I
Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall have comfort.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Who goeth forth and weepeth
and beareth precious seed shall doubtless return with rejoicing, and bring his
sheaves with him.

Behold all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the
flower of grass; for lo, the grass withreth, and the flower thereof decayeth.
Now, therefore, be patient, O my brethren, unto the coming of Christ. See
how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long
patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. So be ye patient.
But yet the Lord’s word endureth forevermore.
The redeemed of the Lord shall return again, and come rejoicing unto
Zion. Joy everlasting, joy upon their heads shall be; joy and gladness, these
shall be their portion, and tears and sighing shall flee from them.

III
Lord, make me to know the measure of my days on earth, to consider my
frailty, that I must perish.
Surely, all my days here are as an handbreadth to Thee, and my lifetime
is as naught to Thee.
Verily, mankind walketh in a vain show, and their best state is altogether
vanity. Man passeth away like a shadow, he is disquieted in vain, he heapeth
up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.
Now, Lord, what do I wait for? My hope is in Thee. But the righteous
souls are in the hand of God, nor pain nor grief shall nigh them come.

IV
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts! For my soul it
longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out,
yea, for the living God.
O blest are they that dwell within Thy house; they praise Thy name
evermore.

V
Ye now are sorrowful; howbeit, ye shall again behold me, and your heart
shall be joyful, and your joy no man taketh from you.
Yea, I will comfort you, as one whom his own mother comforteth.
Look upon me; ye know that for a little time labour and sorrow were
mine, but at the last I have found comfort.

VI
Here on earth have we no continuing place, howbeit, we seek one to
come.
Lo, I unfold unto you a mystery. We shall not all sleep when he cometh,
but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the
sound of the trumpet.
For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed.

Then what of old was written, the same shall be brought to pass. For death shall be swallowed in victory, yea, in victory! Grave, where is thy triumph? Death, O where is they sting?

Worthy art Thou to be praised, Lord of honour and might, for Thou hast earth and heaven created, and for Thy good pleasure all things have their being, and were created.

VII

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Saith the spirit, that they rest from their labours, and that their works follow after them.