

# *Sympathy*

*Emily Bronte*



There should be no despair for you  
While nightly stars are burning;  
While evening pours its silent dew,  
And sunshine gilds the morning.  
There should be no despair—though tears  
May flow down like a river:  
Are not the best beloved of years  
Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep, it must be so;  
Winds sigh as you are sighing,  
And winter sheds its grief in snow  
Where Autumn's leaves are lying:  
Yet, these revive, and from their fate  
Your fate cannot be parted:  
Then, journey on, if not elate,  
Still, NEVER broken-hearted!

