

Not by the Martyr's Death Alone

Jean B. de Santeul, 1686.

William Monk, 1875.

Not by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in Heav'n has won;
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died;
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
For Christ a grateful sacrifice.

Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn
That we through life to die may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
May live with Thee forevermore.

O Fount of sanctity and love,
O perfect Rest of saints above,
All praise, all glory be to Thee
Both now and through eternity.