

First of martyrs

First of martyrs, thou whose name
doth thy golden crown proclaim,
not of flowers that fade away
weave we this thy crown to-day.

Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,
sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream;
stars around thy sainted head
never could such radiance shed.

Every wound upon thy brow
sparkles with unearthly glow;
like an angel's is thy face,
beaming with celestial grace.

O how blessed first to be
slain for him who bled for thee;
first like him in dying hour
witness to almighty power;

First to follow where he trod
through the deep Red Sea of blood;
first, but in thy footsteps press
saints and martyrs numberless.

Glory to the Father be,
glory, Virgin-born, to thee,
glory to the Holy Ghost,
praised by men and heavenly host.