

The North Wind

That wind is from the North I know
it well.

No other breeze could have so wild a ^(swell)
Now deep ^{and} loud it thunders round my ^(cell)

Then faintly dies,

And softly sighs,

And moans and murmurs mournfully
I know its language. Thus it speaks
to me —

I have passed over thy own ^{(fair) dear} ~~mountain~~ ^{mountain}
Thy northern ~~mountain~~ ^{(fair) dear} ~~mountain~~ ^{mountain} and they

still are free, ^(and dear)
Still lonely, wild, majestic, bleak,
And stern, and lovely, as they used
to be.

When thou a young enthusiast
As wild and free as they,
O'er rocks and glens and ^(heights) ~~mountains~~
Didst often love to stray.

I've blown the pure untrodden ^{snows}
In whirling eddies from their brows,
And I have howled in caverns wild,
Where thou a joyous mountain child
Didst dearly love to be.
The sweet world is not changed but ^(thou)
Art prisoned in a dungeon now,
Where thou must ever be;
No voice but mine can reach ^{thine} ^{ears,}
And Heaven has miserably sent ^{me} ^{there,}
To mourn and sigh with thee,
And tell thee of the cherished land
Of thy nativity."

Blow on wild wind, thy solemn ^{(voice,}
However sad and drear,
Is nothing to the gloomy silence
I have had to bear;

Hot tears are streaming from my ^{eyes,}
But these are better far,

From that dull growing tears
The stupor of despair. 3

Confined and hopeless as I am,
I speak of liberty, (home,
O tell me of my mountain
And I will welcome thee.

Alexandrina Tzenobice

90 lines Anne Bonnet Jan 26 1838

The Captive's Dream

Not thought I saw him but I knew him ^(not)
He was so changed from what he
used to be,

There was no redness on his ^(warm cheeks) wof-
No sunny smile upon his ^(lips) ushy
His hollow wandering eyes looked wild
and fierce,

And grief was printed on his ^(brow) marble
And O I thought he chafed his wast
ed hands,

And raised his ²haggard eyes to Heaven,
And ⁴prayed

That he might die - I had no
power to speak,

I thought I was allowed to see him ^{(tho,}
And yet I might not speak one
single word;

I might not even tell him that I ^{(live,}
And that it might be possible if

search were made, ^{(free}
To find out where I was and set me

Oh how I longed to clasp him to my ^{(heart,}
Or but to hold his trembling hand

in mine, ^{(mind,}
And speak one word of comfort to his

I struggled wildly but it was in vain,
I could not rise from my dark ^{(dark}

gloom floor, ^{(to speak}
And the dear name I vainly strove

To utter in a voiceless whisper on my ^{(trying}
Then I awoke, and so it was a

dream!

A dream? Was it was reality!
For well I know where ever he may
He mourns me thus! Heaven I

could bear
My deathly fate with calmness if
there were.

No hundred hearts to bleed and break
for me!

27 lines *Melanctha Zenoia* Anne Brontë written Jan
24 1838

The waiting

The chestnut steed stood by the gate,
His noble masters will to wait.

The woody park so green and bright,
Was glowing in the morning light,
The young leaves of the aspen trees
Were dancing in the morning breeze.

The palace door was open wide,
The lord was standing there,
And his sweet lady by his side,
With soft dark eyes and raven hair.

1 The smiling took her ivory hand,
And said "No longer here I stand,
My charger shakes his flowing mane
And calls me with impatient sigh
Adieu then till we meet again,
Sweet love I must no longer stay."

2

"You must not go so soon," she said
"I will not say fare well,
The sun has not ^{shade} dispelled the
I'm yonder dewy cell;
Dark shadows of gigantic length,
Are sleeping on the lawn;
And scarcely have the birds begun,
To hail the summer morn;
Then stay with me a little while."
She said with soft and sunny smile.

3

1 He smiled again and did not ^{answer,}
But lightly kissed her rosy cheek,
And fondly clasped her in his arms,
Then vaulted on his steed.

And down the park's smooth wind-
ing road,

7
He urged its flying speed,
Still by the door ~~this~~ lady stood,
And watched his rapid flight,
Until he came to a distant wood,
That hid him from her sight,
But ere he vanished from her view,
He waved to her a last adieu,
Then onward hastily he steered,
And in the forest disappeared.

4
The lady smiled a pensive smile,
And heaved a gentle sigh,
But her cheeks were all unflushed
the while,

And tearless was her eye,
"A thousand lovely flowers," (said
she smiling on the plain,
And ere one half of them are dead,
My lord will come again,
The leaves are waving fresh and green,

On every stately tree,
Not long before they die away.
He will return to me!"
Alas! fair Lady say not so,
Thou canst not tell the weight
of wo.

That lies in store for thee.

5

Those flowers will fade, those
leaves will fall,
Winter will stormer your door hall,
Sweet Spring will smile o'er hill
and plain,

And trees and flowers will bloom again,
And years will still keep rolling ^{on},
But thy beloved lord is gone.
His absence thou shalt deeply
mourn,

And never smile on his return.

