

# *Song*

*Emily Bronte*

The linnet in the rocky dells,  
The moor-lark in the air,  
The bee among the heather bells  
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;  
The wild birds raise their brood;  
And they, her smiles of love caressed,  
Have left her solitude!

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall  
Did first her form retain,  
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall  
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow  
Unchecked through future years;  
But where is all their anguish now,  
And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,  
Or pleasure's shade pursue—  
The dweller in the land of death  
Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep  
Till sorrow's source were dry,  
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,  
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,  
And murmur, summer-streams—  
There is no need of other sound  
To soothe my lady's dreams.

