

# Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee

Emily Bronte

Shall earth no more inspire thee,  
Thou lonely dreamer now?  
Since passion may not fire thee,  
Shall nature cease to bow?

Thy mind is ever moving,  
In regions dark to thee;  
Recall its useless roving,  
Come back, and dwell with me.

I know my mountain breezes  
Enchant and soothe thee still,  
I know my sunshine pleases,  
Despite thy wayward will.

When day with evening blending,  
Sinks from the summer sky,  
I've seen thy spirit bending  
In fond idolatry.

I've watched thee every hour;  
I know my mighty sway:  
I know my magic power  
To drive thy griefs away.

Few hearts to mortals given,  
On earth so wildly pine;  
Yet few would ask a heaven  
More like this earth than thine.

Then let my winds caress thee  
Thy comrade let me be:  
Since nought beside can bless thee,  
Return--and dwell with me.