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HAPPY DEATH.



Near thy servant dying,
Let thy angel stand;
On thy grace relying,
Let my heart expand.
When these eyes no longer
See the light of earth,
Let my faith grow stronger—
Shine with brighter worth.

Round thy servant dying,
Let thy Saints draw near;
On thy grace relying,
Let me cease to fear.
When all hope shall perish
In the help of men,
Firmer hope I'll cherish
In thy power then.

On thy servant dying
Let thy Mother smile;
On thy grace relying,
I shall rest meanwhile.
When the light of Heaven
Shineth from above,
All my sins forgiven,
Let me die with love.