!  
'We for ever, wo the hour,  
'When you sought my secret bower,  
'Listening to the word of fear,  
'Never meant for human ear.  
'Thy suspicion's vain endeavour,  
'Wo! wo! parted us for ever.'

Still the porter of the hall  
Heeded not that crown'd knight's call.  
When a glittering shape there came,  
With a brow of starry flame;  
And he led that knight again  
O'er the bleak and barren plain.  
He flung, with an appealing cry,  
His dark and desperate arms on high;  
And from Melusina's sight  
Fled away through thickest night.  
Who has not, when but a child,  
Treasured up some vision wild:  
Haunting them with nameless fear,  
Filling all they see or hear,  
In the midnight's lonely hour,  
With a strange mysterious power?  
So a terror undefined  
Entered in that infant mind; —  
A fear that haunted her alone,  
For she told her thought to none.

Years passed on, and each one threw,  
O'er those walls a deeper hue;  
Large and old the ivy leaves  
Heavy hung around the eaves,  
Till the darksome rooms within  
Daylight never entered in.  
And the spider's silvery line  
Was the only thing to shine.  
Years past on,—the fair child now  
Wore maiden beauty on her brow—  
Beauty such as rarely flowers  
In a fallen world like ours.  
She was tall; —a queen might wear  
Such a proud imperial air;  
She was tall, yet when unbound,  
Swept her bright hair to the ground,  
Glittering like the gold you see  
On a young laburnum tree.  
Yet her eyes were dark as night,  
Melancholy as moonlight,  
With the fierce and wilder ray

Of a meteor on its ray.  
Lonely was her childhood's time,  
Lonelier was her maiden prime;  
And she wearied of the hours  
Wasted in those gloomy towers;  
Sometimes through the sunny sky  
She would watch the swallows fly;  
Making of the air a bath,  
In a thousand joyous rings:  
She would ask of them their path,  
She would ask of them their wings.  
Once her stately mother came,  
With her dark eye's funeral flame,  
And her cheek as pale as death,  
And her cold and whispering breath;  
With her sable garments bound  
By a mystic girdle round,  
Which, when to the east she turned,  
With a sudden lustre burned.  
Once that ladye, dark and tall,  
Stood upon the castle wall;  
And she marked her daughter's eyes  
Fix'd upon the glad sunrise,  
With a sad yet eager look,  
Such as fixes on a book  
Which describes some happy lot,  
Lit with joys that we have not.  
And the thought of what has been,  
And the thought of what might be,  
Makes us crave the fancied scene,  
And despise reality.  
'Twas a drear and desert plain  
Lay around their own domain;  
But, far off, a world more fair  
Outlined on the sunny air;  
Hung amid the purple clouds,  
With which early morning shrouds  
All her blushes, brief and bright,  
Waking up from sleep and night.  
In a voice so low and dread,  
As a voice that wakes the dead;  
Then that stately lady said:

'Daughter of a kingly line,—  
"Daughter, too, of race like mine,—  
'Such a kingdom had been thine;  
'For thy father was a king,  
'Whom I wed with word and ring.  
'But in an unhappy hour,  
'Did he pass my secret bower,—  
"Did he listen to the word,  
'Mortal ear hath never heard;  
'From that hour of grief and pain  
'Might we never meet again.  
'Maiden, listen to my rede,  
'Punished for thy father's deed:  
'Here, an exile I must stay,  
'While he sees the light of day.

'Child, his race is mixed in thee,  
'With mine own more high degree.  
'Hadst thou at Christ's altar stood,  
'Bathed in His redeeming flood;  
'Thou of my wild race had known  
'But its loveliness alone.  
'Now thou hast a mingled dower,  
'Human passion—fairy power.  
'But forefend thee from the last:  
'Be its gifts behind thee cast.  
'Many tears will wash away  
'Mortal sin from mortal clay.  
'Keep thou then a timid eye  
'On the hopes that fill yon sky;  
'Bend thou with a suppliant knee,  
'And thy soul yet saved may be; —  
"Saved by Him who died to save  
'Man from death beyond the grave.'

Easy 'tis advice to give,  
Hard it is advice to take  
Years that lived—and years to live,  
Wide and weary difference make.  
To that elder ladye's mood,  
Suited silent solitude:  
For her lorn heart's wasted soil



Now repaid not hope's sweet toil.  
Never more could spring-flowers grow,  
On the worn-out soil below;  
But to the young Melusine,  
Earth and heaven were yet divine.  
Still illusion's purple light  
Was upon the morning tide,  
And there rose before her sight  
The loveliness of life untried.  
Three sweet genii,—Youth, Love, Hope,—  
Drew her future horoscope.

Must such lights themselves consume?  
Must she be her own dark tomb?  
But far other thoughts than these—  
Life's enchanted phantasies,  
Were with Melusina now,  
Stern and dark contracts her brow;  
And her bitten lip is white,  
As with passionate resolve,  
Muttered she,—'It is my right;  
'On me let the task devolve:  
'Since such blood to me belongs;  
'It shall seek its own bright sphere;  
'I will well avenge the wrongs  
'Of my mother exiled here.'

Two long years are come and past,  
And the maiden's lot is cast; —  
Cast in mystery and power,  
Worked out by the watching hour,  
By the word that spirits tell,  
By the sign and by the spell.  
Two long years have come and gone,  
And the maiden dwells alone.  
For the deed which she hath done,  
Is she now a banished one; —  
Banished from her mother's arms,  
Banished by her mother's charms,  
With a curse of grief and pain,  
Never more to meet again.  
Great was the revenge she wrought,

Dearly that revenge was bought.

When the maiden felt her powers,  
Straight she sought her father's towers.  
With a sign, and with a word,  
Passed she on unseen, unheard,  
One, a pallid minstrel born  
On Good Friday's mystic morn,  
Said he saw a lady there,  
Tall and stately, strange and lair,  
With a stern and glittering eye,  
Like a shadow gliding by.  
All was fear and awe next day,  
For the king had passed away.  
He had pledged his court at night,  
In the red grape's flowing light.  
All his pages saw him sleeping;  
Next day there was wail and weeping.  
Halls and lands were wandered o'er,  
But they saw their king no more.  
Strange it is, and sad to tell,  
What the royal knight befell.  
Far upon a desert land,  
Does a mighty mountain stand;

On its summit there is snow,  
While the bleak pines moan below;  
And within there is a cave  
Opened for a monarch's grave  
Bound in an enchanted sleep  
She hath laid him still and deep.  
She, his only child, has made  
That strange tomb where he is laid:  
Nothing more of earth to know,  
Till the final trumpet blow.  
Mortal lip nor mortal ear,  
Were not made to speak nor hear  
That accursed word which sealed,—  
All those gloomy depths concealed.  
With a look of joy and pride,  
Then she sought her mother's side.  
Whispering, on her bended knee,

'Oh! my mother, joyous be;

'For the mountain torrents spring  
'O'er that faithless knight and king.'  
Not another word she spoke,  
For her speech a wild shriek broke;  
For the widowed queen upsprung,  
Wild her pale thin hands she wrung.  
With her black hair falling round,  
Flung her desperate on the ground;  
While young Melusine stood by,  
With a fixed and fearful eye.  
When her agony was past,  
Slowly rose the queen at last;  
With her black hair, like a shroud,  
And her bearing high and proud;  
With the marble of her brow,  
Colder than its custom now;  
And her eye with a strange light  
Seem'd to blast her daughter's sight.

And she felt her whole frame shrink,  
And her young heart's pulses sink;  
And the colour left her mouth,  
As she saw her mother signing,  
One stern hand towards the south,  
Where a strange red star was shining.  
With a muttered word and gaze,  
Fixed upon its vivid rays;  
Then she spoke but in a tone,  
Her's, yet all unlike her own.—  
"Spirit of our spirit-line,  
'Curse for me this child of mine.  
'Six days yield not to our powers,  
'But the seventh day is ours.  
'By yon star, and by our line,  
'Be thou cursed, maiden mine.'  
Then the maiden felt hot pain  
Run through every burning vein.

Sudden with a fearful cry  
Writhes she in her agony;

Burns her cheek as with a flame,  
For the maiden knows her shame.

PART II.

By a lovely river's side,  
Where the water-lilies glide,  
Pale, as if with constant care  
Of the treasures which they bear;  
For those ivory vases hold  
Each a sunny gilt of gold.  
And blue flowers on the banks,  
Grow in wild and drooping ranks,  
Bending mournfully above,  
O'er the waters which they love;  
But which bear off, day by day,  
Their shadow and themselves away.

Willows by that river grow  
With their leaves half green, half snow,  
Summer never seems to be  
Present all with that sad tree.  
With its bending boughs are wrought  
Tender and associate thought,  
Of the wreaths that maidens wear  
In their long neglected hair.  
Of the branches that are thrown  
On the last, the funeral stone.  
And of those torn wreaths that suit  
Youthful minstrel's wasted lute.  
But the stream is gay to-night  
With the full-moon's golden light,  
And the air is sweet with singing,  
And the joyous horn is ringing,  
While fair groups of dancers round  
Circle the enchanted ground.

And a youthful warrior stands  
Gazing not upon those bands,  
Not upon the lovely scene,  
But upon its lovelier queen,  
Who with gentle word and smile  
Courteous prays his stay awhile.

The fairy of the fountains, she  
A strange and lovely mystery,  
She of whom wild tales have birth,  
When beside a winter hearth,  
By some aged crone is told,  
Marvel new or legend old.  
But the lady fronts him there,  
He but sees she is so fair,  
He but hears that in her tone  
Dwells a music yet unknown;

He but feels that he could die  
For the sweetness of her sigh.  
But how many dreams take flight  
With the dim enamoured night;  
Cold the morning light has shone,  
And the fairy train are gone,  
Melted in the dewy air,  
Lonely stands young Raymond there.  
Yet not all alone, his heart  
Hath a dream that will not part  
From that beating heart's recess;  
What that dream may lovers guess.

Yet another year hath flown  
In a stately hall alone,  
Like an idol in a shrine  
Sits the radiant Melusine.

It is night, yet o'er the walls,  
Light, but light unearthly, falls.  
Not from lamp nor taper thrown,  
But from many a precious stone,  
With whose variegated shade  
Is the azure roof inlaid,  
And whose coloured radiance throws  
Hues of violet and rose.  
Sixty pillars, each one shining  
With a wreath of rubies twining,  
Bear the roof—the snow-white floor  
Is with small stars studded o'er.  
Sixty vases stand between,

Filled with perfumes for a queen;  
And a silvery cloud exhales  
Odours like those fragrant gales,  
Which at eve float o'er the sea  
From the purple Araby.

Nothing stirs the golden gloom  
Of that dim enchanted room.  
Not a step is flitting round,  
Not a noise, except the sound  
Of the distant fountains falling,  
With a soft perpetual calling,  
To the echoes which reply  
Musical and mournfully.

Sits the fairy ladye there,  
Like a statue, pale and fair;  
From her cheek the rose has fled,  
Leaving deeper charms instead.  
On that marble brow are wrought  
Traces of impassioned thought;  
Such as without shade or line  
Leave their own mysterious sign.

While her eyes, they are so bright,  
Dazzle with imperious light.  
Wherefore doth the maiden bend?  
Wherefore doth the blush ascend,  
Crimson even to her brow,  
Sight nor step are near her now?  
Hidden by her sweeping robe,  
Near her stands a crystal globe,  
Gifted with strange power to show  
All that she desires to know.

First she sees her palace gate,  
With its steps of marble state;  
Where two kneeling forms seem weeping  
O'er the watch which they are keeping,  
While around the dusky boughs  
Of a gloomy forest close,  
Not for those that blush arose.

But she sees beside the gate,  
A young and anxious palmer wait;  
Well she knows it is for her,  
He has come a worshipper.  
For a year and and for a day.  
Hath he worn his weary way;  
Now a sign from that white hand,  
And the portals open stand.  
But a moment, and they meet,  
Raymond kneels him at her feet;  
Reading in her downcast eye,  
All that woman can reply.  
Weary, weary had the hours  
Passed within her fairy bowers;  
She was haunted with a dream  
Of the knight beside the stream.  
Who hath never felt the sense  
Of such charmed influence.

When the shapes of midnight sleep  
One beloved object keep,  
Which amid the cares of day  
Never passes quite away?  
Guarded for the sweetest mood  
Of our happy solitude,  
Linked with every thing we love,  
Flower below, or star above:  
Sweet spell after sweet spell thrown  
Till the wide world is its own.  
Turned the ladye deadly pale,  
As she heard her lover's tale,  
'Yes,' she said, oh! low sweet word,  
Only in a whisper heard.  
'Yes, if my true heart may be  
Worthy, Christian knight, of thee,  
By the love that makes thee mine  
I am deeply, dearly thine.

But a spell is on me thrown,  
Six days may each deed be shown.  
But the seventh day must be

Mine, and only known to me.  
Never must thy step intrude  
On its silent solitude.  
Hidden from each mortal eye  
Until seven years pass by.  
When these seven years are flown,  
All my secret may be known.  
But if, with suspicious eye,  
Thou on those dark hours wilt pry,  
Then farewell, beloved in vain,  
Never might we meet again.'  
Gazing on one worshipped brow,  
When hath lover spared a vow?  
With an oath and with a prayer  
Did he win the prize he sought.

Never was a bride so fair  
As the bride that Raymond brought  
From the wood's enchanted bowers  
To his old ancestral towers.  
—Oh, sweet love, could thy first prime  
Linger on the steps of time,  
Man would dream the unkind skies  
Sheltered still a Paradise.  
But, alas, the serpent's skill  
Is amid our garden still.  
Soon a dark inquiring thought  
On the baron's spirit wrought:  
She, who seemed to love him so,  
Had she aught he might not know?  
Was it wo, how could she bear  
Grief he did not soothe nor share?  
Was it guilt? no—heaven's own grace  
Lightened in that loveliest face.

Then his jealous fancies rose,  
(Our Lady keep the mind from those!)  
Like a fire within the brain,  
Maddens that consuming pain.  
Henceforth is no rest by night,  
Henceforth day has no delight.  
Life hath agonies that tell



Of their late left native hell.  
But mid their despair is none  
Like that of the jealous one.  
'Tis again the fatal day,  
When the ladye must away,  
To her lonely palace made  
Far within the forest shade,  
Where the mournful fountains sweep  
With a voice that seems to weep.  
On that morn Lord Raymond's bride  
Ere the daybreak leaves his side.

Never does the ladye speak  
But her tears are on his cheek,  
And he hears a stifled moan  
As she leaves him thus alone.  
Hath she then complaint to make,  
Is there yet some spell to break?  
Come what will, of weal or wo,  
'Tis the best the worst to know.

He hath followed—wo, for both,  
That the knight forgot his oath.  
Where the silvery fountains fall,  
Stands no more the charmed hall;  
But the dismal yew-trees droop,  
And the pines above them stoop,  
While the gloomy branches spread,  
As they would above the dead,

In some churchyard large and drear  
Haunted with perpetual fear.  
Dark and still like some vast grave,  
Near there yawns a night-black cave.  
O'er its mouth wild ivy twines  
There the daylight never shines.  
Beast of prey or dragon's lair,  
Yet the knight hath entered there.  
Dimly doth the distant day  
Scatter an uncertain ray,  
While strange shapes and ghastly eyes  
Mid the spectral darkness rise.

But he hurries on, and near  
He sees a sudden light appear,  
Wan and cold like that strange lamp  
Which amid the charnel's damp  
Shows but brightens not the gloom  
Of the corpse and of the tomb.

With a cautious step he steals  
To the cave that light reveals.  
'Tis such grotto as might be,  
Nereid's home beneath the sea.  
Crested with the small bright stars  
Of a thousand rainbow spars.  
And a fountain from the side  
Pours beneath its crystal tide,  
In a white and marble bath  
Singing on its silvery path;  
While a meteor's emerald rays  
O'er the lucid water plays.—  
Close beside, with wild flowers laid,  
Is a couch of green moss made.  
There he sees his lady lie;  
Pain is in her languid eye,  
And amid her hair the dew  
Half obscures its golden hue;

Damp and heavy, and unbound,  
Its wan clusters sweep around.  
On her small hand leans her head,—  
See the fevered cheek is red,  
And the fiery colour rushes  
To her brow in hectic blushes.—  
What strange vigil is she keeping!  
He can hear that she is weeping.—  
He will fling him at her feet,  
He will kiss away her tears.  
Ah, what doth his wild eyes meet,  
What below that form appears?  
Downwards from that slender waist,  
By a golden zone embraced,  
Do the many folds escape,  
Of the subtle serpent's shape.—

Bright with many-coloured dyes  
All the glittering scales arise,

With a red and purple glow  
Colouring the waves below!  
At the strange and fearful sight,  
Stands in mute despair the knight,—  
Soon to feel a worse despair,  
Melusina sees him there!  
And to see him is to part  
With the idol of her heart,  
Part as just the setting sun  
Tells the fatal day is done.  
Vanish all those serpent rings,  
To her feet the lady springs,  
And the shriek rings through the cell,  
Of despairing love's farewell,—  
Hope and happiness are o'er,  
They can meet on earth no more.  
Years have past since this wild tale—  
Still is heard that lady's wail,  
Ever round that ancient tower,  
Ere its lord's appointed hour.  
With a low and moaning breath  
She must mark approaching death,  
While remains Lord Raymond's line  
Doomed to wander and to pine.  
Yet, before the stars are bright,  
On the evening's purple light,  
She beside the fountain stands  
Wringing sad her shadowy hands.  
May our Lady, as long years  
Pass with their atoning tears,  
Pardon with her love divine  
The fountain fairy—Melusine!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Fairy Queen Sleeping. By Stothard

She lay upon a bank, the favourite haunt  
Of the spring wind in its first sunshine hour,  
For the luxuriant strawberry blossoms spread  
Like a snow-shower there, and violets  
Bow'd down their purple vases of perfume  
About her pillow,--link'd in a gay band  
Floated fantastic shapes, these were her guards,  
Her lithe and rainbow elves.

WE have been o'er land and sea,  
Seeking lovely dreams for thee,--  
Where is there we have not been  
Gathering gifts for our sweet queen?  
We are come with sound and sight  
Fit for fairy's sleep to-night,--  
First around thy couch shall sweep  
Odours, such as roses weep  
When the earliest spring rain  
Calls them into life again;  
Next upon thine ear shall float  
Many a low and silver note,  
Stolen from a dark-eyed maid  
When her lover's serenade,  
Rising as the stars grew dim,  
Waken'd her from thoughts of him.  
There shall steal o'er lip and cheek  
Gales, but all too light to break  
Thy soft rest,--such gales as hide  
All day orange-flowers inside,  
Or that, while hot noontide, dwell  
In the purple hyacinth bell;  
And before thy sleeping eyes  
Shall come glorious pageantries,--  
Palaces of gems and gold,  
Such as dazzle to behold,--  
Gardens, in which every tree  
Seems a world of bloom to be,--  
Fountains, whose clear waters show

The white pearls that lie below.--  
During slumber's magic reign  
Other times shall live again;  
First thou shalt be young and free  
In thy days of liberty,--  
Then again be woo'd and won  
By thy stately OBERON .  
Or thou shalt descend to earth,  
And see all of mortal birth.

No, that world's too full of care  
For e'en dreams to linger there.  
But, behold, the sun is set,  
And the diamond coronet  
Of the young moon is on high  
Waiting for our revelry;  
And the dew is on the flower,  
And the stars proclaim our hour;  
Long enough thy rest has been,  
Wake, TITANIA , wake our queen!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Funeral

MARK you not yon sad procession;  
'Mid the ruin'd abbey's gloom,  
Hastening to the worm's possession,  
To the dark and silent tomb!

See the velvet pall hangs over  
Poor mortality's remains;  
We should shudder to discover  
What that coffin's space contains.

Death itself is lovely—wearing  
But the colder shape of sleep;  
Or the solemn statue bearing  
Beauty that forbids to weep.

But decay—the pulses tremble  
When its livid signs appear;  
When the once-loved lips resemble  
All we loathe, and all we fear.

Is it not a ghastly ending  
For the body's godlike form,  
Thus to the damp earth descending,  
Food and triumph to the worm?

Better far the red pile blazing  
With the spicy Indian wood,  
Incense unto heaven raising  
From the sandal oil's sweet flood.

In the bright pyre's kindling flashes,  
Let my yielded soul ascend;  
Fling to the wild winds my ashes  
'Till with mother-earth they blend.

Not so,—let the pale urn keep them;  
Touch'd with spices, oil, and wine;  
Let there be some one to weep them;  
Wilt thou keep that urn? Love mine!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Hindoo Girl's Song

FLOAT on—float on—my haunted bark,  
Above the midnight tide;  
Bear softly o'er the waters dark  
The hopes that with thee glide.

Float on—float on—thy freight is flowers,  
And every flower reveals  
The dreaming of my lonely hours,  
The hope my spirit feels.

Float on—float on—thy shining lamp,  
The light of love, is there;  
If lost beneath the waters damp,  
That love must then despair.

Float on—beneath the moonlight float  
The sacred billows o'er:  
Ah, some kind spirit guards my boat,  
For it has gained the shore.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# The Minster

DIM thro' the sculptured aisles the sunbeam falls  
More like a dream  
Of some imagined beam,  
Than actual daylight over mortal walls.

A strain of music like the rushing wind,  
But deep and sweet  
As when the waters meet  
In one mysterious harmony combined.

So swells the mighty organ, rich and full,  
As if it were the soul  
Which raised the glorious whole  
Of that fair building, vast and wonderful.

Doth not the spirit feel its influence,  
All vain and feverish care,  
All thoughts that worldly are,  
Strife, tumult, mirth, and fear are vanished hence.

The world is put aside, within the heart  
Those hopes arise  
Thrice sacred mysteries,  
In which our earthly nature has no part.

Oh, Christian Fane, the soul expands in thee,  
Thine altar and thy tomb  
Speak of the hope and doom  
Which leads and cheers man to eternity.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Nizam's Daughter

SHE is yet a child in years,  
Twelve springs are on her face,  
Yet in her slender form appears  
The woman's perfect grace.  
Her silken hair, that glossy black,  
But only to be found  
There, or upon the raven's back,  
Falls sweeping to the ground.

'Tis parted in two shining braids  
With silver and with gold,  
And one large pearl by contrast aids  
The darkness of each fold.  
And for she is so young, that flowers  
Seem natural to her now,  
There wreaths the champac's snowy showers  
Around her sculptured brow.

Close to her throat the silvery vest  
By shining clasps is bound,  
Scarce may her graceful shape be guest,  
Mid drapery floating round.  
But the small curve of that veined throat,  
Like marble, but more warm,  
The fairy foot and hand denote  
How perfect is the form.

Upon the ankle and the wrist  
There is a band of gold,  
No step by Grecian fountain kiss'd,  
Was of diviner mould.  
In the bright girdle round her waist,  
Where the red rubies shine,  
The kandjar's glittering hilt is placed,  
To mark her royal line.

Her face is like the moonlight pale,  
Strangely and purely fair,  
For never summer sun nor gale

Has touched the softness there.  
There are no colours of the rose,  
Alone the lip is red;  
No blush disturbs the sweet repose  
Which o'er that cheek is shed.

And yet the large black eyes, like night,  
Have passion and have power;  
Within their sleepy depths is light  
For some wild waking hour.  
A world of sad and tender dreams  
'Neath those long lashes sleep,  
A native pensiveness that seems  
Too still and sweet to weep.

Of such seclusion know we nought:  
Yet surely woman here  
Grows shrouded from all common thought,  
More delicate and dear.  
And love, thus made a thing apart,  
Must seem the more divine,  
When the sweet temple of the heart  
Is a thrice-veiled shrine.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Oriental Nosegay. By Pickersgill

THROUGH the light curtains came the perfumed air,  
And flung them back and show'd a garden, where  
The eye could just catch glimpses of those trees  
Which send sweet messages upon the breeze  
To lull a maiden's sleep, and fan her cheek,  
When inward thoughts in outward blushes speak.  
Bequeath's a silken couch, just fit to be  
A snowy shrine for some fair deity;  
And there a beauty rests, lovely as those  
Enchanted visions haunting the repose  
Of the young poet, when his eyelids shut  
To dream that love they have but dream'd as yet;--  
But dream'd! Alas, that love should ever be  
A happiness but made for phantasie!  
And flowers are by her side, and her dark eye  
Seems as it read in them her destiny.  
She knew whose hand had gather'd them, she knew  
Whose sigh and touch were on their scent and hue.

Beautiful language! Love's peculiar, own,  
But only to the spring and summer known.  
Ah! little marvel in such clime and age  
As that of our too earth-bound pilgrimage,  
That we should daily hear that love is fled,  
And hope grown pale, and lighted feelings dead.

Not for the cold, the careless to impart,  
By such sweet signs, the silence of the heart:  
But surely in the countries where the sun  
Lights loveliness in all he shines upon,--  
Where love is as a mystery and a dream,  
One single flower upon life's troubled stream;  
There, there, perchance, may the young bosom thrill,  
Feeling and fancy linger with love still.

She look'd upon the blossoms, and a smile,  
A twilight one, lit up her lip the while.  
Surely her love is blest, no leaves are there  
That aught of lover's misery declare.

True, 'mid them is that pale and pining flower,  
Whose dim blue colour speaks an absent hour;  
Yet it is nothing but that tender sorrow  
Of those who part to-day to meet to-morrow:

For there are hope and constancy beside,  
And are not these to happiness allied;  
And yet upon that maiden's cheek is caught  
A summer evening's shade of pensive thought,  
As if these large soft eyes knew all their fate,  
How the heart would its destiny create,--  
At once too tender, and too passionate;--  
Too made for happiness to be happy here,  
An angel fetter'd to an earthly sphere.--  
And those dark eyes, so large, so soft, so bright,  
So clear as if their very tears were light;  
They tell that destiny, art thou not one  
To whom love will be like the summer sun  
That feeds the diamond in the secret mine,  
Then calls it from its solitude to shine,  
And piece by piece be broken. Watch the bloom,  
And mark its fading to an early tomb,  
And read in the decay upon it stealing  
Of thy own wasted hope and wither'd feeling,--  
Ay, fitting messengers for love! as fair,  
As quickly past as his own visions are;--  
Fling, fling the flowers away!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Orphan

Alone, alone! - no other face  
Wears kindred smile, kindred line;  
And yet they say my mother's eyes.  
They say my father's brow, is mine;  
And either had rejected to see  
The other's likeness in my face,  
But now it is a stranger's eye,  
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,  
His home and tomb alike the wave;  
And I was early taught to weep,  
Beside my youthful mother's grave.  
I wish I could recall one look, -  
But only one familiar tone;  
If I had aught of memory,  
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,  
In search of love I cannot find,  
Till I could fancy soothing words  
Are whisper'd by the ev'ning wind:  
I gaze upon the watching stars,  
So clear, so beautiful above,  
Till I could dream they look on me  
With something of an answering love.

