

# Tomorrow My Bridegroom

They tried to tell me, Jesus,  
That You were never here.  
I listened to them sadly,  
And know You will appear.

But when that day of judgment  
Comes in with passing time,  
I'll love and face them gladly,  
For Heaven will be mine.

I ask them just to listen,  
To harken as I say  
That Jesus loves His children  
And wants us all to pray.

I haven't anything to show  
My heart was always true.  
I only try to save your soul  
In everything I do.

I cast my eyes to Heaven,  
To guide me on my way;  
The cross I bear grows heavy  
Every passing day.

I know You're there beside me;  
I feel Your presence near.  
I wait and pray that some day  
To me You will appear.

I'll walk up through the garden,  
With roses in my hand,  
And put my left hand out,  
To show You there's the band.

I've waited endless years  
To see this dream come true.  
I've loved and prayed and followed my heart  
Until it led to You.



*This profound poem was given to the world by St. Theresa the Little Flower through our saintly seer who explains, "On **August 30 in 1968**, I made a pact with Heaven. But that's quite a long story that I feel that I can't tell everyone because it's so fantastic that I'll wait for that time when Our Lady says you can really reveal it to everyone. . . . And a copy was to go to the Carmelite sisters of Lisieux and Fall River, Massachusetts."*