

(3 **V** 80)

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand;

to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that I receive,
it is in pardoning that I am pardoned

and it is in dying that I am born to eternal life.





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