The lady of Whjerro's hall, 9
Is waiting for her lord,
The black-birds song the cuckoo's ^{call,}
No joy to her afford,
She smiles not at the summer's ^{sun,}
Nor at the winter's blast,
She mourns that she is still alone,
Though three long years have passed.

2.

I knew her when her eye was bright,
I knew her when her step was light,
And blithesome as a mountain doe's,
And when her cheek was like the rose,
And when her voice was full and free,
And when her smile was sweet to ^{see,}

3

But now the luster of her eye,
Is dimmed with many a tear;
Her footsteps' elasticity,
Is turned with grief and fear;
The rose has left her hollow cheeks,

In low and mournful tones she speaks,
And when she smiles 'tis but a gleam,
Of sunshine on a winter's day,
That faintly beams through dreary
clouds,

And in a moment dies away.
It does not warm, it does not cheer,
It makes no sigh for summer days,
When fields are green, and trees are ^(clear)
And when the sun has kinder rays.

4
For three years she has waited there,
Still hoping for her lord's return,
But vainly she may hope and
fear,

And vainly watch and ^(and mourn) weep and
She may wait him till her hairs
are grey,

And she may pass her life away,
But to his lady and his home,
Her noble Lord will never come

I wish I saw the worst," she said
"I wish I could despair," (breath)
These fruitless hopes this constant
Are more than I can bear!" —

"Then do not hope and do not weep,
He loved thee faithfully, (weep)
And nothing short of death could
So true a heart from thee;
Elyse he would never go,
And leave thee thus to mourn,
He must be dead, for death alone
Could hinder his return!"

6

'Twas thus I spoke because I felt,
As if my heart would break
To see her thus so slowly pining,
For Myer's sake; not tell,
But more than that I would
Though all the ~~the~~ while I knew
so well,

The time and nature of his death,
For when he drew his parting breath

His head was pillowed on my knee,
And his dark eyes were turned to ^{me,}
With an agonized heart breaking
glance.

Until they saw me not —
O the look of a dying man,
Can never be forgot —!

62 lines
Anne Brontë
July 10 1838

Alexandrina Zenobia
1839

Verses to a child —

O raise those eyes to me again.
And smile again so joyously.
And fear not love, it was not pain
Nor grief that drew these tears from ^(me)
Beloved child thou canst not tell,
The thoughts that in my bosom ^{swell}
When e'er I look on thee!

2
Of thine,
Thou knowest not that a glance
Can bring back long departed years
And that thy blue eyes may shine
Can overflow my own with tears.

And that each feature soft and fair
And every curl of golden hair,
Some sweet remembrance bears.
131

3

Just then thou didst recall to me
A distant long forgotten scene:
One smile and one sweet word from ^(thee)
Dispelled the years that rolled between,
I was a little child again,
And every after joy and pain
Seemed never to have been.

4

Tall forest trees waved over me,
To hide me from the heat of day,
And by my side a child like thee,
Among the summer flowers to lay.
He was thy own true merry child,
Like thee he spoke, like thee he ^(smiled),
Like thee he used to play,

5

O ~~happy~~ ^{calm and} those were happy days,
We loved each other fondly then.

But human love too soon decays,
Which ours ¹⁴ can never bloom again.
I never thought to see the day
When ~~his~~ ^{Florence's} friendship ^{decays} would
Like that of colder men.

6
Now ~~thou~~ ^{Florence} thou hast but begun
To sail on life's deceitful sea,
I do not err as I have done,
For I have trusted foolishly,
The faith of every friend I loved,
I never doubted till I proved
Their hearts inconstancy.

7
'Tis mournful to look back upon
Those ^{long} disappointed joys and cares, ^{alone}
Which I will weep since thou
Art witness to my ^{streaming} ~~tears~~,
This lingering love will not depart,
I can not banish from my heart,
The friend of childish years,

But though thy Father loves me not,
Yet I shall still be loved by thee,
And though I am by him forgot,
15
Say wilt not thou remember me?
I will not cause thy heart to ache,
~~And~~ for thy regretted Father's sake,
I'll love and cherish thee.

Alexandrina Zephobia

56 lines

Anne Brontë August 21 1838

The Bluebell —

A fine and subtle spirit dwells
In every little flower;
Each one its own sweet feeling ^{breathes}
With more or less of power.

There is a silent eloquence,
In every wild bluebell,
That fills my softened heart
with bliss.

That words could never tell

Yet I recall not long ago,

A bright and sunny day.
'Twas when I led a toilsome life
So many ¹⁶leaves away:

That day along a sunny road
All carelessly I strayed, (flowers
Between two banks where smiling
Their varied hues displayed

Before me rose a lofty hill
Behind me lay the Sea then
My heart was not so heavy
As it was wont to be.

Less harassed than at other times
I saw the scene was fair.
And spoke and ~~of~~ laughed to
those around.
As if I knew no care.

But as I looked upon the bank

My wandering glances fell
Upon a little trembling flower
A single sweet blue bell 17

Whence came that rising in my ^(throat)
That shines in my eyes ^P
Why did those burning drops ^(distill)
distill —

Those bitter feelings rise?

