

"The Folly of Being Comforted" (1933)

One that is ever kind said yesterday:	A (10)
'Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,	A (10)
And little shadows come about her eyes;	B (10)
Time can but make it easier to be wise	B (11)
Though now it seems impossible, and so	C (10)
All that you need is patience.'	
Heart cries 'No,	C (10)
I have not a crumb of comfort, not a grain.	D (11)
Time can but make her beauty over again:	D (11)
Because of that great nobleness of hers	E (10)
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,	E (10)
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways	F (10)
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.'	F (11)
O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,	G (10)
You'd know the folly of being comforted.	G (11)