

**HYMNS ON
THE LITANY**

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Hymns on the Litany by Ada Cambridge

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ADA CAMBRIDGE

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THE LITANY**

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ON
THE LITANY.

By A. C.

"MY SOUL GASPETH UNTO THEE AS A THIRSTY LAND."

Oxford and London:
JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER.

1865.

147. 2. 1.

TO THE MEMORY OF

A beloved Brother

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK,
TRUSTING THAT, DESPITE ITS MANY IMPERFECTIONS,
IT MAY AID IN LEADING OTHER SOULS TO LOVE
THE TRUE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER,
WHEREIN ALONE
HE FOUND SUCH GREAT COMFORT AND PEACE
FOR THE TIME OF TRIBULATION
AND THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Hymus on the Litany.

I.

O GOD the Father, of heaven—

O GOD the Son, Redeemer of the world—

O GOD the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and
the Son—

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one
God—

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our
forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: spare us,
good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with
Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

HUMBLY now, with deep contrition,

We Thy mercy, Lord, entreat!

Now, as mourning, weeping, kneeling,

We bow down before Thy Feet.

Father, in the day of anguish,

And of darkness, and of shame,

Cling we to that precious promise

Made to us in Jesus' name.

Hymns on the Litany.

For His sake—our great Redeemer—
 Through His death of wondrous love,
 Dare we to approach the footstool
 Of Thy mighty throne above :
 Dare we, stained with such dishonour,
 Stained with sin, look up to Thee :
 Dare we, with our loathsome garments,
 To the Source of glory flee.

Dare we pray, with eager voices,
 For Thy blessing and Thy grace ;
 For one accent of forgiveness,
 For one glimmer of Thy Face.
 Aye, through Him who bore in sorrow—
 Bore in want, and woe, and strife—
 This same weight of human weakness,
 This same weary human life.

Through His Name, and by His merits,
 Whom we worship and adore,
 For His blessed sake, we pray Thee,
 Hear us—spare us evermore.
 By *His* hour of mortal weakness,
 Give Thine erring children strength,
 That *they* bear the burden bravely,
 That *they* win the crown at length.

II.

From all evil and mischief ; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil ; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

LIFE, like some far-reaching ocean,
Stretches out on ev'ry side ;
O'er its turbid, restless waters,
Souls, like vessels, swiftly ride.

Guide us through this path of peril,
That we wander not astray ;
Warn us of the hidden quicksands,
Keep us watchful of the way.

That we steer our fragile vessels
Safely that wild sea across,
With Thy Holy Word our compass,
And our flag of peace, the Cross.

Hymns on the Litany.

Keep our spirit-eyes unblinded,
That we see the narrow track,
That we never, heedless, faithless,
Lose our way by looking back :

But press onward—ever onward—
All unchecked by Satan's hand,
All undaunted by the voices
Of the world's bright syren-band.

Recking not of perfumed breezes,
Luring to some spicy isle ;
Recking not of Tempter's whisper,
Recking not of Tempter's smile.

And when foe shall challenge battle,
May we falter not for Thee,
But, for sake of our dear colours,
Fight and conquer manfully.

And we pray Thee—we entreat Thee—
Keep our vessels in Thy sight ;
Spare the storm of Thy displeasure,
Spare the blackness of the night.

Spare the thunder and the whirlwind,
Lest our crimson banner shake ;
Spare the fury of the tempest—
Spare us for our Captain's sake.

Spare Thy chosen ones, and guide them
Through each rough and swelling wave ;
Spare the horror of the shipwreck—
God of heaven, hear and save.

May we sink not in our journey,
Where no more a bark can rise ;
May we stagger not, and perish,
With the port before our eyes.

Lord Almighty, guide us—guard us—
Through this rough and stormy sea,
That, all fatal reefs escaping,
We may safely come to Thee.

