

(Hear, then, our Prayer for the Church and the Pope.)
Words by S.N.D.

Adapted from H. GREPPO.

Moderato. (♩ = 60.)

1. O Lord of hosts! be mind-ful of our plead-ing, Oh, let our pray'r find
2. O Mast-er, dear, we sink, and Thou art sleep-ing; Dark is the night, the

fa-vor in Thy sight: Hark to Thy Church tri-um-phant in-ter-ced-ing Pi-ty Thy
waves our ves-sel fill: Wake, wake, O Lord! Thy chil-dren here are weeping; Speak to the

Church that groaneth in the fight. O God of truth no bat-tle line can shake her,
wind and wa-ters; "Peace be still!" Let not men say Thy prom-is-es are fail-ing,

Trust-ing in Thee we shall not lose our hope: Hast Thou not said that
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost her hope: Let them not deem the

Thou wilt not for sake her? Hear then our pray'r for the Church and the Pope.
gates of hell pre-vail-ing, Hear Thou, our pray'r for the Church and the Pope.

3.

Shepherd of souls, the wolves are all around us;
Whisper again, "O fear not, little flock,"
Jesus, our King, the enemies surround us;
Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.
Show us Thine Angels camping round about us,
Strengthen our hearts in Faith and Love and Hope
If Thou art with us, legions shall not rout us,
None shall prevail o'er the Church and the Pope.