

To Louisa

1.

(Barrel)

Sweet are thy strains Celestial

And oft in ~~early~~ childhood's
years

I've read them o'er and o'er ^(again)
With floods of silent tears
~~swelling heart with quivering~~
~~tears~~

The language of my inmost heart

I ~~seem~~ to trace in every line

My sins my sorrows hopes and ^(fears)

~~Where~~ ^{Were} ~~presented~~ there and only mine

All for myself the sigh would swell

The tears of silent anguish start

I little knew what wilder woe

Flood filled the ~~secret~~ poet's heart

I did not know the rights of gloom

The days of ~~deep~~ ^{unhappy} misery

The long long years of ~~harrow~~ ^{dark despair}

That ~~crushed~~ ^{crushed} and ~~tortured~~ ^{tortured} thee

But they are gone and now ~~at~~^{lost}
from earth ~~length~~,

Thy gentle soul from Earth
is ~~now~~ ^{has} past,
And in the bosom of its God
Has found its ~~proper~~^{sheltering} Home at ^{last}.

It must be so if God is love,
And if he answers fervent prayer;
Then surely thou shalt dwell on
high.
And I may ~~hope~~ ^(there) to meet thee

Is He the source of every good
The spring of ~~light~~^{of} ~~and~~ purity
Then in thine hours of ~~haste~~
deepest wo ^(there!)
~~Surely~~ Thy God ~~was~~ still with

How else when every hope was
fled
Should thy ~~warm~~ ^{couldst} heart so fond-
ly cling

To holy things and holy men
 And how ~~couldst~~ ^{couldst} ~~them~~ so sweetly
 sing -

Of things that God alone could ^{teach?}
 And whence that ~~Angel~~ purity:
 That portrait of all sinful ways
 That ~~kind~~ ^{and} gentle charity?

Are these the symptoms of a heart
 Of ~~every~~ Heavenly grace bereft
 For ever banished from its God
 To Saturn's wildest fury left?

Yet should they ^{darkest} ~~blackest~~ fears
 be true

If Heaven's ~~decrees~~ be so severe
 That such a soul as thine is ^{lost}
 O! how ~~my~~ God shall I appear?

Anne Brontë

Nov - 10th 1842

To —

I will not mourn thee, lovely one,
 Though thou art torn away.
~~They~~ 'Tis said that if the ^{sun} morning
 Brings with dappling ray
 And shed a bright and burning
 beam,
 Attwant the glittering main,
 Ere noon shall fade that laugh-
 ing gleam,
 Enveloped in clouds and rain,
 And if thy life as transient proved
 It hath been full as bright;
 For thou wert hopeful and beloved,
 Thy spirit knew no blight.

⁶ That Angel smile that late
so much,
Could my fond heart rejoice,
And he has silenced by his touch,
The music of thy voice,
I'll weep no more thine early doom
But O I still must mourn
The pleasures buried in thy tomb
For they will not return!

W Brontë Dec—
1842

My soul is awakened, my spirit is
soaring,
And carried aloft on the wings of
the ~~winning~~ breeze;
Far ~~above~~ above, and around me,
the wild wind is roaring,
Brousing to capture the earth and
the seas.

The long withered grass in the sun-
shine ~~stirring~~ is glancing.

The bare trees are tossing their⁷
branches on high;
The dead leaves beneath them
are merrily dancing,
The white clouds are scudding
across the blue sky.

I wish I could see how the
ocean is lashing,
The foam of its billows to whirl
in swirls of spray,
I wish I could see how its proud
waves are dashing,
And hear the wild roar of their
thunder to-day!

A Brontë December
30th 1842

~~Composed~~ Composed in the Long -
Plantation on a wild bright
windy day.

(1846.125)

A Hymn

Eternal power of earth and air;
 Unseen, yet seen in all around;
 Remote, but dwelling everywhere
 Though silent, heard in every sound.

If ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ thine ear in mercy bent,
 When wretched mortals cried to thee,
 And if indeed thy ~~son~~ ^{Son} was sent,
 To save lost sinners such as me.

Then, hear me now, while kneeling
 here;

I lift to thee my ~~strengthening~~ ^{heart and} eye,
 And all my soul exerts in prayer.
Oh give me - give me Faith! I ~~cried~~ ^{pray}

Without some glimmering in my
 heart. (Prayer;

I could not raise this fervent
 But Oh stronger light impart,
 And in thy mercy fix it there!

While Faith is with me ~~as~~ I am blest⁹
It turns my darkest night to ^{day}
But while I clasp it to my breast
I often feel it slide away.

Then cold and dark my spirit
sinks,

To see my light of life depart,
And every fiend of Hell methinks
Enjoys the conquest of my heart.

What shall I do if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away,
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I
pray?

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret
call,

Or see the silent tears I weep,

10
O help me God! for thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve
Forsake it not — it is thine own,
Though weak yet longing to
believe.

Drive these cruel doubts away.
And make me know that thou
art God;
A Faith that shines by night
and day.
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believe that Jesus died
and waking rose to ^{reign} ~~reign~~ above
Then surely ^{sorrow} ~~selfish~~ sin and pride
Must yield to peace and ^{hope} ~~joy~~ and
love.

And all the blessed words he
said

Will strength and holy joy impart¹¹
A shield of safety o'er my head
A spring of comfort in my
heart -

(1846.97.)

A. Brontë - Sept 10th - 1843

The Captive Dove
Poor restless Dove I ~~grieve~~^{pity} thee
And when I hear thy plaintive
mourn
I'll mourn for thy captivity
And in thy woes forget mine own
To see thee stand prepared to ^{(fly}
And flap those useless wings of thine
And gaze into the distant sky
Would melt a harder heart than
mine
In vain! in vain! thou canst
not rise -
Thy prison roof confines thee there

12 Its ~~wild~~ ^{wild} waves delude thine eyes
~~slender~~ ~~small~~ ~~crayfish~~ ~~there~~

~~Despair~~ (Despair)

And quench thy longing with

O! thou wert made to wander (free
In sunny mead and
shady grove.

And far beyond the rolling sea
In distant chimes at will
to rove.

Yet ~~but~~ ^{but} thou, one gentle mate
Thy little drooping heart to cheer
And share with thee thy cap-
tive state

Thou couldst be happy even
there

Yes even there if listening. ^{bye} ~~there~~
One faithful dear companion
stood

While gazing on her ~~striking~~^{13.}
full bright eye
Thou mightst forget thy native
wood

But thou poor solitary dove
Must make unheard thy joy-

less moan (Love
The heart ~~of~~^{that} nature formed to
Must pine neglected and alone
mostly written in ——— A Brontë Oct 31st
the spring of 1842 (1846.149) 1843

The Consolation

Though bleak these woods and
damp the ground.
With fallen leaves so thickly strewn
And cold the wind that whistles
round
With wild and melancholy moan

There is a friendly roof I know
Might shield me from the wintry

14 There is a fire whose ruddy glow
Will cheer me for my wanderings
past

And so though still where e'er
I roam (eye
Cold stranger glances meet my
Though when my spirit sinks in
Unheeded swells the unbidden (sigh
wo

Though solitude endured too long
Bids youthful joys too soon decay
Makes with a stranger to my
tongue
And overclouds my noon of
Day

When kindly thoughts that
would have way
Flow back discouraged to my
breast

15
I know there is thought far away
A home where heart and soul
may rest

Warm hands ^{are there} that ~~kindly~~ clasped
in mine

The warmer heart will not belie

While worth and truth and

friendship shine
In smiling lip and earnest eye

The ice that gathers round my heart
May there be thawed; and sweetly
then

The joys of youth that now depart
Will come to cheer my soul
again

Though far I roam this thought
shall be.

