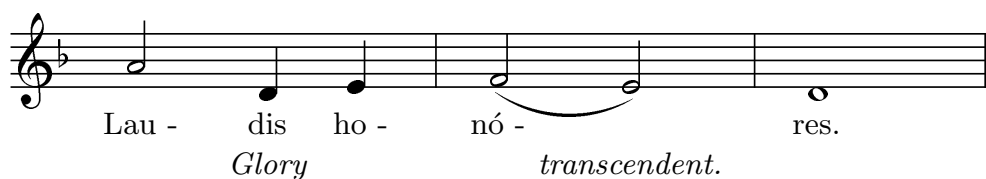


# Ite Confessor



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|--|---|
| 2. Qui pius, prudens, húmilis,<br>pudícus,<br>Sóbriam duxit sine labe<br>vitam,<br>Donec húmanos animávit<br>auræ<br>Spíritus artus. | 2. <i>Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest<br/>         minded,<br/>         So kept he well an even course<br/>         unstained,<br/>         Ever while in his frame of manhood<br/>         lingered<br/>         Life's fitful breathings.</i> |
| 3. Cujus ob præstans méritum<br>frequénter,<br>Ægra quæ passim jacuére<br>membra,<br>Víribus morbi dómitus, salúti<br>Restituúntur.  | 3. <i>Oft hath it been thro' his sublime<br/>         deserving<br/>         Poor human bodies, howsoever<br/>         stricken,<br/>         Broke and cast off the bondage of their<br/>         sickness,<br/>         Healed Divinely.</i>    |

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| <p>4. Noster hinc illi chorus<br/>obsequéntem<br/>Cóncinit laudem celebrésque<br/>palmas,<br/>Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur<br/>Omne per ævum.</p> <p>5. Sit salus illi, decus, atque<br/>virtus,<br/>Qui super cæli sólio<br/>corúscans,<br/>Tótius mundi sériem<br/>gubérnat,<br/>Trinus et unus.</p> | <p>4. <i>Wherefore to him we raise the solemn<br/>chorus,<br/>Chanting his praise and his surpassing<br/>triumph;<br/>So may his pleading help us in the<br/>battle<br/>All through the ages.</i></p> <p>5. <i>Healing and power, grace and<br/>beauteous honour<br/>Always be His, who shining in the<br/>highest,<br/>Ruleth and keepeth all the world's vast<br/>order,<br/>One God three Persons.</i></p> |
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Translated by J. O'Connor

## For all the Saints

- F**OR ALL THE SAINTS who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light. Alleluia!
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
4. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
5. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:  
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
6. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

W. How, 1823–97

excerpt from A New Book of Old Hymns 2016 [www.brandt.id.au](http://www.brandt.id.au)