

# Stars by Emily Bronte

Ah! why, because the dazzling sun  
Restored our Earth to joy,  
Have you departed, every one,  
And left a desert sky?

All through the night, your glorious eyes  
Were gazing down in mine,  
And with a full heart's thankful sighs  
I blessed that watch divine.

I was at peace, and drank your beams  
As they were life to me;  
And revelled in my changeful dreams  
Like petrel on the sea.

Thought followed thought—star followed star  
Through boundless regions on,  
While one sweet influence, near and far,  
Thrilled through, and proved us one.

Why did the morning dawn to break  
So great, so pure, a spell;  
And scorch with fire the tranquil cheek  
Where your cool radiance fell?

Blood-red, he rose, and arrow-straight,  
His fierce beams struck my brow;  
The soul of nature sprang elate,  
But mine sank sad and low!

My lids closed down—yet through their veil  
I saw him, blazing, still,  
And bathe in gold the misty dale,  
And flash upon the hill.

I turned me to the pillow, then,  
To call back night, and see  
Your worlds of solemn light, again,  
Throb with my heart, and me!

It would not do—the pillow glowed,  
And glowed both roof and floor;  
And birds sang loudly in the wood,  
And fresh wind shook the door;

The curtains waved, the wakened flies  
Were murmuring round my room,  
Imprisoned there, till I should rise,  
And give them leave to roam.

O Stars, and dreams, and gentle night;  
O Night and Stars, return!  
And hide me from the hostile light  
That does not warm, but burn—

That drains the blood of suffering men;  
Drinks tears, instead of dew:  
Let me sleep through his blinding reign,  
And only wake with you!