My hope, my comfort everywhere
While such a home remains

to me
My heart shall never know
despair

Hesperia Caverndel D.D. Anne Brontë Nov. 7th
(1846.120.) 1843

'Tis strange to think

'Tis strange to think there was a time
When mirth was not an empty
name

When laughter really cheered the
heart
And frequent smiles unbidden came
And tears of grief would only flow
In sympathy for others' ~~wo~~ wo.

When speech expressed the in-
ward thought
And heart to kindred heart
was bare
And summer days were far too
short
For all the pleasures crowded there

And Silence, Solitude and rest 17
Now welcome to the weary breast

There all surprized uncourtied then
And all the joy, one spirit showed
The other ~~deeply~~ ^{deeply} felt again
And friendship like a river flowed
Constant and strong its silent course
For naught withstood its gentle force

When nigh the holy time of peace
Was breached as the parting hour
When friendly intercourse must cease
And Silence must resume her power
Though ever free from pains and woes
She only brought us calm repose
And when the blessed dawn ^{again} ~~of the~~
Brought daylight to the blushing
We woke ^{and} ~~but~~ not reluctant then
To joyless labour. Did we rise

¹⁸ But full of hope most glad and
We welcomed ^{you} ~~in~~ the ~~passing~~ ^{returning} day.

(1846. III.)

A B - Nov 21st 1843

A word to the Calvinists

You may rejoice to think yourselves

secure ^(vine)
You may be grateful for the gift de-
That grace unsought which made your
black hearts pure.
And fits your earthborn souls in Heaven
to shine

But is it sweet to look around

Thousands excluded ^{and view} from that happiness
Which they deserve at least as much as

^{you}
Their faults not greater nor their
virtues less?

19

And wherefore should you love your
God the more
Because to you alone his smiles are given
Because He chose to pass the many o'er
And only bring the favoured few
To Heaven?

And wherefore should your hearts
Be more grateful prone
Because for all the Saviour did not
Die
As yours the God of Justice and of Love
And are your bosoms warm with
charity?

Say does your heart expand to all man

And would you ever to your neighbour
Kind

The weak the strong the enlightened
So

And the blind
As you would have your neighbour
Do to you?

And when ~~you~~ ^{ye} look ^{ing} on
~~your~~ your

Behold fellow men
~~And see~~ them doomed to endless
misery.

20 How can you talk of ~~life~~^{joy} and rap-
ture then?

May God withhold such cruel ~~bliss~~^{joy}
from me!

That none ^{eternal bliss} deserve ~~to live~~ I ~~fully~~

^{know}
Unmerited the grace in Mercy

^{given}
But none shall sink to everlast-

^{ting} ~~But these~~ That have ^{not well} deserved
The wrath of Heaven,

And O! there lives within my

A hope long ^{heart} nursed by me,
(Which should its cheering rays

^{dispart}
How dark my soul would be)

That "as in Adam all have died
In Christ shall all men live"

And ever round his throne abide
Eternal ^{praise} ~~thanks~~ to give

That even the wicked shall at ²¹

be fitted for the skies
And when their dreadful doom
is past
To life and light arise

I ask not how remote the day
Nor what the sinner's woe
Before their drops is purged
away
Enough for me to know

That when the ~~soft~~ ^{wrath} of
wrath is drained
The metal purified
They'll cling to what they once
disclaimed
And live by Him that died

Mrs Brontë

May 28th 1843

Night -

I love the silent hour of night,
 For blissful dreams may then arise,
 Revealing to my charmed sight,

What ~~my~~ may not bless my waking eyes;
 and then a voice may meet my ear,
 That death has silenced long ago;
 And hope and rapture may appear,
 Instead of solitude and woe.

Cold in the grave for years has lain,
 The form it was my bliss to see,
 And only dreams can bring again,
 The darling of my heart to me.

A. B. Written early in 1845