

Recompense

*If we had never smiled . . .
What bitter blow
Of death, or troubles that annoy,
Could measure heights of every joy?*

*If we had never suffered . . .
Then how could we know
Surcease of pain, or sweet relief
From aching thoughts or bitter grief?*

*So there is constant recompense
For every pain. A brighter glow
Dispels the shadow's brevity
And brings the soul serenity.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,
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