

# O God have mercy...

Lord Have mercy...

On the lost in foreign lands  
On the hopeless needing helping hands  
On the broken- desolation's child  
On the unwed mother's lonely mile  
On the blind who stumble in the dark  
On the ones who miss the mark  
On the hungry, void of bread  
mourners 'round their loved one's bed  
On secret shame, remaining still  
On those embattled for Your will.  
On an outcast soul's despair  
When broken hallelujahs fill the air  
Amidst the wreckage, You are there  
May we be angels unaware.