

# The Wind and the Tree

By Charles Catt y

SANG the wind to the tree,  
O be mournful with me :  
There is nothing can last or can stay ;  
And the joy of new leaves  
Turns to sorrow that grieves  
The bare bough—on a day,  
On a day.

Sang the tree to the wind,  
O be happy—I find  
There is nothing time fails to restore ;  
And the fall that bereaves,  
Makes the joy of new leaves  
In the spring—evermore,  
Evermore.

The wind sighed to the tree,  
O be mournful with me :  
The leaves come not again that I blow ;  
And I mourn for the lives  
No renewal revives,  
The leaves fall'n—long ago,  
Long ago.