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So when you breathe my name in future years  
Deal gently with the comrade who is gone,  
Remember her as one who shared your tears  
And felt your sorrows even as her own.

O friends! Deny me not the boon I ask,  
Is human wrath more dread than that of Heaven?  
Is pardoning a fault so great a task  
That man should dare refuse what God has given?

Trace all my frailties in Oblivion's sand,  
But grave my virtues deep on memory's shrine;  
When this is done by Heaven's recording hand  
Can human hearts refuse this prayer of mine?