

## *Farewell to Thee! But Not 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  
Could wake an echo in my breast,  
Creating feelings that, alone,  
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  
No 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 fortune pay the past  
With joy for anguish, smiles for tears.*

*Anne Bronte (for her sister)*