

MAN that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower ; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death : of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased ?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts ; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer ; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful, Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

We commend unto Thy hand of mercy, most merciful Father, the soul of Thy servant Victoria our late Queen, beseeching Thine infinite goodness, to give us grace to live in Thy fear and love, and to die in Thy favour. Grant we beseech Thee that at the day of Judgment her soul, and all the souls of the faithful departed, may with us, and we with them fully receive Thy promises and be made perfect together, through the glorious Resurrection of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*