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William Wordsworth - Surprised by Joy

Surprised by Joy

Surprised by joy-impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport-Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep 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.

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