

# The Visionary

Emily Bronte

Silent is the house: all are laid asleep:  
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep,  
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze  
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor;  
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door;  
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far:  
I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding-star.

Frown, my haughty sire! chide, my angry dame!  
Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with shame:  
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know,  
What angel nightly tracks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,  
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare;  
What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray,  
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay

Burn, then, little lamp; glimmer straight and clear--  
Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air:  
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me;  
Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy.