

The Suscipe of Frances

Warde

O God, into Your hands I commend my spirit.

To You, I abandon my hopes and fears,
my desires and repugnances, my temporal and
eternal prospects.

To You I commit the wants of my body,
To You I commit the more precious interests of
my immortal spirit.

Though my faults are many, my miseries great,
my spiritual poverty extreme,
my hope in You surpasses all.
It is superior to my weakness, greater than my
difficulties, stronger than death. .

Though temptation should assail me,
I will hope in You.

Though I should sink beneath my weakness,
I will hope in You still.

Though I should break my resolutions,
I will look to You confidently
for grace to keep them at last.

I trust in You for You are my Father, my God.
I am Your loving child who put my trust in You,
and so trusting shall not be confounded.