My mother! does thy gentle eye  
Look from those distant stars on me?  
Or does the wind at ev'ning bear  
A message to thy child from thee?  
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine  
Again a parent's love to share?  
I often kneel beside thy grave,  
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell! - 'tis eventide,  
I will not weep, but I will pray:  
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou

Alone canst be the orphan's stay!  
Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,  
Are equal to their Maker's love.  
And I can say, 'Thy will be done,'  
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Pilgrim

Vain folly of another age,  
This wandering over earth,  
To find the peace by some dark sin  
Banish'd our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines  
Wave over sacred ground,  
And Carmel's consecrated rose  
Springs from a hallow'd mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,  
And blessed is their name;  
But even in such a sacred spot,  
Are sin and woe the same.

O pilgrim! with each toilsome step,  
Vain every weary day;  
There is no charm in soil or shrine,  
To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tear, return  
To those who weep at home;  
To dry their tears will more avail,  
Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with shame,  
The guilt that lured before;  
Remember, He who said, 'Repent,'  
Said also, 'Sin no more.'

Return, and in thy daily round  
Of duty and of love,  
Thou best wilt find that patient faith  
Which lifts the soul above.

In ev'ry innocent prayer, each child  
Lisps at his father's knee: -  
If thine has been to teach that prayer,  
There will be hope for thee.



There is a small white church, that stands  
Beside thy father's grave,  
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers,  
That sanctify and save.

Around thee draw thine own home-ties,  
And, with a chasten'd mind,  
In meek well-doing seek that peace,  
No wandering will find.

In charity and penitence,  
Thy sin will be forgiven: -  
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine,  
Whence prayers ascend to Heaven.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Poor

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor:  
The rich know not how hard  
It is to be of needful food  
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,  
They sleep on silk and down;  
And never think how heavily  
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal,  
With small pale faces round;  
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth  
When snow is on the ground.

They never by the window lean,  
And see the gay pass by;  
Then take their weary task again,  
But with a sadder eye.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Power Of Words

'Tis a strange mystery, the power of words!  
Life is in them, and death. A word can send  
The crimson colour hurrying to the cheek.  
Hurrying with many meanings; or can turn  
The current cold and deadly to the heart.  
Anger and fear are in them; grief and joy  
Are on their sound; yet slight, impalpable:--  
A word is but a breath of passing air.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Record

HE sleeps, his head upon his sword,  
His soldier's cloak a shroud;  
His church-yard is the open field,--  
Three times it has been plough'd:

The first time that the wheat sprung up  
'Twas black as if with blood,  
The meanest beggar turn'd away  
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,  
As it was wont to wave;  
None would have thought that golden corn  
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,  
His name a peasant's name,  
Not his the place of death that turns  
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,  
Trampled down where they fall,  
While on a single name is heap'd  
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave  
Lies in the open fields,  
Died not without a thought of all  
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,  
The lime trees almost hide,  
Bears on the walls the names of those  
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,  
His mother read it there,  
With pride,--oh! no, there could not be  
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark  
That peasant roll of fame,  
Will think on prouder ones, yet say  
This was a hero's name.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Reply Of The Fountain

HOW deep within each human heart,  
A thousand treasured feelings lie;  
Things precious, delicate, apart,  
Too sensitive for human eye.

Our purest feelings, and our best,  
Yet shrinking from the common view;  
Rarely except in song exprest,  
And yet how tender, and how true!

They wake, and know their power, when eve  
Flings on the west its transient glow;  
Yet long dark shadows dimly weave  
A gloom round some green path below.

Who dreams not then—the young dream on—  
Life traced at hope's delicious will;  
And those whose youth of heart is gone,  
Perhaps have visions dearer still.

They rise, too, when expected least,  
When gay yourself, amid the gay,  
The heart from revelry hath ceased  
To muse o'er hours long past away.

And who can think upon the past  
And not weep o'er it as a grave?  
How many leaves life's wreath has cast!  
What lights have sunk beneath the wave!

But most these deep emotions rise  
When, drooping o'er our thoughts alone,  
Our former dearest sympathies  
Come back, and claim us for their own.

Such mood is on the maiden's mind  
Who bends o'er yon clear fount her brow;  
Long years, that leave their trace behind,  
Long years, are present with her now.

Yet, once before she asked a sign  
From that wild fountain's plaintive song;  
And silvery, with the soft moonshine,  
Those singing waters past along.

It was an hour of beauty, made  
For the young heart's impassioned mood,  
For love of its sweet self afraid,  
For hope that colours solitude.

'Alas,' the maiden sighed, 'since first  
I said, Oh fountain, read my doom;  
What vainest fancies have I nursed,  
Of which I am myself the tomb!

'The love was checked—the hope was vain,  
I deemed that I could feel no more;  
Why, false one, did we meet again,  
To show thine influence was not o'er?

'I thought that I could never weep  
Again, as I had wept for thee,  
That love was buried cold and deep,  
That pride and scorn kept watch by me.

'My early hopes, my early tears  
Were now almost forgotten things,  
And other cares, and other years  
Had brought what all experience brings—

'Indifference, weariness, disdain,  
That taught and ready smile which grows  
A habit soon—as streams retain  
The shape and light in which they froze.

'Again I met that faithless eye,  
Again I heard that charmed tongue;  
I felt they were my destiny,  
I knew again the spell they flung.

'Ah! years have fled, since last his name

Was breathed amid the twilight dim;  
It was to dream of him I came,  
And now again I dream of him.

'But changed and cold, my soul has been  
Too deeply wrung, too long unmoved,  
Too hardened in life's troubled scene  
To love as I could once have loved.

'Sweet fountain, once I asked thy waves  
To whisper hope's enchanted spell;  
Now I but ask thy haunted caves  
To teach me how to say farewell.'

She leaned her head upon her hand,  
She gazed upon that fountain lone  
Which wandered by its wild-flower strand  
With a low, mournful, ceaseless moan.

It soothed her with a sweet deceit  
Of pity, murmured on the breeze;  
Ah deep the grief, which seeks to cheat  
Itself with fantasies like these.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# The Ruined Cottage

None will dwell in that cottage; for, they say  
Oppression reft it from an honest man,  
And that a curse clings to it. Hence the vine  
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;  
Hence weeds are in the garden; hence the hedge,  
Once sweet with honey suckle, is half-dead;  
And hence the gray moss on the apple tree.  
One once dwelt there, who, in his youth,  
Had been a soldier; and, when many days  
Had passed, he sought his native village,  
And sat down, to end his days in peace.  
He had one child, a little laughing thing,  
Whose dark eyes, he said, were like her mother's,  
She had left buried in a strange land.  
And time went on in comfort and content;  
And that fair girl had grown far taller  
Than the red-rose tree, her father planted  
On her first English birth-day. He had trained it  
Against an ash, till it became his pride,  
It was so rich in blossom and in beauty.  
It was called the tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal  
To all the finer feelings of the heart  
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,  
In truth, the house of love; and, more than all,  
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came,  
Among the first, to church. And Isabel,  
With her bright colour and her clear blue eyes,  
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;  
And, in the hymn, her sweet voice audible.  
Her father looked so fond of her, and then,  
From her looked up so thankfully to heaven.  
Then their small cottage was so very neat,  
Their garden filled with fruits and flowers and herbs;  
And in the winter there was no fireside  
So cheerful as their own.  
But other days  
And other fortunes came - and evil power;  
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped  
For better times; but ruin came at last,

And the old soldier left his dear home,  
And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,  
One of June's brightest days; the bee, the bird,  
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;  
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;  
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad;  
But the old man looked back upon his cottage,  
And wept aloud. They hurried him away,  
And the dear child, that would not leave his side!  
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven  
And the green grass, into a low dark cell,  
The windows shutting out the blessed sun  
With iron grating; and, for the first time,  
He threw him on the bed, and could not hear  
His Isabel's good night.

But the next morn

She was the earliest at the prison gate,  
The last on whom it closed, and her sweet voice  
And sweeter smile made him forget to pine.  
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,  
But every morning he could mark her cheek  
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones  
Get fainter and more faint; and a cold dew  
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw  
The sun shine through the grating of his cell,  
Yet Isabel came not. At every sound  
His heart-beat took away his breath;  
Yet still she came not near him. One sad day  
He marked the dull street, through the iron bars,  
That shut him from the world. At length,  
He saw a coffin carried carelessly along;  
And he grew desperate. He forced the bars;  
And he stood on the street, free and alone.  
He had no aim, no wish for liberty;  
He only felt one want - to see the corpse,  
That had no mourners. When they set it down,  
Ere it was lowered into the new-dug grave,  
A rush of passion came upon his soul;  
He tore off the lid, and saw the face  
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child.  
He lay down by the coffin quietly -  
His heart was broken!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Rush-Bearing At Ambleside

SUMMER is come, with her leaves and her flowers—  
Summer is come, with the sun on her hours;  
The lark in the clouds, and the thrush on the bough,  
And the dove in the thicket, make melody now.  
The noon is abroad, but the shadows are cool  
Where the green rushes grow in the dark forest pool.

We seek not the hedges where violets blow,  
There alone in the twilight of ev'ning we go;  
They are love-tokens offered, when heavy with dew,  
To a lip yet more fragrant—an eye yet more blue.  
But leave them alone to their summer-soft dream—  
We seek the green rushes that grow by the stream.

Away from the meadow, although the long grass  
Be filled with young flowers that smile as we pass;  
Where the bird's eye is bright as the sapphires that shine  
When the hand of a beauty is decked from the mine.  
We want not their gems, and we want not their flowers.  
But we seek the green rush in the dark forest bowers.

The cowslip is ringing its fairy-like chime,  
Sweet bells, by whose music Titania keeps time;  
The rose-bush is covered with cups that unfold  
Their petals that tremble in delicate gold.  
But we seek not their blossoms in garlands to blend,  
We seek the green rush where the willow-trees bend.

The green rush, the green rush, we bear it along  
To the church of our village with triumph and song;  
We strew the cold chancel, and kneel on it there,  
While its fresh odours rise with our voices in prayer.  
Hark the peal from the old tower in praise of it rings,  
Let us seek the green rush by the deep woodland springs.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Sea-Shore

I SHOULD like to dwell where the deep blue sea  
Rock'd to and fro as tranquilly,  
As if it were willing the halcyon's nest  
Should shelter through summer its beautiful guest.  
When a plaining murmur like that of a song,  
And a silvery line come the waves along:  
Now bathing—now leaving the gentle shore,  
Where shining sea-shells lay scattered o'er.

And children wandering along the strand,  
With the eager eye and the busy hand,  
Heaping the pebbles and green sea-weed,  
Like treasures laid up for a time of need.  
Or tempting the waves with their daring feet,  
To launch, perhaps, some tiny fleet:  
Mimicking those which bear afar  
The wealth of trade—and the strength of war.

I should love, when the sun-set reddened the foam,  
To watch the fisherman's boat come home,  
With his well-filled net and glittering spoil:  
Well has the noon-tide repaid its toil.  
While the ships that lie in the distance away  
Catch on their canvass the crimsoning ray;  
Like fairy ships in the tales of old,  
When the sails they spread were purple and gold.

Then the deep delight of the starry night,  
With its shadowy depths and dreamy light:  
When far away spreads the boundless sea,  
As if it imaged infinity.  
Let me hear the winds go singing by,  
Lulling the waves with their melody:  
While the moon like a mother watches their sleep,  
And I ask no home but beside the deep.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Sheperd Boy

LIKE some vision olden  
Of far other time,  
When the age was golden,  
In the young world's prime  
Is thy soft pipe ringing,  
O lonely shepherd boy,  
What song art thou singing,  
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining  
Of thy lowly lot,  
And thine own disdain  
Dost ask what thou hast not?  
Of the future dreaming,  
Weary of the past,  
For the present scheming,  
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting  
In thy summer home;  
Where the flowers inviting  
Tempt the bee to roam;  
Where the cowslip bending,  
With its golden bells,  
Of each glad hour's ending  
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him  
When he is alone,  
Every bird above him  
Sings its softest tone.  
Thankful to high Heaven,  
Humble in thy joy,  
Much to thee is given,  
Lowly shepherd boy.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Soldier's Funeral

The muffled drum rolled on the air,  
Warriors, with stately step, were there;  
On every arm was the black crape bound,  
Every carbine was turned to the ground;  
Solemn, the sound of their measured tread,  
As silent and slow, they followed the dead.

The riderless horse was led in the rear;  
There were white plumes waving over the bier;  
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,  
For, it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle plain,  
Where every step was over the slain;  
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,  
And he came to his native land, to die.

'Twas hard to come to that native land,  
And not clasp one familiar hand;  
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,  
Before he could hear his welcome said.

But, 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,  
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;  
To think, that the friends of his youth might weep,  
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound,  
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;  
A volley was fired, a blessing said,  
One moment's pause, and they left the dead.

I saw a poor and aged man -  
His step was feeble, his cheek was wan;  
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,  
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground;  
He raised his head, his tears were done -  
The father had prayed o'er his only son.





# The Soldier's Grave

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,  
Beneath is a soldier lying -  
The death-wound came, amid sword and plume,  
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,  
By wet wild flowers surrounded;  
The church shadow falls o'er the place of his rest,  
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears, that fell from manly eyes,  
There was woman's gentle weeping,  
And the wailing of age and infant cries,  
O'er the grave, where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,  
With his father's sword and blessing;  
He stood with the valiant, side by side,  
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,  
When the red campaign was over;  
One heart, that, in secret, had kept his name,  
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;-  
He left his sweet home for battle;  
Left his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,  
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again - but an altered man:  
The path of the grave was before him,  
And the smile, that he wore, was cold and wan,  
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory - spoke of cheer:-  
These are the words, that are vainly spoken  
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,  
Or the widow, whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,  
Half hidden by yonder willow;  
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,  
But he died on his own home pillow.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Sultana's Remonstrance

IT suits thee well to weep,  
As thou lookest on the fair land,  
Whose sceptre thou hast held  
With less than woman's hand.

On yon bright city gaze,  
With its white and marble halls,  
The glory of its lofty towers,  
The strength of its proud walls.

And look to yonder palace,  
With its garden of the rose,  
With its groves and silver fountains,  
Fit for a king's repose.

There is weeping in that city,  
And a cry of woe and shame,  
There's a whisper of dishonour,  
And that whisper is thy name.

And the stranger's feast is spread,  
But it is no feast of thine;  
In thine own halls accursed lips  
Drain the forbidden wine.

And aged men are in the streets,  
Who mourn their length of days,  
And young knights stand with folded arms,  
And eyes they dare not raise.

There is not one whose blood was not  
As the waves of ocean free,--  
Their fathers died for thy fathers,  
They would have died for thee.

Weep not, 'tis mine to weep,  
That ever thou wert born,  
Alas, that all a mother's love  
Is lost in a queen's scorn!

Yet weep, thou less than woman, weep,  
Those tears become thine eye,--  
It suits thee well to weep the land  
For which thou daredst not die.\*

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# The Troubadour. Canto 1

CALL to mind your loveliest dream,--  
When your sleep is lull'd by a mountain stream,  
When your pillow is made of the violet,  
And over your head the branches are met  
Of a lime-tree cover'd with bloom and bees,  
When the roses' breath is on the breeze,  
When odours and light on your eyelids press  
With summer's delicious idleness;  
And upon you some shadowy likeness may glance  
Of the faery banks of the bright Durance;  
Just where at first its current flows  
'Mid willows and its own white rose,--  
Its clear and early tide, or ere  
A shade, save trees, its waters bear.

The sun, like an Indian king, has left  
To that fair river a royal gift  
Of gold and purple; no longer shines  
His broad red disk o'er that forest of pines  
Sweeping beneath the burning sky  
Like a death-black ocean, whose billows lie  
Dreaming dark dreams of storm in their sleep  
When the wings of the tempest shall over them sweep.  
--And with its towers cleaving the red  
Of the sunset clouds, and its shadow spread  
Like a cloak before it, darkening the ranks  
Of the light young trees on the river's banks,  
And ending there, as the waters shone  
Too bright for shadows to rest upon,  
A castle stands; whose windows gleam  
Like the golden flash of a noon-lit stream  
Seen through the lily and water-flags' screen:  
Just so shine those panes through the ivy green,  
A curtain to shut out sun and air,  
Which the work of years has woven there.  
--But not in the lighted pomp of the west  
Looks the evening its loveliest;  
Enter yon turret, and round you gaze  
On what the twilight east displays:

One star, pure, clear, as if it shed  
The dew on each young flower's head;  
And, like a beauty of southern clime,  
Her veil thrown back for the first time,  
Pale, timid as she feared to own  
Her claim upon the midnight throne,  
Shows the fair moon her crescent sign.  
--Beneath, in many a serpentine,  
The river wanders; chesnut trees  
Spread their old boughs o'er cottages  
Where the low roofs and porticoes  
Are cover'd with the Provence rose.  
And there are vineyards: none might view  
The fruit o'er which the foliage weaves;  
And olive groves, pale as the dew  
Crusted its silver o'er the leaves.  
And there the castle garden lay  
With tints in beautiful array:  
Its dark green walks, its fountains falling,  
Its tame birds to each other calling;  
The peacock with its orient rings,  
The silver pheasant's gleaming wings;  
And on the breeze rich odours sent  
Sweet messages, as if they meant  
To rouse each sleeping sense to all  
The loveliness of evening's fall.--  
That lonely turret, is it not  
A minstrel's own peculiar spot?  
Thus with the light of shadowy grey  
To dream the pleasant hours away.

Slight columns were around the hall  
With wreathed and fluted pedestal  
Of green Italian marble made,  
In likeness of the palm-trees' shade;  
And o'er the ceiling starry showers  
Mingled with many-colour'd flowers,  
With crimson roses o'er her weeping,  
There lay that royal maiden sleeping--  
DANAE, she whom gold could move--  
How could it move her heart to love?  
Between the pillars the rich fold

Of tapestry fell, inwrought with gold,  
And many-colour'd silks which gave,  
Strange legends of the fair and brave.  
And there the terrace covered o'er  
With summer's fair and scented store;  
As grateful for the gentle care  
That had such pride to keep it fair.

And, gazing, as if heart and eye  
Were mingled with that lovely sky,  
There stood a youth, slight as not yet  
With manhood's strength and firmness set;  
But on his cold, pale cheek were caught  
The traces of some deeper thought,  
A something seen of pride and gloom,  
Not like youth's hour of light and bloom:  
A brow of pride, a lip of scorn,--  
Yet beautiful in scorn and pride--  
A conscious pride, as if he own'd  
Gems hidden from the world beside;  
And scorn, as he cared not to learn  
Should others prize those gems or spurn.  
He was the last of a proud race  
Who left him but his sword and name,  
And boyhood past in restless dreams  
Of future deeds and future fame.

But there were other dearer dreams  
Than the light'ning flash of these war gleams  
That fill'd the depths of RAYMOND'S heart;  
For his was now the loveliest part  
Of the young poet's life, when first,  
In solitude and silence nursed,  
His genius rises like a spring  
Unnoticed in its wandering;  
Ere winter cloud or summer ray  
Have chill'd, or wasted it away,  
When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd  
Shed their own richness over all,  
As waters from sweet woods distill'd  
Breathe perfume out where'er they fall.  
I know not whether Love can fling

A deeper witchery from his wing  
Than falls sweet Power of Song from thine.  
Yet, ah! the wreath that binds thy shrine,  
Though seemingly all bloom and light,  
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.  
Planet of wayward destinies  
Thy victims are thy votaries!  
Alas! for him whose youthful fire  
Is vowed and wasted on the lyre,--  
Alas! for him who shall essay,  
The laurel's long and dreary way!  
Mocking will greet, neglect will chill  
His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill;  
And, worst of all, that heartless praise  
Echoed from what another says.  
He dreams a dream of life and light,  
And grasps the rainbow that appears  
Afar all beautiful and bright,  
And finds it only formed of tears.  
Ay, let him reach the goal, let fame  
Pour glory's sunlight on his name,  
Let his songs be on every tongue,  
And wealth and honours round him flung:  
Then let him show his secret thought,  
Will it not own them dearly bought?  
See him in weariness fling down  
The golden harp, the violet crown;  
And sigh for all the toil, the care,  
The wrong that he has had to bear;  
Then wish the treasures of his lute  
Had been, like his own feelings, mute,  
And curse the hour when that he gave  
To sight that wealth, his lord and slave.

But RAYMOND was in the first stage  
Of life's enchanted pilgrimage:  
'Tis not for Spring to think on all  
The sear and waste of Autumn's fall:--  
Enough for him to watch beside  
The bursting of the mountain tide,  
To wander through the twilight shade  
By the dark, arching pine-boughs made,



And at the evening's starlit hour  
To seek for some less shadowy bower,  
Where dewy leaf, and flower pale,  
Made the home of the nightingale.  
Or he would seek the turret hall,  
And there, unheard, unseen of all,  
When even the night winds were mute,  
His rich tones answer'd to the lute;  
And in his pleasant solitude  
He would forget his wayward mood,  
And pour his spirit forth when none  
Broke on his solitude, save one.

There is a light step passing by  
Like the distant sound of music's sigh;  
It is that fair and gentle child,  
Whose sweetness has so oft beguiled,  
Like sunlight on a stormy day,  
His almost sullenness away.

They said she was not of mortal birth,  
And her face was fairer than face of earth:  
What is the thing to liken it to?  
A lily just dipp'd in the summer dew--  
Parian marble--snow's first fall?--  
Her brow was fairer than each and all.  
And so delicate was each vein's soft blue,  
'Twas not like blood that wander'd through.  
Rarely upon that cheek was shed,  
By health or by youth, one tinge of red;  
And never closest look could descry,  
In shine, or in shade, the hue of her eye:  
But as it were made of light, it changed,  
With every sunbeam that over it ranged;  
And that eye could look through the long dark lash,  
With the moon's dewy smile, or the lightning's flash.  
Her silken tresses, so bright and so fair,  
Stream'd like a banner of light on the air,  
And seldom its sunny wealth around  
Was chaplet of flowers or ribbon bound;  
But amid the gold of its thousand curls  
Was twisted a braid of snow-white pearls,--

They said 'twas a charmed spell; that before,  
This braid her nameless mother wore;  
And many were the stories wild  
Whisper'd of the neglected child.

LORD AMIRALD , (thus the tale was told),  
The former lord of the castle-hold,--  
LORD AMIRALD had followed the chase  
Till he was first and last in the race;  
The blood-dy'd sweat hung on his steed,  
Each breath was a gasp, yet he stay'd not his speed.  
Twice the dust and foam had been wash'd  
By the mountain torrent that over them dash'd;  
But still the stag held on his way,  
Till a forest of pine trees before them lay,  
And bounding and crashing boughs declare  
The stag and the hunter have enter'd there.  
On, on they went, till a greenwood screen  
Lay AMIRALD and his prey between:  
He has heard the creature sink on the ground,  
And the branches give way at his courser's bound.

The spent stag on the grass is laid;  
But over him is leant a maid,  
Her arms and fair hair glistening  
With the bright waters of the spring;  
And AMIRALD paused, and gazed, as seeing  
Were grown the sole sense of his being.

At first she heard him not, but bent  
Upon her pitying task intent;  
The summer clouds of hair that hung  
Over her brow were backwards flung,  
She saw him! Her first words were prayer  
Her gasping favourite's life to spare;  
But her next tones were soft and low,  
And on her cheek a mantling glow  
Play'd like a rainbow; and the eye  
That raised in pleading energy,  
Shed, starlike, its deep beauty round,  
Seem'd now as if to earth spell-bound.--  
They parted: but each one that night

Thought on the meeting at twilight.

It matters not, how, day by day,  
Love made his sure but secret way.  
Oh, where is there the heart but knows  
Love's first steps are upon the rose!

And here were all which still should be  
Nurses to Love's sweet infancy,--  
Hope, mystery, absence:--then each thought  
A something holy with it brought.  
Their sighs were breathed, their vows were given  
Before the face of the high Heaven,  
Link'd not with courtly vanities,  
But birds and blossoms, leaves and trees:--  
Love was not made for palace pride,  
For halls and domes--they met beside  
A marble fountain, overgrown  
With moss, that made it nature's own,  
Though through the green shone veins of snow,  
Like the small Fairy's paved ways,  
As if a relic left to show  
The luxury of departed days,  
And show its nothingness. The wave  
That princely brows was wont to lave  
Was left now for the wild bird's bill,  
And the red deer to drink their fill.  
Yet still it was as fair a spot  
As in its once more splendid lot:  
Around, the dark sweep of the pine  
Guarded it like a wood-nymph's shrine,  
And the gold-spotted moss was set  
With crowds of the white violet.  
One only oak grew by the spring,  
The forest's patriarch and king;  
A nightingale had built her nest  
In the green shadow of its rest;  
And in its hollow trunk the bees  
Dwelt in their honey palaces;  
And underneath its shelter stood,  
Leant like a beauty o'er the flood  
Watching each tender bud unclose,

A beautiful white Provence rose;--  
Yet wan and pale as that it knew  
What changing skies and sun could do;  
As that it knew, and, knowing, sigh'd,  
The vanity of summer pride;  
As watching could put off the hour  
When falls the leaf and fades the flower.  
Alas! that every lovely thing  
Lives only but for withering,--  
That spring rainbows and summer shine  
End but in autumn's pale decline.

And here the lovers met, what hour  
The bee departed from the flower,  
And droop'd the bud at being left,  
Or as ashamed of each sweet theft,  
What hour the soft wind bore along  
The nightingale's moonlighted song.

And AMIRALD heard her father's name,  
He whose it was, was link'd with fame:  
Though driven from his heritage,  
A hunted exile in his age,  
For that he would not bend the knee,  
And draw the sword at Rome's decree.

She led him to the lonely cot,  
And almost AMIRALD wish'd his lot  
Had been cast in that humbler life,  
Over whose peace the hour of strife  
Passes but like the storm at sea  
That wakes not earth's tranquillity.

In secret were they wed, not then  
Had AMIRALD power to fling again  
The banner of defiance wide  
To priestly pomp and priestly pride;  
But day by day more strong his hand,  
And more his friends, and soon the brand  
That in its wrongs and silence slept  
Had from its blood-stain'd scabbard leapt.  
But here are told such varying tales

That none may know where truth prevails;  
For there were hints of murder done,  
And deeds of blood that well might shun  
All knowledge; but the wildest one  
Was most believed: 'twas whisper'd round  
Lord AMIRALD in hunting found  
An evil spirit, but array'd  
In semblance of a human maid;  
That 'twas some holy word whose force  
Broke off their sinful intercourse.  
But this is sure, one evening late  
Lord AMIRALD reach'd his castle gate,  
And blood was on his spurs of gold,  
And blood was on his mantle's fold,--  
He flung it back, and on his arm  
A fair young child lay pillow'd warm;  
It stretch'd its little hands and smiled,  
And AMIRALD said it was his child,  
And bade the train their aid afford  
Suiting the daughter of their Lord.

