

# *Encouragement*

*Emily Bronte*



I do not weep; I would not weep;  
Our mother needs no tears:  
Dry thine eyes, too; 'tis vain to keep  
This causeless grief for years.

What though her brow be changed and cold,  
Her sweet eyes closed for ever?  
What though the stone—the darksome mould  
Our mortal bodies sever?

What though her hand smooth ne'er again  
Those silken locks of thine?  
Nor, through long hours of future pain,  
Her kind face o'er thee shine?

Remember still, she is not dead;  
She sees us, sister, now;  
Laid, where her angel spirit fled,  
'Mid heath and frozen snow.

And from that world of heavenly light  
Will she not always bend  
To guide us in our lifetime's night,  
And guard us to the end?

Thou knowest she will; and thou mayst mourn  
That we are left below:  
But not that she can ne'er return  
To share our earthly woe.

