

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802-38)

1 *The Troubadour*

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

"Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name, 5  
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 10  
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, 15  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dyed 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. 20

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watched her knight depart;  
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds 25  
Float on the distant air;  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

