

# Hymn Lyrics

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## All hail, ye little Martyr flowers

All hail, ye little martyr flowers,  
sweet rosebuds cut in dawning hours!  
When Herod sought the Christ to find  
ye fell as bloom before the wind.

First victims of the martyr bands,  
with crowns and palms in tender hands,  
around the very altar, gay  
and innocent, ye seem to play.

What profited this great offense?  
What use was Herod's violence?  
A Babe survives that dreadful day,  
and Christ is safely borne away.

All honor, laud, and glory be,  
O Jesus, virgin-born, to thee;  
all glory, as is ever meet  
to Father and to Paraclete.