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*I would have gone ; God bade me stay ;
He broke my will from day to day.
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.*

*Now I would stay, God bids me go ;
Now I would rest, God bids me work
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro ;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.*

*I go, Lord, where thou sendest me ;
Day after day I plod and toil ;
But Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee ?*

—Christian Rosetti.