

Surprised by Joy

by William Wordsworth

Surprised by joy - impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport - Oh! with whom
But Thee, long buried in the silent Tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind ...
But how could I forget thee? ... Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss! ... That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.