Children of earth, for heaven we seek

Children of earth, for heaven we seek,
Lord, let our voice now enter there;
for though with stammering lips we speak,
the Priest on high presents our prayer.

We wait; O send some guiding star,
light for the wise, to show our way,
to clear our vision where we are,
and teach us to work on and pray!

Make every prayer so true and clear,
and so conform our will to thine,
that when we kneel, and deem thee near,
thy light before our souls may shine.

Lord, have compassion on us now,
lest in despondency we sink;
and give, when contrite spirits bow,
more than they dare to ask or think.

William Josiah Irons (1812-1883)