

God of our life,
There are days when the burdens we carry
Chafe our shoulders and weigh us down;
When the road seems dreary and endless,
The skies gray and threatening;
When our lives have no music in them,
And our hearts are lonely,
And our souls have lost their courage.
Flood the path with light,
Run our eyes to where
The skies are full of promise;
Tune our hearts to brave music;
Give us the sense of comradeship
With heroes and saints of every age;
And so quicken our spirits
That we may be able to encourage
The souls of all who journey with us
On the road of life, to your honor and glory.

- Saint Augustine