

**POEMS BY CURREN,  
ELLIS, AND ACTON  
BELL, PP. 1-157**

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**CHARLOTTE BRONTË & EMILY BRONTË & ANNE BRONTË**

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# POEMS

BY

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## POEMS.

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### PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

I've quenched my lamp, I struck it in that start  
Which every limb convulsed, I heard it fall—  
The crash blent with my sleep, I saw depart  
Its light, even as I woke, on yonder wall;  
Over against my bed, there shone a gleam  
Strange, faint, and mingling also with my dream.

It sunk, and I am wrapt in utter gloom;  
How far is night advanced, and when will day  
Retinge the dusk and livid air with bloom,  
And fill this void with warm, creative ray?  
Would I could sleep again till, clear and red,  
Morning shall on the mountain-tops be spread!

I'd call my women, but to break their sleep,  
Because my own is broken, were unjust;

They've wrought all day, and well-earned slumbers  
 steep  
 Their labours in forgetfulness, I trust ;  
 Let me my feverish watch with patience bear,  
 Thankful that none with me its sufferings share.

Yet, Oh, for light ! one ray would tranquilise  
 My nerves, my pulses, more than effort can ;  
 I'll draw my curtain and consult the skies :  
 These trembling stars at dead of night look wan,  
 Wild, restless, strange, yet cannot be more drear  
 Than this my couch, shared by a nameless fear.

All black—one great cloud, drawn from east to west.  
 Conceals the heavens, but there are lights below ;  
 Torches burn in Jerusalem, and cast  
 On yonder stony mount a lurid glow.  
 I see men stationed there, and gleaming spears ;  
 A sound, too, from afar, invades my ears.

Dull, measured, strokes of axe and hammer ring  
 From street to street, not loud, but through the  
 night  
 Distinctly heard—and some strange spectral thing  
 Is now upreared—and, fixed against the light  
 Of the pale lamps ; defined upon that sky,  
 It stands up like a column, straight and high.

I see it all—I know the dusky sign—  
 A cross on Calvary, which Jews uprear