Then sought his brother, but alone;  
Yet there were some who heard a tone  
Of stifled agony, a prayer  
His child should meet a father's care;  
And as he past the hall again  
He call'd around his vassal train,  
And bade them own his brother's sway.  
Then past himself like a dream away,--  
And from that hour none heard his name,  
No tale, no tidings of him came,  
Save a vague murmur, that he fell  
In fighting with the Infidel.

But his fair child grew like a flower  
Springing in March's earlier hour,  
'Mid storm and chill, yet loveliest--  
Though somewhat paler than the rest.

Perhaps it was her orphan'd state,  
So young, so fair, so desolate,--  
Somewhat of likeness in their fate

Made RAYMOND'S heart for her confess  
Its hidden depths of tenderness.  
Neglected both; and those that pine  
In love's despair and hope's decline,  
Can love the most when some sweet spell  
Breaks the seal on affection's well,  
And bids its waters flow like light  
Returning to the darken'd sight.  
And while his fallen fortunes taught  
RAYMOND'S proud solitude of thought,  
His spirit's cold, stern haughtiness  
In her was gentle mournfulness.  
The cold north wind which bows to earth  
The lightness of the willow's birth  
Bends not the mountain cedar trees;  
Folding their branches from the breeze,  
They stand as if they could defy  
The utmost rage of storm and sky.  
And she, she would have thought it sin  
To harbour one sweet thought within,  
In whose delight he had no part,--  
He was the world of her young heart.  
A childish fondness, yet revealing  
Somewhat of woman's deeper feeling,--  
Else wherefore is that crimson blush,  
As her cheek felt her bosom's rush  
Upon her face, while pausing now  
Her eyes are raised to RAYMOND'S brow,  
Who, lute-waked to a ballad old,  
A legend of the fair and bold.

BALLAD.

HE raised the golden cup from the board,  
It sparkled with purple wealth,  
He kist the brim her lip had prest,  
And drank to his ladye's health.

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine;  
Ever the smile of beauty should light  
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom  
Amid thy beautiful hair,  
Give me those roses, they shall be  
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,  
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dy'd of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,  
And beside his snow-white plume  
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,  
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watch'd her knight depart;  
She dash'd the tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watch'd the distant clouds  
Float on the distant air,  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came  
With her banner of pearl grey,  
And then afar she saw a band  
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks  
Were their crimson colours borne;  
And a stranger pennon droop'd beneath,  
But that was bow'd and torn:

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,  
No rider that spurr'd before;  
But the evening shadows were closing fast,  
And she could see no more.

She turn'd from her watch on the lonely tower

In haste to reach the hall,  
And as she sprang down the winding stair  
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,  
Then paused as if in fear;  
The ladye enter'd the hall, and saw  
Her true knight stretch'd on his bier!

THE song ceased, yet not with its tone  
Is the minstrel's vision wholly flown;  
But there he stood as if he had sent  
His spirit to rove on the element.

But EVA broke on his trance, and the while  
Play'd o'er her lip a sigh and a smile;--  
'Now turn thee from that evening sky,  
And the dreaming thoughts that are passing by,  
And give me those buds, thou hast pluck'd away  
The leaves of the rose round which they lay;  
Yet still the boon thrice fair will be,  
And give them for my tidings to me.  
A herald waits in the court to claim  
Aid in the Lady of Clarin's name;  
And well you know the fair CLOTILDE  
Will have her utmost prayer fulfill'd.  
Go to the hall at once, and ask  
That thine may be the glorious task  
To spread the banner to the day  
And lead the vassals to the fray.'--

He rush'd to the crowded hall, and there  
He heard the herald's words declare  
The inroad on her lands, the wrong  
The lonely Countess suffer'd long,  
And now SIR HERBERT'S arm'd array  
Before her very castle lay;  
But surely there was many a knight  
Whose sword would strike for lady's right;  
And surely many a lover's hand  
In such a cause would draw the brand.



And rush'd the blood, and flash'd the light  
To RAYMOND'S cheek, from RAYMOND'S eye,  
When he stood forth and claim'd the fight,  
And spoke of death and victory,  
Those words that thrill the heart when first  
Forth the young warrior's soul has burst.  
And smiled the castle lord to see  
His ward's impetuous energy.

'Well! get thy sword, the dawning day  
Shall see thee lead my best array;  
Suits it young warrior well to fight  
For lady's cause and lady's right?  
'Tis just a field for knight to win  
His maiden spurs and honours in.'

And RAYMOND felt as if a gush  
Of thousand waters in one rush  
Were on his heart, as if the dreams  
Of what, alas! life only seems,  
Wild thoughts and noontide revelries,  
Were turn'd into realities.  
Impatient, restless, first his steed  
Was hurried to its utmost speed:  
And next his falchion's edge was tried,  
Then waved the helmet's plume of pride,  
Then wandering through the courts and hall,  
He paused in none yet pass'd through all.

But there was one whose gentle heart  
Could ill take its accustom'd part  
In RAYMOND'S feelings, one who deem'd  
That almost unkind RAYMOND seem'd:--  
If thus the very name of war,  
Could fill so utterly each thought,  
How durst she hope, that when afar  
EVA would be to memory brought.  
Oh, she had yet the task to learn  
How often woman's heart must turn  
To feed upon its own excess  
Of deep yet passionate tenderness!  
How much of grief the heart must prove

That yields a sanctuary to love!

And ever since the crimson day  
Had faded into twilight grey,  
She had been in the gallery, where  
Hung, pictured, knight and lady fair,  
Where haughty brow, and lovely face,  
Show'd youth and maiden of her race.

With both it was a favourite spot,  
And names and histories which had not  
A record save in the dim light  
Tradition throws on memory's night  
To them were treasures; they could tell  
What from the first crusade befell.

There could not be a solitude  
More fitted for a pensive mood  
Than this old gallery,--the light  
Of the full moon came coldly bright--  
A silvery stream, save where a stain  
Fell from the pictured window pane,--  
A ruby flush, a purple dye,  
Like the last sun-streak on the sky,  
And lighted lip, and cheek of bloom  
Almost in mockery of the tomb.

How sad, how strange to think the shade,  
The copy faint of beauty made,  
Should be the only wreck that death  
Shall leave of so much bloom and breath.  
The cheek, long since the earth-worm's prey,  
Beside the lovely of to-day  
Here smiles as bright, as fresh, as fair,  
As if of the same hour it were.

There pass'd a step along the hall,  
And EVA started as if all  
Her treasures, secret until now,  
Burnt in the blush upon her brow.  
There was a something in their meeting,  
A conscious trembling in her greeting,

As coldness from his eye might hide  
The struggle of her love and pride;  
Then fears of all too much revealing  
Vanish'd with a reproachful feeling.

What, coldness! when another day  
And RAYMOND would be far away,  
When that to-morrow's rising sun  
Might be the last he look'd upon!

'Come, EVA , dear! by the moonlight  
We'll visit all our haunts to night.  
I could not lay me down to rest,  
For, like the feathers in my crest,  
My thoughts are waving to and fro.  
Come, EVA , dear! I could not go  
Without a pilgrimage to all  
Of garden, nook, and waterfall,--  
Where, amid birds, and leaves, and flowers,  
And gales that cool'd the sunny hours,  
With legend old, and plaining song,  
We found not summer's day too long.'

Through many a shadowy spot they past,  
Looking its loveliest and its last,  
Until they paused beneath the shade  
Of cypress and of roses made,--  
The one so sad, the one so fair,  
Just blent as love and sorrow are.  
And RAYMOND prayed the maiden gather,  
And twine in a red wreath together  
The roses. 'No,' she sigh'd 'not these  
Sweet children of the sun and breeze,  
Born for the beauty of a day,  
Dying as all fair things decay  
When loveliest,--these may not be,  
RAYMOND , my parting gift to thee.'  
From next her heart, where it had lain,  
She took an amber scented chain,  
To which a cross of gold was hung,  
And round the warrior's neck she flung  
The relique, while he kiss'd away

The warm tears that upon it lay.  
And mark'd they not the pale, dim sky  
Had lost its moonlit brilliancy,  
When suddenly a bugle rang,--  
Forth at its summons RAYMOND sprang,  
But turn'd again to say farewell  
To her whose gushing teardrops fell  
Like summer rain,--but he is gone!  
And EVA weeps, and weeps alone.

Dark was the shade of that old tower  
In the grey light of morning's hour;  
And cold and pale the maiden leant  
Over the heavy battlement,  
And look'd upon the armed show  
That hurrying throng'd the court below:  
With her white robe and long bright hair,  
A golden veil flung on the air,  
Like Peace prepared from earth to fly,  
Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high,  
In pity for the rage and crime  
That forced her to some fairer clime.  
When suddenly her pale cheek burn'd,  
For RAYMOND'S eye to her's was turn'd;  
But like a meteor past its flame--  
She was too sad for maiden shame.

She heard the heavy drawbridge fall,  
And RAYMOND rode the first of all;  
But when he came to the green height  
Which hid the castle from his sight,  
With useless spur and slacken'd rein,  
He was the laggard of the train.  
They paused upon the steep ascent,  
And spear, and shield, and breast-plate sent  
A light, as if the rising day  
Upon a mirror flash'd its ray.  
They pass on, EVA only sees  
A chance plume waving in the breeze,  
And then can see no more--but borne  
Upon the echo, came the horn;  
At last nor sight nor sound declare

Aught of what pass'd that morning there.

Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze,  
And play'd the sunlight o'er the trees,  
And roll'd the river's depths of blue  
Quiet as they were wont to do.  
And EVA felt as if of all  
Her heart were sole memorial.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Troubadour. Canto 2

THE first, the very first; oh! none  
Can feel again as they have done;  
In love, in war, in pride, in all  
The planets of life's coronal,  
However beautiful or bright,--  
What can be like their first sweet light?

When will the youth feel as he felt,  
When first at beauty's feet he knelt?

As if her least smile could confer  
A kingdom on its worshipper;  
Or ever care, or ever fear  
Had cross'd love's morning hemisphere.  
And the young bard, the first time praise  
Sheds its spring sunlight o'er his lays,  
Though loftier laurel, higher name,  
May crown the minstrel's noontide fame,  
They will not bring the deep content  
Of his lure's first encouragement.  
And where the glory that will yield  
The flush and glow of his first field  
To the young chief? Will RAYMOND ever  
Feel as he now is feeling?--Never.

The sun wept down or ere they gain'd  
The glen where the chief band remain'd.

It was a lone and secret shade,  
As nature form'd an ambuscade  
For the bird's nest and the deer's lair,  
Though now less quiet guests were there.  
On one side like a fortress stood  
A mingled pine and chesnut wood;  
Autumn was falling, but the pine  
Seem'd as it mock'd all change; no sign  
Of season on its leaf was seen,  
The same dark gloom of changeless green.  
But like the gorgeous Persian bands

'Mid the stern race of northern lands,  
The chesnut boughs were bright with all  
That gilds and mocks the autumn's fall.

Like stragglers from an army's rear  
Gradual they grew, near and less near,  
Till ample space was left to raise,  
Amid the trees, the watch-fire's blaze;  
And there, wrapt in their cloaks around,  
The soldiers scatter'd o'er the ground.

One was more crowded than the rest,  
And to that one was RAYMOND prest;--  
There sat the chief: kind greetings came  
At the first sound of RAYMOND'S name.  
'Am I not proud that this should be,  
Thy first field to be fought with me:  
Years since thy father's sword and mine  
Together dimm'd their maiden shine.  
We were sworn brothers; when he fell  
'Twas mine to hear his last farewell:  
And how revenged I need not say,  
Though few were left to tell that day.--

Thy brow is his, and thou wilt wield  
A sword like his in battle-field.  
Let the day break, and thou shalt ride  
Another RAYMOND by my side;  
And thou shalt win and I confer,  
To-morrow, knightly brand and spur.'

With thoughts of pride, and thoughts of grief,  
Sat RAYMOND by that stranger chief,  
So proud to hear his father's fame,  
So sad to hear that father's name,  
And then to think that he had known  
That father by his name alone;  
And aye his heart within him burn'd  
When his eye to DE VALENCE turn'd,  
Mark'd his high step, his warlike mien,--  
'And such my father would have been!'

A few words of years past away,  
A few words of the coming day,  
They parted, not that night for sleep;  
RAYMOND had thoughts that well might keep  
Rest from his pillow,--memory, hope,  
In youth's horizon had full scope  
To blend and part each varied line  
Of cloud and clear, of shade and shine.  
--He rose and wander'd round, the light  
Of the full moon fell o'er each height;  
Leaving the wood behind in shade,  
O'er rock, and glen, and rill it play'd.

He follow'd a small stream whose tide  
Was bank'd by lilies on each side,  
And there, as if secure of rest,  
A swan had built her lonely nest;  
And spread out was each lifted wing,  
Like snow or silver glittering.  
Wild flowers grew around the dale,  
Sweet children of the sun and gale;  
From every crag the wild vine fell,  
To all else inaccessible;  
And where a dark rock rose behind,  
Their shelter from the northern wind,  
Grew myrtles with their fragrant leaves,  
Veil'd with the web the gossamer weaves,  
So pearly fair, so light, so frail,  
Like beauty's self more than her veil.--

And first to gaze upon the scene,  
Quiet as there had never been  
Heavier step than village maid  
With flowers for her nuptial braid,  
Or louder sound than hermit's prayer,  
To crush its grass or load its air.  
Then to look on the armed train,  
The watch-fire on the wooded plain,  
And think how with the morrow's dawn,  
Would banner wave, and blade be drawn;  
How clash of steel, and trumpet's swell,  
Would wake the echoes of each dell.



--And thus it ever is with life,  
Peace sleeps upon the breast of Strife,  
But to be waken'd from its rest,  
Till comes that sleep the last and best.

And RAYMOND paused at last, and laid  
Himself beneath a chesnut's shade,  
A little way apart from all,  
That he might catch the waterfall,  
Whose current swept like music round,--  
When suddenly another sound  
Came on the ear; it was a tone,  
Rather a murmur than a song,  
As he who breathed deem'd all unknown  
The words, thoughts, echo bore along.  
Parting the boughs which hung between,  
Close, thick, as if a tapestried screen,  
RAYMOND caught sight of a white plume  
Waving o'er brow and cheek of bloom;  
And yet the song was sad and low,  
As if the chords it waked were woe.

#### SONG OF THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

YOUR scarf is bound upon my breast,  
Your colours dance upon my crest,--  
They have been soil'd by dust and rain,  
And they must wear a darker stain.

I mark'd thy tears as fast they fell,  
I saw but heard not thy farewell,  
I gave my steed the spur and rein,--  
I dared not look on thee again.

My cheek is pale, but not with fears,  
And I have dash'd aside my tears;  
This woman's softness of my breast  
Will vanish when my spear's in rest.

I know that farewell was our last,  
That life and love from me are past;  
For I have heard the fated sign

That speaks the downfall of our line.

I slept the soldier's tired sleep;  
But yet I heard the music sweep,  
Dim, faint, as when I stood beside  
The bed whereon my father died.

Farewell, sweet love! never again  
Will thine ear listen to the strain  
With which so oft at midnight's hour  
I've waked the silence of thy bower.

Farewell! I would not tears should stain  
Thy fair cheek with their burning rain:  
Tears, sweet! would an ill offering be  
To one whose death was worthy thee.

RAYMOND thought on that song next day  
When bleeding that young warrior lay,  
While his hand, in its death-pang, prest  
A bright curl to his wounded breast.

AND waning stars, and brightening sky,  
And on the clouds a crimson dye,  
And fresher breeze, and opening flowers,  
Tell the approach of morning hours.

Oh, how can breath, and light, and bloom,  
Herald a day of death and doom!  
With knightly pennons, which were spread  
Like mirror's for the morning's red,  
Gather the ranks, while shout and horn  
Are o'er the distant mountains borne.

'Twas a fair sight, that arm'd array  
Winding through the deep vale their way,  
Helmet and breast-plate gleaming in gold,  
Banners waving their crimson fold,  
Like clouds of the day-break: hark to the peal  
Of the war-cry, answer'd by clanging steel!  
The young chief strokes his courser's neck,  
The ire himself had provoked to check,

Impatient for that battle plain  
He may reach but never leave again;  
And with flashing eye and sudden start,  
He hears the trumpet's stately tone,  
Like the echo of his beating heart,  
And meant to rouse his ear alone.  
And by his side the warrior grey,  
With hair as white as the plumes that play  
Over his head, yet spurs he as proud,  
As keen as the youngest knight of the crowd:  
And glad and glorious on they ride  
In strength and beauty, power and pride.  
And such the morning, but let day  
Close on that gallant fair array,  
The moon will see another sight  
Than that which met the dawning light.--

Look on that field,--'tis the battle field!  
Look on what harvest victory will yield!  
There the steed and his rider o'erthrown,  
Crouch together, their warfare is done:  
The bolt is undrawn, the bow is unbent,  
And the archer lies like his arrow spent.  
Deep is the banner of crimson dyed,  
But not with the red of its morning pride;  
Torn and trampled with soil and stain,  
When will it float on the breeze again;--  
And over the ghastly plain are spread,  
Pillow'd together, the dying and dead.

There lay one with an unclosed eye  
Set in bright, cold vacancy,  
While on its fix'd gaze the moonbeam shone,  
Light mocking the eye whose light was gone;  
And by his side another lay,  
The life-blood ebbing fast away,  
But calm his cheek and calm his eye,  
As if leant on his mother's bosom to die.  
Too weak to move, he feebly eyed  
A wolf and a vulture close to his side,  
Watching and waiting, himself the prey,  
While each one kept the other away.

Little of this the young warrior deems  
When, with heart and head all hopes and dreams,  
He hastes for the battle:--The trumpet's call  
Waken'd RAYMOND the first of all;  
His the first step that to stirrup sprung,  
His the first banner upwards flung;  
And brow and cheek with his spirit glow'd,  
When first at DE VALENCE'S side he rode.

The quiet glen is left behind,  
The dark wood lost in the blue sky;  
When other sounds come on the wind,  
And other pennons float on high.  
With snow-white plumes and glancing crest,  
And standard raised, and spear in rest,  
On a small river's farther banks  
Wait their approach Sir HERBERT'S ranks.--  
One silent gaze, as if each band  
Could slaughter both with eye and hand.  
Then peals the war-cry! then the dash  
Amid the waters! and the crash  
Of spears,--the falchion's iron ring,--  
The arrow hissing from the string,  
Tell they have met. Thus from the height  
The torrent rushes in its might.

With the lightning's speed, the thunder's peal,  
Flashes the lance, and strikes the steel.  
Many a steed to the earth is borne,  
Many a banner trampled and torn;  
Or ever its brand could strike a blow,  
Many a gallant arm lies low;--  
Many a scarf, many a crest,  
Float with the leaves on the river's breast;  
And strange it is to see how around  
Buds and flowers strew the ground,  
For the banks were cover'd with wild rose trees,  
Oh! what should they do amid scenes like these.

In the blue stream, as it hovered o'er,  
A hawk was mirror'd, and before

Its wings could reach yon pine, which stands  
A bow-shot off from the struggling bands,  
The stain of death was on the flood,  
And the red waters roll'd dark with blood.--  
RAYMOND'S spear was the first that flew,  
He the first who dash'd the deep river through;  
His step the first on the hostile strand,  
And the first that fell was borne down by his hand.

The fight is ended:--the same sun  
Has seen the battle lost and won;  
The field is cover'd with dying and dead,  
With the valiant who stood, and the coward who fled.  
And a gallant salute the trumpets sound,  
As the warriors gather from victory around.

On a hill that skirted the purple flood,  
With his peers around, DE VALENCE stood,  
And with bended knee, and forehead bare,  
Save its cloud of raven hair,  
And beautiful as some wild star  
Come in its glory and light from afar,  
With his dark eyes flashing stern and bright,  
And his cheek o'erflooded with crimson light,  
And the foeman's banner over his head,  
His first field's trophy proudly spread,  
Knelt RAYMOND down his boon to name,--  
The knightly spurs he so well might claim:  
And a softness stole to DE VALENCE'S eyes,  
As he bade the new-made knight arise.--  
From his own belt he took the brand,  
And gave it into RAYMOND'S hand,  
And said it might a memory yield  
Of his father's friend, and his own first field.

Pleasant through the darkening night  
Shines from Clarin's towers the light.  
Home from the battle the warriors ride,  
In the soldiers' triumph, and soldiers' pride:  
The drawbridge is lower'd, and in they pour,  
Like the sudden rush of a summer shower,  
While the red torch-light bursts through the gloom,

Over banner and breast-plate, helm and plume.

Sudden a flood of lustre play'd  
Over a lofty ballustrade,  
Music and perfume swept the air,  
Messengers sweet for the spring to prepare;  
And like a sunny vision sent  
For worship and astonishment,  
Aside a radiant ladye flung  
The veil that o'er her beauty hung.

With stately grace to those below,  
She bent her gem encircled brow,  
And bade them welcome in the name  
Of her they saved, the castle's dame,  
Who had not let another pay  
Thanks, greeting to their brave array,--  
But she had vow'd the battle night  
To fasting, prayer, and holy rite.

On the air the last tones of the music die,  
The odour passes away like a sigh,  
The torches flash a parting gleam,  
And she vanishes as she came, like a dream.  
But many an eye dwelt on the shade,  
Till fancy again her form display'd,  
And still again seem'd many an ear  
The softness of her voice to hear.

And many a heart had a vision that night,  
Which future years never banish'd quite.

And sign and sound of festival  
Are ringing through that castle hall;  
Tapers, whose flame send a perfumed cloud,  
Flash their light o'er a gorgeous crowd;  
With a thousand colours the tapestry falls  
Over the carved and gilded walls,  
And, between, the polish'd oak pannels hear,  
Like dark mirrors, the image of each one there.  
At one end the piled up hearth is spread  
With sparkling embers of glowing red:

Above the branching antlers have place,  
Sign of many a hard won chase;  
And beneath, in many a polish'd line,  
The arms of the hunter and warrior shine;  
And around the fire, like a laurell'd arch,  
Raised for some victor's triumphal march,  
The wood is fretted with tracery fair,  
And green boughs and flowers are waving there.  
Lamps, like faery planets shine,  
O'er massive cups of the genial wine,  
And shed a ray more soft and fair  
Than the broad red gleam of the torch's glare;  
And, flitting like a rainbow, plays  
In beautiful and changing rays,  
When from the pictured windows fall  
The colour'd shadows o'er the hall;  
As every pane some bright hue lent  
To vary the lighted element.

The ladye of the festive board  
Was ward to the castle's absent lord;  
The Ladye ADELIN ,--the same  
Bright vision that with their greeting came  
Maidens four stood behind her chair,  
Each one was young, and each one fair;  
Yet they were but as the stars at night  
When the mood shines forth in her fullness of light  
On the knot of her wreathed hair was set  
A blood-red ruby coronet;  
But among the midnight cloud of curls  
That hung o'er her brow were eastern pearls,  
As if to tell their wealth of snow,  
How white her forehead could look below.  
Around her floated a veil of white,  
Like the silvery rack round the star of twilight;  
And down to the ground her mantle's fold  
Spread its length of purple and gold;  
And sparkling gems were around her arm,  
That shone like marble, only warm,  
With the blue veins wandering tide,  
And the hand with its crimson blush inside.  
A zone of precious stones embraced

The graceful circle of her waist,  
Sparkling as if they were proud  
Of the clasp to them allow'd.  
But yet there was 'mid this excess  
Of soft and dazzling loveliness,  
A something in the eye, and hand,  
And forehead, speaking of command:  
An eye whose dark flash seem'd allied  
To even more than beauty's pride,--  
A hand as only used to wave  
Its sign to worshipper and slave,--  
A forehead, but that was too fair  
To read of aught but beauty there!

And RAYMOND had the place of pride,  
The place so envied by her side,--  
The victor's seat,--and overhead  
The banner he had won was spread.  
His health was pledged!--he only heard  
The murmur of one silver word;  
The pageant seem'd to fade away,  
Vanish'd the board and glad array,  
The gorgeous hall around grew dim,  
There shone one only light for him,  
That radiant form, whose brightness fell  
In power upon him like a spell,  
Laid in its strength by Love to reign  
Despotic over heart and brain.  
Silent he stood amid the mirth,  
Oh, love is timid in its birth!  
Watching her lightest look or stir,  
As he but look'd and breathed with her.  
Gay words were passing, but he leant  
In silence; yet, one quick glance sent,--  
His secret is no more his own,  
When has woman her power not known?

The feast broke up:--that midnight shade  
Heard many a gentle serenade  
Beneath the lady's lattice. One  
Breathed after all the rest were gone.



## SERENADE.

SLEEP , ladye! for the moonlit hour,  
Like peace, is shining on thy bower;  
It is so late, the nightingale  
Has ended even his love tale.

Sleep, ladye! 'neath thy turret grows,  
Cover'd with flowers, one pale white rose;  
I envy its sweet sighs, they steep  
The perfumed airs that lull thy sleep.

Perchance, around thy chamber floats  
The music of my lone lute notes,--  
Oh, may they on thine eyelids fall,  
And make thy slumbers musical!

Sleep, ladye! to thy rest be given  
The gleamings of thy native heaven,  
And thoughts of early paradise,  
The treasures of thy sleeping eyes.

I NEED not say whose was the song  
The sighing night winds bore along.  
RAYMOND had left the maiden's side  
As one too dizzy with the tide  
To breast the stream, or strive, or shrink,  
Enough for him to feel, not think;  
Enough for him the dim sweet fear,  
The twilight of the heart, or ere  
Awakening hope has named the name  
Of love, or blown its spark to flame.

Restlessness, but as the winds range  
From leaf to leaf, from flower to flower;  
Changefulness, but as rainbows change,  
From colour'd sky to sunlit hour.  
Ay, well indeed may minstrel sing,--  
What have the heart and year like spring?

Her vow was done: the castle dame  
Next day to join the revellers came;

And never had a dame more gay  
O'er hall or festival held sway.  
And youthful knight, and ladye fair,  
And juggler quaint, and minstrel rare,  
And mirth, and crowds, and music, all  
Of pleasure gather'd at her call.

And RAYMOND moved as in a dream  
Of song and odour, bloom and beam,  
As he dwelt in a magic bower,  
Charm'd from all by fairy power.  
--And ADELIN rode out that morn,  
With hunting train, and hawk, and horn;  
And broider'd rein, and curb of gold,  
And housings with their purple fold  
Decked the white steed o'er which she leant  
Graceful as a young cypress, bent  
By the first summer wind: she wore  
A cap the heron plume waved o'er,  
And round her wrist a golden band,  
Which held the falcon on her hand.  
The bird's full eye, so clear, so bright,  
Match'd not her own's dark flashing light.

