

## Joy



L ONG, long before I knew thee, Angel Joy,  
I pictured thee as some gay, laughing sprite,  
A very incarnation of delight :  
Nor knew the nectar in thy cup would cloy,  
Or touch of time thy loveliness destroy.  
I fancied thou wert ever poised for flight,  
Lest Sorrow hov'ring near should sudden light  
Too near thee, or some brighter form decoy  
Thee from my side. How do I know thee now?  
A sweet, abiding presence, calm and still,  
Oft clasping Sorrow close : through good, through ill,  
A smile upon thy lips, unruffled brow  
So radiant, I scarce will now avow  
That other e'er had power to charm or thrill.