

Seemed, but gently whispering:

"Get thee patience; and thy spirit
"Shall discern in all things merit."

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

Woe for the young, ^{who} say that life is long,
Who turn from the sun-rising to the west;
Who feel no pleasure and can find no rest;
Who in the morning sigh for evensong.
Their hearts, weary because of this world's wrong,
Yearn with a thousand longings unexpressed:
They have a wound no mortal ever drest,
An ill than all earth's remedies more strong.
For them the fount of gladness hath run dry,
And in all nature is no pleasant thing;
For them there is no glory in the sky,
No sweetness in the breezes' murmuring;
They say: The peace of heaven is placed too high,
And this earth changeth and is perishing.

Rossetti

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These are early poems (Jan 1847) by Christina G. Rossetti - The hand
writing at back is my own.