And RAYMOND , as he watch'd the dyes  
Of her cheek rich with exercise,  
Could almost deem her beauty's power  
Was now in its most potent hour;  
But when at night he saw her glance  
The gayest of the meteor dance,  
The jewels in her braided hair,  
Her neck, her arms of ivory bare,  
The silver veil, the broider'd vest,--  
Look'd she not then her loveliest?  
Ah, every change of beauty's face  
And beauty's shape has its own grace!  
That night his heart throbb'd when her hand  
Met his touch in the saraband:  
That night her smile first bade love live  
On the sweet life that hope can give.--

Beautiful, but thrice wayward, wild,

Capricious as a petted child,  
She was all chance, all change; but now  
A smile is on her radiant brow,--  
A moment and that smile is fled,  
Coldness and scorn are there instead.

Ended the dance, and ADELINE  
Flung herself, like an eastern queen,  
Upon the cushions which were laid  
Amid a niche of that gay hall,  
Hid from the lamps; around it play'd  
The softness of the moonlight fall.  
And there the gorgeous shapes past by  
But like a distant pageantry,  
In which you have yourself no share,  
For all its pride, and pomp, and care.

She pass'd her hand across the chords  
Of a lute near, and with soft words  
Answer'd; then said, 'no, thou shalt sing  
Some legend of the fair and brave.'  
To RAYMOND'S hand the lute she gave,  
Whose very soul within him burn'd  
When her dark eye on his was turn'd:  
One moment's pause, it slept not long,--  
His spirit pour'd itself in song.

ELENORE.

THE lady sits in her lone bower,  
With cheek wan as the white rose flower  
That blooms beside, 'tis pale and wet  
As that rose with its dew pearls set.

Her cheek burns with a redder dye,  
Flashes light from her tearful eye;  
She has heard pinions beat the air,  
She sees her white dove floating there;  
And well she knows its faithful wing,  
The treasure of her heart will bring;  
And takes the gentle bird its stand  
Accustom'd on the maiden's hand,

With glancing eye and throbbing breast,  
As if rejoicing in its rest.  
She read the scroll,--'dear love, to-night  
By the lake, all is there for flight  
What time the moon is down;--oh, then  
My own life shall we meet again!  
One upward look of thankfulness,  
One pause of joy, one fond caress  
Of her soft lips, as to reward  
The messenger of EGINHARD.

That night in her proud father's hall  
She shone the fairest one of all;  
For like the cloud of evening came  
Over her cheek the sudden flame,  
And varying as each moment brought  
Some hasty change of secret thought;  
As if its colour would confess  
The conscious heart's inmost recess.  
And the clear depths of her dark eye  
Were bright with troubled brilliancy,  
Yet the lids droop'd as with the tear  
Which might oppress but not appear.  
And flatteries, and smile and sigh  
Loaded the air as she past by.

It sparkled, but her jewell'd vest  
Was crost above a troubled breast:  
Her curls, with all their sunny glow,  
Were braided o'er an aching brow:  
But well she knew how many sought  
To gaze upon her secret thought;--  
And Love is proud,--she might not brook  
That other's on her heart should look.  
But there she sate, cold, pale, and high,  
Beneath her purple canopy;  
And there was many a mutter'd word,  
And one low whisper'd name was heard,--  
The name of EGINHARD ,--that name  
Like some forbidden secret came.

The theme went, that he dared to love

One like a star his state above;  
Here to the princess turn'd each eye,--  
And it was said, he did not sigh  
With love that pales the pining cheek,  
And leaves the slighted heart to break.  
And then a varying tale was told,  
How a page had betray'd for gold;  
But all was rumour light and vain,  
That all might hear, but none explain.

Like one that seeks a festival,  
Early the princess left the hall;  
Yet said she, sleep dwelt on her eyes,  
That she was worn with revelries.  
And hastily her maidens' care  
Unbinds the jewels from her hair.  
Odours are round her chamber strown,  
And ELENORE is left alone.

With throbbing heart, whose pulses beat  
Louder than fall her ivory feet,  
She rises from her couch of down;  
And, hurriedly, a robe is thrown  
Around her form, and her own hand  
Lets down her tresses golden band.  
Another moment she has shred  
Those graceful tresses from her head.  
There stands a plate of polish'd steel,  
She folds her cloak as to conceal  
Her strange attire, for she is drest  
As a young page in dark green vest.  
Softly she steps the balustrade,  
Where myrtle, rose, and hyacinth made  
A passage to the garden shade.

It was a lovely summer night,  
The air was incense-fill'd, the light  
Was dim and tremulous, a gleam,  
When a star, mirror'd on the stream,  
Sent a ray round just to reveal  
How gales from flower to flower steal.  
'It was on such a night as this,

When even a single breath is bliss,  
Such a soft air, such a mild heaven,  
My vows to EGINHARD were given.'  
Sigh'd ELENORE , 'Oh, might it be  
A hope, a happy augury!'

She reach'd the lake,--a blush, a smile,  
Contended on her face the while;  
And safely in a little cove,  
Shelter'd by willow trees above,  
An ambuscade from all secured,  
Her lover's little boat lay moor'd.--  
One greeting word, with muffled oar,  
And silent lip, they left that shore.

It was most like a phantom dream  
To see that boat flit o'er the stream,  
So still, that but yet less and less  
It grew, it had seem'd motionless.  
And then the silent lake, the trees  
Visible only when the breeze  
Aside the shadowy branches threw,  
And let one single star shine through,  
While the faint glimmer scarcely gave  
To view the wanderers of the wave.

The breeze has borne the clouds away  
That veil'd the blushes of young day;  
The lark has sung his morning song;--  
Surely the princess slumbers long.  
And now it is the accustom'd hour  
Her royal father seeks her bower,  
When her soft voice and gentle lute,  
The snowfall of her fairy foot,  
The flowers she has cull'd, with dew  
Yet moist upon each rainbow hue;  
The fruits with bloom upon their cheek,  
Fresh as the morning's first sun streak;  
Each, all conspired to wile away  
The weariness of royal sway.

But she is gone: there hangs her lute,

And there it may hang lone and mute:  
The flowers may fade, for who is there  
To triumph now if they are fair:  
There are her gems,--oh, let them twine  
An offering round some sainted shrine!  
For she who wore them may not wear  
Again those jewels in her hair.

At first the monarch's rage was wild;  
But soon the image of his child,  
In tenderness rose on his heart,  
How could he bear from it to part?  
And anger turn'd to grief: in vain  
Ambition had destroy'd the chain  
With which love had bound happiness.  
In vain remorse, in vain redress,--  
Fruitless all search. And years past o'er,  
No tidings came of ELENORE,  
Although the king would have laid down  
His golden sceptre, purple crown,  
His pomp, his power, but to have prest  
His child one moment to his breast.

And where was ELENORE ? her home  
Was now beneath the forest dome;--  
A hundred knights had watch'd her hall,  
Her guards were now the pine trees tall:  
For harps waked with the minstrel tale,  
Sang to her sleep the nightingale:  
For silver vases, where were blent  
Rich perfumes from Arabia sent,  
Were odours when the wild thyme flower  
Wafted its sweets on gale and shower:  
For carpets of the purple loom  
The violets spread their cloud of bloom,  
Starr'd with primroses; and around  
Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground.  
--And there they dwelt apart from all  
That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall;  
Apart from cities, crowds, and care,  
Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear;  
For they had made themselves a world

Like that or ever man was hurl'd  
From his sweet Eden, to begin  
His bitter course of grief and sin.--  
And they were happy; EGINHARD  
Had won the prize for which he dared  
Dungeon and death; but what is there  
That the young lover will not dare?  
And she, though nurtured as a flower,  
The favourite bud of a spring bower,

Daughter of palaces, yet made  
Her dwelling place in the green shade;  
Happy, as she remember'd not  
Her royal in her peasant lot,--  
With gentle cares, and smiling eyes  
As love could feel no sacrifice.  
Happy her ivory brow to lave  
Without a mirror but the wave,  
As one whose sweetness could dispense  
With all save its own excellence;--  
A fair but gentle creature, meant  
For heart, and hearth, and home content.

It was at night the chase was over,  
And ELENORE sat by her lover,--  
Her lover still, though years had fled  
Since their first word of love was said,--

When one sought, at that darksome hour,  
The refuge of their lonely bower,  
A hunter, who, amid the shade,  
Had from his own companions stray'd.  
And ELENORE gazed on his face,  
And knew her father! In the chase  
Often the royal mourner sought  
A refuge from his one sad thought.  
He knew her not,--the lowly mien,  
The simple garb of forest green,  
The darken'd brow, which told the spoil  
The sun stole from her daily toil,  
The cheek where woodland health had shed  
The freshness of its morning red,--



All was so changed. She spread the board,  
Her hand the sparkling wine cup pour'd;

And then around the hearth they drew,  
And cheerfully the woodfire threw  
Its light around.--Bent o'er her wheel  
Scarcely dared ELENORE to steal  
A look, half tenderness, half fear,  
Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear  
Her voice, as if it had a tone  
Breathing of days and feelings gone.

'Ah! surely,' thought she, 'Heaven has sent  
My father here, as that it meant,  
Our years of absence ended now!'  
She gazed upon his soften'd brow;  
And the next moment, all revealing,  
ELENORE at his feet is kneeling!--  
Need I relate that, reconciled,  
The father bless'd his truant child.

WHERE is the heart that has not bow'd  
A slave, eternal Love, to thee:  
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,  
And is there one among them free?  
The cold, the proud,--oh! Love has turn'd  
The marble till with fire it burn'd;  
The gay, the young,--alas that they  
Should ever bend beneath thy sway!  
Look on the cheek the rose might own,  
The smile around like sunshine thrown;  
The rose, the smile, alike are thine,  
To fade and darken at thy shrine.

And what must love be in a heart  
All passion's fiery depths concealing,  
Which has in its minutest part  
More than another's whole of feeling.

And RAYMOND'S heart; love's morning sun  
On fitter altar never shone;  
Loving with all the snow-white truth,

That is found but in early youth;  
Freshness of feeling as of flower,  
That lives not more than spring's first hour;  
And loving with that wild devotion,  
That deep and passionate emotion,  
With which the minstrel soul is thrown  
On all that it would make its own.

And RAYMOND loved; the veriest slave  
That e'er his life to passion gave:  
Upon his ear no murmur came  
That seem'd not echoing her name;  
The lightest colour on her cheek  
Was lovelier than the morning break.  
He gazed upon her as he took  
His sense of being from her look:--  
Sometimes it was idolatry,  
Like homage to some lovely star,  
Whose beauty though for hope too high,  
He yet might worship from afar.  
At other times his heart would swell  
With tenderness unutterable:  
He would have borne her to an isle  
Where May and June had left their smile;  
And there, heard but by the lone gale,  
He would have whisper'd his love tale;  
And without change, or cloud, or care,  
Have kept his bosom's treasure there.  
And then, with all a lover's pride,  
He thought it shame such gem to hide:  
And imaged he a courtly scene  
Of which she was the jewell'd queen,--  
The one on whom each glance was bent,  
The beauty of the tournament,  
The magnet of the festival,  
The grace, the joy, the life of all,--  
But she, alas for her false smile!  
ADELINE loved him not the while.

And is it thus that woman's heart  
Can trifle with its dearest part,  
Its own pure sympathies?--can fling

The poison'd arrow from the string  
In utter heartlessness around,  
And mock, or think not of the wound?  
And thus can woman barter all  
That makes and gilds her gentle thrall,--  
The blush which should be like the one  
White violets hide from the sun,--  
The soft, low sighs, like those which breathe  
In secret from a twilight wreath,--  
The smile like a bright lamp, whose shine  
Is vow'd but only to one shrine;  
All these sweet spells,--and can they be  
Weapons of reckless vanity?  
And woman, in whose gentle heart  
From all save its sweet self apart,  
Love should dwell with that purity  
Which but in woman's love can be:  
A sacred fire, whose flame was given  
To shed on earth the light of heaven,--  
That she can fling her wealth aside  
In carelessness, or sport, or pride!

It was not form'd for length of bliss,  
A dream so fond, so false as this;  
Enough for ADELINÉ to win  
The heart she had no pleasure in,--  
Enough that bright eyes turn'd in vain  
On him who bow'd beneath her chain:--  
Then came the careless word and look,  
All the fond soul so ill can brook,  
The jealous doubt, the burning pain,  
That rack the lover's heart and brain;  
The fear that will not own its fear,  
The hope that cannot disappear;  
Faith clinging to its visions past,  
And trust confiding to the last.  
And thus it is: ay, let Love throw  
Aside his arrows and his bow;  
But let him not with one spell part,  
The veil that binds his eyes and heart.  
Woe for Love when his eyes shall be  
Open'd upon reality!

One day a neighbouring baron gave  
A revel to the fair and brave,--  
And knights upon their gallant steeds,  
And ladies on their palfreys gray,  
All shining in their gayest weeds,  
Held for the festival their way.

A wanderer on far distant shores,  
That baron, had brought richest stores  
To his own hall, and much of rare  
And foreign luxury was there:  
Pages, with colour'd feathers, fann'd  
The odours of Arabia's land;  
The carpets strewn around each room  
Were all of Persia's purple loom;  
And dark slaves waited on his guests,  
Each habited in Moorish vests,  
With turbann'd brows, and bands of gold  
Around their arms and ancles roll'd.  
And gazed the guests o'er many a hoard,  
Like Sinbad's, from his travel stored.  
They look'd upon the net work dome,  
Where found the stranger birds a home,  
With rainbow wings and gleaming eyes,  
Seen only beneath Indian skies.  
At length they stood around the ring,  
Where stalk'd, unchain'd, the forest king,  
With eyes of fire and mane erect,  
As if by human power uncheck'd.

Full ill had RAYMOND'S spirit borne  
The wayward mood, the careless scorn,  
With which his mistress had that day  
Trifled his happiness away.--  
His very soul within him burn'd,  
When, as in chance, her dark eye turn'd  
On him, she spoke in reckless glee,--  
"Is there a knight who, for love of me,  
Into the court below will spring,  
And bear from the lion the glove I fling?"

A shriek!--a pause,--then loud acclaim  
Rose to the skies with RAYMOND'S name.  
Oh, worthy of a lady's love!  
RAYMOND has borne away the glove.  
He laid the prize at the maiden's feet,  
Then turn'd from the smile he dared not meet:  
A moment more he is on the steed,  
The spur has urged to its utmost speed,  
As that he could fly from himself, and all  
The misery of his spirit's thrall.

The horse sank down, and RAYMOND then  
Started to see the foaming rein,  
The drops that hung on the courser's hide,  
And the rowel's red trace on its panting side;  
And deep shame mingled with remorse,  
As he brought the cool stream to his fallen horse.

The spot where he paused was a little nook,  
Like a secret page in nature's book,--  
Around were steeps where the wild vine  
Hung, wreathed in many a serpentine,  
Wearing each the colour'd sign  
Of the autumn's pale decline.  
Like a lake in the midst was spread  
A grassy sweep of softest green,  
Smooth, flower-dropt, as no human tread  
Upon its growth had ever been.  
Limes rose around, but lost each leaf,  
Like hopes luxuriant but brief;  
And by their side the sycamore  
Grew prouder of its scarlet store:  
The air was of that cold clear light  
That heralds in an autumn night,--  
The amber west had just a surge  
Of crimson on its utmost verge;  
And on the east were piled up banks  
Where darkness gather'd with her ranks  
Of clouds, and in the midst a zone  
Of white with transient brightness shone  
From the young moon, who scarcely yet  
Had donn'd her lighted coronet.

With look turn'd to the closing day,  
As he watch'd every hue decay,  
Sat RAYMOND ; and a passer by  
Had envied him his reverie;--  
But nearer look had scann'd his brow,  
And started at its fiery glow,  
As if the temples' burning swell  
Had made their pulses visible.

Too glazed, too fix'd, his large eyes shone  
To see aught that they gazed upon.  
Not his the paleness that may streak  
The lover's or the minstrel's cheek,  
As it had its wan colour caught  
From moods of melancholy thought;  
'Twas that cold, dark, unearthly shade,  
But for a corpse's death look made;  
Speaking that desperateness of pain,  
As one more pang, and the rack'd brain  
Would turn to madness; one more grief,  
And the swoln heart breaks for relief.

Oh, misery! to see the tomb  
Close over all our world of bloom;  
To look our last in the dear eyes  
Which made our light of paradise;  
To know that silent is the tone  
Whose tenderness was all our own;  
To kiss the cheek which once had burn'd  
At the least glance, and find it turn'd  
To marble; and then think of all  
Of hope, that memory can recall.  
Yes, misery! but even here  
There is a somewhat left to cheer,  
A gentle treasuring of sweet things  
Remembrance gathers from the past,  
The pride of faithfulness, which clings  
To love kept sacred to the last.  
And even if another's love  
Has touch'd the heart to us above  
The treasures of the east, yet still

There is a solace for the ill.

Those who have known love's utmost spell  
Can feel for those who love as well;  
Can half forget their own distress,  
To share the loved one's happiness.  
Oh, but to know our heart has been,  
Like the toy of an Indian queen,  
Torn, trampled, without thought or care,--  
Where is despair like this despair!--

Il night beneath an oak he lay,  
Till nature blush'd bright into day;  
When, at a trumpet's sudden sound,  
Started his courser from the ground:  
And his loud neigh waked RAYMOND'S dream,  
And, gazing round, he saw the gleam  
Of arms upon a neighbouring height,  
Where helm and cuirass stream'd in light.

As RAYMOND rose from his unrest  
He knew DE VALENCE'S falcon crest;  
And the red cross that shone like a glory afar,  
Told the warrior was vow'd to the holy war.

Ay, this,' thought RAYMOND , 'is the strife  
To make my sacrifice of life;  
What is it now to me that fame  
Shall brighten over RAYMOND'S name;  
There is no gentle heart to bound,  
No cheek to mantle at the sound:  
Lady's favour no more I wear,--  
My heart, my helm--oh! what are there?  
A blighted hope, a wither'd rose.  
Surely this warfare is for those  
Who only of the victory crave  
A holy but a nameless grave.'

Short greeting past; DE VALENCE read  
All that the pale lip left unsaid;  
On the wan brow, in the dimm'd eye,  
The whole of youth's despondency,

Which at the first shock it has known  
Deems its whole world of hope o'erthrown.  
And it was fix'd, that at Marseilles,  
Where the fleet waited favouring gales,  
RAYMOND should join the warrior train,  
Leagued 'gainst the infidels of Spain.

They parted:--Over RAYMOND'S thought  
Came sadness mingled too with shame;  
When suddenly his memory brought  
The long forgotten EVA'S name.  
Oh! Love is like the mountain tide,  
Sweeping away all things beside,  
Till not another trace appears  
But its own joys, and griefs, and fears.  
He took her cross, he took her chain  
From the heart where they still had lain;  
And that heart felt as if its fate  
Had sudden grown less desolate,  
In thus remembering love that still  
Would share and sooth in good and ill.

He spurr'd his steed; but the night fall  
Had darken'd ere he reach'd the hall;  
And gladly chief and vassal train  
Welcomed the youthful knight again.  
And many praised his stately tread,  
His face with darker manhood spread;  
But of those crowding round him now,  
Who mark'd the paleness of his brow,  
But one, who paused till they were past,  
Who look'd the first but spoke the last:  
Her welcome in its timid fear  
Fell almost cold on RAYMOND'S ear;  
A single look,--he felt he gazed  
Upon a gentle child no more,  
The blush that like the lightning blazed,  
The cheek then paler than before,  
A something of staid maiden grace,  
A cloud of thought upon her face;  
She who had been, in RAYMOND'S sight,  
A plaything, fancy, and delight,--



Was changed: the depth of her blue eye  
Spoke to him now of sympathy,  
And seem'd her melancholy tone  
A very echo of his own;  
And that pale forehead, surely care  
Has graved an early lesson there.

They roved through many a garden scene,  
Where other, happier days had been;  
And soon had RAYMOND told his all  
Of hopes, like stars but bright to fall;  
Of feelings blighted, changed, and driven  
Like exiles from their native heaven;  
And of an aimless sword, a lute  
Whose chords were now uncharm'd and mute.  
But EVA'S tender blandishing  
Was as the April rays, that fling  
A rainbow till the thickest rain  
Melts into blue and light again.

There is a feeling in the heart  
Of woman which can have no part  
In man; a self devotedness,  
As victims round their idols press,  
And asking nothing, but to show  
How far their zeal and faith can go.  
Pure as the snow the summer sun  
Never at noon hath look'd upon,--  
Deep as is the diamond wave,  
Hidden in the desert cave,--  
Changeless as the greenest leaves  
Of the wreath the cypress weaves,--  
Hopeless often when most fond,  
Without hope or fear beyond  
Its own pale fidelity,--  
And this woman's love can be!

And RAYMOND although not again  
Dreaming of passion's burning chain,  
Yet felt that life had still dear things  
To which the lingering spirit clings.  
More dear, more lovely EVA shone

In thinking of that faithless one;  
And read he not upon the cheek  
All that the lip might never speak,  
All the heart cherish'd yet conceal'd,  
Scarce even to itself reveal'd.  
And RAYMOND , though with heart so torn  
By anger, agony, and scorn,  
Might ill bear even with love's name,  
Yet felt the maiden's hidden flame  
Come like the day-star in the east,  
When every other light has ceased;  
Sent from the bosom of the night  
To harbinger the morning light.

Again they parted: she to brood  
O'er dreaming hopes in solitude,  
And every pitying saint to pray  
For RAYMOND on the battle day.  
And he no longer deem'd the field  
But death to all his hopes could yield.  
To other, softer dreams allied,  
He thought upon the warrior's pride.  
But as he pass'd the castle gate  
He left so wholly desolate,  
His throbbing pulse, his burning brain,  
The sudden grasp upon the rein,  
The breast and lip that gasp'd for air,  
Told Love's shaft was still rankling there.

That night, borne o'er the bounding seas,  
The vessel swept before the breeze,  
Loaded the air, the war-cry's swell,  
Woe to the Moorish infidel;  
And raising their rich hymn, a band  
Of priests were kneeling on the strand,  
To bless the parting ship, and song  
Came from the maidens ranged along  
The sea wall, and who incense gave,  
And flowers, like offerings to the wave  
That bore the holy and the brave.

And RAYMOND felt his spirit rise,

And burn'd his cheek, and flash'd his eyes  
With something of their ancient light,  
While plume and pennon met his sight;  
While o'er the deep swept the war-cry,  
And peal'd the trumpet's voice on high,  
While the ship rode the waves as she  
Were mistress of their destiny.  
And muster'd on the deck the band,  
Till died the last shout from the strand;  
But when the martial pomp was o'er,  
And, like the future, dim the shore  
On the horizon hung, again  
Closed RAYMOND'S memory, like a chain  
The spirit struggles with in vain.

The sky with its delicious blue,  
The stars like visions wandering through:  
Surely, if Fate had treasured there  
Her rolls of life, they must be fair;  
The mysteries their glories hide  
Must be but of life's brightest side;  
It cannot be that Fate would write  
Her dark decrees in lines of light.  
And RAYMOND mused upon the hour  
When, comrade of the star and flower,  
He watch'd beside his lady's bower;  
He number'd every hope and dream,  
Like blooms that threw upon life's stream  
Colours of beauty, and then thought  
On knowledge, all too dearly bought;  
Feelings lit up in waste to burn,  
Hopes that seem but shadows fair,  
All that the heart so soon must learn,  
All that it finds so hard to bear.

The young moon's vestal lamp that hour  
Seem'd pale as that it pined for love;  
No marvel such a night had power,  
So calm below, so fair above,  
To wake the spirit's finest chords  
Till minstrel thoughts found minstrel words.

## THE LAST SONG.

IT is the latest song of mine  
That ever breathes thy name,  
False idol of a dream-raised shrine,  
Thy very thought is shame,--  
Shame that I could my sprit bow  
To one so very false as thou.

I had past years where the green wood  
Makes twilight of the noon,  
And I had watch'd the silver flood  
Kiss'd by the rising moon;  
And gazed upon the clear midnight  
In all its luxury of light.

And, thrown where the blue violets dwell,  
I would pass hours away,  
Musing o'er some old chronicle  
Fill'd with a wild love lay;  
Till beauty seem'd to me a thing  
Made for all nature's worshipping.

saw thee, and the air grew bright  
In thy clear eyes' sunshine;  
I oft had dream'd of shapes of light,  
But not of shape like thine.  
My heart bow'd down,--I worshipp'd thee,  
A woman and a deity.

I may not say how thy first look  
Turn'd my whole soul to flame,  
I read it as a glorious book  
Fill'd with high deeds of fame;  
I felt a hero's spirit rise,  
Unknown till lighted at thine eyes.

False look, false hope, and falsest love!  
All meteors sent to me  
To show how they the heart could move,  
And how deceiving be:  
They left me, darken'd, crush'd, alone,

My bosom's household gods o'erthrown.

The world itself was changed, and all  
That I had loved before  
Seem'd as if gone beyond recall,  
And I could hope no more;  
The sear of fire, the dint of steel,  
Are easier than Love's wounds to heal.

But this is past, and I can cope  
With what I'd fain forget;  
I have a sweet, a gentle hope  
That lingers with me yet,--  
A hope too fair, too pure to be  
Named in the words that speak of thee.

Henceforth within the last recess  
Of my heart shall remain  
Thy name in all its bitterness,  
But never named again;  
The only memory of that heart  
Will be to think how false thou art.

And yet I fain would name thy name,  
My heart's now gentle queen,  
E'en as they burn the perfumed flame  
Where the plague spot has been;  
Methinks that it will cleanse away  
The ills that on my spirit prey.

Sweet EVA ! the last time I gazed  
Upon thy deep blue eyes,  
The cheek whereon my look had raised  
A blush's crimson dyes,  
I marvell'd, love, this heart of mine  
Had worshipp'd at another shrine.

I will think of thee when the star,  
That lit our own fair river,  
Shines in the blue sky from afar,  
As beautiful as ever;  
That twilight star, sweet love, shall be

A sign and seal with thee and me!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Troubadour. Canto 3

LAND of the olive and the vine,  
The saint and soldier, sword and shrine!  
How glorious to young RAYMOND'S eye  
Swell'd thy bold heights, spread thy clear sky,  
When first he paused upon the height  
Where, gather'd, lay the Christian might.  
Amid a chesnut wood were raised  
Their white tents, and the red cross blazed  
Meteor-like, with its crimson shine,  
O'er many a standard's scutcheon'd line.

On the hill opposite there stood  
The warriors of the Moorish blood,--  
With their silver crescents gleaming,  
And their horse-tail pennons streaming;  
With cymbals and the clanging gong,  
The muezzin's unchanging song,  
The turbans that like rainbows shone,  
The coursers' gay caparison,  
As if another world had been  
Where that small rivulet ran between.

And there was desperate strife next day:  
The little vale below that lay  
Was like a slaughter-pit, of green  
Could not one single trace be seen;  
The Moslem warrior stretch'd beside  
The Christian chief by whom he died;  
And by the broken falchion blade  
The crooked scymeter was laid.

