

Sorrow



○ SORROW, once I feared to see thy face
And pictured thee as some diabolical phantom grim
Like those which haunted childhood's precincts dim.
No light upon thy pathway could I trace,
No loveliness of form, no touch of grace.
Thy cup of suffering, bitter to the brim,
I feared to drink e'en though 'twere filled by Him,
The Friend and Lover of mankind's whole race.
But now I know thee, Angel Sorrow mild,
Not a grim monster from a trackless wild,
But a rare guardian from the Father's home,
Sent forth to keep the footsteps of His child,
Lest following every tempter's whispered, "Come,"
He lose the home-path to forever roam.