Farewell

Farewell to thee! but not farewell
To all my fondest thoughts of thee:
Within my heart they still shall dwell;
And they shall cheer and comfort me.

O beautiful, and full of grace!
If thou hadst never met mine eye,
I had not dreamed a living face
Could fancied charms so far outvie.

If I may ne'er behold again
That form and face so dear to me,
Nor hear thy voice, still would I fain
Preserve, for aye, their memory.

That voice, the magic of whose tone
Can wake an echo in my breast,
Creating feelings that, alone,

Farewell

Can make my tranced spirit blest.

That laughing eye, whose sunny beam

My memory would not cherish less; -

And oh, that smile! whose joyous gleam

Nor mortal language can express.

Adieu, but let me cherish, still,

The hope with which I cannot part.

Contempt may wound and coldness chill,

But still it lingers in my heart.

And who can tell but Heaven, at last,

May answer all my thousand prayers,

And bid the future pay the past

With joy for anguish, smiles for tears?

by Anne Bronte