

The merits of the Saints

The merits of the saints
blessèd for evermore,
their love that never faints,
the toils they bravely bore:
for these the Church today
pours forth her joyous lay:
these victors won the noblest bay.

They, whom this world of ill,
while it yet held, abhorred;
its withering flowers that still
they spurned with one accord:
they knew them short-lived all,
and followed at thy call,
King Jesus, to thy heavenly hall.

Like sheep their blood they poured;
and without groan or tear,
they bent before the sword
for that their King most dear:
their souls, serenely blest,
in patience they possessed,
and looked in hope towards their rest.

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.

To thee, O Lord most high,
One in Three Persons still,
to pardon us as we cry,
and to preserve us from ill:
here give thy servants peace,
hereafter glad release,
and pleasures that shall never cease.