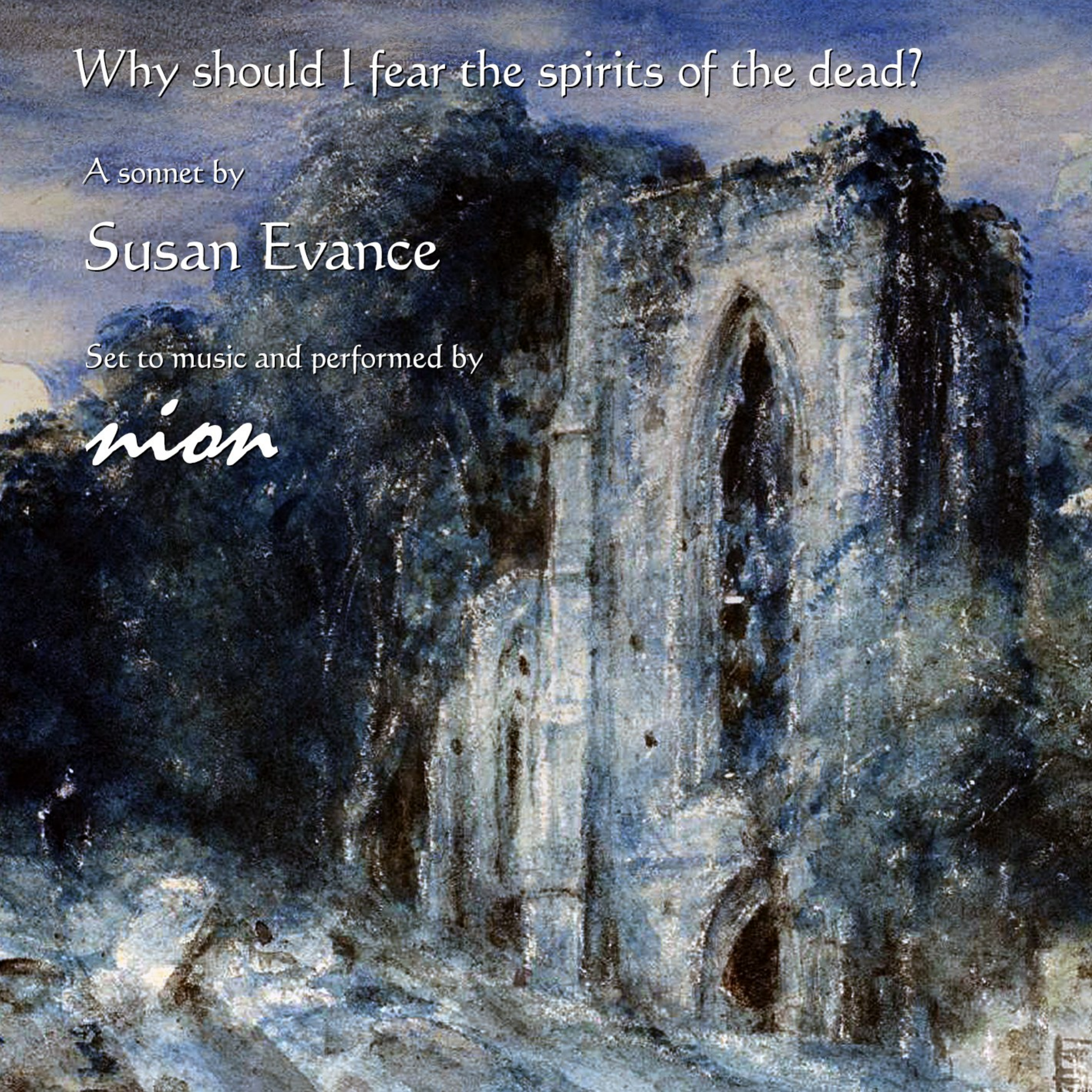
Why should I fear the spirits of the dead?
A sonnet by
Susan Evance
Set to music and performed by
nion

As published in "POEMS, selected from her earliest productions, to those of the present year" (1808):

Why should I fear the spirits of the dead?

A sonnet by

Susan Evance

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WHY should I fear the spirits of the dead ?
What if they wander at the hour of night,
Amid these sacred walls, with silent tread,
And dimly visible to mortal sight !
What if they ride upon the wandering gale,
And with low sighs alarm the listening ear;
Or swell a deep, a sadly-sounding wail,
Like solemn dirge of death ! why should I fear?
No ! seated on some fragment of rude stone,
While through the Ash-trees waving o'er my head
The wild winds pour their melancholy moan,
My soul, by fond imagination led,
Shall muse on days and years for ever flown,
And hold mysterious converse with the dead !

In memory of Deborah Priestley
- Edited version, 3.18 -

Cover artwork: Netley Abbey by moonlight (detail) - John Constable (1776-1837)
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