

A Poem Of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
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compiled
by
Peter J. Bolton

Change

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BY L. E. L.

THE wind is sweeping o'er the hill ;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over leaf and flower :
For there was green for every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song ;
And by the garden beds, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps ;
No rose is opening now—
No music, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past;
The likeness is the same with each,
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.
