

Help, Lord, the Souls That Thou Hast Made

John H. Newman

1. Help, Lord, the souls that thou hast made,
the souls to thee so dear,
in prison for the debt unpaid
of sin committed here.
2. These holy souls, they suffer on,
resigned in heart and will,
until thy high behest is done,
and justice has its fill.
3. For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
they joy to undergo
the shadow of your Cross sublime,
the remnants of thy woe.
4. Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
the souls to thee most dear,
in prison for the debt unpaid
of sins committed here.

Lyrics: 86.86; John Henry Newman, 1801-1890, in "The Oratory", 1857.