

From Leaf to Leaf

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

I HELD my grief when the leaves fell
 Close, close to my beating breast;
 "Sharp pain," I said, "great sorrow,
 To me God gives no rest!"
 The fierce thorns pierced my bosom,
 And burning drops of red
 Sprang with each anguished heart-throb,
 "But bring no peace," I said.

My low and bitter sobbing
 Wearied both night and day;
 I cried in the heavy darkness,
 "Must it be thus always?"
 Comes there no light with daybreak,
 No rest when the sun is set?
 Must I for aye remember?
 God! can I ne'er forget?

I held my grief when the leaves bud
 Close—close to my silent heart;
 "Sharp pain," I cried, "great sorrow,
 Where is thine olden smart?"
 I crushed the thorns 'gainst my bosom,
 But there flowed no crimson tide,
 Soft and slow were my heart-beats;
 "Something is lost," I cried.

Then wild and fierce my sobbing
 Broke on the fair spring day,
 And I wailed with bitter passion,
 "Must it be thus always?"
 What agony is like to this,
 Oh, tears that fall so hot!
 Not that I so remembered,
 But that I so forgot!