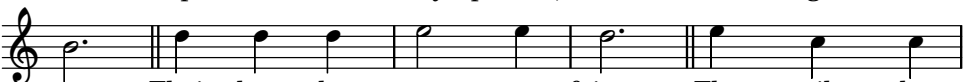




1. The mer - its of the saints, Bles - sed for ev - er -
 2. They, whom the world of ill, While it yet held, ab -
 3. Like sheep their blood they poured, And with - out groan or



more, Their love that nev - er faints, The toils they
 horred; Its with'-ring flow'rs that still They spurned with
 tear, They bent be - fore the sword, For that their



brave - ly bore— For these the Church to - day
 one ac - cord— They knew them short - lived all,
 King most dear: Their souls, ser - ene - ly blest,



Pours forth her joy - ous lay— These vic - tors win the nobl - est bay.
 And followed at Thy call, King Je - su, to Thy heav' - nly hall.
 In pa - tience they possessed, And looked in hope to - wards their rest.

4. What tongue may here declare,
 Fancy or thought descry,
 The joys Thou dost prepare
 For these Thy saints on high!
 Empurpled in the flood
 Of their victorious blood,
 They won the laurel from their God.

5. To Thee, O Lord most high,
 One in three Persons still,
 To pardon us we cry,
 And to preserve from ill:
 Here give Thy servants peace,
 Hereafter glad release,
 And pleasures that shall never cease.

Sanctorum meritis

Common of Martyrs; tr. J.M. Neale