

Bona Mors Litany for a Happy Death

O Lord Jesus, God of goodness, and Father of mercies, I draw nigh to Thee with a contrite and humble heart; to Thee I recommend the last hour of my life, and that judgment which awaits me thereafter.

When my feet, benumbed with death, shall admonish me, that my course in this life is drawing to an end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my hands, cold and trembling, shall no longer be able to clasp the crucifix, and shall let it fall against my will on my bed of suffering, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my eyes, dim with trouble at the approach of death, shall fix themselves on Thee, my last and only support, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my lips, cold and trembling, pronounce for the last time Thy adorable Name, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my face, pale and livid, shall inspire the beholders with pity and dismay; when my hair, bathed in the sweat of death, and stiffening on my head, shall forebode my approaching end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my ears, soon to be for ever shut to the discourse of men, shall be opened to hear that irrevocable decree which is to fix my sentence for all eternity, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my imagination, agitated by dreadful spectres, shall be steeped in the abyss of anguish; when my soul, affrighted with the sight of my iniquities and the terrors of Thy judgments, shall wrestle with the angel of darkness, who will endeavour to conceal Thy mercies from my eyes, and plunge me into despair, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my poor heart, oppressed with suffering and exhausted by its continual struggles with the enemies of its salvation, shall feel the pangs of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When the last tear, the forerunner of my dissolution, shall drop from my eyes, receive it as a sacrifice of expiation for my sins; grant that I may expire the victim of penance; and then, in that dreadful moment, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When those present, encircling my bed, shall be moved with compassion for me, and invoke Thy clemency in my behalf, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When I shall have lost the use of my senses, when the world shall have vanished from my sight, when I shall groan with anguish in my last agony and the pangs of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my last sighs shall force my soul to issue from my body, accept them as born of a loving impatience to come to Thee; *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my soul, trembling on my lips, shall bid adieu to the world, and leave my body lifeless, pale and cold, receive this separation as a homage which I willingly pay to Thy Divine Majesty, and in that last moment of my mortal life, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When at length my soul, admitted to Thy presence, shall first behold the immortal splendour of Thy Majesty, reject it not, but receive me into the loving embrace of Thy mercy, where I may for ever sing Thy praises; *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*