



From Sabine Baring-Gould's

The Golden Gate

Fr. Baring-Gould is most famous for his hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers".

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Litany for a Happy Death

Especially for Saturdays.

By Rev. Baring-Gould

Author of

"Onward Christian Soldiers"

Prepare thus

+In the name of the Father, and of the Son,
etc.

Open Thou our mouths, O Lord, to bless Thy holy name; cleanse our hearts from all vain, evil, and distracting thoughts; enlighten our understandings and inflame our wills, that we may worthily perform this holy exercise with attention and devotion, and may deserve to be heard in the presence of Thy divine majesty. Who with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth God, world without end.

Amen.

Lord Jesus, God of goodness, Fountain of mercy, I stand before Thee, with a humbled and contrite heart; to Thee I commend my last hour, and all that awaits me after it. *Amen.*

When my feet, benumbed with death, shall warn me that my course is well-nigh run,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my hands, cold and trembling, shall fall upon my bed,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my eyes, dim with the mist of approaching death, shall fix on Thee their languid look,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my lips, cold and quivering, shall pronounce for the last time Thy most adorable Name,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my cheeks, pale and ghastly, shall inspire bystanders with pity and awe, and my hair bathed in the sweat of death, shall forebode my approaching end,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my ears, about to be forever shut to the discourse of men, shall be opened to hear Thy voice pronouncing irrevocably the sentence by which my condition is to be fixed for all eternity,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my imagination, disturbed with gloomy phantoms, shall fill my heart with woe, and my soul, terrified at the sight of my iniquities and the fear of Thy justice, shall wrestle with the powers of darkness, striving to cast me headlong into the pit of despair,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my weak heart, overwhelmed with the pain of my disease, shall be seized with the agonies of death, and violently assailed by the efforts of Satan,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When the last tear, sign of my dissolution, shall fall from my eyelids; then in that dread moment,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When relatives and friends stand weeping around me, and shed tears at my approaching dissolution, and invoke Thee in my behalf,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When all my senses shall fall, and the world has vanished from my sight; and when in the anguish of my last agony and in the sorrows of death I groan,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my heart's last sigh shall force my soul to depart from my body; then do Thou,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

When my soul, quivering on my lips, shall be on the point of beholding her Almighty Judge, and leave my body pale, cold, lifeless, Oh, do Thou,
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

Last of all, when my soul shall stand alone before Thee, and for the first time see the immortal brightness of Thy Majesty, and behold at one glance all the sins of my life, Oh, cast it not away from Thy Presence, but vouchsafe to receive it into the loving Bosom of Thy tender mercy, there forever to sing Thy praises, world without end.
Merciful Jesus, have pity on me.

Let us pray.

O God, Who hast doomed all men to die, but hast concealed from all the hour of their death, grant that I may pass my days in the practice of holiness and justice, and that I may deserve to quit this world in the peace of a good conscience, and in the arms of Thy love, through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*