And gallantly had RAYMOND borne  
The red cross through the field that morn,  
When suddenly he saw a knight  
Oppress'd by numbers in the fight:  
Instant his ready spear was flung,  
Instant amid the band he sprung;--  
They fight, fly, fall,--and from the fray  
He leads the wounded knight away!

Gently he gain'd his tent, and there  
He left him to the leech's care;  
Then sought the field of death anew,--  
Little was there for knight to do.

That field was strewn with dead and dying;  
And mark'd he there DE VALENCE lying  
Upon the turbann'd heap, which told  
How dearly had his life been sold.  
And yet on his curl'd lip was worn  
The impress of a soldier's scorn;  
And yet his dark and glazed eye  
Glared its defiance stern and high:  
His head was on his shield, his hand  
Held to the last his own red brand.  
Felt RAYMOND all too proud for grief  
In gazing on the gallant chief:  
So, thought he, should a warrior fall,  
A victor dying last of all.

But sadness moved him when he gave  
DE VALENCE to his lowly grave,--  
The grave where the wild flowers were sleeping,  
And one pale olive-tree was weeping,--  
And placed the rude stone cross to show  
A Christian hero lay below.

With the next morning's dawning light  
Was RAYMOND by the wounded knight.  
He heard strange tales,--none knew his name,  
And none might say from whence he came;  
He wore no cognizance, his steed  
Was raven black, and black his weed.  
All owned his fame, but yet they deem'd  
More desperate than brave he seem'd;  
Or as he only dared the field  
For the swift death that it might yield.

Leaning beside the curtain, where  
Came o'er his brow the morning air,  
He found the stranger chief; his tone,  
Surely 'twas one RAYMOND had known!



He knew him not, what chord could be  
Thus waken'd on his memory?

At first the knight was cold and stern,  
As that his spirit shunn'd to learn  
Aught of affection; as it brought  
To him some shaft of venom'd thought:  
When one eve RAYMOND chanced to name  
Durance's castle, whence he came;  
And speak of EVA , and her fate,  
So young and yet so desolate,  
So beautiful! Then heard he all  
Her father's wrongs, her mother's fall:  
For AMIRALD was the knight whose life  
RAYMOND had saved amid the strife;  
And now he seem'd to find relief  
In pouring forth his hidden grief,  
Which had for years been as the stream  
Cave-lock'd from either air or beam.

#### LORD AMIRALD'S HISTORY.

I LOVED her! ay, I would have given  
A death-bed certainty of heaven  
If I had thought it could confer  
The least of happiness on her!  
How proudly did I wait the hour  
When hid no more in lowly bower,  
She should shine, loveliest of all,  
The lady of my heart and hall;--  
And soon I deem'd the time would be,  
For many a chief stood leagued with me.

It was one evening we had sate  
In my tower's secret council late,  
Our bands were number'd, and we said  
That the pale moon's declining head  
Should shed her next full light o'er bands  
With banners raised, and sheathless brands.  
We parted; I to seek the shade  
Where my heart's choicest gem was laid;  
I flung me on my fleetest steed,

I urged it to its utmost speed,--  
On I went, like the hurrying wind,  
Hill, dale, and plain were left behind,  
And yet I thought my courser slow--  
Even when the forest lay below.

As my wont, in a secret nook  
I left my horse,--I may not tell  
With what delight my way I took  
Till I had reach'd the oak-hid dell.  
The trees which hitherto had made  
A more than night, with lighten'd shade  
Now let the stars and sky shine through,  
Rejoicing, calm, and bright, and blue.

There did not move a leaf that night  
That I cannot remember now,  
Nor yet a single star whose light  
Was on the royal midnight's brow:  
Wander'd no cloud, sigh'd not a flower,  
That is not present at this hour.  
No marvel memory thus should press  
Round its last light of happiness!

I paused one moment where I stood,  
In all a very miser's mood,  
As if that thinking of its store  
Could make my bosom's treasure more.  
I saw the guiding lamp which shone  
From the wreath'd lattice, pale and lone;  
Another moment I was there,  
To pause, and look--upon despair.

I saw her!--on the ground she lay,  
The life blood ebbing fast away;  
But almost as she could not die  
Without my hand to close her eye!  
When to my bosom press'd, she raised  
Her heavy lids, and feebly gazed,  
And her lip moved: I caught its breath,  
Its last, it was the gasp of death!

I leant her head upon my breast,  
As I but soothed her into rest;--  
I do not know what time might be  
Past in this stony misery,  
When I was waken'd from my dream  
By my forgotten infant's scream.  
Then first I thought upon my child.  
I took it from its bed, it smiled,  
And its red cheek was flush'd with sleep:  
Why had it not the sense to weep?  
I laid its mother on the bed,  
O'er her pale brow a mantle spread,  
And left the wood. Calm, stern, and cold,  
The tale of blood and death I told;  
Gave my child to my brother's care  
As his, not mine were this despair.

I flung me on my steed again,  
I urged him with the spur and rein,--  
I left him at the usual tree,  
But left him there at liberty.

With madd'ning step I sought the place,  
I raised the mantle from her face,  
And knelt me down beside, to gaze  
On all the mockery death displays,  
Until it seem'd but sleep to me.  
Death,--oh, no! death it could not be.

The cold grey light the dawn had shed,  
Changed gradual into melting red;  
I watch'd the morning colour streak  
With crimson dye her marble cheek;  
The freshness of the stirring air  
Lifted her curls of raven hair;  
Her head lay pillow'd on her arm,  
Sweetly, as if with life yet warm;--  
I kiss'd her lips: oh, God, the chill!  
My heart is frozen with it still:--  
It was as suddenly on me  
Open'd my depths of misery.  
I flung me on the ground, and raved,

And of the wind that past me craved  
One breath of poison, till my blood  
From lip and brow gush'd in one flood.  
I watch'd the warm stream of my veins  
Mix with the death wounds clotted stains;  
Oh! how I pray'd that I might pour  
My heart's tide, and her life restore!

And night came on:--with what dim fear  
I mark'd the darkling hours appear,--  
I could not gaze on the dear brow,  
And seeing was all left me now.  
I grasp'd the cold hand in mine own,  
Till both alike seem'd turn'd to stone.  
Night, morn, and noontide pass'd away,  
Then came the tokens of decay.

'Twas the third night that I had kept  
My watch, and, like a child, had wept  
Sorrow to sleep, and in my dream  
I saw her as she once could seem,  
Fair as an angel: there she bent  
As if sprung from the element,  
The bright clear fountain, whose pure wave  
Her soft and shadowy image gave.

Methought that conscious beauty threw  
Upon her cheek its own sweet hue,  
Its loveliness of morning red;  
I woke, and gazed upon the dead.  
I mark'd the fearful stains which now  
Were dark'ning o'er the once white brow,  
The livid colours that declare  
The soul no longer dwelleth there.  
The gaze of even my fond eye,  
Seem'd almost like impiety,  
As it were sin for looks to be  
On what the earth alone should see.  
I thought upon the loathsome doom  
Of the grave's cold, corrupted gloom;--  
Oh, never shall the vile worm rest  
A lover on thy lip and breast!

Oh, never shall a careless tread  
Soil with its step thy sacred bed!  
Never shall leaf or blossom bloom  
With vainest mockery o'er thy tomb!

And forth I went, and raised a shrine  
Of the dried branches of the pine,--  
I laid her there, and o'er her flung  
The wild flowers that around her sprung;  
I tore them up, and root and all,  
I bade them wait her funeral,  
With a strange joy that each fair thing  
Should, like herself, be withering.  
I lit the pyre,--the evening skies  
Rain'd tears upon the sacrifice;  
How did its wild and awful light  
Struggle with the fierce winds of night;  
Red was the battle, but in vain  
Hiss'd the hot embers with the rain.  
It wasted to a single spark;  
That faded, and all round was dark:  
Then, like a madman who has burst  
The chain which made him doubly curst,  
I fled away. I may not tell  
The agony that on me fell:--  
I fled away, for fiends were near,  
My brain was fire, my heart was fear!

I was borne on an eagle's wing,  
Till with the noon-sun perishing;  
Then I stood in a world alone,  
From which all other life was gone,  
Whence warmth, and breath, and light were fled,  
A world o'er which a curse was said:  
The trees stood leafless all, and bare,  
The sky spread, but no sun was there:  
Night came, no stars were on her way,  
Morn came without a look of day,--  
As night and day shared one pale shroud,  
Without a colour or a cloud.  
And there were rivers, but they stood

Without a murmur on the flood,  
Waveless and dark, their task was o'er,--  
The sea lay silent on the shore,  
Without a sign upon its breast  
Save of interminable rest:  
And there were palaces and halls,  
But silence reign'd amid their walls,  
Though crowds yet fill'd them; for no sound  
Rose from the thousands gather'd round;  
All wore the same white, bloodless hue,  
All the same eyes of glassy blue,  
Meaningless, cold, corpse-like as those  
No gentle hand was near to close.  
And all seem'd, as they look'd on me,  
In wonder that I yet could be  
A moving shape of warmth and breath  
Alone amid a world of death.

'Tis strange how much I still retain  
Of these wild tortures of my brain,  
Though now they but to memory seem  
A curse, a madness, and a dream;  
But well I can recall the hour  
When first the fever lost its power;  
As one whom heavy opiates steep,  
Rather in feverish trance than sleep,  
I waken'd scarce to consciousness,--  
Memory had fainted with excess:  
I only saw that I was laid  
Beneath an olive tree's green shade;  
I knew I was where flowers grew fair,  
I felt their balm upon the air,  
I drank it as it had been wine;  
I saw a gift of red sunshine  
Glittering upon a fountain's brim;  
I heard the small birds' vesper hymn,  
As they a vigil o'er me kept,--  
I heard their music, and I wept.  
I felt a friendly arm upraise  
My head, a kind look on me gaze!

RAYMOND , it has been mine to see

The godlike heads which Italy  
Has given to prophet and to saint,  
All of least earthly art could paint!  
But never saw I such a brow  
As that which gazed upon me now;--  
It was an aged man, his hair  
Was white with time, perhaps with care;  
For over his pale face were wrought  
The characters of painful thought;  
But on that lip and in that eye  
Were patience, peace, and piety,  
The hope which was not of this earth,  
The peace which has in pangs its birth,  
As if in its last stage the mind,  
Like silver seven times refined  
In life's red furnace, all its clay,  
All its dross purified away,  
Paused yet a little while below,  
Its beauty and its power to show.  
As if the tumult of this life,  
Its sorrow, vanity, and strife,  
Had been but as the lightning's shock  
Shedding rich ore upon the rock,  
Though in the trial scorch'd and riven,  
The gold it wins is gold from heaven.  
He watch'd, he soothed me day to day,  
How kindly words may never say:  
All angel ministering could be  
That old man's succour was to me;  
I dwelt with him; for all in vain  
He urged me to return again  
And mix with life:--and months past on  
Without a trace to mark them gone;  
I had one only wish, to be  
Left to my grief's monotony.  
There is a calm which is not peace,  
Like that when ocean's tempests cease,  
When worn out with the storm, the sea  
Sleeps in her dark tranquillity,  
As dreading that the lightest stir  
Would bring again the winds on her.  
I felt as if I could not brook

A sound, a breath, a voice, a look,  
As I fear'd they would bring again  
Madness upon my heart and brain.  
It was a haunting curse to me,  
The simoom of insanity.  
The links of life's enchanted chain,  
Its hope, its pleasure, fear or pain,  
Connected but with what had been,  
Clung not to any future scene.  
There is an indolence in grief  
Which will not even seek relief:  
I sat me down, like one who knows  
The poison tree above him grows,  
Yet moves not; my life-task was done  
With that hour which left me alone.

It was one glad and glorious noon,  
Fill'd with the golden airs of June,  
When leaf and flower look to the sun  
As if his light and life were one,--  
A day of those diviner days  
When breath seems only given for praise,  
Beneath a stately tree which shed  
A cool green shadow over-head;  
I listen'd to that old man's words  
Till my heart's pulses were as chords  
Of a lute waked at the command  
Of some thrice powerful master's hand.  
He paused: I saw his face was bright  
With even more than morning's light,  
As his cheek felt the spirit's glow;  
A glory sate upon his brow,  
His eye flash'd as to it were given  
A vision of his coming heaven.  
I turn'd away in awe and fear,  
My spirit was not of his sphere;  
Ill might an earthly care intrude  
Upon such high and holy mood:  
I felt the same as I had done  
Had angel face upon me shone,  
When sudden, as sent from on high,  
Music came slowly sweeping by.



It was not harp, it was not song,  
Nor aught that might to earth belong!  
The birds sang not, the leaves were still,  
Silence was sleeping on the rill;  
But with a deep and solemn sound  
The viewless music swept around.  
Oh never yet was such a tone  
To hand or lip of mortal known!  
It was as if a hymn were sent  
From heaven's starry instrument,  
In joy, such joy as seraphs feel  
For some pure soul's immortal weal,  
When that its human task is done,  
Earth's trials past, and heaven won.

I felt, before I fear'd, my dread,  
I turn'd and saw the old man dead!  
Without a struggle or a sigh,  
And is it thus the righteous die?  
There he lay in the sun, calm, pale,  
As if life had been like a tale  
Which, whatsoe'er its sorrows past,  
Breaks off in hope and peace at last.

I stretch'd him by the olive tree,  
Where his death, there his grave should be;  
The place was a thrice hallowed spot,  
There had he drawn his golden lot  
Of immortality; 'twas blest,  
A green and holy place of rest.

But ill my burthen'd heart could bear  
Its after loneliness of care;  
The calmness round seem'd but to be  
A mockery of grief and me,--  
The azure flowers, the sunlit sky,  
The rill, with its still melody,  
The leaves, the birds,--with my despair,  
The light and freshness had no share:  
The one unbidden of them all  
To join in summer's festival.

I wander'd first to many a shrine  
By zeal or ages made divine;  
And then I visited each place  
Where valour's deeds had left a trace;  
Or sought the spots renown'd no less  
For nature's lasting loveliness.

In vain that all things changed around,  
No change in my own heart was found.  
In sad or gay, in dark or fair,  
My spirit found a likeness there.

At last my bosom yearn'd to see  
My EVA'S blooming infancy;  
I saw, myself unseen the while,  
Oh, God! it was her mother's smile!  
Wherefore, oh, wherefore had they flung  
The veil just as her mother's hung!--  
Another look I dared not take,  
Another look my heart would break!  
I rush'd away to the lime grove  
Where first I told my tale of love;  
And leaves and flowers breathed of spring  
As in our first sweet wandering.

I look'd towards the clear blue sky,  
I saw the gem-like stream run by;  
How did I wish that, like these, fate  
Had made the heart inanimate.  
Oh! why should spring for others be,  
When there can come no spring to thee.

Again, again, I rush'd away;  
Madness was on an instant's stay!  
And since that moment, near and far,  
In rest, in toil, in peace, in war,  
I've wander'd on without an aim  
In all, save lapse of years the same.  
Where was the star to rise and shine  
Upon a night so dark as mine?--  
My life was as a frozen stream,  
Which shares but feels not the sun-beam,

All careless where its course may tend,  
So that it leads but to an end.  
I fear my fate too much to crave  
More than it must bestow--the grave.

AND AMIRALD from that hour sought  
A refuge from each mournful thought  
In RAYMOND'S sad but soothing smile;  
And listening what might well beguile  
The spirit from its last recess  
Of dark and silent wretchedness.  
He spoke of EVA , and he tried  
To rouse her father into pride  
Of her fair beauty; rather strove  
To waken hope yet more than love.

He saw how deeply AMIRALD fear'd  
To touch a wound not heal'd but sear'd:  
His gentle care was not in vain,  
And AMIRALD learn'd to think again  
Of hope, if not of happiness;  
And soon his bosom pined to press  
The child whom he so long had left  
An orphan doubly thus bereft.  
He mark'd with what enamour'd tongue  
RAYMOND on EVA'S mention hung,--  
The softened tone, the downward gaze,  
All that so well the heart betrays;  
And a reviving future stole  
Like dew and sunlight on his soul.

Soon the Crusaders would be met  
Where winter's rest from war was set;  
And then farewell to arms and Spain;--  
Then for their own fair France again.

One morn there swell'd the trumpet's blast,  
Calling to battle, but the last;  
And AMIRALD watch'd the youthful knight  
Spur his proud courser to the fight:  
Tall as the young pine yet unbent  
By strife with its mountain element,--

His vizor was up, and his full dark eye  
Flash'd as its flashing were victory;  
And hope and pride sate on his brow  
As his earlier war-dreams were on him now.  
Well might he be proud, for where was there one  
Who had won the honour that he had won?  
And first of the line it was his to lead  
His band to many a daring deed.

But rose on the breath of the evening gale,  
Not the trumpet's salute, but a mournful tale  
Of treachery, that had betray'd the flower  
Of the Christian force to the Infidel's power.  
One came who told he saw RAYMOND fall,  
Left in the battle the last of all;  
His helm was gone, and his wearied hand  
Held a red but a broken brand.--  
What could a warrior do alone?  
And AMIRALD felt all hope was gone.  
Alas for the young! alas for the brave!  
For the morning's hope, and the evening's grave!  
And gush'd for him hot briny tears,  
Such as AMIRALD had not shed for years;--  
With heavy step and alter'd heart,  
Again he turn'd him to depart.

He sought his child, but half her bloom  
Was withering in RAYMOND'S tomb.

Albeit not with those who fled,  
Yet was not RAYMOND with the dead.  
There is a lofty castle stands  
On the verge of Grenada's lands;  
It has a dungeon, and a chain,  
And there the young knight must remain.  
Day after day,--or rather night,--  
Can morning come without its light?  
Pass'd on without a sound or sight.  
The only thing that he could feel,  
Was the same weight of fettering steel,--  
The only sound that he could hear  
Was when his own voice mock'd his ear,--

His only sight was the drear lamp  
That faintly show'd the dungeon's damp,  
When by his side the jailor stood,  
And brought his loathed and scanty food.

What is the toil, or care, or pain,  
The human heart cannot sustain?  
Enough if struggling can create  
A change or colour in our fate;  
But where's the spirit that can cope  
With listless suffering, when hope,  
The last of misery's allies,  
Sickens of its sweet self, and dies.

He thought on EVA :--tell not me  
Of happiness in memory!

Oh! what is memory but a gift  
Within a ruin'd temple left,  
Recalling what its beauties were,  
And then presenting what they are.  
And many hours pass'd by,--each one  
Sad counterpart of others gone;  
Till even to his dreams was brought  
The sameness of his waking thought;  
And in his sleep he felt again  
The dungeon, darkness, damp, and chain.

One weary time, when he had thrown  
Himself on his cold bed of stone,  
Sudden he heard a stranger hand  
Undo the grating's iron band:  
He knew 'twas stranger, for no jar  
Came from the hastily drawn bar.

Too faintly gleam'd the lamp to show  
The face of either friend or foe;  
But there was softness in the tread,  
And RAYMOND raised his weary head,  
And saw a muffled figure kneel,  
And loose the heavy links of steel.  
He heard a whisper, to which heaven

Had surely all its music given:--  
'Vow to thy saints for liberty,  
Sir knight, and softly follow me!'  
He heard her light step on the stair,  
And felt 'twas woman led him there.  
And dim and dark the way they past  
Till on the dazed sight flash'd at last  
A burst of light, and RAYMOND stood  
Where censers burn'd with sandal wood,  
And silver lamps like moonshine fell  
O'er mirrors and the tapestried swell  
Of gold and purple: on they went  
Through rooms each more magnificent.

And RAYMOND look'd upon the brow  
Of the fair guide who led him now:  
It was a pale but lovely face,  
Yet in its first fresh spring of grace,  
That spring before or leaf or flower  
Has known a single withering hour:  
With lips red as the earliest rose  
That opens for the bee's repose.  
But it was not on lip, or cheek  
Too marble fair, too soft, too meek,  
That aught was traced that might express  
More than unconscious loveliness;  
But her dark eyes! as the wild light  
Streams from the stars at deep midnight,  
Speaks of the future,--so those eyes  
Seem'd with their fate to sympathise,  
As mocking with their conscious shade  
The smile that on the red lip play'd,  
As that they knew their destiny  
Was love, and that such love would be  
The uttermost of misery.

There came a new burst of perfume,  
But different, from one stately room,  
Not of sweet woods, waters distill'd,  
But with fresh flowers' breathings fill'd;  
And there the maiden paused, as thought  
Some painful memory to her brought.

Around all spoke of woman's hand:  
There a guitar lay on a stand  
Of polish'd ebony, and raised  
In rainbow ranks the hyacinth blazed  
Like banner'd lancers of the spring,  
Save that they were too languishing.  
And gush'd the tears from her dark eyes,  
And swell'd her lip and breast with sighs;  
But RAYMOND spoke, and at the sound  
The maiden's eye glanced hurried round.

Motioning with her hand she led,  
With watching gaze and noiseless tread,  
Along a flower-fill'd terrace, where  
Flow'd the first tide of open air.  
They reach'd the garden; there was all  
That gold could win, or luxury call  
From northern or from southern skies  
To make an earthly paradise.  
Their path was through a little grove,  
Where cypress branches met above,  
Green, shadowy, as nature meant  
To make the rose a summer tent,  
In fear and care, lest the hot noon  
Should kiss her fragrant brow too soon.  
Oh! passion's history, ever thus  
Love's light and breath were perilous!  
On the one side a fountain play'd  
As if it were a Fairy's shade,  
Who shower'd diamonds to streak  
The red pomegranate's ruby cheek.  
The grove led to a lake, one side  
Sweet scented shrubs and willows hide:  
There winds a path, the clear moonshine  
Pierces not its dim serpentine.  
The garden lay behind in light,  
With flower and with fountain bright;  
The lake like sheeted silver gave  
The stars a mirror in each wave;  
And distant far the torchlight fell,  
Where paced the walls the centinel:

And as each scene met RAYMOND'S view,  
He deem'd the tales of magic true,--  
With such a path, and such a night,  
And such a guide, and such a flight.

The way led to a grotto's shade,  
Just for a noon in summer made;  
For scarcely might its arch be seen  
Through the thick ivy's curtain green,  
And not a sunbeam might intrude  
Upon its twilight solitude.  
It was the very place to strew  
The latest violets that grew  
Upon the feathery moss, then dream,--  
Lull'd by the music of the stream,--  
Fann'd by those scented gales which bring  
The garden's wealth upon their wing,  
Till languid with its own delight,  
Sleep steals like love upon the sight,  
Bearing those visionings of bliss  
That only visit sleep like this.

And paused the maid,--the moonlight shed  
Its light where leaves and flowers were spread,  
As there she had their sweetness borne,  
A pillow for a summer morn;  
But when those leaves and flowers were raised,  
A lamp beneath their covering blazed.  
She led through a small path whose birth  
Seem'd in the hidden depths of earth,--  
'Twas dark and damp, and on the ear  
There came a rush of waters near.  
At length the drear path finds an end,--  
Beneath a dark low arch they bend;  
'Safe, safe!' the maiden cried, and prest  
The red cross to her panting breast!  
'Yes, we are safe!--on, stranger, on,  
The worst is past, and freedom won!  
Somewhat of peril yet remains,  
But peril not from Moorish chains;--  
With hope and heaven be our lot!  
She spoke, but RAYMOND answer'd not:



It was as he at once had come  
Into some star's eternal home,--  
He look'd upon a spacious cave,  
Rich with the gifts wherewith the wave  
Had heap'd the temple of that source  
Which gave it to its daylight course.  
Here pillars crowded round the hall,  
Each with a glistening capital:--  
The roof was set with thousand spars,  
A very midnight heaven of stars;  
The walls were bright with every gem  
That ever graced a diadem;  
Snow turn'd to treasure,--crystal flowers  
With every hue of summer hours.  
While light and colour round him blazed,  
It seem'd to RAYMOND that he gazed  
Upon a fairy's palace, raised  
By spells from ore and jewels, that shine  
In Afric's stream and Indian mine;  
And she, his dark-eyed guide, were queen  
Alone in the enchanted scene.

They past the columns, and they stood  
By the depths of a pitchy flood,  
Where silent, leaning on his oar,  
An Ethiop slave stood by the shore.  
'My faithful ALI !' cried the maid,  
And then to gain the boat essay'd,  
Then paused, as in her heart afraid  
To trust that slight and fragile bark  
Upon a stream so fierce, so dark;  
Such sullen waves, the torch's glare  
Fell wholly unreflected there.

'Twas but a moment; on they went  
Over the grave-like element;  
At first in silence, for so drear  
Was all that met the eye and ear,--  
Before, behind, all was like night,  
And the red torch's cheerless light,  
Fitful and dim, but served to show  
How the black waters roll'd below;

And how the cavern roof o'erhead  
Seem'd like the tomb above them spread.  
And ever as each heavy stroke  
Of the oar upon these waters broke,  
Ten thousand echoes sent the sound  
Like omens through the hollows round,  
Till RAYMOND , who awhile subdued  
His spirit's earnest gratitude,  
Now pour'd his hurried thanks to her,  
Heaven's own loveliest minister.  
E'en by that torch he could espy  
The burning cheek, the downcast eye,--  
The faltering lip, which owns too well  
All that its words might never tell;--  
Once her dark eye met his, and then  
Sank 'neath its silken shade again;  
She spoke a few short hurried words,  
But indistinct, like those low chords  
Waked from the lute or ere the hand  
Knows yet what song it shall command.  
Was it in maiden fearfulness  
He might her bosom's secret guess,  
Or but in maiden modesty  
At what a stranger's thought might be  
Of this a Moorish maiden's flight  
In secret with a Christian knight.  
And the bright colour on her cheek  
Was various as the morning break,--  
Now spring-rose red, now lily pale,  
As thus the maiden told her tale.

#### MOORISH MAIDEN'S TALE.

ALBEIT on my brow and breast  
Is Moorish turban, Moorish vest;  
Albeit too of Moorish line,  
Yet Christian blood and faith are mine.  
Even from earliest infancy  
I have been taught to bend the knee  
Before the sweet Madonna's face,  
To pray from her a Saviour's grace!

My mother's youthful heart was given  
To one an infidel to heaven;  
Alas! that ever earthly love  
Could turn her hope from that above;  
Yet surely 'tis for tears, not blame,  
To be upon that mother's name.

