

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 Thy cross sublime,  
the remnant of Thy woe.

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

Oh, by their fire of love, not less  
in keenness than the flame;  
oh, by their very helplessness,  
oh, by Thy own great name.

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