

LIFE

By Charlotte Bronte



By Ashutosh Tripathi

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Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.

Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?

gloom: Sad and without much hope

transient: Temporary

lament: Regret

A light blue, brush-stroke style graphic with the text "LEARN.COM" in black, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

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Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?

Flit: to fly or move quickly

Sway: controlling influence



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Yet Hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.

Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

buoyant: that which can rise upward

quell: suppress or end



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A teal-colored brushstroke graphic with a rough, hand-painted texture, centered on the page. The text "LEARN.COM" is written in black, bold, sans-serif capital letters across the middle of the brushstroke.

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