

# Ah! Why, Because the Dazzling Sun

By Emily Brontë

Ah! why, because the dazzling sun

Restored my earth to joy

Have you departed, every one,

And left a desert sky?

All through the night, your glorious eyes

Were gazing down in mine,

And with a full heart's thankful sighs

I blessed that watch divine!

I was at peace, and drank your beams

As they were life to me

And revelled in my changeful dreams

Like petrel on the sea.

Thought followed thought—star followed star

Through boundless regions on,

While one sweet influence, near and far,

Thrilled through and proved us one.

Why did the morning rise to break

So great, so pure a spell,

And scorch with fire the tranquil cheek

Where your cool radiance fell?

Blood-red he rose, and arrow-straight,

His fierce beams struck my brow;

The soul of Nature sprang elate,

But mine sank sad and low!

My lids closed down—yet through their veil

I saw him blazing still;

And bathe in gold the misty dale,  
And flash upon the hill.  
I turned me to the pillow then  
To call back Night, and see  
Your worlds of solemn light, again  
Throb with my heart and me!  
It would not do—the pillow glowed  
And glowed both roof and floor,  
And birds sang loudly in the wood,  
And fresh winds shook the door.  
The curtains waved, the wakened flies  
Were murmuring round my room,  
Imprisoned there, till I should rise  
And give them leave to roam.  
O Stars and Dreams and Gentle Night;  
O Night and Stars return!  
And hide me from the hostile light  
That does not warm, but burn—  
That drains the blood of suffering men;  
Drinks tears, instead of dew:  
Let me sleep through his blinding reign,  
And only wake with you!

Source: The Longman Anthology of Poetry (2006)