

Christina Rossetti

Quotes

Heart, Spring, Dream, Song, Flower, Love Is, Men, Christmas, Sea, Winter, Eye, Strong, Sweet, Summer, Inspirational, Faith, Hope, Nature, Love, Life

In the bleak midwinter Frosty wind made moan, Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone; Snow had fallen, Snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.

~Christina Rossetti

Can anything be sadder than work left unfinished? Yes, work never begun.

~Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing: Ladybird, nor butterfly, Nor moth with dusty wing.

~Christina Rossetti

Love came down at Christmas, Love all lovely, Love Divine; Love was born at Christmas; Star and angels gave the sign.

~Christina Rossetti

Be the green grass above me, with showers and dewdrops wet; and if thou wilt, remember, and if thou wilt, forget.

~Christina Rossetti

We must not look at goblin men, We must not buy their fruits: Who knows upon what soil they fed Their hungry thirsty roots?

~Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird Whose nest is in a water'd shoot; My heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit.

~Christina Rossetti

What are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow. What are brief? today and tomorrow. What are frail? spring blossoms and youth. What are deep? the ocean and truth.

~Christina Rossetti

Choose love not in the shallows but in the deep.

~Christina Rossetti

What is the beginning? Love. What is the course. Love still. What the goal. The goal is love.

~Christina Rossetti

Silence is more musical than any song.

~Christina Rossetti

What can I give Him, Poor as I am? If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb. If I were a Wise Man I would do my part. Yet what can I give Him? I give Him my heart.

~Christina Rossetti

For there is no friend like a sister in calm or stormy weather; To cheer one on the tedious way, to fetch one if one goes astray, to lift one if one totters down, to strengthen whilst one stands.

~Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away, gone far away into the silent land.

~Christina Rossetti

Open wide the windows of our spirits and fill us full of light; open wide the door of our hearts, that we may receive and entertain Thee with all our powers of adoration.

~Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird.

~Christina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me

~Christina Rossetti

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.

~Christina Rossetti

Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white.

~Christina Rossetti

Spring is when life's alive in everything.

~Christina Rossetti

Better by far you should forget and smile than that you should remember and be sad.

~Christina Rossetti

Were there no God, we would be in this glorious world with grateful hearts, and no one to thank.

~Christina Rossetti

Love shall be our token; love be yours and love be mine.

~Christina Rossetti

O passing angel, speed me with a song, a melody of heaven to reach my heart and rouse me to the race and make me strong.

~Christina Rossetti

Where innocent bright-eyes daisies are With blades of grass between,
Each daisy stands up like a star Out of a sky of green.

~Christina Rossetti

Oh roses for the flush of youth, And laurel for the perfect prime; But pluck an ivy branch for me Grown old before my time.

~Christina Rossetti

It is not the deed we do Though the deed be never so fair, But the love that the dear Lord looketh for, Hidden with lovely care In the heart of

the deed so fair.

~Christina Rossetti

And all winds go sighing For sweet things dying.

~Christina Rossetti

For there is no friend like a sister in calm or stormy weather.

~Christina Rossetti

Hope is like a hairball trembling from its birth.

~Christina Rossetti

Tread softly! All the earth is holy ground.

~Christina Rossetti

The lilies say: Behold how we Preach without words of purity.

~Christina Rossetti

Spring bursts today, For love is risen and all the earth's at play.

~Christina Rossetti

A man is ever apt to contemplate himself out of all proportion to his surroundings.

~Christina Rossetti

My heart is breaking for a little love

~Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I but when the trees bow down their heads, the wind is passing by.

~Christina Rossetti

Not as she is, but as she fills his dream

~Christina Rossetti

Christmas hath a beauty ... lovelier than the world can show.

~Christina Rossetti

Consider The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:-- We are as they;
Like them we fade away As doth a leaf.

~Christina Rossetti

The loves that meet in Paradise shall cast out fear, And Paradise hath
room for you and me and all.

~Christina Rossetti

I might show facts as plain as day: but, since your eyes are blind, you'd
say, 'Where? What?' and turn away.

~Christina Rossetti

Obedience is the fruit of faith.

~Christina Rossetti

Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.

~Christina Rossetti

Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth.

~Christina Rossetti

Heaven is the presence of God.

~Christina Rossetti

One day in the country Is worth a month in town

~Christina Rossetti

She gave up beauty in her tender youth, gave all her hope and joy and
pleasant ways; she covered up her eyes lest they should gaze on
vanity, and chose the bitter truth.

