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ed throne, did atone, Oh! Spirit Celestial, Mighty, Iufuser of grace in our hearts,

- Spare, spare us, poor suppliant sinners, when the soul from the body departs.
- Let the light of Thy presence be near us, when darker earth grows to onr view,
- Let Thy heavenly radiance guide ns, as death's darksome vale we pass through :
- And to those who are now gone before ns, no more oy earth's troubles oppressed,
- Grant, Heavenly Jesu, Thy mercy: May they with Thy saints be at rest!

Hushed is the voice that once whitepered in tones sweet and low, Pale are the checks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow, Dimmed are the eyes that once booked on hope's wide-spreading field, The dying lies dead....Earth - arth, dust to dust, we must yield.

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