



Happy the Man Poem Lyrics

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are
mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had
my hour.

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