

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left; I dwell alone.
I lift my eyes, but dimmed with grief,
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is like the falling leaf:
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindles to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk.
My life is like a frozen thing;
No bud nor greenness can I see.
Yet rise it shall – the sap of spring:
O Jesus, rise in me!

Christina Georgina Rosetti