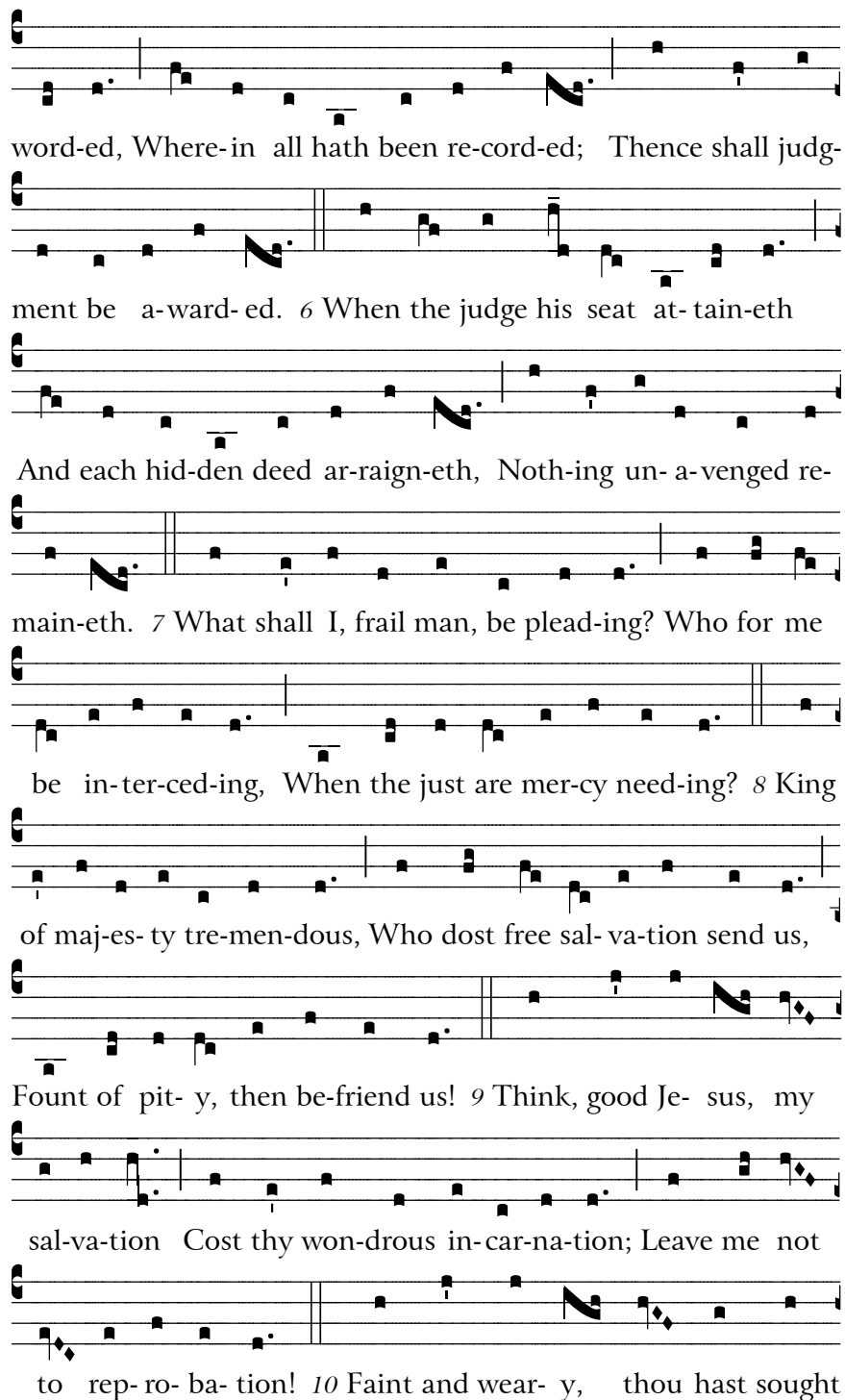


me Nor a-mong the goats a-base me, But to thy right hand  
up-raise me. 16 While the wick-ed are con-found-ed, Doomed  
to flames of woe un-bound-ed, Call me with thy saints sur-  
round-ed. 17 Low I kneel with heart sub-mis-sion: See, like ash-  
es, my con-tri-tion; Help me in my last con-di-tion. 18 Ah!  
that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the dust of earth re-  
turn-ing. 19 Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him! Spare, O God,  
in mer-cy spare him! 20 Lord, all pit-ying, Je-sus blest, Grant  
them thine e-ter-nal rest. A-men.

