

Poems by Therese

A QUIET SONG

When one stands
on a mountain height
and scans
the beauty all about —
the wondrous sight
of your splendor, O God,
must needs compel
the soul to cry out:
"You have done all things well!"

When day is turning
to evening and one rests in its peace
and quietly reviews
the day's journeying
with its rich release
of work — the stillness renews
the spirit and stirs it joyfully to say:
"Truly, you experienced a beautiful day!"

One - who with hard toil
acquires a great store and treasure -
if noble-hearted and loyal,
will measure
its usefulness with caring
and happily appraise
its worth, declaring:
"You will serve well in many ways!"

For God and for souls! Everything!
Each one in his or her own way,
quietly — (working, praying, suffering).
As for me -
only that I may
lovingly
complete each day's task
and come to a blessed end at last.

Each day brims over with opportunity.
Oh! Spin, my soul! Spin ardently!
And you, my eye: Close
not in sleep nor lightly doze.
Yet, must you really sleep -
even then, your vigil keep!

Contemplate God's doings with faith-filled eyes;
out of your hope new strength will arise.
Accomplish much -
your motive such:
"For God alone!"
So fixed on God, do your part -
angel-wise: all pure of heart!