Well can I deem my father all  
That holds a woman's heart in thrall,--  
In truth his was as proud a form  
As ever stemm'd a battle storm,  
As ever moved first in the hall  
Of crowds and courtly festival.  
Upon each temple the black hair  
Was mix'd with grey, as early care  
Had been to him like age,--his eye,  
And lip, and brow, were dark and high;  
And yet there was a look that seem'd  
As if at other times he dream'd  
Of gentle thoughts he strove to press  
Back to their unsunn'd loneliness.  
Your first gaze cower'd beneath his glance,  
Keen like the flashing of a lance,  
As forced a homage to allow  
To that tall form, that stately brow;  
But the next dwelt upon the trace  
That time may bring, but not efface,  
Of cares that wasted life's best years,  
Of griefs seared more than sooth'd by tears,  
And homage changed to a sad feeling  
For a proud heart its grief concealing.  
If such his brow, when griefs that wear,  
And hopes that waste, were written there,  
What must it have been, at the hour  
When in my mother's moonlit bower,  
If any step moved, 'twas to take  
The life he ventured for her sake?  
He urged his love; to such a suit  
Could woman's eye or heart be mute?  
She fled with him,--it matters not,  
To dwell at length upon their lot.  
But that my mother's frequent sighs

Swell'd at the thoughts of former ties,  
First loved, then fear'd she loved too well,  
Then fear'd to love an Infidel;  
A struggle all, she had the will  
But scarce the strength to love him still:--  
But for this weakness of the heart  
Which could not from its love depart,  
Rebell'd, but quickly clung again,  
Which broke and then renew'd its chain,  
Without the power to love, and be  
Repaid by love's fidelity:--  
Without this contest of the mind,  
Though yet its early fetters bind,  
Which still pants to be unconfined,  
They had been happy.

'Twas when first  
My spirit from its childhood burst,  
That to our roof a maiden came,  
My mother's sister, and the same  
In form, in face, in smiles, in tears,  
In step, in voice, in all but years,  
Save that there was upon her brow  
A calm my mother's wanted now;  
And that ELVIRA'S loveliness  
Seem'd scarce of earth, so passionless,  
So pale, all that the heart could paint  
Of the pure beauty of a saint.  
Yes, I have seen ELVIRA kneel,  
And seen the rays of evening steal,  
Lighting the blue depths of her eye  
With so much of divinity  
As if her every thought was raised  
To the bright heaven on which she gazed!  
Then often I have deem'd her form  
Rather with light than with life warm.

My father's darken'd brow was glad,  
My mother's burthen'd heart less sad  
With her, for she was not of those  
Who all the heart's affections close  
In a drear hour of grief or wrath,--

Her path was as an angel's path,  
Known only by the flowers which spring  
Beneath the influence of its wing;  
And that her high and holy mood  
Was such as suited solitude.  
Still she had gentle words and smiles,  
And all that sweetness which beguiles,  
Like sunshine on an April day,  
The heaviness of gloom away.  
It was as the souls weal were sure  
When prayer rose from lips so pure.

She left us;--the same evening came  
Tidings of woe, and death, and shame.  
Her guard had been attack'd by one  
Whose love it had been her's to shun.

Fierce was the struggle, and her flight  
Meanwhile had gain'd a neighbouring height,  
Which dark above the river stood,  
And look'd upon the rushing flood;  
'Twas compass'd round, she was bereft  
Of the vague hope that flight had left.  
One moment, and they saw her kneel,  
And then, as Heaven heard her appeal,  
She flung her downwards from the rock:  
Her heart was nerved by death to mock  
What that heart never might endure,  
The slavery of a godless Moor.

And madness in its burning pain  
Seized on my mother's heart and brain:  
She died that night, and the next day  
Beheld my father far away.

But wherefore should I dwell on all  
Of sorrow memory can recall,  
Enough to know that I must roam  
An orphan to a stranger home.--  
My father's death in battle field  
Forced me a father's rights to yield  
To his stern brother; how my heart

Was forced with one by one to part  
Of its best hopes, till life became  
Existence only in its name;  
Left but a single wish,--to share  
The cold home where my parents were.

At last I heard, I may not say  
How my soul brighten'd into day,  
ELVIRA lived; a miracle  
Had surely saved her as she fell!

A fisherman who saw her float,  
Bore her in silence to his boat.  
She lived! how often had I said  
To mine own heart she is not dead;  
And she remember'd me, and when  
They bade us never meet again,  
She sent to me an Ethiop slave,  
The same who guides us o'er the wave,  
Whom she had led to that pure faith  
Which sains and saves in life and death,  
And plann'd escape.

It was one morn  
I saw our conquering standards borne,  
And gazed upon a Christian knight  
Wounded and prisoner from the fight;  
I made a vow that he should be  
Redeem'd from his captivity.  
Sir knight, the Virgin heard my vow,--  
Yon light,--we are in safety now!

THE arch was past, the crimson gleam  
Of morning fell upon the stream,  
And flash'd upon the dazzled eye  
The day-break of a summer sky;  
And they are sailing amid ranks  
Of cypress on the river banks:  
They land where water-lilies spread  
Seem almost too fair for the tread;  
And knelt they down upon the shore,  
The heart's deep gratitude to pour.

Led by their dark guide on they press  
Through many a green and lone recess:  
The morning air, the bright sunshine,  
To RAYMOND were like the red wine,--  
Each leaf, each flower seem'd to be  
With his own joy in sympathy,  
So fresh, so glad; but the fair Moor,  
From peril and pursuit secure,  
Though hidden by her close-drawn veil,  
Yet seem'd more tremulous, more pale;  
The hour of dread and danger past,  
Fear's timid thoughts came thronging fast;  
Her cold hand trembled in his own,  
Her strength seem'd with its trial gone,  
And downcast eye, and faltering word,  
But dimly seen, but faintly heard,  
Seem'd scarcely her's that just had been  
His dauntless guide through the wild scene.

At length a stately avenue  
Of ancient chesnuts met their view,  
And they could see the time-worn walls  
Of her they sought, ELVIRA'S halls.  
A small path led a nearer way  
Through flower-beds in their spring array.  
They reach'd the steps, and stood below  
A high and marble portico;  
They enter'd, and saw kneeling there  
A creature even more than fair.  
On each white temple the dusk braid  
Of parted hair made twilight shade,  
That brow whose blue veins shone to show  
It was more beautiful than snow.

Her large dark eyes were almost hid  
By the nightfall of the fringed lid;  
And tears which fill'd their orbs with light,  
Like summer showers blent soft with bright.  
Her cheek was saintly pale, as nought  
Were there to flush with earthly thought;  
As the heart which in youth had given

Its feelings and its hopes to Heaven,  
Knew no emotions that could spread  
A maiden's cheek with sudden red,--  
Made for an atmosphere above,  
Too much to bend to mortal love.

And RAYMOND watch'd as if his eye  
Were on a young divinity,--  
As her bright presence made him feel  
Awe that could only gaze and kneel:  
And LEILA paused, as if afraid  
To break upon the recluse maid,  
As if her heart took its rebuke  
From that cold, calm, and placid look.

'ELVIRA !'--though the name was said  
Low as she fear'd to wake the dead,  
Yet it was heard, and, all revealing,  
Of her most treasured mortal feeling,  
Fondly the Moorish maid was prest  
To her she sought, ELVIRA'S breast.  
'I pray'd for thee, my hope, my fear,  
My LEILA ! and now thou art near.  
Nay, weep not, welcome as thou art  
To my faith, friends, and home and heart!'

And RAYMOND almost deem'd that earth  
To such had never given birth  
As the fair creatures, who, like light,  
Floated upon his dazzled sight:--  
One with her bright and burning cheek,  
All passion, tremulous and weak,  
A woman in her woman's sphere  
Of joy and grief, of hope and fear.  
The other, whose mild tenderness  
Seem'd as less made to share than bless;  
One to whom human joy was such  
That her heart fear'd to trust too much,  
While her wan brow seem'd as it meant  
To soften rapture to content;--  
To whom all earth's delight was food  
For high and holy gratitude.



Gazed RAYMOND till his burning brain  
Grew dizzy with excess of pain;  
For unheal'd wounds his strength had worn,  
And all the toil his flight had borne;  
His lip, and cheek, and brow were flame;  
And when ELVIRA'S welcome came,  
It fell on a regardless ear,  
As bow'd beside a column near,  
He leant insensible to all  
Of good or ill that could befall.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

## The Troubadour. Canto 4

IT was a wild and untrain'd bower,  
Enough to screen from April shower,  
Or shelter from June's hotter hour,  
Tapestried with starry jessamines,  
The summer's gold and silver mines;  
With a moss seat, and its turf set  
With crowds of the white violet.  
And close beside a fountain play'd,  
Dim, cool, from its encircling shade;  
And lemon trees grew round, as pale  
As never yet to them the gale  
Had brought a message from the sun  
To say their summer task was done.  
It was a very solitude  
For love in its despairing mood,  
With just enough of breath and bloom,  
With just enough of calm and gloom,  
To suit a heart where love has wrought  
His wasting work, with saddest thought;  
Where all its sickly fantasies  
May call up suiting images:  
With flowers like hopes that spring and fade  
As only for a mockery made,  
And shadows of the boughs that fall  
Like sorrow drooping over all.

And LEILA , loveliest! can it be  
Such destiny is made for thee?  
Yes, it is written on thy brow  
The all thy lip may not avow,--  
All that in woman's heart can dwell,  
Save by a blush unutterable.  
Alas! that ever RAYMOND came  
To light thy cheek and heart to flame,--  
A hidden fire, but not the less  
Consuming in its dark recess.

She had leant by his couch of pain,  
When throbbing pulse and bursting vein

Fierce spoke the fever, when fate near  
Rode on the tainted atmosphere;  
And though that parch'd lip spoke alone  
Of other love, in fondest tone,  
And though the maiden knew that death  
Might be upon his lightest breath,  
Yet never by her lover's side  
More fondly watch'd affianced bride,--  
With pain or fear more anxious strove,  
Than LEILA watch'd another's love.

But he was safe!--that very day  
Farewell, it had been her's to say;  
And he was gone to his own land,  
To seek another maiden's hand.

Who that had look'd on her that morn,  
Could dream of all her heart had borne;  
Her cheek was red, but who could know  
'Twas flushing with the strife below;--  
Her eye was bright, but who could tell  
It shone with tears she strove to quell;--  
Her voice was gay, her step was light;  
And, beaming, beautiful, and bright,  
It was as if life could confer  
Nothing but happiness on her.  
Ah! who could think that all so fair  
Was semblance, and but misery there.

'Tis strange with how much power and pride  
The softness is of love allied;  
How much of power to force the breast  
To be in outward show at rest,--  
How much of pride that never eye  
May look upon its agony!  
Ah! little will the lip reveal  
Of all the burning heart can feel.

But this was past, and she was now  
With clasped hands prest to her brow,  
And head bow'd down upon her knee,  
And heart-pulse throbbing audibly,

And tears that gush'd like autumn rain,  
The more for that they gush'd in vain.  
Oh! why should woman ever love,  
Trusting to one false star above;  
And fling her little chance away  
Of sunshine for its treacherous ray.

At first ELVIRA had not sought  
To break upon her lonely thought.  
But it was now the vesper time,  
And she return'd not at the chime  
Of holy bells,--she knew the hour:--  
At last they search'd her favourite bower;  
Beside the fount they found the maid  
On head bow'd down, as if she pray'd;  
Her long black hair fell like a veil,  
Making her pale brow yet more pale.  
'Twas strange to look upon her face,  
Then turn and see its shadowy trace  
Within the fountain; one like stone,  
So cold, so colourless, so lone,--  
A statue nymph, placed there to show  
How far the sculptor's art could go.  
The other, and that too the shade,  
In light and crimson warmth array'd;  
For the red glow of day declining,  
Was now upon the fountain shining,  
And the shape in its mirror bright  
Of sparkling waves caught warmth and light.

ELVIRA spoke not, though so near,  
Her words lay mute in their own fear:  
At last she whisper'd LEILA'S name,--  
No answer from the maiden came.  
She took one cold hand in her own,  
Started, and it dropp'd lifeless down!  
She gazed upon the fixed eye,  
And read in it mortality.

And lingers yet that maiden's tale  
A legend of the lemon vale:  
They say that never from that hour

Has flourish'd there a single flower,--  
The jasmine droop'd, the violets died,  
Nothing grew by that fountain side,  
Save the pale pining lemon trees,  
And the dark weeping cypresses.--  
And now when to the twilight star  
The lover wakes his lone guitar,  
Or maiden bids a song impart  
All that is veil'd in her own heart,  
The wild and mournful tale they tell  
Of her who loved, alas! too well.--

And where was RAYMOND , where was he?  
Borne homeward o'er the rapid sea,  
While sunny days and favouring gales  
Brought welcome speed to the white sails,--  
With bended knee, and upraised hand,  
He stood upon his native land,  
With all that happiness can be  
When resting on futurity.  
On, on he went, and o'er the plain  
He rode an armed knight again;  
He urged his steed with hand and heel,  
It bounded conscious of the steel,  
And never yet to RAYMOND'S eye  
Spread such an earth, shone such a sky,  
Blew such sweet breezes o'er his brow,  
As those his native land had now.

He thought upon young EVA'S name,  
And felt that she was still the same;  
He thought on AMIRALD , his child  
Had surely his dark cares beguiled;  
He thought upon the welcome sweet  
It would be his so soon to meet:  
And never had the star of hope  
Shone on a lovelier horoscope.

And evening shades were on the hour  
When RAYMOND rode beneath the tower  
Remember'd well, for ADELINÉ  
Had there been his heart's summer queen.

Could this be it?--he knew the heath  
Which, lake-like, spread its walls beneath,--  
He saw the dark old chesnut wood  
Which had for ages by it stood;  
And but for these the place had been  
As one that he had never seen.  
The walls were rent, the gates were gone,  
No red light from the watch tower shone.  
He enter'd, and the hall was bare,  
It show'd the spoiler had been there;  
Even upon the very hearth  
The green grass found a place of birth.

Oh, vanity! that the stone wall  
May sooner than a blossom fall;  
The tower in its strength may be  
Laid low before the willow tree.  
There stood the wood, subject to all  
The autumn wind, the winter fall,--  
There stood the castle which the rain  
And wind had buffeted in vain,--  
But one in ruins stood beside  
The other green in its spring pride.

And RAYMOND paced the lonely hall  
As if he feared his own footfall.  
It is the very worst, the gloom  
Of a deserted banquet-room,  
To see the spider's web outvie  
The torn and faded tapestry,--  
To shudder at the cold damp air,  
Then think how once were burning there  
The incense vase with odour glowing,  
The silver lamp its softness throwing  
O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright  
As roses bathed in summer light,--  
How through the portals sweeping came  
Proud cavalier and high-born dame,  
With gems like stars 'mid raven curls,  
And snow-white plumes and wreathed pearls--  
Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim  
The sparkling stones around the brim;--

Soft voices answering to the lute,  
The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute,--  
The glancing lightness of the dance,--  
Then, starting sudden from thy trance,  
Gaze round the lonely place and see  
Its silence and obscurity:  
Then commune with thine heart, and say  
These are the foot-prints of decay,--  
And I, even thus shall pass away.

And RAYMOND turn'd him to depart,  
With darken'd brow and heavy heart.  
Can outrage or can time remove  
The sting, the scar of slighted love?  
He could not look upon the scene  
And not remember ADELINE ,  
Fair queen of gone festivity,--  
Oh, where was it, and where was she!

At distance short a village lay,  
And thither RAYMOND took his way,  
And in its hostel shelter found,  
While the dark night was closing round.  
It was a cheerful scene, the hearth  
Was bright with wood-fire and with mirth,  
And in the midst a harper bent  
O'er his companion instrument:  
'Twas an old man, his hair was grey,--  
For winter tracks in snow its way,--  
But yet his dark, keen eye was bright,  
With somewhat of its youthful light;  
Like one whose path of life had made  
Its course through mingled sheen and shade,  
But one whose buoyant spirit still  
Pass'd lightly on through good or ill,--  
One reckless if borne o'er the sea  
In storm or in tranquillity;  
The same to him, as if content  
Were his peculiar element.  
'Tis strange how the heart can create  
Or colour from itself its fate;  
We make ourselves our own distress,

We are ourselves our happiness.

And many a song and many a lay,  
Had pass'd the cheerful hour away,  
When one pray'd that he would relate,  
His tale of the proud ladye's fate,--  
The lady ADELIN ;--the name  
Like lightning upon RAYMOND came!  
And swept the harper o'er his chords  
As that he paused for minstrel words,  
Or stay'd till silence should prevail,  
When thus the old man told the tale.

THE PROUD LADYE.

OH , what could the ladye's beauty match,  
An it were not the ladye's pride;  
An hundred knights from far and near  
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,  
Its lily upon her breast,  
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star  
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,  
And some for her noble name,  
And more that woo'd for her loveliness;  
But her answer was still the same.

'There is a steep and lofty wall,  
Where my warders trembling stand,  
He who at speed shall ride round its height,  
For him shall be my hand.'

Many turn'd away from the deed,  
The hope of their wooing o'er;  
But many a young knight mounted the steed  
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,  
From a strange and far countrie,



The steed that he rode was white as the foam  
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love,  
Now bow'd before its might,  
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain  
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul  
By dance, song, and festival;  
At length on bended knee she pray'd  
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,  
And flung him on his steed,--  
There was not a saint in the calendar  
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see  
If heaven had granted her prayer,  
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,--  
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye ADELINÉ  
From her hair a jewell'd band,  
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,  
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,  
Ladye, for love of thee;  
The honour that guides the soldier's lance  
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,  
The victor's crown to wear;  
But not in honour of the eyes  
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost  
Through thy proud crueltie,  
And far more was to me his love,  
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride  
Through which that brother fell,  
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,  
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,  
For love was in her heart,  
And on her slumber there came dreams  
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,  
Her cheek grew wan and pale,  
Till she hid her faded loveliness  
Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,  
And bade the world farewell,  
And she now dwells a veiled nun  
In Saint Marie's cell.

AND what were RAYMOND'S dreams that night?  
The morning's gift of crimson light  
Waked not his sleep, for his pale cheek  
Did not of aught like slumber speak;  
Though not upon a morn like this  
Should RAYMOND turn to aught but bliss.  
To-day, when EVA will be prest,  
Ere evening, to his throbbing breast,--  
To-day, when all his own will be  
That cheer'd his long captivity.  
Care to the wind of heaven was flung  
As the young knight to stirrup sprung.

He reach'd the castle; save one, all  
Rush'd to his welcome in the hall.  
He gazed, but there no EVA came,  
Scarce his low voice named EVA'S name!

'Our EVA , she is far away  
Amid the young, the fair, the gay.  
At Thoulouse, now the bright resort

Of beauty and the Minstrel Court;  
For this time it is hers to set  
The victor's brow with violet.  
Her father,--but you're worn and pale,--  
Come, the wine cup will aid my tale.'  
The greeting of the elder knight,  
The cheerful board, the vintage bright,  
Not all could chase from RAYMOND'S soul,  
The cloud that o'er its gladness stole;  
And soon, pretending toil, he sought  
A solitude for lonely thought.--  
'Tis strange how much of vanity  
Almost unconsciously will be  
With our best feelings mix'd, and now  
But that, what shadows RAYMOND'S brow.

He had deem'd a declining flower,  
Pining in solitary bower,  
He should find EVA , sad and lone,--  
He sought the cage, the bird had flown,  
With burnish'd plume, and careless wing,  
A follower of the sunny Spring.  
He pictured her the first of all  
In masque, and dance, and festival,--  
With cheek at its own praises burning,  
And eyes but on adorers turning,  
The lady of the tournament,  
For whose bright sake the lance was sent;  
While minstrels borrow'd from her name  
The beauty which they paid by fame:  
Beloved! not even his hot brain  
Dared whisper,--loving too again.

But the next morn, and RAYMOND bent  
His steps to that fair Parliament,  
While pride and hasty anger strove  
Against his memory and his love.  
But leave we him awhile to rave  
Against the faith which, like the wave,  
By every grain of sand can be  
Moved from its own tranquillity,  
Till settled he that woman's mind

Was but a leaf before the wind,--  
Left to remain, retreat, advance,  
Without a destiny but chance.--

And where is EVA ? on her cheek  
Is there aught that of love may speak?  
Amid the music and perfume  
That, mingling, fill yon stately room  
A maiden sits, around her chair  
Stand others who, with graceful care,  
Bind Indian jewels in her hair.  
'Tis EVA ! on one side a stand  
Of dark wood from the Ethiop's land  
Is cover'd with all gems that deck  
A maiden's arm, or maiden's neck:  
The diamond with its veins of light,  
The sapphire like a summer night,  
The ruby rich as it had won  
A red gift from the setting sun,  
And white pearls, such as might have been  
A bridal offering for a queen.

On the side opposite were thrown,  
Rainbow-like mix'd, a sparkling zone,  
A snow-white veil, a purple vest  
Embroider'd with a golden crest.  
Before, the silver mirror's trace  
Is the sweet shadow of her face,  
Placed as appealing to her eyes  
For the truth of the flatteries,  
With which her gay attendants seek  
To drive all sadness from her cheek.--  
She heard them not; she reck'd not how  
They wreath'd the bright hair o'er her brow,  
Whate'er its sunny grace might be  
There was an eye that would not see.  
They told of words of royal praise,  
They told of minstrel's moonlight lays,  
Of youthful knights who swore to die  
For her least smile, her lightest sigh.  
But he was gone, her young, her brave,  
Her heart was with him in the grave.

Wearied, for ill the heart may bear  
Light words in which it has no share,  
She turn'd to a pale maid, who, mute,  
Dreaming of song leant o'er her lute;  
And at her sign, that maiden's words  
Came echo-like to its sweet chords,--  
It was a low and silver tone,  
And very sad, like sorrow's own;  
She sang of love as it will be,  
And has been in reality,--  
Of fond hearts broken and betray'd,  
Of roses opening but to fade,  
Of wither'd hope, and wasted bloom,  
Of the young warrior's early tomb;  
And the while her dark mournful eye  
Held with her words deep sympathy.

And EVA listen'd;--music's power  
Is little felt in sunlit hour;  
But hear its voice when hopes depart,  
Like swallows, flying from the heart  
On which the summer's late decline  
Has set a sadness and a sign;  
When friends whose commune once we sought  
For every bosom wish and thought,  
Have given in our hour of need  
Such a support as gives the reed,--  
When we have seen the green grass grow  
Over what once was life below;  
How deeply will the spirit feel  
The lute, the song's sweet-voiced appeal;  
And how the heart drink in their sighs  
As echoes they from Paradise.

'Tis done: the last bright gem is set  
In EVA'S sparkling coronet;  
A soil on her rich veil appears,--  
Unsuited here--and is it tears!

Her father met her, he was proud  
To lead his daughter through the crowd,

And see the many eyes that gazed,  
Then mark the blush their gazing raised;  
And for his sake, she forced away  
The clouds that on her forehead lay,  
The sob rose in her throat, 'twas all,  
The tears swam, but they dared not fall;  
And the pale lip put on a smile,  
Alas it was too sad for guile!

A beautiful and festal day  
Shone summer bright o'er the array,  
And purple banners work'd in gold,  
And azure pennons spread their fold,  
O'er the rich awnings which were round  
The galleries that hemm'd in the ground,  
The green and open space, where met  
The Minstrels of the Violet;  
And two or three old stately trees  
Softened the sun, skreen'd from the breeze.  
And there came many a lovely dame,  
With cheek of rose, and eye of flame;  
And many a radiant arm was raised,  
Whose rubies in the sunshine blazed;  
And many a white veil swept the air  
Only than what they hid less fair;  
And placed at his own beauty's feet  
Found many a youthful knight his seat,  
And flung his jewell'd cap aside,  
And wore his scarf with gayer pride,  
And whisper'd soft and gallant things,  
And bade the bards' imaginings  
Whenever love awoke the tone,  
With their sweet passion plead his own.

Beneath an azure canopy,  
Blue as the sweep of April's sky,  
Upon a snowy couch reclined  
Like a white cloud before the wind,  
Leant EVA :--there was many a tent  
More royal, more magnificent,  
With purple, gold, and crimson swelling,  
But none so like a fairy dwelling:

One curtain bore her father's crest,  
But summer flowers confined the rest;  
And, at her feet, the ground was strew'd  
With the June's rainbow multitude:  
Beside her knelt a page, who bore  
A vase with jewels sparkling o'er,  
And in that shining vase was set  
The prize,--THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

Alas for her whom ev'ry eye  
Worshipp'd like a divinity!  
Alas for her whose ear was fill'd  
With flatteries like sweet woods distill'd!

Alas for EVA ! bloom and beam,  
Music and mirth, came like a dream,  
In which she mingled not,--apart  
From all in heaviness of heart.  
There were soft tales pour'd in her ear,  
She look'd on many a cavalier,  
Wander'd her eye round the glad scene,  
It was as if they had not been;--  
To ear, eye, heart, there only came  
Her RAYMOND'S image, RAYMOND'S name!

There is a flower, a snow-white flower,  
Fragile as if a morning shower  
Would end its being, and the earth  
Forget to what it gave a birth;  
And it looks innocent and pale,  
Slight as the least force could avail  
To pluck it from its bed, and yet  
Its root in depth and strength is set.  
The July sun, the autumn rain,  
Beat on its slender stalk in vain;--  
Around it spreads, despite of care,  
Till the whole garden is its share;  
And other plants must fade and fall  
Beneath its deep and deadly thrall.  
This is love's emblem; it is nurst  
In all unconsciousness at first,  
Too slight, too fair, to wake distrust;

No sign how that an after hour  
Will rue and weep its fatal power.  
'Twas thus with EVA ; she had dream'd  
Of love as his first likeness seem'd,  
A sweet thought o'er which she might brood,  
The treasure of her solitude;  
But tidings of young RAYMOND'S fate  
Waken'd her from her dream too late,  
Even her timid love could be  
The ruling star of destiny.  
And when a calmer mood prevail'd  
O'er that whose joy her father hail'd,  
Too well he saw how day by day  
Some other emblem of decay  
Came on her lip, and o'er her brow,  
Which only she would disallow;  
The cheek the lightest word could flush  
Not with health's rose, but the heart's gush  
Of feverish anxiousness; he caught  
At the least hope, and vainly sought  
By change, by pleasure, to dispell  
Her sorrow from its secret cell.

In vain;--what can reanimate  
A heart too early desolate?  
It had been his, it could not save,  
But it could follow to his grave.

The trumpets peal'd their latest round,  
Stole from the flutes a softer sound,  
Swell'd the harp to each master's hand,  
As onward came the minstrel band!  
And many a bright cheek grew more bright,  
And many a dark eye flash'd with light,  
As bent the minstrel o'er his lute,  
And urged the lover's plaining suit,  
Or swept a louder chord, and gave  
Some glorious history of the brave.

At last from 'mid the crowd one came,  
Unknown himself, unknown his name,  
Both knight and bard,--the stranger wore



The garb of a young Troubadour;  
His dark green mantle loosely flung,  
Conceal'd the form o'er which it hung;  
And his cap, with its shadowy plume,  
Hid his face by its raven gloom.  
Little did EVA'S careless eye  
Dream that it wander'd RAYMOND by,  
Though his first tone thrill'd every vein,  
It only made her turn again,  
Forget the scene, the song, and dwell  
But on what memory felt too well.

#### THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

IN some valley low and lone,  
Where I was the only one  
Of the human dwellers there,  
Would I dream away my care:  
I'd forget how in the world  
Snakes lay amid roses curl'd,  
I'd forget my once distress  
For young Love's insidiousness.  
False foes, and yet falser friends,  
Seeming but for their own ends;  
Pleasures known but by their wings,  
Yet remember'd by their stings;  
Gold's decrease, and health's decay,  
I will fly like these away,  
To some lovely solitude,  
Where the nightingale's young brood  
Lives amid the shrine of leaves,  
Which the wild rose round them weaves,  
And my dwelling shall be made  
Underneath the beech-tree's shade.  
Twining ivy for the walls  
Over which the jasmine falls,  
Like a tapestry work'd with gold  
And pearls around each emerald fold:  
And my couches shall be set  
With the purple violet,  
And the white ones too, inside  
Each a blush to suit a bride.

That flower which of all that live,  
Lovers, should be those who give,  
Primroses, for each appears  
Pale and wet with many tears.  
Alas tears and pallid cheek  
All too often love bespeak!  
There the gilderose should fling  
Silver treasures to the spring,  
And the bright laburnum's tresses  
Seeking the young wind's caresses;  
In the midst an azure lake,  
Where no oar e'er dips to break  
The clear bed of its blue rest,  
Where the halcyon builds her nest;  
And amid the sedges green,  
And the water-flag's thick screen,  
The solitary swan resides;  
And the bright kingfisher hides,  
With its colours rich like those  
Which the bird of India shows.--  
Once I thought that I would seek  
Some fair creature, young and meek,  
Whose most gentle smile would bless  
My too utter loneliness;  
But I then remember'd all  
I had suffer'd from Love's thrall,  
And I thought I 'd not again  
Enter in the lion's den;  
But, with my wrung heart now free,  
So I thought I still will be.  
Love is like a kingly dome,  
Yet too often sorrow's home;  
Sometimes smiles, but oftener tears,  
Jealousies, and hopes, and fears,  
A sweet liquor sparkling up,  
But drank from a poison'd cup.  
Would you guard your heart from care  
Love must never enter there.  
I will dwell with summer flowers,  
Fit friends for the summer hours,  
My companions honey-bees,  
And birds, and buds, and leaves, and trees,

And the dew of the twilight,  
And the thousand stars of night:  
I will cherish that sweet gift,  
The least earthly one now left  
Of the gems of Paradise,  
Poesy's delicious sighs.  
Ill may that soft spirit bear  
Crowds' or cities' healthless air;  
Was not her sweet breathing meant  
To echo the low murmur sent  
By the flowers, and by the rill,  
When all save the wind is still?  
As if to tell of those fair things  
High thoughts, pure imaginings,  
That recall how bright, how fair,  
In our other state we were.  
And at last, when I have spent  
A calm life in mild content,  
May my spirit pass away  
As the early leaves decay:  
Spring shakes her gay coronal,  
One sweet breath, and then they fall.  
Only let the red-breast bring  
Moss to strew me with, and sing,  
One low mournful dirge to tell  
I have bid the world farewell.

AND praise rang forth, the prize is won,  
Young minstrel, thou hast equal none!  
They led him to the lady's seat,  
And knelt he down at EVA'S feet;  
She bent his victor brow to deck,  
And, fainting, sunk upon his neck!  
The cap and plume aside were thrown,  
'Twas as the grave restored its own,  
And sent its victim forth to share  
Light, life, and hope, and sun, and air.

That day the feast spread gay and bright  
In honour of the youthful knight,  
And it was EVA'S fairy hand  
Met RAYMOND'S in the saraband,

And it was EVA'S ear that heard  
Many a low and love-tuned word.--  
And life seem'd as a sunny stream,  
And hope awaked as from a dream;  
But what has minstrel left to tell  
When love has not an obstacle?  
My lute is hush'd, and mute its chords,  
The heart and happiness have no words!

MY tale is told, the glad sunshine  
Fell over its commencing line,--  
It was a morn in June, the sun  
Was blessing all it shone upon,  
The sky was clear as not a cloud  
Were ever on its face allow'd;  
The hill whereon I stood was made  
A pleasant place of summer shade  
By the green elms which seem'd as meant  
To make the noon a shadowy tent.  
I had been bent half sleep, half wake,  
Dreaming those rainbow dreams that take  
The spirit prisoner in their chain,  
Too beautiful to be quite vain,--  
Enough if they can soothe or cheer  
One moment's pain or sorrow here.  
And I was happy; hope and fame  
Together on my visions came,  
For memory had just dipp'd her wings  
In honey dews, and sunlit springs,--  
My brow burnt with its early wreath,  
My soul had drank its first sweet breath  
Of praise, and yet my cheek was flushing,  
My heart with the full torrent gushing  
Of feelings whose delighted mood  
Was mingling joy and gratitude.  
Scarce possible it seem'd to be  
That such praise could be meant for me.--  
Enured to coldness and neglect,  
My spirit chill'd, my breathing check'd,  
All that can crowd and crush the mind,  
Friends even more than fate unkind,  
And fortunes stamp'd with the pale sign

That marks and makes autumn's decline.  
How could I stand in the sunshine,  
And marvel not that it was mine?  
One word, if ever happiness  
In its most passionate excess  
Offer'd its wine to human lip,  
It has been mine that cup to sip.  
I may not say with what deep dread  
The words of my first song were said,  
I may not say how much delight  
Has been upon my minstrel flight.--  
'Tis vain, and yet my heart would say  
Somewhat to those who made my way  
A path of light, with power to kill,  
To check, to crush, but not the will.  
Thanks for the gentleness that lent  
My young lute such encouragement,  
When scorn had turn'd my heart to stone,  
Oh, their's be thanks and benison!

Back to the summer hill again,  
When first I thought upon this strain,  
And music rose upon the air,  
I look'd below, and, gather'd there,  
Rode soldiers with their breast-plates glancing,  
Helmets and snow-white feathers dancing,  
And trumpets at whose martial sound  
Prouder the war horse trod the ground,  
And waved their flag with many a name  
Of battles and each battle fame.  
And as I mark'd the gallant line  
Pass through the green lane's serpentine,  
And as I saw the boughs give way  
Before the crimson pennons' play;  
To other days my fancy went,  
Call'd up the stirring tournament,  
The dark-eyed maiden who for years  
Kept the vows seal'd by parting tears,  
While he who own'd her plighted hand  
Was fighting in the Holy Land.  
The youthful knight with his gay crest,  
His ladye's scarf upon a breast

Whose truth was kept, come life, come death,--  
Alas! has modern love such faith?  
I thought how in the moon-lit hour  
The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower,  
His helm and sword changed for the lute  
And one sweet song to urge his suit.  
Floated around me moated hall,  
And donjon keep, and frowning wall;  
I saw the marshall'd hosts advance,  
I gazed on banner, brand, and lance;  
The murmur of a low song came  
Bearing one only worshipp'd name;  
And my next song, I said, should be  
A tale of gone-by chivalry.

My task is done, the tale is told,  
The lute drops from my wearied hold;  
Spreads no green earth, no summer sky  
To raise fresh visions for my eye,  
The hour is dark, the winter rain  
Beats cold and harsh against the pane,  
Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine,  
Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;  
And the wind howls in gusts around,  
As omens were in each drear sound,--  
Omens that bear upon their breath  
Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death.  
Thus should it be,--I could not bear  
The breath of flowers, the sunny air  
Upon that ending page should be  
Which ONE will never, never see.  
Yet who will love it like that one,  
Who cherish as he would have done,  
My father! albeit but in vain  
This clasping of a broken chain,  
And albeit of all vainest things  
That haunt with sad imaginings,  
None has the sting of memory;  
Yet still my spirit turns to thee,  
Despite of long and lone regret,  
Rejoicing it cannot forget.  
I would not lose the lightest thought

With one remembrance of thine fraught,--  
And my heart said no name, but thine  
Should be on this last page of mine.

My father, though no more, thine ear  
Censure or praise of mine can hear,  
It soothes me to embalm thy name  
With all my hope, my pride, my fame,  
Treasures of Fancy's fairy hall,--  
Thy name most precious far of all.

My page is wet with bitter tears,--  
I cannot but think of those years  
When happiness and I would wait  
On summer evenings by the gate,  
And keep o'er the green fields our watch  
The first sound of thy step to catch,  
Then run for the first kiss, and word,--  
An unkind one I never heard.  
But these are pleasant memories,  
And later years have none like these:  
They came with griefs, and pains, and cares,  
All that the heart breaks while it bears;  
Desolate as I feel alone  
I should not weep that thou art gone.  
Alas! the tears that still will fall  
Are selfish in their fond recall;--  
If ever tears could win from Heaven  
A loved one, and yet be forgiven,  
Mine surely might; I may not tell  
The agony of my farewell!  
A single tear I had not shed,--  
'Twas the first time I mourn'd the dead:--  
It was my heaviest loss, my worst,--  
My father!--and was thine the first!

Farewell! in my heart is a spot  
Where other griefs and cares come not,  
Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,  
And deeply honour'd, deeply wept.  
My own dead father, time may bring  
Chance, change, upon his rainbow-wing,

But never will thy name depart  
The household god of thy child's heart,  
Until thy orphan girl may share  
The grave where her best feelings are.  
Never, dear father, love can be,  
Like the dear love I had for thee!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon



# The Zenana

WHAT is there that the world hath not  
Gathered in yon enchanted spot?  
Where, pale, and with a languid eye,  
The fair Sultana listlessly  
Leans on her silken couch, and dreams  
Of mountain airs, and mountain streams.  
Sweet though the music float around,  
It wants the old familiar sound;

And fragrant though the flowers are breathing,  
From far and near together wreathing,  
They are not those she used to wear,  
Upon the midnight of her hair.—

She's very young, and childhood's days  
With all their old remembered ways,  
The empire of her heart contest  
With love, that is so new a guest;  
When blushing with her Murad near,  
Half timid bliss, half sweetest fear,  
E'en the beloved past is dim,  
Past, present, future, merge in him.  
But he, the warrior and the chief,  
His hours of happiness are brief;  
And he must leave Nadira's side  
To woo and win a ruder bride;

Sought, sword in hand and spur on heel,  
The fame, that weds with blood and steel.  
And while from Delhi far away,  
His youthful bride pines through the day,  
Weary and sad: thus when again  
He seeks to bind love's loosen'd chain;  
He finds the tears are scarcely dry  
Upon a cheek whose bloom is faded,  
The very flush of victory  
Is, like the brow he watches, shaded.  
A thousand thoughts are at her heart,  
His image paramount o'er all,

Yet not all his, the tears that start,  
As mournful memories recall  
Scenes of another home, which yet  
That fond young heart can not forget.  
She thinks upon that place of pride,  
Which frowned upon the mountain's side;

While round it spread the ancient plain,  
Her steps will never cross again.  
And near those mighty temples stand,  
The miracles of mortal hand,  
Where, hidden from the common eye,  
The past's long buried secrets lie,  
Those mysteries of the first great creed,  
Whose mystic fancies were the seed  
Of every wild and vain belief,  
That held o'er man their empire brief,  
And turned beneath a southern sky,  
All that was faith to poetry.  
Hence had the Grecian fables birth,  
And wandered beautiful o'er earth;  
Till every wood, and stream, and cave,  
Shelter to some bright vision gave:  
For all of terrible and strange,  
That from those gloomy caverns sprung,

From Greece received a graceful change,  
That spoke another sky and tongue,  
A finer eye, a gentler hand,  
Than in their native Hindoo land.

'Twas thence Nadira came, and still  
Her memory kept that lofty hill;  
The vale below, her place of birth,  
That one charmed spot, her native earth.  
Still haunted by that early love,  
Which youth can feel, and youth alone;  
An eager, ready, tenderness,  
To all its after-life unknown.  
When the full heart its magic flings,  
Alike o'er rare and common things,  
The dew of morning's earliest hour,

Which swells but once from leaf and flower,

From the pure life within supplied,  
A sweet but soon exhausted tide.

There falls a shadow on the gloom,  
There steals a light step through the room,  
Gentle as love, that, though so near,  
No sound hath caught the list'ning ear.  
A moment's fond watch o'er her keeping.  
Murad beholds Nadira weeping;  
He who to win her lightest smile,  
Had given his heart's best blood the while.  
She turned—a beautiful delight  
Has flushed the pale one into rose,  
Murad, her love, returned to-night,  
Her tears, what recks she now of those?  
Dried in the full heart's crimson ray,  
Ere he can kiss those tears away—

And she is seated at his feet,  
Too timid his dear eyes to meet;  
But happy; for she knows whose brow  
Is bending fondly o'er her now.  
And eager, for his sake, to hear  
The records red of sword and spear,  
For his sake feels the colour rise,  
His spirit kindle in her eyes,  
Till her heart beating joins the cry  
Of Murad, and of Victory.

City of glories now no more,  
His camp extends by Bejapore,  
Where the Mahratta's haughty race  
Has won the Moslem conqueror's place;  
A bolder prince now fills the throne,  
And he will struggle for his own.

'And yet,' he said, 'when evening falls  
Solemn above those mouldering walls,  
Where the mosques cleave the starry air,  
Deserted at their hour of prayer,

And rises Ibrahim's lonely tomb,  
'Mid weed-grown shrines, and ruined towers,  
All marked with that eternal gloom  
Left by the past to present hours.  
When human pride and human sway  
Have run their circle of decay;  
And, mocking—the funereal stone,  
Alone attests its builder gone.  
Oh! vain such temple, o'er the sleep  
Which none remain to watch or weep.  
I could not choose but think how vain  
The struggle fierce for worthless gain.  
And calm and bright the moon looked down  
O'er the white shrines of that fair town;

While heavily the cocoa-tree  
Drooped o'er the walls its panoply,  
A warrior proud, whose crested head  
Bends mournful o'er the recent dead,  
And shadows deep athwart the plain  
Usurp the silver moonbeam's reign;  
For every ruined building cast  
Shadows, like memories of the past.  
And not a sound the wind brought nigh,  
Save the far jackal's wailing cry,  
And that came from the field now red  
With the fierce banquet I had spread:  
Accursed and unnatural feast,  
For worm, and fly, and bird, and beast;  
While round me earth and heaven recorded  
The folly of life's desperate game,  
And the cold justice still awarded  
By time, which makes all lots the same.

Slayer or slain, it matters not,  
We struggle, perish, are forgot!  
The earth grows green above the gone,  
And the calm heaven looks sternly on.  
'Twas folly this—the gloomy night  
Fled before morning's orient light;  
City and river owned its power,  
And I, too, gladdened with the hour;

I saw my own far tents extend  
My own proud crescent o'er them bend;  
I heard the trumpet's glorious voice  
Summon the warriors of my choice.  
Again impatient on to lead,  
I sprang upon my raven steed,  
Again I felt my father's blood  
Pour through my veins its burning flood.  
My scimeter around I swung,  
Forth to the air its lightning sprung,

A beautiful and fiery light,  
The meteor of the coming fight.

'I turned from each forgotten grave  
To others, which the name they bear  
Will long from old oblivion save  
The heroes of the race I share.  
I thought upon the lonely isle  
Where sleeps the lion-king the while,

Who looked on death, yet paused to die  
Till comraded by Victory.  
And he, fire noblest of my line,  
Whose tomb is now the warrior's shrine,  
(Where I were well content to be,  
So that such fame might live with me.)  
The light of peace, the storm of war,  
Lord of the earth, our proud Akbar.  
'What though our passing day but be  
A bubble on eternity;  
Small though the circle is, yet still  
'Tis ours to colour at our will.  
Mine be that consciousness of life  
Which has its energies from strife,  
Which lives its utmost, knows its power,  
Claims from the mind its utmost dower—

With fiery pulse, and ready hand,  
That wills, and willing wins command—  
That boldly takes from earth its best—  
To whom the grave can be but rest.

Mine the fierce free existence spent  
Mid meeting ranks and armed tent:—  
Save the few moments which I steal  
At thy beloved feet to kneel—  
And own the warrior's wild career  
Has no such joy as waits him here—  
When all that hope can dream is hung  
Upon the music of thy tongue.  
Ah! never is that cherished face  
Banished from its accustomed place—  
It shines upon my weariest night  
It leads me on in thickest fight:  
All that seems most opposed to be  
Is yet associate with thee—

Together life and thee depart,  
Dream—idol—treasure of my heart.'

Again, again Murad must wield  
His scimeter in battle-field:  
And must he leave his lonely flower  
To pine in solitary bower?  
Has power no aid has wealth no charm,  
The weight of absence to disarm?  
Alas! she will not touch her lute—  
What!—sing?—and not for Murad's ear?  
The echo of the heart is mute,  
And that alone makes music dear.  
In vain, in vain that royal hall  
Is decked as for a festival.  
The sunny birds, whose shining wings  
Seem as if bathed in golden springs,

Though worth the gems they cost—and fair  
As those which knew her earlier care.  
The flowers—though there the rose expand  
The sweetest depths wind ever fanned.  
Ah! earth and sky have loveliest hues—  
But none to match that dearest red,  
Born of the heart, which still renews  
The life that on itself is fed.  
The maiden whom we love bestows

Her magic on the haunted rose.  
Such was the colour—when her cheek  
Spoke what the lip might never speak.  
The crimson flush which could confess  
All that we hoped—but dared not guess.  
That blush which through the world is known  
To love, and to the rose alone—  
A sweet companionship, which never  
The poet's dreaming eye may sever.

And there were tulips, whose rich leaves  
The rainbow's dying light receives;  
For only summer sun and skies  
Could lend to earth such radiant dyes;  
But still the earth will have its share,  
The stem is green—the foliage fair—  
Those coronals of gems but glow  
Over the withered heart below—  
That one dark spot, like passion's fire,  
Consuming with its own desire.  
And pale, as one who dares not turn  
Upon her inmost thoughts, and learn,  
If it be love their depths conceal,  
Love she alone is doomed to feel—  
The jasmine droopeth mournfully  
Over the bright anemone,  
The summer's proud and sun-burnt child:  
In vain the queen is not beguiled,

They waste their bloom. Nadira's eye  
Neglects them—let them pine and die.  
Ah! birds and flowers may not suffice  
The heart that throbs with stronger ties.  
Again, again Murad is gone,  
Again his young bride weeps alone:  
Seeks her old nurse, to win her ear  
With magic stories once so dear,  
And calls the Almas to her aid.  
With graceful dance, and gentle singing,  
And bells like those some desert home  
Hears from the camel's neck far ringing.  
Alas! she will not raise her brow;

Yet stay—some spell hath caught her now:  
That melody has touched her heart.  
Oh, triumph of Zilara's art;  
She listens to the mournful strain,  
And bids her sing that song again.

Song.

'My lonely lute, how can I ask  
For music from thy silent strings?  
It is too sorrowful a task,  
When only swept by memory's wings:  
Yet waken from thy charmed sleep,  
Although I wake thee but to weep.

'Yet once I had a thousand songs,  
As now I have but only one.  
Ah, love, whate'er to thee belongs.  
With all life's other links, has done;  
And I can breathe no other words  
Than thou hast left upon the chords.

'They say Camdeo's place of rest,  
When floating down the Ganges' tide,  
Is in the languid lotus breast,  
Amid whose sweets he loves to hide.  
Oh, false and cruel, though divine,  
What dost thou in so fair a shrine?

'And such the hearts that thou dost choose,  
As pure, as fair, to shelter thee;  
Alas! they know not what they lose  
Who chance thy dwelling-place to be.  
For, never more in happy dream  
Will they float down life's sunny stream.

'My gentle lute, repeat one name,  
The very soul of love, and thine:  
No; sleep in silence, let me frame  
Some other love to image mine;

Steal sadness from another's tone,  
I dare not trust me with my own.



'Thy chords will win their mournful way,  
All treasured thoughts to them belong;  
For things it were so hard to say  
Are murmured easily in song—  
It is for music to impart  
The secrets of the burthened heart.

'Go, taught by misery and love,  
And thou hast spells for every ear:  
But the sweet skill each pulse to move,  
Alas! hath bought its knowledge dear—  
Bought by the wretchedness of years,  
A whole life dedicate to tears.'

The voice has ceased, the chords are mute,  
The singer droops upon her lute;

But, oh, the fulness of each tone  
Straight to Nadira's heart hath gone—  
As if that mournful song revealed  
Depths in that heart till then concealed,  
A world of melancholy thought,  
Then only into being brought;  
Those tender mysteries of the soul,  
Like words on an enchanted scroll,  
Whose mystic meaning but appears  
When washed and understood by tears.  
She gazed upon the singer's face;  
Deeply that young brow wore the trace  
Of years that leave their stamp behind:  
The wearied hope—the fever'd mind—  
The heart which on itself hath turned,  
Worn out with feelings—slighted—spurned—  
Till scarce one throb remained to show  
What warm emotions slept below,

Never to be renewed again,  
And known but by remembered pain.

Her cheek was pale—impassioned pale—  
Like ashes white with former fire,

Passion which might no more prevail,  
The rose had been its own sweet pyre.  
You gazed upon the large black eyes,  
And felt what unshed tears were there;  
Deep, gloomy, wild, like midnight skies,  
When storms are heavy on the air—  
And on the small red lip sat scorn,  
Writhing from what the past had borne.  
But far too proud to sigh—the will,  
Though crushed, subdued, was haughty still;  
Last refuge of the spirit's pain,  
Which finds endurance in disdain.

Others wore blossoms in their hair,  
And golden bangles round the arm.  
She took no pride in being fair,  
The gay delight of youth to charm;  
The softer wish of love to please,  
What had she now to do with these?  
She knew herself a bartered slave,  
Whose only refuge was the grave.  
Unsoftened now by those sweet notes,  
Which half subdued the grief they told,  
Her long black hair neglected floats  
O'er that wan face, like marble cold;  
And carelessly her listless hand  
Wandered above her lute's command  
But silently—or just a tone  
Woke into music, and was gone.

'Come hither, maiden, take thy seat,'  
Nadira said, 'here at my feet.'

And, with the sweetness of a child  
Who smiles, and deems all else must smile,  
She gave the blossoms which she held,  
And praised the singer's skill the while;  
Then started with a sad surprise,  
For tears were in the stranger's eyes.  
Ah, only those who rarely know  
Kind words, can tell how sweet they seem.  
Great God, that there are those below

To whom such words are like a dream.

'Come,' said the young Sultana, 'come  
To our lone garden by the river,  
Where summer hath its loveliest home,  
And where Camdeo fills his quiver.  
If, as thou sayest, 'tis stored with flowers,  
Where will he find them fair as ours?  
And the sweet songs which thou canst sing  
Methinks might charm away his sting.'

The evening banquet soon is spread—  
There the pomegranate's rougher red  
Was cloven, that it might disclose  
A colour stolen from the rose—  
The brown pistachio's glossy shell,  
The citron where faint odours dwell;  
And near the watermelon stands,  
Fresh from the Jumna's shining sands;  
And golden grapes, whose bloom and hue  
Wear morning light and morning dew,  
Or purple with the deepest dye  
That flushes evening's farewell sky.  
And in the slender vases glow—  
Vases that seem like sculptured snow—  
The rich sherbets are sparkling bright  
With ruby and with amber light.  
A fragrant mat the ground o'erspread,  
With an old tamarind overhead,

With drooping bough of darkest green,  
Forms for their feast a pleasant screen.

'Tis night, but such delicious time  
Would seem like day in northern clime.  
A pure and holy element,  
Where light and shade, together blent,  
Are like the mind's high atmosphere,  
When hope is calm, and heaven is near.  
The moon is young—her crescent brow  
Wears its ethereal beauty now,  
Unconscious of the crime and care,

Which even her brief reign must know,  
Till she will pine to be so fair,  
With such a weary world below.  
A tremulous and silvery beam  
Melts over palace, garden, stream;

Each flower beneath that tranquil ray,  
Wears other beauty than by day,  
All pale as if with love, and lose  
Their rich variety of hues—  
But ah, that languid loveliness  
Hath magic, to the noon unknown,  
A deep and pensive tenderness,  
The heart at once feels is its own—  
How fragrant to these dewy hours,  
The white magnolia lifts its urn  
The very Araby of flowers,  
Wherein all precious odours burn.  
And when the wind disperses these,  
The faint scent of the lemon trees  
Mingles with that rich sigh which dwells  
Within the baubool's golden bells.

The dark green peepul's glossy leaves,  
Like mirrors each a ray receives,  
While luminous the moonlight falls,  
O'er pearl kiosk and marble walls,  
Those graceful palaces that stand  
Most like the work of peri-land.  
And rippling to the lovely shore,  
The river tremulous with light,  
On its small waves, is covered o'er  
With the sweet offerings of the night—  
Heaps of that scented grass whose bands  
Have all been wove by pious hands,  
Or wreaths, where fragrantly combined,  
Red and white lotus flowers are twined.  
And on the deep blue waters float  
Many a cocoa-nut's small boat,

Holding within the lamp which bears  
The maiden's dearest hopes and prayers,

Watch'd far as ever eye can see,  
A vain but tender augury.  
Alas! this world is not his home,  
And still love trusts that signs will come  
From his own native world of bliss,  
To guide him through the shades of this.  
Dreams, omens, he delights in these,  
For love is linked with fantasies,  
But hark! upon the plaining wind  
Zilara's music floats again;  
That midnight breeze could never find  
A meeter echo than that strain,  
Sad as the sobbing gale that sweeps  
The last sere leaf which autumn keeps,

Yet sweet as when the waters fall  
And make some lone glade musical.  
Song.

'Lady, sweet Lady, song of mine  
Was never meant for thee,  
I sing but from my heart, and thine—  
It cannot beat with me.

'You have not knelt in vain despair,  
Beneath a love as vain,  
That desperate—that devoted love,  
Life never knows again.

'What know you of a weary hope,  
The fatal and the fond,  
That feels it has no home on earth,  
Yet dares not look beyond?

'The bitterness of wasted youth,  
Impatient of its tears;  
The dreary days, the feverish nights,  
The long account of years.

'The vain regret, the dream destroy'd,  
The vacancy of heart,  
When life's illusions, one by one,  
First darken—then depart.

'The vacant heart! ah, worse,—a shrine  
For one beloved name:  
Kept, not a blessing, but a curse,  
Amid remorse and shame.

'To know how deep, how pure, how true  
Your early feelings were;  
But mock'd, betray'd, disdain'd, and chang'd,  
They have but left despair.

'And yet the happy and the young  
Bear in their hearts a well  
Of gentlest, kindest sympathy,  
Where tears unbidden dwell.

'Then, lady, listen to my lute;  
As angels look below,  
And e'en in heaven pause to weep  
O'er grief they cannot know.'

The song was o'er, but yet the strings  
Made melancholy murmurings;  
She wandered on from air to air,  
Changeful as fancies when they bear  
The impress of the various thought,  
From memory's twilight caverns brought.  
At length, one wild, peculiar chime  
Recalled this tale of ancient time.

THE RAKI.

'There's dust upon the distant wind, and shadow on the skies,  
And anxiously the maiden strains her long-expecting eyes  
And fancies she can catch the light far flashing from the sword,  
And see the silver crescents raised, of him, the Mogul lord.

