

# *The Bluebell*

*Emily Bronte*



The Bluebell is the sweetest flower  
That waves in summer air:  
Its blossoms have the mightiest power  
To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath  
Too wildly, sadly dear;  
The violet has a fragrant breath,  
But fragrance will not cheer,

The trees are bare, the sun is cold,  
And seldom, seldom seen;  
The heavens have lost their zone of gold,  
And earth her robe of green.

And ice upon the glancing stream  
Has cast its sombre shade;  
And distant hills and valleys seem  
In frozen mist arrayed.

The Bluebell cannot charm me now,  
The heath has lost its bloom;  
The violets in the glen below,  
They yield no sweet perfume.

But, though I mourn the sweet Bluebell,  
'Tis better far away;  
I know how fast my tears would swell  
To see it smile to-day.

For, oh! when chill the sunbeams fall  
Adown that dreary sky,  
And gild yon dank and darkened wall  
With transient brilliancy;

How do I weep, how do I pine  
For the time of flowers to come,  
And turn me from that fading shine,  
To mourn the fields of home!

