

# Shall earth no more inspire thee

By Emily Brontë

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 none 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.