

## Spring and Fall: to a young child

Natalie Merchant

MÁRGARÉT, áre you gríeving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leáves, líke the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Áh! ás the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you wíll weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name:  
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It ís the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.