



## **Sorrowing Love (1919)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

And again the flowers are come,  
And the light shakes,  
And no tiny voice is dumb,  
And a bud breaks  
On the humble bush and the proud restless tree.  
Come with me!

Look, this little flower is pink,  
And this one white.  
Here's a pearl cup for your drink,  
Here's for your delight  
A yellow one, sweet with honey.  
Here's fairy money  
Silver bright  
Scattered over the grass  
As we pass.

Here's moss. How the smell of it lingers  
On my cold fingers!  
You shall have no moss. Here's a frail  
Hyacinth, deathly pale.  
Not for you, not for you!  
And the place where they grew  
You must promise me not to discover,  
My sorrowful lover!  
Shall we never be happy again?  
Never again play?  
In vain--in vain!  
Come away!

