DATED POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

"The Glad deep sparkled wide and bright
"White as the sun far, far more fair
"Than its devided sources were!"

And even for that Spirit, Seer,
Ive watched and sought my life time long
Sought Him in Heaven, Hell, Earth and Air
An endless search—and always wrong!

Had I but seen his glorious eye
Once light the clouds that wilder me,
I never had raised this coward cry
To cease to think and cease to be—

I never had called oblivion best
Nor stretching eager hands to Death
Implored to change for senseless rest
This sentient soul, this living breath

O let me die that Power and Will
Their cruel strife may close
And conquered Good and conquering Ill
Be lost in one repose"

116

R Alcona to J Brenzaida.

Remembrance

Cold in the earth and the deep snow piled above thee!
Far, far removed cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my Only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on Angora's shore:

Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring—
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee
While the World's tide is bearing me along
Other desires and other Hopes beset me
Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong—

No later light has enlightened up my heaven:
No second morn has ever shone for me
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given—
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee

But when the days of golden dreams has perished
And even Dispair was powerless to destroy
Then did I learn how existance could be cherished
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine

And even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in Memory's rapturous pain
Once drinking deep of that devinest anguish
How could I seek the empty world again?

Death

Death, that struck when I was most confiding
In my certain Faith of Joy to be;

117

April 10th 1845

The Poems of Emily Brontë, ed. Derek Roper
(Oxford: Clarendon, 1995)