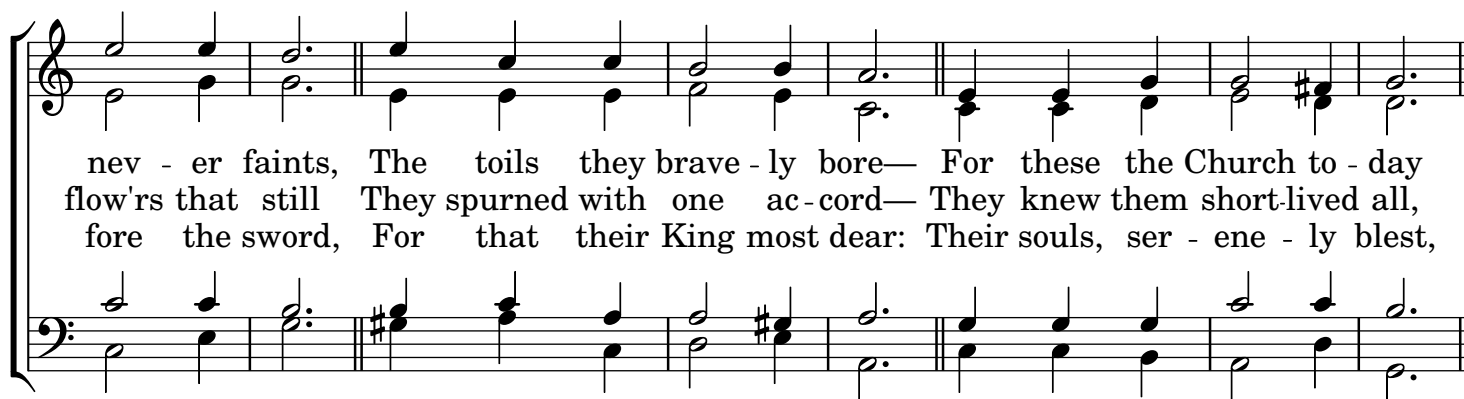
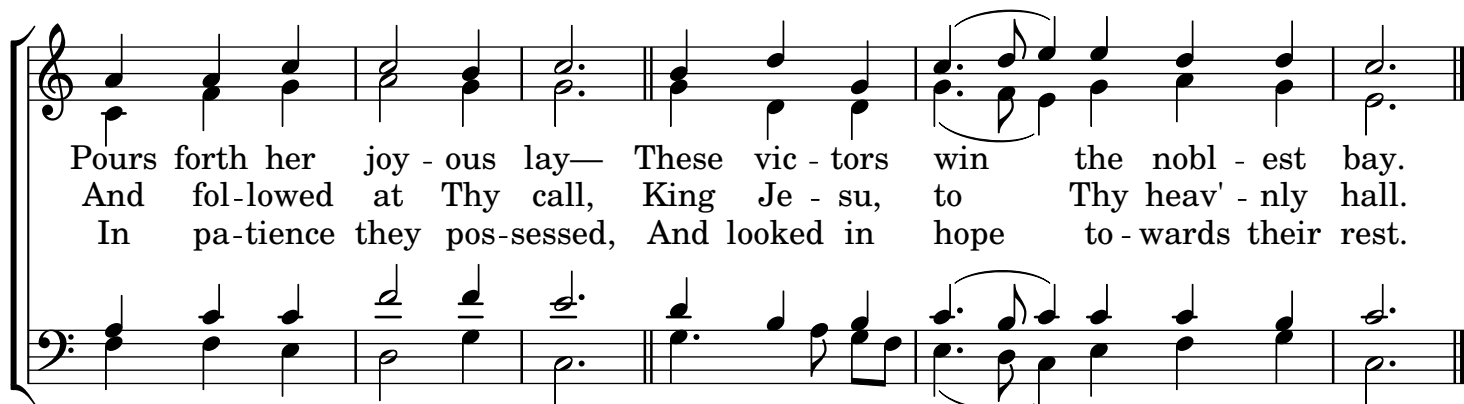


1. The mer - its of the saints, Bles - sèd for ev - er - more, Their love that
 2. They, whom the world of ill, While it yet held, ab - horred; Its with'-ring
 3. Like sheep their blood they poured, And with-out groan or tear, They bent be -



nev - er faints, The toils they brave - ly bore— For these the Church to - day
 flow'rs that still They spurned with one ac - cord— They knew them short-lived all,
 fore the sword, For that their King most dear: Their souls, ser - ene - ly blest,



Pours forth her joy - ous lay— These vic - tors win the nobl - est bay.
 And fol - lowed at Thy call, King Je - su, to Thy heav' - nly hall.
 In pa - tience they pos - sessed, 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