## Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee

After the poem by Emily Jane Brontë



man

Shall earth no more inspire thee,
Thou lonely dreamer now?
Since passion may not fire thee,
Shall nature cease to bow?

Thy mind is ever moving, In regions dark to thee; Recall its useless roving, Come back, and dwell with me.

I know my mountain breezes Enchant and soothe thee still, I know my sunshine pleases, Despite thy wayward will.

When day with evening blending, Sinks from the summer sky, I've seen thy spirit bending In fond idolatry.

I've watched thee every hour; I know my mighty sway: I know my magic power To drive thy griefs away.

Few hearts to mortals given,
On earth so wildly pine;
Yet few would ask a heaven
More like this earth than thine.

Written, performed and produced by **nion**Dedicated to my husband, Patrick

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