

Past, Present, Future

by Emily Brontë

Tell me, tell me, smiling child,
What the past is like to thee?
“An Autumn evening soft and mild
With a wind that sighs mournfully.”

Tell me, what is the present hour?
“A green and flowery spray
Where a young bird sits gathering its power
To mount and fly away.”

And what is the future, happy one?
“A sea beneath a cloudless sun;
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea
Stretching into infinity.”

