I weep and I wail when I think upon death, and behold our beauty, fashioned after the image of God, lying in the tomb disfigured, dishonored, bereft of form. O marvel!

What is this mystery which doth befall us?

Why have we been given over unto corruption, and why have we been wedded unto death? Truly, as it is written, by the command of God, who giveth the departed rest.