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.