"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)