

# *The Lady to Her Guitar*

*Emily Bronte*



For him who struck thy foreign string,  
I ween this heart has ceased to care;  
Then why dost thou such feelings bring  
To my sad spirit—old Guitar?

It is as if the warm sunlight  
In some deep glen should lingering stay,  
When clouds of storm, or shades of night,  
Have wrapt the parent orb away.

It is as if the glassy brook  
Should image still its willows fair,  
Though years ago the woodman's stroke  
Laid low in dust their Dryad-hair.

Even so, Guitar, thy magic tone  
Hath moved the tear and waked the sigh:  
Hath bid the ancient torrent moan,  
Although its very source is dry.

