

Deem Not That They Are Blest Alone

William Bryant, 1837.

Peter Lutkin(1858-1931)

Deem not that they are blest alone  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;  
Th'anoined Son of God makes known  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief shall bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,  
Though with a pierced and broken heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer here.