

*Emily Bronte*

# *Faith and Despondency*

"The winter wind is loud and wild,  
Come close to me, my darling child;  
Forsake thy books, and mateless play;  
And, while the night is gathering gray,  
We'll talk its pensive hours away;—

"Ierne, round our sheltered hall  
November's gusts unheeded call;  
Not one faint breath can enter here  
Enough to wave my daughter's hair,  
And I am glad to watch the blaze  
Glance from her eyes, with mimic rays;  
To feel her cheek, so softly pressed,  
In happy quiet on my breast,

"But, yet, even this tranquillity  
Brings bitter, restless thoughts to me;  
And, in the red fire's cheerful glow,  
I think of deep glens, blocked with snow;  
I dream of moor, and misty hill,  
Where evening closes dark and chill;  
For, lone, among the mountains cold,  
Lie those that I have loved of old.  
And my heart aches, in hopeless pain,  
Exhausted with repinings vain,  
That I shall greet them ne'er again!"

"Father, in early infancy,  
When you were far beyond the sea,  
Such thoughts were tyrants over me!  
I often sat, for hours together,  
Through the long nights of angry weather,  
Raised on my pillow, to descry  
The dim moon struggling in the sky;  
Or, with strained ear, to catch the shock,  
Of rock with wave, and wave with rock;  
So would I fearful vigil keep,  
And, all for listening, never sleep.  
But this world's life has much to dread,  
Not so, my Father, with the dead.

"Oh! not for them, should we despair,  
The grave is drear, but they are not there;  
Their dust is mingled with the sod,  
Their happy souls are gone to God!  
You told me this, and yet you sigh,  
And murmur that your friends must die.  
Ah! my dear father, tell me why?  
For, if your former words were true,  
How useless would such sorrow be;  
As wise, to mourn the seed which grew  
Unnoticed on its parent tree,  
Because it fell in fertile earth,  
And sprang up to a glorious birth—  
Struck deep its root, and lifted high  
Its green boughs in the breezy sky.

"But, I'll not fear, I will not weep  
For those whose bodies rest in sleep,—  
I know there is a blessed shore,  
Opening its ports for me and mine;  
And, gazing Time's wide waters o'er,  
I weary for that land divine,  
Where we were born, where you and I  
Shall meet our dearest, when we die;  
From suffering and corruption free,  
Restored into the Deity."

"Well hast thou spoken, sweet, trustful child!  
And wiser than thy sire;  
And worldly tempests, raging wild,  
Shall strengthen thy desire—  
Thy fervent hope, through storm and foam,  
Through wind and ocean's roar,  
To reach, at last, the eternal home,  
The steadfast, changeless shore!"

