

Small Te Deum

Francis W. Sweeney. (The Holy Cross Purple)

Now God be thanked for little things,
For the smooth sides of my fingers,
For mornings when the sunlight sings
Its wide luminous song, and lingers

On the towers and the lawn —
O God, I love You for spires
That the dear sun shines on !
For great leaping tawny fires

To turn the daggers in the air;
For corn my earth has raised,
And new books clean and square
In my hands. Now God be praised

For all the things His love imparted,
For all I've loved and missed,
For a thousand firehearted
Sunsets, for all the girls I've kissed;

For roads to lead me, stars that bless,
Rain and dark and snow and spring,
For kind death, mute with tenderness,
And the deep ground's welcoming.