

There's joy when he treads the village green
And views his father's cot ;
The horrors of the battle-scene
Are in that hour forgot.

There's joy in the shipwrecked seaman's heart,
Who has clung all night to the shrouds ;
When the morning breeze rives the rack apart,
And the sun breaks through the clouds.
There's joy when he nears his native land,
And the tedious voyage is o'er,
And he feels the grasp of the kindred hand
He thought to enfold no more.

There's joy above, around, beneath,
But tis a fleeting ray ;
The world's stern strife, the hand of death,
Bid mortal hopes decay.