

# On the Death of Anne Brontë

By Charlotte Brontë

There's little joy in life for me,  
And little terror in the grave;  
I've lived the parting hour to see  
Of one I would have died to save.

Calmly to watch the failing breath,  
Wishing each sigh might be the last;  
Longing to see the shade of death  
O'er those beloved features cast.

The cloud, the stillness that must part  
The darling of my life from me;  
And then to thank God from my heart,  
To thank Him well and fervently;

Although I knew that we had lost  
The hope and glory of our life;  
And now, benighted, tempest-tossed,  
Must bear alone the weary strife.