

## My Hope

Though in a foreign land I dwell afar,  
I taste in dreams the endless joys of heaven.

Fain would I fly beyond the farthest star,  
And see the wonders to the ransomed given!

No more the sense of exile weighs on me,  
When once I dream of that immortal day.  
To my true fatherland, dear God! I see,  
For the first time I soon shall fly away.

Ah! give me, Jesus! wings as white as snow,  
That unto Thee I soon may take my flight.  
I long to be where flowers unfading blow;  
I long to see Thee, O my heart's Delight!

I long to fly to Mary's mother-arms, —  
To rest upon that spotless throne of bliss;  
And, sheltered there from troubles and alarms,  
For the first time to feel her gentle kiss.

Thy first sweet smile of welcoming delight  
Soon show, O Jesus! to Thy lowly bride;  
O'ercome with rapture at that wondrous sight,  
Within Thy Sacred Heart, ah! let me hide.

O happy moment! and O heavenly grace!  
When I shall hear Thee, Jesus, speak to me;  
And the full vision of Thy glorious Face  
For the first time my longing eyes shall see.

Thou knowest well, my only martyrdom  
Is love, O Heart of Jesus Christ! for Thee;  
And if my soul craves for its heavenly home,  
'Tis but to love Thee more, eternally.

Above, when Thy sweet Face unveiled I view,  
Measure nor bounds shall to my love be given;  
Forever my delight shall seem as new  
As the first time my spirit entered heaven.