

One-Sided Faith

I know the rose will bloom again
As soon as it is June,
The robin will return by then
To sing his merry tune.
I know the wintry cold will pass,
The gray clouds change to blue,
But I think my present woe, alas!
Must last my whole life through.

I view my little garden bare
And smile from day to day,
I know the green will glisten there
As soon as it is May.
I face the winter, brave of heart,
I know that it will go,
But every little ache and smart
Sets me to grieving so.

If I can view the winter's snow,
My garden desolate
And smile, because right well I know
If I will only wait
The days of spring will soon return,
And bring me back the rose,
Have I not wit enough to learn
That time will cure my woes?

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)