

PRAYERS FOR THE DYING
CELTIC TRADITION

[Translated from a 8th—9th c Manuscripts]

Death

Of an Enemy



This soul did little good to me, O Lord,
But this soul was yours.

So to this soul I say:
I bless the day you were born
I bless your growing up
I bless you, even in your dark deeds
And I bless you, soul, at your end.

Travel to the God who transforms
Travel to the Arms so wide
Travel to the Spirit all generous.