Wellesley College Series
Number Three

RHYME SHEET

SONNET

Go, child, go out and leave the house behind;
Your grief is deep go down to greening land,
Throw off the chill of darkened rooms that stand
Holding their sorrow adamant and blind.
Go, child, go swiftly while you still can find
The heat of sun on earth and sea and sand.
Lie still beside the things you understand
And grief will walk less fiercely in your mind.
Within four walls death seems a final thing
Which gives without reprieve a shadowed sleep
That for the bloom of waking lies too deep.
Go, child, to earth that lives again in spring
And there receive the sacrament of rain
That resurrects this slumbering earth again.

Margaret H. Edwards

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