

Rossetti's First Lines

A smile because the nights are short!
Ah, woe is me for pleasure that is vain
Am I a stone and not a sheep
By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair
Chide not; let me breathe a little
Come to me in the silence of the night
Consider
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Downstairs I laugh, I sport and jest with all
Frost-locked all the winter
Give me the lowest place: not that I dare
Gone were but the Winter
Hear now a curious dream I dreamed last
night
I cannot tell you how it was
I did not chide him, though I knew
I have no wit, no words, no tears
I looked for that which is not, nor can be
I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
I loved my love from green of Spring
I nursed it in my bosom while it lived
I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-
tree
I tell my secret? No indeed, not I:
I took my heart in my hand
I was a cottage maiden
I watched a rosebud very long
I will accept thy will to do and be
I will tell you when they met
I wonder if the sap is stirring yet
I would have gone; God bade me stay
I would not if I could undo my past
If I might only love my God and die!
If I might see another Spring
Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
Live all thy sweet life thro'

Love, strong as Death, is dead
Morning and evening
My heart is like a singing bird
My sun has set, I dwell
'Now did you mark a falcon
O happy rose-bud blooming
Oh roses for the flush of youth
Once in a dream (for once I dreamed of
you)
Once in a dream I saw the flowers
Out of the church she followed them
Pardon the faults in me
Remember me when I am gone away
Shall I forget on this side of the grave?
She gave up beauty in her tender youth
Somewhere or other there must surely be
Sound the deep waters
Summer is gone with all its roses
'Sweet, thou art pale.'
The curtains were half drawn, the floor was
swept
The sweetest blossoms die
There's blood between us, love, my love
Thou who didst hang upon a barren tree
Three sang of love together: one with lips
Two doves upon the selfsame branch
Underneath the growing grass
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith
What would I give for a heart of flesh to
warm me through
When I am dead, my dearest
When I was dead, my spirit turned
Where sunless rivers weep
While roses are so red
Who told my mother of my shame?
Young Love lies sleeping

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