

And I for mercy cry to thee,
" Bone Jesu exaudi me."

When hell's fell agents, with allurements gay,
 Would draw my unguarded heart from thee astray,
 His arts to foil I to thee quickly flee,
" Intra tua Venera absconde me."

In grief, disease, in misery, death and shame,
 I'll humbly still adore thy sacred name;
 And daily offer up this prayer to thee,
" Ne permittas me separari a te."

When, press'd with mortal sickness, I shall lie,
 And ev'ry earthly phantom from me fly,
 And gaping hell would make my soul its prey,
" Ab hoste maligno defende me."

And when my soul's about to take its flight
 'To realms of wo, or regions of delight,
 That mine a future life of bliss may be,
" In hora mortis meæ voca me."

When the tremendous trump shall sound,
 To awake the nations under ground,
 All flesh their sovereign judge to see,
" Et jube me venire ad te."

Then shall e'erlasting hymns of joy,
 In heav'nly strains, my hours employ—
 Adoring God, who bled for me,
" Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem te."

May all the faithful, with a heart elate,
 Maintain the truths which to these joys translate,
 Till heav'n's bright region shall them all contain,
" In sæcula sæculorum. Amen."