

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.