

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Prisons

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O Jesus, Thou art a Prisoner,  
For love has made Thee thus  
Thy Prison is the Altar Home  
Where Thou e'er shalt dwell with us.

Thou waitest for us always,  
Tho'oft we leave Thee lone,  
And sad hearts are most welcome, Lord,  
And those that pain have born.

Yes, Lord Thou lovest the suff'ring  
Then pity the souls that lie,  
Lamenting in that Prison of fire  
While they for Thy Vision sigh.

They cannot come to linger  
Thy earthly Prison nigh,  
They cannot sing the praises blest  
Of heavenly souls on high.

Enclosed and suff'ring Jesus !  
Those captive souls set free,  
By the love with which Thou dwellest  
A captive here for me.

S. M. F.