

# Death

## Emily Bronte

Death! that struck when I was most confiding.  
In my certain faith of joy to be--  
Strike again, Time's withered branch dividing  
From the fresh root of Eternity!

Leaves, upon Time's branch, were growing brightly,  
Full of sap, and full of silver dew;  
Birds beneath its shelter gathered nightly;  
Daily round its flowers the wild bees flew.

Sorrow passed, and plucked the golden blossom;  
Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride  
But, within its parent's kindly bosom,  
Flowed for ever Life's restoring tide.

Little mourned I for the parted gladness,  
For the vacant nest and silent song--  
Hope was there, and laughed me out of sadness;  
Whispering, "Winter will not linger long!"

And, behold! with tenfold increase blessing,  
Spring adorned the beauty-burdened spray;  
Wind and rain and fervent heat, caressing,  
Lavished glory on that second May!

High it rose--no winged grief could sweep it;  
Sin was scared to distance with its shine;  
Love, and its own life, had power to keep it  
From all wrong--from every blight but thine!

Cruel Death! The young leaves droop and languish;  
Evening's gentle air may still restore--  
No! the morning sunshine mocks my anguish--  
Time, for me, must never blossom more!

Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish  
Where that perished sapling used to be;  
Thus, at least, its mouldering corpse will nourish  
That from which it sprung--Eternity.