

# Hope

Emily Bronte

Hope Was but a timid friend;  
She sat without the grated den,  
Watching how my fate would tend,  
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;  
Through the bars one dreary day,  
I looked out to see her there,  
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,  
Still, in strife, she whispered peace;  
She would sing while I was weeping;  
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;  
When my last joys strewed the ground,  
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,  
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given  
Balm to all my frenzied pain,  
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,  
Went, and ne'er returned again!