

The Change Has Come

The change has come, and Helen sleeps—

Not sleeps; but wakes to greater deeps

Of wisdom, glory, truth and light,

That ever blessed her seeking sight,

In this low, long, lethargic night,

Worn out with strife

Which men call life.

The change has come, and who would say?

"I would it were not come to-day."

What were the respite till to-morrow—

Postponement of a certain sorrow,

From which each passing day would borrow?

Let grief be dumb,

The change has come.