The girls’ bedroom. Bobbie is in her nightshirt, looking worried. Enter Mother.

Narrator: Later on, when the Russian stranger had been made comfortable for the night, Mother came into the girls’ room. She was to sleep there in Phyllis’s bed, and Phyllis was to have a mattress. She considered this a most amusing adventure, and had gone in search of a flag to fly above the good ship HMS Phyllis as it navigated the treacherous waters of the Floor.

Mother: I’m sorry you shall have to share with me for tonight
Bobbie: [A little distracted] Don’t be sorry! It will be a treat
Mother: Are you quite all right, love?
Bobbie: You gave that man some of Father’s clothes
Mother: Yes, dearest, I did
Bobbie: Mother – Daddy isn’t – isn’t dead, is he?
Mother: My darling, no! [Hugging Bobbie] Daddy was quite, quite well when I heard from him last, and he’ll come back to us some day [Enter Phyllis and Peter, who is half-wearing, half-dragging his quilt]

Phyllis: Now, Mother, tell us all about the Russian gentleman
Peter: We have been patient, and I had to bite my tongue not to go to sleep
Mother: Well, he’s written beautiful books. In Russia at the time of the Tsar one dared not say anything about the things that ought to be done for poor people. If one did one was sent to prison.

Peter: But they can’t: people only go to prison when they’ve done wrong.
Mother: Or when the Judges think they’ve done wrong. Yes, that's so in England. But in Russia it was different. And he wrote a beautiful book – I’ve read it – about poor people and how to help them. And they sent him to prison for it [Her voice falters]

Bobbie: How did he get away?
Mother: When the war came, Russian prisoners were allowed to volunteer as soldiers. He deserted at the first chance he got to look for his wife and children

Bobbie: Oh, he had them to think about and be miserable about too, then, all the time he was in prison?
Mother: For anything he knew they might have been sent to prison, too. But some friends managed to get a message to him that his family had come to England. So when he deserted he came here, but he lost his ticket and his money.
Bobbie: Oh, do you think he'll find them? I mean his wife and children, not the ticket and things.

Mother: [In an unsteady voice] I hope so.

Phyllis: Why, Mother, how very sorry you seem to be for him!

Mother: [After a pause] Yes [Another pause, of several seconds] Dears, when you say your prayers, I think you might ask God to show His pity upon all prisoners and captives.

Bobbie: To show His pity upon all prisoners and captives. Is that right, Mother?

Mother: Yes, upon all prisoners and captives.

Peter: We ought to say them now, then.

Mother: Well I shall leave you to it. Kiss goodnight [Mother kisses them all and leaves]

Say a Prayer

Bobbie: Say a prayer for Father ev’ry night
Before you close your eyes

Phyllis: Say a prayer into the dying light
As night-time fills the skies

Bobbie: Say a prayer for all the prisoners
For all the captive men

Peter: May God forgive the sin in us
Let them come home again

Children: Under darkened skies
We kneel and close our eyes

Peter: Daylight dies

Bobbie: And the ev’ning gloom

Phyllis: Fills our little room

Peter: As the nightingale first cries

Children: We kneel before you
Here to implore you
And there
Showing God we care
Just so he’s aware
Ev’ry day we say a prayer

Phyllis: Say a prayer for Father ev’ry night
Before you go to bed
Peter:  
   Clasp your hands and close your eyes tight  
   Before you rest your head

Bobbie:  
   Say a prayer as well for Mother  
   And those she has to save  
   There could never be another  
   So beautiful and brave

Children:  
   At the close of day  
   It’s what we kneel to say  
   Let us pray  
   As the embers dim  
   And we think of him  
   As the sunlight fades away  
   We hope to reach you  
   As we beseech you  
   And there  
   Where things are unfair  
   For those in despair  
   Ev’ry day we say a prayer

Mother:  
   Say a prayer for those in agony  
   For those who must be strong  
   Those alone without their family  
   Though they did nothing wrong  
   And the lives of those who love them  
   Are taken captive too  
   Pray to God in heav’n above them  
   For what else can we do?

Phyllis:  
   Dear God, it’s only me

Mother:  
   Dear God, please hear me

Peter:  
   I hope you hear my plea

Mother:  
   Just bring him near me  
   Set him free

All:  
   Please just take us back  
   From the railway track  
   Back to what our lives could be  
   We come to fall on you  
   We need to call on you
Mother: And there
For those in despair
More than I can bear

All: Ev’ry day we say a prayer

Bobbie: In the name of the Father

All: Amen