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5 I think not Eve's peacock  
 Splendid to see,  
 And I think not Adam's eagle;  
 But a dove may be.

Did any beast come pushing  
 10 Thro' the thorny hedge  
 Into the thorny thistly world  
 Out from Eden's edge?

I think not a lion  
 Tho' his strength is such;  
 15 But an innocent loving lamb  
 May have done as much.

If the dove preached from her bough  
 And the lamb from his sod,  
 The lamb and the dove  
 20 Were preachers sent from God.

EVE.

"While I sit at the door  
 Sick to gaze within  
 Mine eye weepeth sore  
 For sorrow and sin:  
 5 As a tree my sin stands  
 To darken all lands;  
 Death is the fruit it bore.

"How have Eden bowers grown  
 Without Adam to bend them!  
 10 How have Eden flowers blown  
 Squandering their sweet breath  
 Without me to tend them!  
 The Tree of Life was ours,  
 Tree twelvefold-fruited,

15 Most lofty tree tha  
 Most deeply roote  
 I chose the tree of  
 "Hadst thou but s  
 Adam, my brothe  
 20 I might have pine  
 I, but none other  
 God might have l  
 Safe in our garde  
 By putting me av  
 25 Beyond all pardo  
 "I, Eve, sad moth  
 Of all who must  
 I, not another,  
 Plucked bitterest  
 30 My friend, husba  
 O wanton eyes, r  
 Who but I shoul  
 Cain hath slain l  
 Of all who must  
 35 Miserable Eve!"

Thus she sat we  
 Thus Eve our m  
 Where one lay s  
 Slain by his bro  
 40 Greatest and le  
 Each piteous be  
 To hear her vo  
 Forgot his joys  
 And set aside h  
 45 The mouse pat  
 And dropped l  
 Grave cattle wa  
 In rumination  
 The eagle gave  
 50 From his clou

15 Most lofty tree that flowers,  
Most deeply rooted:  
I chose the tree of death.

"Hadst thou but said me nay,  
Adam, my brother,  
20 I might have pined away;  
I, but none other:  
God might have let thee stay  
Safe in our garden,  
By putting me away  
25 Beyond all pardon.

"I, Eve, sad mother  
Of all who must live,  
I, not another,  
Plucked bitterest fruit to give  
30 My friend, husband, lover;—  
O wanton eyes, run over;  
Who but I should grieve?—  
Cain hath slain his brother:  
Of all who must die mother,  
35 Miserable Eve!"

Thus she sat weeping,  
Thus Eve our mother,  
Where one lay sleeping  
Slain by his brother.  
40 Greatest and least  
Each piteous beast  
To hear her voice  
Forgot his joys  
And set aside his feast.

45 The mouse paused in his walk  
And dropped his wheaten stalk;  
Grave cattle wagged their heads  
In rumination;  
The eagle gave a cry  
50 From his cloud station;

Larks on thyme beds  
 Forbore to mount or sing;  
 Bees drooped upon the wing;  
 The raven perched on high  
 55 Forgot his ration;  
 The conies in their rock,  
 A feeble nation,  
 Quaked sympathetical;  
 The mocking-bird left off to mock;  
 60 Huge camels knelt as if  
 In deprecation;  
 The kind hart's tears were falling;  
 Chattered the wistful stork;  
 Dove-voices with a dying fall  
 65 Cooed desolation  
 Answering grief by grief.  
 Only the serpent in the dust  
 Wriggling and crawling,  
 Grinned an evil grin and thrust  
 70 His tongue out with its fork.

## GROWN AND FLOWN.

I loved my love from green of Spring  
 Until sere Autumn's fall;  
 But now that leaves are withering  
 How should one love at all?  
 5 One heart's too small  
 For hunger, cold, love, everything.  
 I loved my love on sunny days  
 Until late Summer's wane;  
 But now that frost begins to glaze  
 10 How should one love again?  
 Nay, love and pain  
 Walk wide apart in diverse ways.

I loved my  
 That this  
 15 I thought t  
 Yet has i  
 Sweet sw  
 Now bitter  
  
 A FARM W  
  
 The year s  
 And blu  
 A bleat of l  
 Green ha  
 5 I met a ma  
 Where m  
  
 She wore a  
 Her bare  
 Her apron  
 10 Her air v  
  
 She milke  
 And san  
 An innoc  
 That wa  
 15 Patheticall  
 Too poi  
  
 She kept in  
 As true  
 Unless she  
 20 Or sque  
 Her clear  
 As many  
  
 I stood a r  
 Stood si  
 25 To eye the  
 The fro