

Hymn Lyrics

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Bride of Christ, through him contending

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in each clime beneath the sun,
blend with prayers for help ascending
notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church today rejoices,
all her saints in one to join.
So from earth let all our voices
rise in harmony divine.

King of all the ransomed nation,
who for us the victory won,
who wast slain for our salvation,
thee we praise, Eternal Son.

Mary leads the sacred story,
handmaid of the Lord confessed,
Mother of the Lord of gGlory,
ever Virgin, ever blest.

John, whose warning voice hath sounded,
more than prophet owned to be;
patriarchs with seers surrounded,
raise the hymn of victory.

All their earthly toils completed,
hark! the twelve the anthem swell,
and on thrones of glory seated
judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
martyrs purpled in their gore,
crowns of life by death receiving,
rest in joy for evermore.

Priests and levites, gospel preachers,
and confessors numberless,
bishops meek, and holy teachers,
bear the palm of righteousness.

All who sin and death defying,
Jesus faithfully confessed,
living on, yet daily dying,
numbered now among the blest.

All are one together praising
God's eternal Majesty:
thrice-repeated anthems raising
to the all-holy Trinity.

So may, with hearts devoted,
serve our God in holiness;
so at last by God promoted,
thrones in heaven with them possess.

Jean Baptiste de Contes, ca. 1665; trans. William Palmer (1811-1879) as , alt. the editors of