'She stands upon a lofty tower, and gazes o'er the plain:  
Alas! that eyes so beautiful, should turn on heaven in vain.  
'Tis but a sudden storm whose weight is darkening on the air,  
The lightning sweeps the hill, but shows no coming warriors there.

'Yet crimson as the morning ray, she wears the robe of pride  
That binds the gallant Humaion, a brother, to her side;

His gift, what time around his arm, the glittering band was rolled,  
With stars of ev'ry precious stone enwrought in shining gold.  
'Bound by the Raki's sacred tie, his ready aid to yield,  
Though beauty waited in the bower, and glory in the field:  
Why comes he not, that chieftain vow'd, to this her hour of need?  
Has honour no devotedness? Has chivalry no speed?

'The Rajpoot's daughter gazes round, she sees the plain afar,  
Spread shining to the sun, which lights no trace of coming war.  
The very storm has past away, as neither earth nor heaven  
One token of their sympathy had to her anguish given.

'And still more hopeless than when last she on their camp looked down,  
The foeman's gathered numbers close round the devoted town:  
And daily in that fatal trench her chosen soldiers fall,  
And spread themselves, a rampart vain, around that ruined wall.

'Her eyes upon her city turn—alas! what can they meet,  
But famine, and despair, and death, in every lonely street?  
Women and children wander pale, or with despairing eye  
Look farewell to their native hearths, and lay them down to die.

'She seeks her palace, where her court collects in mournful bands,  
Of maidens who but watch and weep, and wring their weary hands.

One word there came from her white lips, one word, she spoke no more;  
But that word was for life and death, the young queen named—the Jojr.

[ the last,

'A wild shriek filled those palace halls—one shriek, it was  
All womanish complaint and wail have in its utterance past:  
They kneel at Kurnavati's feet, they bathe her hands in tears,  
Then hurrying to their task of death, each calm and stern appears.

'There is a mighty cavern close beside the palace gate,  
Dark, gloomy temple, meet to make such sacrifice to fate:  
There heap they up all precious woods, the sandal and the rose,  
While fragrant oils and essences like some sweet river flows.

'And shawls from rich Cashmere, and robes from Dacca's golden loom,  
And caskets filled with Orient pearls, or yet more rare perfume:

And lutes and wreaths, all graceful toys, of woman's gentle care,  
Are heaped upon that royal pile, the general doom to share.

'But weep for those the human things, so lovely and so young,  
The panting hearts which still to life so passionately clung;  
Some bound to this dear earth by hope, and some by love's strong thrall,  
And yet dishonour's high disdain was paramount with all.

'Her silver robe flowed to her feet, with jewels circled round,  
And in her long and raven hair the regal gems were bound;  
And diamonds blaze, ruby and pearl were glittering in her zone,  
And there, with starry emeralds set, the radiant Kandjar shone.

'The youthful Ranee led the way, while in her glorious eyes  
Shone spiritual, the clear deep light, that is in moonlit skies:

Pale and resolved, her noble brow was worthy of a race  
Whose proud blood flowed in those blue veins unconscious of disgrace.  
'Solemn and slow with mournful chaunt, come that devoted band,  
And Kurnavati follows last—the red torch in her hand:  
She fires the pile, a death-black smoke mounts from that dreary cave—  
Fling back the city gates—the foe, can now find but a grave.

'Hark the fierce music on the wind, the atabal, the gong,  
The stem avenger is behind, he has not tarried long:  
They brought his summons, though he stood before his plighted bride;  
They brought his summons, though he stood in all but victory's pride.

'Yet down he flung the bridal wreath, he left the field unwon,  
All that a warrior might achieve, young Humaioon had done,  
Too late—he saw the reddening sky, he saw the smoke arise,  
A few faint stragglers lived to tell the Ranee's sacrifice.  
'But still the monarch held a sword, and had a debt to pay;  
Small cause had Buhadour to boast—the triumph of that day:  
Again the lone streets flowed with blood, and though too late to save,  
Vengeance was the funereal rite at Kurnavati's grave.'

Deep silence chained the listeners round,  
When, lo, another plaintive sound,  
Came from the river's side, and there  
They saw a girl with loosened hair



Seat her beneath a peepul tree,  
Where swung her gurrah mournfully,  
Filled with the cool and limpid wave,  
An offering o'er some dear one's grave.  
At once Zilara caught the tone,  
And made it, as she sung, her own.  
Song.

'Oh weep not o'er the quiet grave,  
Although the spirit lost be near;  
Weep not, for well those phantoms know  
How vain the grief above their bier.

Weep not—ah no, 'tis best to die,  
Ere all of bloom from life is fled;  
Why live, when feelings, friends, and faith  
Have long been numbered with the dead?

'They know no rainbow-hope that weeps  
Itself away to deepest shade;  
Nor love, whose very happiness  
Should make the trusting heart afraid.  
Ah, human tears are tears of fire,  
That scorch and wither as they flow;  
Then let them fall for those who live,  
And not for those who sleep below.

'Yes, weep for those, whose silver chain  
Has long been loosed, and yet live on;  
The doomed to drink from life's dark spring,  
Whose golden bowl has long been gone.

Aye, weep for those, the weary, worn,  
The bound to earth by some vain tie;  
Some lingering love, some fond regret,  
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.'

A moment's rest, and then once more  
Zilara tried her memory's store,  
And woke, while o'er the strings she bowed,  
A tale of Rajahstan the proud.

KISHEN KOWER.

'Bold as the falcon that faces the sun,

Wild as the streams when in torrents they run,

Fierce as the flame when the jungle's on fire,  
Are the chieftains who call on the day-star as Sire.  
Since the Moghuls were driven from stately Mandoo,  
And left but their ruins their reign to renew,  
Those hills have paid tribute to no foreign lord,  
And their children have kept what they won by the sword.  
Yet downcast each forehead, a sullen dismay  
At Oudeypoor reigns in the Durbar to-day,  
For bootless the struggle, and weary the fight,  
Which Adjeit Sing pictures with frown black as night:—

'Oh fatal the hour, when Makundra's dark pass  
Saw the blood of our bravest sink red in the grass;  
And the gifts which were destined to honour the bride,  
By the contest of rivals in crimson were dyed.  
Where are the warriors who once wont to stand  
The glory and rampart of Rajahstan's land?  
Ask of the hills for their young and their brave,  
They will point to the valleys beneath as their grave.  
The mother sits pale by her desolate hearth,  
And weeps o'er the infant an orphan from birth;  
While the eldest boy watches the dust on the spear,  
Which as yet his weak hand is unable to rear.  
The fruit is ungathered, the harvest unsown,  
And the vulture exults o'er our fields as his own:  
There is famine on earth—there is plague in the air,  
And all for a woman whose face is too fair.'  
There was silence like that from the tomb, for no sound  
Was heard from the chieftains who darkened around,

When the voice of a woman arose in reply,  
'The daughters of Rajahstan know how to die.'

'Day breaks, and the earliest glory of morn  
Afar o'er the tops of the mountains is borne;  
Then the young Kishen Kower wandered through the green bowers,  
That sheltered the bloom of the island of flowers;  
Where a fair summer palace arose mid the shade,  
Which a thousand broad trees for the noon-hour had made  
Far around spread the hills with their varying hue,

From the deepest of purple to faintest of blue;  
On one side the courts of the Rana are spread,  
The white marble studded with granite's deep red;  
While far sweeps the terrace, and rises the dome,  
Till lost in the pure clouds above like a home.  
Beside is a lake covered over with isles,  
As the face of a beauty is varied with smiles:

Some small, just a nest for the heron that springs  
From the long grass, and flashes the light from its wings;  
Some bearing one palm-tree, the stately and fair,  
Alone like a column aloft in the air;  
While others have shrubs and sweet plants that extend  
Their boughs to the stream o'er whose mirror they bend.  
The lily that queen-like uprears to the sun,  
The loveliest face that his light is upon;  
While beside stands the cypress, which darkens the wave  
With a foliage meant only to shadow the grave.

But the isle in the midst was the fairest of all  
Where ran the carved trellis around the light hall;  
Where the green creeper's starry wreaths, scented and bright.  
Wooed the small purple doves 'mid their shelter to light;  
There the proud oleander with white tufts was hung,  
And the fragile clematis its silver showers flung,

And the nutmeg's soft pink was near lost in the pride  
Of the pomegranate blossom that blushed at its side.  
There the butterflies flitted around on the leaves,  
From which every wing its own colour receives;  
There the scarlet finch past like a light on the wind,  
And the hues of the bayas like sunbeams combined;  
Till the dazzled eye sought from such splendours to rove  
And rested at last on the soft lilac dove;  
Whose song seemed a dirge that at evening should be  
Pour'd forth from the height of the sad cypress tree.  
Her long dark hair plaited with gold on each braid;  
Her feet bound with jewels which flash'd through the shade;  
One hand filled with blossoms, pure hyacinth bells  
Which treasure the summer's first breath in their cells;  
The other caressing her white antelope,  
In all the young beauty of life and of hope.

The princess roved onwards, her heart in her eyes,  
That sought their delight in the fair earth and skies.

Oh, loveliest time! oh, happiest day!  
When the heart is unconscious, and knows not its sway,  
When the favourite bird, or the earliest flower,  
Or the crouching fawn's eyes, make the joy of the hour,  
And the spirits and steps are as light as the sleep  
Which never has waken'd to watch or to weep.  
She bounds o'er the soft grass, half woman half child,  
As gay as her antelope, almost as wild.  
The bloom of her cheek is like that on her years;  
She has never known pain, she has never known tears,  
And thought has no grief, and no fear to impart;  
The shadow of Eden is yet on her heart.

'The midnight has fallen, the quiet, the deep,  
Yet in yon Zenana none lie down for sleep.  
Like frightened birds gathered in timorous bands,  
The young slaves within it are wringing their hands.

The mother hath covered her head with her veil,  
She weepeth no tears, and she maketh no wail;  
But all that lone chamber pass silently by;  
She has flung her on earth, to despair and to die.  
But a lamp is yet burning in one dismal room,  
Young princess; where now is thy morning of bloom?  
Ah, ages, long ages, have passed in a breath,  
And life's bitter knowledge has heralded death.  
At the edge of the musnud she bends on her knee,  
While her eyes watch the face of the stern Chand Bae.  
Proud, beautiful, fierce; while she gazes, the tone  
Of those high murky features grows almost her own;  
And the blood of her race rushes dark to her brow,  
The spirit of heroes has entered her now.

' 'Bring the death-cup, and never for my sake shall shame  
Quell the pride of my house, or dishonour its name.  
She drained the sherbet, while Chand Bae looked on,  
Like a warrior that marks the career of his son.  
But life is so strong in each pure azure vein,  
That they take not the venom—she drains it again.

The haughty eye closes, the white teeth are set,  
And the dew-damps of pain on the wrung brow are wet:  
The slight frame is writhing—she sinks to the ground;  
She yields to no struggle, she utters no sound—  
The small hands are clenched—they relax—it is past,  
And her aunt kneels beside her—kneels weeping at last.  
Again morning breaks over palace and lake,  
But where are the glad eyes it wont to awake.  
Weep, weep, 'mid a bright world of beauty and bloom,  
For the sweet human flower that lies low in the tomb.  
And wild through the palace the death-song is breathing,  
And white are the blossoms, the slaves weep while wreathing,

To strew at the feet and to bind round the head,  
Of her who was numbered last night with the dead:  
They braid her long tresses, they drop the shroud o'er,  
And gaze on her cold and pale beauty no more:  
But the heart has her image, and long after-years  
Will keep her sad memory with music and tears.'

Days pass, yet still Zilara's song  
Beguiled the regal beauty's hours  
As the wind bears some bird along  
Over the haunted orange bowers.  
'Twas as till then she had not known  
How much her heart had for its own;  
And Murad's image seemed more dear,  
These higher chords of feeling strung;  
'And love shone brighter for the shade  
'That others' sorrows round it flung.

It was one sultry noon, yet sweet  
The air which through the matted grass  
Came cool—its breezes had to meet  
A hundred plumes, ere it could pass;  
The peacock's shining feathers wave  
From many a young and graceful slave;  
Who silent kneel amid the gloom  
Of that dim and perfumed room.

Beyond, the radiant sunbeams rest  
On many a minaret's glittering crest,

And white the dazzling tombs below,  
Like masses sculptured of pure snow;  
While round stands many a giant tree,  
Like pillars of a sanctuary,  
Whose glossy foliage, dark and bright,  
Reflects, and yet excludes the light.  
Oh sun, how glad thy rays are shed;  
How canst thou glory o'er the dead?

Ah, folly this of human pride,  
What are the dead to one like thee,  
Whose mirror is the mighty tide,  
Where time flows to eternity?  
A single race, a single age,  
What are they in thy pilgrimage?  
The tent, the palace, and the tomb  
Repeat the universal doom.  
Man passes, but upon the plain  
Still the sweet seasons hold their reign,  
As if earth were their sole domain,  
And man a toy and mockery thrown  
Upon the world he deems his own.

All is so calm—the sunny air  
Has not a current nor a shade;  
The vivid green the rice-fields wear  
Seems of one moveless emerald made;

The Ganges' quiet waves are rolled  
In one broad sheet of molten gold;  
And in the tufted brakes beside,  
The water-fowls and herons hide.  
And the still earth might also seem  
The strange creation of a dream.  
Actual, breathless—dead, yet bright—  
Unblest with life—yet mocked with light,  
It mocks our nature's fate and power,  
When we look forth in such an hour,  
And that repose in nature see,  
The fond desire of every heart;  
But, oh! thou inner world, to thee,  
What outward world can e'er impart?

But turn we to that darkened hall,  
Where the cool fountain's pleasant fall

Wakens the odours yet unshed  
From the blue hyacinth's drooping head;  
And on the crimson couch beside  
Reclines the young and royal bride;  
Not sleeping, though the water's chime,  
The lulling flowers, the languid time,  
Might soothe her to the gentlest sleep,  
O'er which the genii watchings keep,  
And shed from their enchanted wings,  
All loveliest imaginings:

No, there is murmuring in her ear,  
A voice than sleep's more soft and dear;  
While that pale slave with drooping eye  
Speaks mournfully of days gone by;  
And every plaintive word is fraught  
With music which the heart has taught,  
A pleading and confiding tone,  
To those mute lips so long unknown.

Ah! all in vain that she had said  
To feeling, 'slumber like the dead;'  
Had bade each pang that might convulse  
With fiery throb the beating pulse,  
Each faded hope, each early dream,  
Sleep as beneath a frozen stream;  
Such as her native mountains bear,  
The cold white hills around Jerdair;  
Heights clad with that eternal snow,  
Which happier valleys never know.  
Some star in that ungenial sky,  
Might well shape such a destiny;  
But till within the dark calm grave,  
There yet will run an under-wave,  
Which human sympathy can still  
Excite and melt to tears at will;  
No magic any spell affords,  
Whose power is like a few kind words.

'Twas strange the contrast in the pair,  
That leant by that cool fountain's side  
Both very young, both very fair,  
By nature, not by fate allied:  
The one a darling and delight,  
A creature like the morning bright:  
Whose weeping is the sunny shower  
Half light upon an April hour;  
One who a long glad childhood past,  
But left that happy home to 'bide  
Where love a deeper shadow cast,  
A hero's proud and treasured bride:  
Who her light footstep more adored,  
Than all the triumphs of his sword;  
Whose kingdom at her feet the while,  
Had seemed too little for a smile.  
But that pale slave was as the tomb  
Of her own youth, of her own bloom;

Enough remained to show how fair,  
In other days those features were,  
Still lingered delicate and fine,  
The shadow of their pure outline;  
The small curved lip, the glossy brow,  
That melancholy beauty wore,  
Whose spell is in the silent past,  
Which saith to love and hope, 'No more:'  
No more, for hope hath long forsaken  
Love, though at first its gentle guide  
First lulled to sleep, then left to 'waken,  
'Mid tears and scorn, despair and pride,  
And only those who know can tell,  
What love is after hope's farewell.  
And first she spoke of childhood's time,  
Little, what childhood ought to be,  
When tenderly the gentle child  
Is cherished at its mother's knee,

Who deems that ne'er before, from heaven  
So sweet a thing to earth was given.  
But she an orphan had no share  
In fond affection's early care;



She knew not love until it came  
Far other, though it bore that name.

'I felt,' she said, 'all things grow bright!  
Before the spirit's inward light.  
Earth was more lovely, night and day,  
Conscious of some enchanted sway,  
That flung around an atmosphere  
I had not deemed could brighten here.  
And I have gazed on Moohreeb's face,  
As exiles watch their native place;  
I knew his step before it stirred  
From its green nest the cautious bird.

I woke, till eye and cheek grew dim,  
Then slept—it was to dream of him;  
I lived for days upon a word  
Less watchful ear had never heard:  
And won from careless look or sign  
A happiness too dearly mine.  
He was my world—I wished to make  
My heart a temple for his sake.  
It matters not—such passionate love  
Has only life and hope above;  
A wanderer from its home on high,  
Here it is sent to droop and die.  
He loved me not—or but a day,  
I was a flower upon his way:  
A moment near his heart enshrined,  
Then flung to perish on the wind.'

She hid her face within her hands—  
Methinks the maiden well might weep;  
The heart it has a weary task  
Which unrequited love must keep;  
At once a treasure and a curse,  
The shadow on its universe.  
Alas, for young and wasted years,  
For long nights only spent in tears;  
For hopes, like lamps in some dim urn,  
That but for the departed burn.  
Alas for her whose drooping brow

Scarce struggles with its sorrow now.  
At first Nadira wept to see  
That hopelessness of misery.  
But, oh, she was too glad, too young,  
To dream of an eternal grief;  
A thousand thoughts within her sprung,  
Of solace, promise, and relief.

Slowly Zilara raised her head,  
Then, moved by some strong feeling, said,  
'A boon, kind Princess, there is one  
Which won by me, were heaven won;  
Not wealth, not freedom—wealth to me  
Is worthless, as all wealth must be;  
When there are none its gifts to share:  
For whom have I on earth to care?  
None from whose head its golden shrine  
May ward the ills that fell on mine.  
And freedom—'tis a worthless boon  
To one who will be free so soon;  
And yet I have one prayer, so dear,  
I dare not hope—I only fear.'  
'Speak, trembler, be your wish confest,  
And trust Nadira with the rest.'  
'Lady, look forth on yonder tower,  
There spend I morn and midnight's hour,

Beneath that lonely peepul tree—  
Well may its branches wave o'er me,  
For their dark wreaths are ever shed,  
The mournful tribute to the dead—  
There sit I, in fond wish to cheer  
A captive's sad and lonely ear,  
And strive his drooping hopes to raise,  
With songs that breathe of happier days.  
Lady, methinks I scarce need tell  
The name that I have loved so well;  
'Tis Moohreeb, captured by the sword  
Of him, thy own unconquered lord.  
Lady, one word—one look from thee,  
And Murad sets that captive free.'

'And you will follow at his side?'  
'Ah, no, he hath another bride;  
And if I pity, can'st thou bear  
To think upon her lone despair?  
No, break the mountain-chieftain's chain,  
Give him to hope, home, love again.'  
Her cheek with former beauty blushed,  
The crimson to her forehead rushed,  
Her eyes rekindled, till their light  
Flashed from the lash's summer night.  
So eager was her prayer, so strong  
The love that bore her soul along.  
Ah! many loves for many hearts;  
But if mortality has known  
One which its native heaven imparts  
To that fine soil where it has grown;  
'Tis in that first and early feeling,  
Passion's most spiritual revealing;

Half dream, all poetry—whose hope  
Colours life's charmed horoscope  
With hues so beautiful, so pure—  
Whose nature is not to endure.  
As well expect the tints to last,  
The rainbow on the storm hath cast.  
Of all young feelings, love first dies,  
Soon the world piles its obsequies;  
Yet there have been who still would keep  
That early vision dear and deep,  
The wretched they, but love requires  
Tears, tears to keep alive his fires:  
The happy will forget, but those  
To whom despair denies repose,  
From whom all future light is gone,  
The sad, the slighted, still love on.

The ghurrees are chiming the morning hour,  
The voice of the priest is heard from the tower,  
The turrets of Delhi are white in the sun,  
Alas! that another bright day has begun.  
Children of earth, ah! how can ye bear  
This constant awakening to toil and to care?

Out upon morning, its hours recall,  
Earth to its trouble, man to his thrall;  
Out upon morning, it chases the night,  
With all the sweet dreams that on slumber alight;  
Out upon morning, which wakes us to life,  
With its toil, its repining, its sorrow and strife.  
And yet there were many in Delhi that day,  
Who watched the first light, and rejoiced in the ray;

They wait their young monarch, who comes from the field  
With a wreath on his spear, and a dent on his shield.  
There's a throng in the east, 'tis the king and his train:  
And first prance the horsemen, who scarce can restrain  
Their steeds that are wild as the wind, and as bold  
As the riders who curb them with bridles of gold:  
The elephants follow, and o'er each proud head  
The chattah that glitters with gems is outspread,  
Whence the silver bells fall with their musical sound,  
While the howdah's red trappings float bright on the ground:  
Behind stalk the camels, which, weary and worn,  
Seem to stretch their long necks, and repine at the morn:  
And wild on the air the fierce war-echoes come,  
The voice of the atabal, trumpet, and drum:

Half lost in the shout that ascends from the crowd,  
Who delight in the young, and the brave, and the proud.  
Tis folly to talk of the right and the wrong,  
The triumph will carry the many along.  
A dearer welcome far remains,  
Than that of Delhi's crowded plains?  
Soon Murad seeks the shadowy hall,  
Cool with the fountain's languid fall;  
His own, his best beloved to meet.  
Why kneels Nadira at his feet?  
With flushing cheek, and eager air,  
One word hath won her easy prayer;  
It is such happiness to grant,  
The slightest fancy that can haunt  
The loved one's wish, earth hath no gem,  
And heaven no hope, too dear for them.  
That night beheld a vessel glide,  
Over the Jumna's onward tide;

One watched that vessel from the shore,  
Too conscious of the freight it bore,  
And wretched in her granted vow,  
Sees Moohreeb leaning by the prow,  
And knows that soon the winding river  
Will hide him from her view for ever.

Next morn they found that youthful slave  
Still kneeling by the sacred wave;  
Her head was leaning on the stone  
Of an old ruined tomb beside,  
A fitting pillow cold and lone,  
The dead had to the dead supplied:  
The heart's last string hath snapt in twain,  
Oh, earth, receive thine own again:  
The weary one at length has rest  
Within thy chill but quiet breast.

Long did the young Nadira keep  
The memory of that maiden's lute;  
And call to mind her songs, and weep,  
Long after those charmed chords were mute.  
A small white tomb was raised, to show  
That human sorrow slept below;  
And solemn verse and sacred line  
Were graved on that funereal shrine.  
And by its side the cypress tree  
Stood, like unchanging memory.  
And even to this hour are thrown  
Green wreaths on that remembered stone;  
And songs remain, whose tunes are fraught  
With music which herself first taught.  
And, it is said, one lonely star  
Still brings a murmur sweet and far  
Upon the silent midnight air,  
As if Zilara wandered there.

Oh! if her poet soul be blent  
With its aerial element,  
May its lone course be where the rill  
Goes singing at its own glad will;

Where early flowers uncloset and die;  
Where shells beside the ocean lie,  
Fill'd with strange tones; or where the breeze  
Sheds odours o'er the moonlit seas:  
There let her gentle spirit rove,  
Embalmed by poetry and love.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# Thoughts Of Christmas-Day In India

IT is Christmas, and the sunshine  
Lies golden on the fields,  
And flowers of white and purple  
Yonder fragrant creeper yields.

Like the plumes of some bold warrior,  
The cocoa-tree on high,  
Lifts aloft its feathery branches,  
Amid the deep blue sky.

From yonder shadowy peepul,  
The pale fair lilac dove,  
Like music from a temple,  
Sings a song of grief and love.

The earth is bright with blossoms,  
And a thousand jewelled wings,  
Mid the green boughs of the tamarind  
A sudden sunshine flings.

For the East, is earth's first-born,  
And hath a glorious dower,  
As Nature there had lavished  
Her beauty and her power.

And yet I pine for England,  
For my own—my distant home:  
My heart is in that island,  
Where'er my steps may roam.

It is merry there at Christmas—  
We have no Christmas here;  
'Tis a weary thing, a summer  
That lasts throughout the year

I remember how the banners  
Hung round our ancient hall,  
Bound with wreaths of shining holly,  
Brave winter's coronal.

And above each rusty helmet  
Waved a new and cheering plume,  
A branch of crimson berries,  
And the latest rose in bloom.

And the white and pearly misletoe  
Hung half concealed o'er head,  
I remember one sweet maiden,  
Whose cheek it dyed with red.

The morning waked with carols,  
A young and joyous band  
Of small and rosy songsters,  
Came tripping hand in hand.

And sang beneath our windows  
Just as the round red sun  
Began to melt the hoar-frost,  
And the clear cold day begun.

And at night the aged harper  
Played his old tunes o'er and o'er;  
From sixteen up to sixty,  
All were dancing on that floor.

Those were the days of childhood,  
The buoyant and the bright;  
When hope was life's sweet sovereign,  
And the heart and step were light.

I shall come again—a stranger  
To all that once I knew,  
For the hurried steps of manhood  
From life's flowers have dash'd the dew.

I yet may ask their welcome,  
And return from whence I came;  
But a change is wrought within me,  
They will not seem the same

For my spirits are grown weary,



And my days of youth are o'er,  
And the mirth of that glad season  
Is what I can feel no more.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

# To Olinthus Gregory, On Hearing Of The Death Of His Eldest Son, Who Was Drowned As He Was Returning By Water To His Father's House At Woolrich

IS there a spot where Pity's foot,  
Although unsandalled, fears to tread,  
A silence where her voice is mute,  
Where tears, and only tears, are shed?  
It is the desolated home  
Where Hope was yet a recent guest,  
Where Hope again may never come,  
Or come, and only speak of rest.

They gave my hand the pictured scroll,  
And bade me only fancy there  
A parent's agony of soul,  
A parent's long and last despair;  
The sunshine on the sudden wave,  
Which closed above the youthful head,  
Mocking the green and quiet grave,  
Which waits the time-appointed dead.

I thought upon the lone fire-side,  
Begirt with all familiar thought,  
The future, where a father's pride  
So much from present promise wrought:  
The sweet anxiety of fears,  
Anxious from love's excess alone,  
The fond reliance upon years  
More precious to us than our own:

All past—then weeping words there came  
From out a still and darkened room,  
They could not bear to name a name  
Written so newly on the tomb.  
They said he was so good and kind,  
The voices sank, the eyes grew dim;  
So much of love he left behind,  
So much of life had died with him.

Ah, pity for the long beloved,  
Ah, pity for the early dead;  
The young, the promising, removed  
Ere life a light or leaf had shed.  
Nay, rather pity those whose doom  
It is to wait and weep behind,  
The father, who within the tomb  
Sees all life held most dear enshrined.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon