

Oh! Spirit Celestial, Mighty, Infuser 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  
our view,

Let Thy heavenly radiance guide us, as death's darksome vale we pass  
through ;

And to those who are now gone before us, no more by earth's troubles  
oppressed,

Grant, Heavenly Jesu, Thy mercy: May they with Thy saints be at  
rest!

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

