

Joy is Like the Rain

I saw raindrops on my window; joy is like the rain.
Laughter runs across my pane, slips away and comes again.
Joy is like the rain.

I saw clouds upon a mountain; joy is like a cloud.
Sometimes silver, sometimes gray, always sun not far away.
Joy is like a cloud.

I saw Christ in wind and thunder; joy is tried by storm.
Christ asleep within my boat, whipped by wind yet still afloat.
Joy is tried by storm.

I saw raindrops on my window; joy is like the rain.
Rit by hit the river grows 'til all at once it overflows