

# A Complaint

William Wordsworth

There is a change and I am poor;  
Your love hath been, nor long ago,  
A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
Whose only business was to flow;  
And flow it did; not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need.  
What happy moments did I count!  
Blest was I then all bliss above!  
Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I? shall I dare to tell?  
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love it may be deep  
I trust it is, and never dry:  
What matter? if the waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity.  
Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.



**DIRECTIONS:** Read the poem. Put a check mark next to each poetic device that you find in the poem. Then, on the back of this page, write a paragraph explaining what you think the poem is about.

\_\_\_\_\_ alliteration

\_\_\_\_\_ allusion

\_\_\_\_\_ apostrophe

\_\_\_\_\_ assonance

\_\_\_\_\_ consonance

\_\_\_\_\_ end-stopped

\_\_\_\_\_ enjambment

\_\_\_\_\_ hyperbole

\_\_\_\_\_ metaphor

\_\_\_\_\_ metonymy

\_\_\_\_\_ onomatopoeia

\_\_\_\_\_ personification

\_\_\_\_\_ refrain

\_\_\_\_\_ rhyme

\_\_\_\_\_ simile

\_\_\_\_\_ symbol