O that ^{one flower} ~~blue bell~~ recalled to me
My happy child hood's hours
When blue bells ^{seemed} ~~were~~ like fairy
A prize among ^{gifts} the flowers

Those sunny days of merriment
When heart and soul were free
And when I dwelt with kindest
hearts

That loved and cared for me

I had not their ~~rejoice~~ ^{rejoice} ~~in my heart~~
^{with hearty} ~~crowds~~ ^{crowds}
To spend a thornless life
In seeking ¹⁸ after others' meal
With anxious toil and strife

"Soth wanderer weep those ^(times) blissful
That never may return."

The lovely floweret seemed to say
And thus it made me mourn

99 lines Anne Browne August 22nd
1890

Our Captains Lament

She's gone - and twice the Summer's ^(sun)
Has left Pegina's towers,
And melted wild Margara's snows,
And warmed Espino's bowers.

The flowerets twice on hill and dale,
Have bloomed and died away,
And twice the rustling forest leaves
Have fallen to decay.

And thrice stern winter's icy hand
Has checked the rivers flow, ¹⁹
And three times o'er the mountains ²¹ (thrown
His spotless robe of snow.

Two Summers Springs and ^(sads) Miterms
Three Winters cold and grey —
That is it then so long ago —
That wild November day!

They say such tears as children
weep,

Will soon be dried away,
That childish grief however strong
Is only for a day.

And parted friends how dear ^{soe'er}
Will soon forgotten be;
It may be so with other hearts
It is not thus with me.

My Mother thou wilt weep no more
For thou art gone above 20
But can I ever cease to mourn
Thy fond ¹⁵ and fervent love?

While that was mine the
world to me
Was sunshine bright and fair
No feeling rose within ^{Heart} in my
But thou couldst read it there

And thou ^{couldst} ~~wouldst~~ feel for all
my joys

And all my childish cares
And never weary of my play
Or scorn my foolish fears

Beneath thy sweet maternal ^{smile}
All pain and sorrow fled
And even the very tears were ^{sweet}
Upon thy bosom shed

Thy loss can never be repaired
If I should not ^{know} ~~see~~ again.
While life remains the
peaceful joy. 21

That filled my spirit then

Where shall I find a heart
like thine.

While life remains to me [love,
And where shall I bestow the
I ever bore for thee.

Jan^y 1841

All

Maria Brontë.

Lines written at

Thorp Green

That summer sun whose genial glow,
Now cheers my drooping spirit so,
Must cold and distant be,
And only light our northern clime
With feeble ray, before the time
I long so much to see.

And this soft whispering breeze
that now,
So gently cools my fevered brow.
This too Alas! must turn—
To a wild blast whose icy blast,
Pierces and chills me to the heart
Before I cease to mourn.

And these bright flowers I love so well
Vibina - Rose, and sweet bluebell
Must droop and die away,
Those thick green leaves with all
their shade -
And rustling music they must (fade
And every one decay.

But if the sunny Summer time
And woods and meadows in
their prime
Are ~~not~~ sweet to them that
roam.

Far sweeter is the Winter bare
With long dark nights and
Landscape obscure 23

To them that are at Home!

24 lines

13 August 19th 1841

A Fragment

Since

Marked thou wert thoughtless

Of beauty or of grace

Simple and homely in attire

Careless of form and face

Then whence this change? and

why so oft—

Dost smooth thy hazel hair

And wherefore check thy youthful
form

With such unwearied care?

Tell us—and cease to tire our ears

With yonder hackneyed strain

Why wilt thou play ^{simple tunes} those ~~simple~~

So often o'er again?"

"Very gentle friends I can but say
That ²⁴ childhood's thoughts ^{I go} are
Each year its own new feelings
brings

And years move swiftly on

And for those little simple airs
I love to play them o'er —

So much I dare not promise ^{now}
To play them never more."

I answered and it was enough

They turned them to depart

They could not read my secret
thoughts

Nor see my throbbing heart.

(form.
I've noticed many a youthful
Upon whose changeful face
The inmost workings of the soul
The gazer's eye might trace

The speaking eye the changing
life

The ready blushing cheek
The smiling or beclouded brow
Their different feelings speak

But thank God! you might
gaze on mine

For hours and never know
The secret changes of my soul.

From joy to bitter we
Last night as we sat round the ^{fire}
conversing merrily.
We heard without approaching ^{steps}
Of one well known to me.

There was no trembling in my ^{voice}
No blush upon my cheek
No lustrous sparkle in my eyes
Of hope or joy to speak
But O my spirit burned within

My heart beat thick and fast
He came not nigh - he went ^{away} ~~away~~
And ²⁶ then my joy was past.

And yet my comrades marked
it not.

My voice was still the same
They saw me smile and o'er
my face -

No signs of sadness came
They little knew my hidden
thoughts

And they will never ~~know~~ know
The anguish of my drooping
heart

The bitter aching woe!

56 lines

Olivia Vernon

written January 1st 1840

it was Brontë

end