

A Better Resurrection

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Italian-born poet



I have not 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 mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My lift is in the falling leaf

O Jesus quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf
My harvest dwindled 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 or greenness can I see;
Yet rise it shall-the sap of Spring;
O Jesus rise in me.

My Life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing;
Melt and remold it, till it be
A royal cup for Him, my King:
O Jesus drink of me.

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