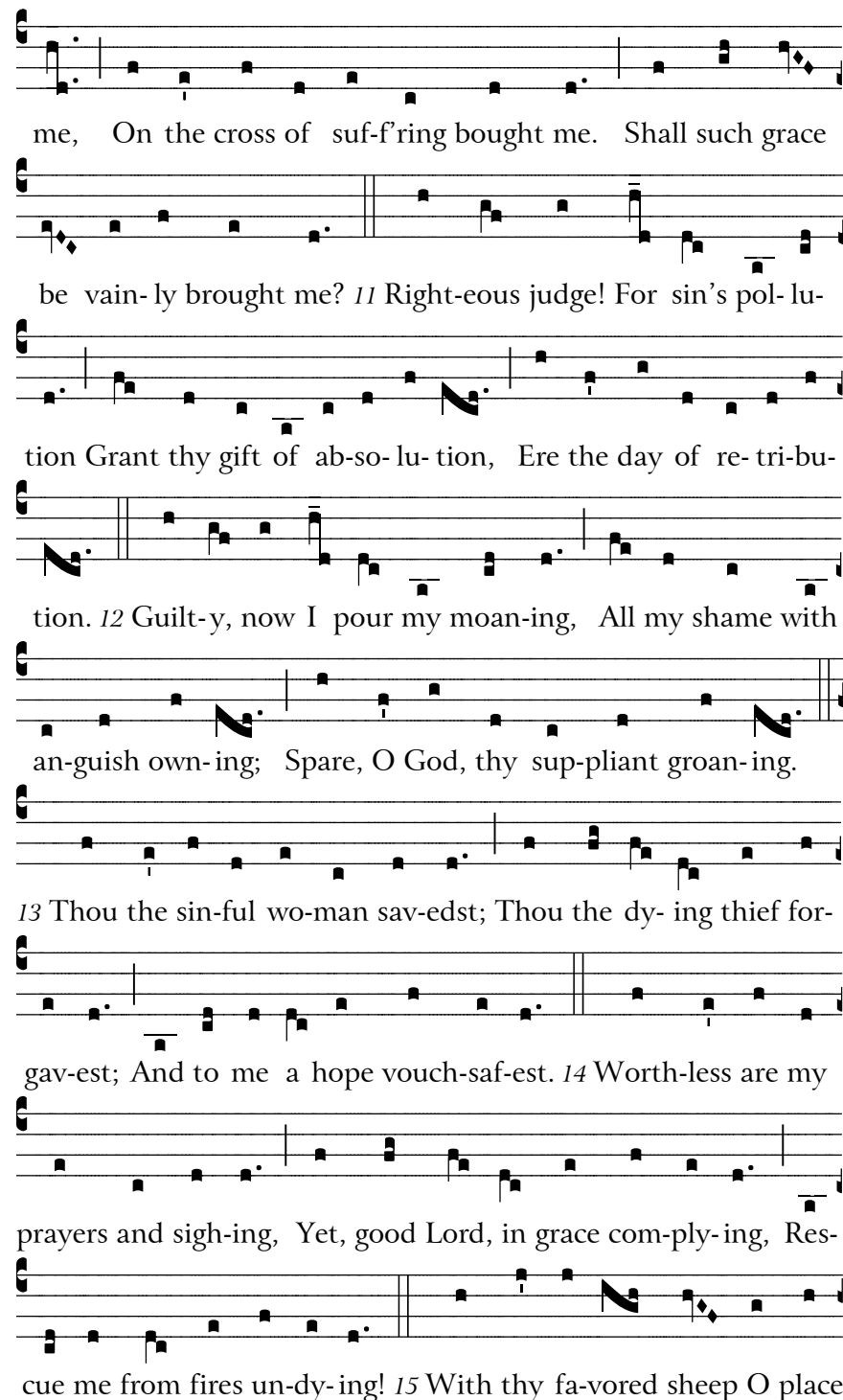
## FUNERAL MASS (REQUIEM)

### Sequence (*Dies iræ*)

**D** Ay of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful-filled the  
proph-ets' warn-ing, Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! 2 O  
what fear man's bos-om rend-eth When from heav'n the judge  
de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth! 3 Won-  
drous sound the trum-pet fling-eth, Through earth's sep-ul-chers  
it ring-eth; All be-fore the throne it bring-eth. 4 Death is  
struck, and na-ture quak-ing, All cre-a-tion is a-wak-ing,  
To its judge an an-swer mak-ing. 5 Lo! the book, ex-act-ly



word-ed, Where-in all hath been re-cord-ed; Thence shall judg-  
 ment be a-ward-ed. 6 When the judge his seat at-tain-eth  
 And each hid-den deed ar-raign-eth, Noth-ing un-a-venge-d re-  
 main-eth. 7 What shall I, frail man, be plead-ing? Who for me  
 be in-ter-ced-ing, When the just are mer-cy need-ing? 8 King  
 of maj-es-ty tre-men-dous, Who dost free sal-va-tion send us,  
 Fount of pit-y, then be-friend us! 9 Think, good Je-sus, my  
 sal-va-tion Cost thy won-drous in-car-na-tion; Leave me not  
 to rep-ro-ba-tion! 10 Faint and wear-y, thou hast sought



me, On the cross of suf-f'ring bought me. Shall such grace  
 be vain-ly brought me? 11 Right-eous judge! For sin's pol-lu-  
 tion Grant thy gift of ab-so-lu-tion, Ere the day of re-tri-bu-  
 tion. 12 Guilt-y, now I pour my moan-ing, All my shame with  
 an-guish own-ing; Spare, O God, thy sup-pliant groan-ing.  
 13 Thou the sin-ful wo-man sav-edst; Thou the dy-ing thief for-  
 gav-est; And to me a hope vouch-saf-est. 14 Worth-less are my  
 prayers and sigh-ing, Yet, good Lord, in grace com-ply-ing, Res-  
 cue me from fires un-dy-ing! 15 With thy fa-vored sheep O place