

LITANY OF THE KNIGHTS

1

God of old, who rules the sounding years,
Alike our God of battle and of tears,

Hear us, O Lord!

The darkness falls; deep doom is on the land,
Thy people perish; where is now Thy hand?

Hear us, O Lord!

2

O Death! Death! Death! Thou hast come to
us here.

Help us, O God! Our valleys are stricken
and sere;

Gone are the bravest, our best-born and noblest
and dear;

Our strongest lie low in the dust. Lord God,
be Thou near!

Hark to us sorrowing, list to us desolate, hear!
God of aforetime, God of the after-time, rear
Bulwarks to cover us! Put forth Thy shelter-
ing spear,

For death and destruction have come to the
hearts of us here.