

IN THEE HAVE I HOPED

At twilight's peaceful hour, as shadows fall,
I think of Thee, dear Lord—My God, my all.
I think of Thee in Holy Sacrament,
Our Heaven beneath the starry firmament.
I think of Thee, Whose love my soul inspires,
To live for Thee alone, my heart desires.
I think of Thee my thorn-crowned Saviour meek—
To each wide-gaping wound I humbly speak:
Thy Heart I've ever loved, Thou hast my will;
O guide my steps and keep me faithful still!
Be Thou my strength when soft the tempting call—
I need but Thee, my Lord, my God, my All!
One precious priceless boon I ask of Thee,
To live but in Thy Courts eternally!

—Justin McManus, O. P.