

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace.
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Help, Lord, the souls that thou hast made, the souls to thee so
dear, in prison for the debt unpaid of sin committed here.

These Holy souls, they suffer on, resigned in heart and will, until
thy high behest is done, and justice has its fill.

For daily falls, for pardoned crime they joy to undergo the
shadow of the cross sublime, the remnant of thy woe.

Oh, by the patience of delay, their hope amid their pain, their
sacred zeal to burn away disfigurement and stain.

Good Jesus, help! Sweet Jesus, aid the souls to thee most dear, in
prison for the debt unpaid of sins committed here.