

# Warning And Reply

Emily Bronte

In the earth--the earth--thou shalt be laid,  
A grey stone standing over thee;  
Black mould beneath thee spread,  
And black mould to cover thee.

"Well--there is rest there,  
So fast come thy prophecy;  
The time when my sunny hair  
Shall with grass roots entwined be."

But cold--cold is that resting-place,  
Shut out from joy and liberty,  
And all who loved thy living face  
Will shrink from it shudderingly,

"Not so. HERE the world is chill,  
And sworn friends fall from me:  
But THERE--they will own me still,  
And prize my memory."

Farewell, then, all that love,  
All that deep sympathy:  
Sleep on: Heaven laughs above,  
Earth never misses thee.

Turf-sod and tombstone drear  
Part human company;  
One heart breaks only--here,  
But that heart was worthy thee!