Then Joy Stepped In

Said she, 'I will not live with grief from morrow unto morrow.
My heart cries out for some relief, 'Good-bye, my little sorrow.'
She closed the windows of her home and pulled down every blind.
'I'm going forth, ' she cried, 'to roam. You, Grief, can stay behind.'
'And I'll be gone the livelong day, expect me back to-night.'

Grief wanly watched her go away into the warmth and light;
With quickened step and brightened eyes she mingled with the throng.
Instead of pale Grief's moans and sighs she heard Endeavour's song.
She saw a sister, crossed the road and asked her how she fared:
Then helped to lift her heavy load and in the burden shared.

Throughout the day Self was suppressed whilst Service took its place.
When she returned at night to rest - of Grief there was no trace!
But Joy stepped forth and sweetly said,
'May I now be your friend instead?'

by Wilhelmina Stitch

Funeral Guide
www.funeralguide.co.uk