

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

**I** WILL praise God alway for each new year,  
Knowing that it shall be most worthy of  
His kindness and His pity and His love  
I will wait patient, till, from sphere to sphere,  
Across large times and spaces, ringeth clear  
The voice of Him who sitteth high above,  
Saying, "Behold ! thou hast had pain enough ;  
Come ; for thy Love is waiting for thee here !"  
I know that it must happen as God saith.  
I know it well. Yet, also, I know well  
That where birds sing and yellow wild-flowers  
    dwell,  
Or where some strange new sunset lingereth,  
All Earth shall alway of her presence tell  
Who liveth not for me this side of death.