

# *The Old Stoic*

*Emily Bronte*



Riches I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn;  
And lust of fame was but a dream,  
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal:  
'Tis all that I implore;  
In life and death a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.

