

The Cross of Love

May the voice of angel chorus
lift your soul to God's embrace.

May the martyrs come to welcome you
and saints prepare a place
where all sorrow and all burdens
melt before our Savior's face,
who with love
did walk the Cross of Love.

May the Gentle Shepherd lead you
as you welcome Sister Death.

May the arms of Abraham
enfold your soul upon his breast.
In Jerusalem eternal,
holy city, holy rest,
you'll find love, that walked the Cross of Love.

May the Lord bless and keep you
as your journey is complete.
May the face of God come shine on you,
God's gracious light increase.
May the Holy One with kindness
look on you
and give you peace, give you love,
to walk the Cross of Love.

Lord, Receive Your Servant

Lord, receive your servant;
Lord, receive your child;
Bring into your presence one we love.

Let your light shine on him;
Give him peace and joy;
Grant him your forgiveness and eternal life.

Comfort those remaining;
Listen to our prayers;
God of consolation, give us peace.

Through the resurrection
of your only Son,
We have your assurance he will rise again.

Saints of God

Saints of God, come to his aid!
Come to meet him, angels of the Lord!
Receive his soul and present him to God,
present this soul, to God most high.

May Christ who called you, take you home;
May angels lead you to our parents side!
Receive his soul and present him to God,
present this soul, to God most high.

Give eternal rest O Lord;
And may your light shine on him, forever!
Receive his soul and present him to God,
present this soul, to God most high.

Come to Her Aid

Come to her aid, O saints of God;
Come, meet her, angels of the Lord.

Receive her soul, O holy ones;

Present her now to God, Most High.

May Christ, who called you, take you home,

And angels lead you to Abraham.

Receive her soul, O holy ones;

Present her now to God, Most High.

Give her eternal rest, O Lord.

May light unending shine on her.

Receive her soul, O holy ones;

Present her now to God, Most High.

I know that my Redeemer lives;

The last day I shall rise again.

Receive her soul, O holy ones;

Present her now to God, Most High.

Celtic Song of Farewell

May choirs of an - gels lead you in-to par-a-dise, and may the
mar - tyrs come to wel-come you to bring you home in-to the ho-ly
cit - y, so you may dwell in new Je - ru - sa - lem. May ho - ly
an - gels be there at your wel - com - ing, with all the
saints who go be-fore you there, that you may know the peace and joy of
par - a - dise; that you may en - ter in - to ev - er - last - ing rest.

In Paradisum
Adapt. by Steve Schaubel
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(A12) Irish melody