~Christina Rossetti

Let bygones be bygones.

~Christina Rossetti

Because the birthday of my life Is come, my love is come to me.

~Christina Rossetti

Spring's an expansive time: yet I don't trust March with its peck of dust,
Nor April with its rainbow-crowned brief showers, Nor even May, whose
flowers One frost may wither thro' the sunless hours.

~Christina Rossetti

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart; My silent heart, lie still and break:
Life, and the world, and mine own self, are changed For a dream's
sake.

~Christina Rossetti

Obedience is the fruit of faith; patience is the early blossom on the
tree of faith.

~Christina Rossetti

As a tree my sin stands To darken all lands; Death is the fruit it bore.

~Christina Rossetti

And may you happy live, And long us bless.

~Christina Rossetti

Hope dead lives nevermore, No, not in heaven.

~Christina Rossetti

Why does the sea moan evermore? Shut out from heaven it makes its
moan, It frets against the boundary shore; All earth's full rivers cannot
fill The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

~Christina Rossetti

The violets whisper from the shade Which their own leaves have made:
Men scent our fragrance on the air, Yet take no heed Of humble
lessons we would read.

~Christina Rossetti

I watched a rose-bud very long Brought on by dew and sun and
shower, Waiting to see the perfect flower: Then when I thought it should
be strong It opened at the matin hour And fell at even-song.

~Christina Rossetti

All things that pass Are wisdom's looking-glass.

~Christina Rossetti

For I am bound with fleshly bands, Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope; I
strain my heart, I stretch my hands, And catch at hope.

~Christina Rossetti

I have a room whereinto no one enters Save I myself alone: There sits
a blessed memory on a throne, There my life centres.

~Christina Rossetti

Good deeds are many, but good lives are few.

~Christina Rossetti

Born in a stable, Cradled in a manger, In the world His hands have
made, Born a stranger.

~Christina Rossetti

Rest, rest at the heart's core . . . till joy shall overtake.

~Christina Rossetti

Where are the songs I used to know, Where are the notes I used to
sing? I have forgotten everything I used to know so long ago. ("The
Key-Note")

~Christina Rossetti

The rose saith in the dewy morn, I am most fair; Yet all my loveliness is
born Upon a thorn.

~Christina Rossetti

For one man is my world of all the men this wide world holds; O love,
my world is you.

~Christina Rossetti

What is green? The grass is green, With small flowers between. What
is violet? Clouds are violet In the summer twilight. What is orange?
Why, an orange, Just an orange!

~Christina Rossetti

To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home, To my first Love, my
Mother, on whose knee I learnt love-lore that is not troublesome.

~Christina Rossetti

It's surely summer. for there's a swallow: Come one swallow, his mate
will follow, The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.

~Christina Rossetti

There is no time like Spring When life's alive in everything, Before new
nestlings sing, Before cleft swallows speed their journey back Along the
trackless track.

~Christina Rossetti

This life is but the passage of a day, This life is but a pang and all is
over; But in the life to come which fades not away Every love shall
abide and every lover.

~Christina Rossetti

To me it seems our duty towards the Bible is to obey its teaching in

faith. I do not think we are bound to understand or account for all its utterances.

~Christina Rossetti

A pin has a head, but has no hair

~Christina Rossetti

Observe this dew-drenched rose of Tyrian gardens
A rose today. But you will ask in vain
Tomorrow what it is; and yesterday
It was the dust, the sunshine, and the rains.

~Christina Rossetti

Why one day in the country
Is worth a month in town; Is worth a day
and a year Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

~Christina Rossetti

The downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.

~Christina Rossetti

O Lord, I cannot plead my love of Thee: I plead Thy love of me: - the shallow conduit hails the unfathomed sea.

~Christina Rossetti

I believe because I am told to believe ... My faith is faith; it is not evolved out of argumentation, nor does it seek the aid of that.

~Christina Rossetti

The city mouse lives in a house, The garden mouse lives in a bower

~Christina Rossetti

Fair as the moon and joyful as the light; Tot wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim; Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright; Not as she is, but as she fills his dreams.

~Christina Rossetti

All earth's full rivers can not fill
The sea that drinking thirsteth still.

~Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.

~Christina Rossetti

I lock my door upon myself, And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

~Christina Rossetti

Ah me, but where are now the songs I sang
When life was sweet because you call'd them sweet?

~Christina Rossetti

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