

75

May 4th 1840

Stanzas

I'll not weep that thou art going to leave me
There's nothing lovely here,
And doubly will the dark world greive me
While thy heart suffers there—

I'll not weep—because the summer's glory 5
Must always end in gloom
And follow out the happiest story,
It closes with a tomb—

And I am weary of the anguish 10
Increasing winters bear—
Weary to watch the spirit languish
Through years of dead despair—

So if a tear when thou art dying
Should haply fall from me 15
It is but that my soul is sighing
To go and rest with thee—

76

May 6th 1840

July 28th 1843

A.G.A. to A.S.

At such a time, in such a spot
The world seems made of light
Our blissful hearts remember not
How surely follows night—

I cannot, Alfred, dream of ought 5
That casts a shade of woe;
That heaven is reigning in my thought

75. Text from A10, with substantive revisions of 1846

Title 1846; not in A

Alternate lines indented in 1846

8 a] 1846; <a> the A 11 Weary to watch] 1846; I'm sick to see A 14 Should]
<Doth>

76. Text from B3

The Poems of Emily Brontë, ed. Derek
Roper (Oxford: Clarendon, 1995)