Joy Is Like The Rain

Rita Aalder

I saw rain drops 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 the rain
Sometimes silver, sometimes grey, always sun not far away
Joy is like the rain

I saw Christ in wind and thunder
Joy is like the rain
Christ asleep within my boat, whipped by wind, yet still afloat
Joy is like the rain

I saw rain drops on a river
Joy is like the rain
Bit by bit the river grows, 'till all at once it overflows
Joy is like the rain

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