

Hymn Lyrics

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Blest Martyr, let thy triumph-day

Blest Martyr, let thy triumph-day
God's favoring grace to us convey;
the day on which thy life-blood flowed
and he thy crown in meed bestowed.

Thy soul to heavenly mansions sped
while this world's gloomy shadows fled;
the judge and torturer o'erthrown,
Christ claimed the victor for his own.

Now consort of the Angels bright
thou shinest clothed in robes of white;
robes thou hast washed in streams of blood,
a dauntless Martyr for thy God.

Be thou on this thy holy day
our strong upholder; while we pray
that from our guilt we may be freed,
stand thou before the throne and plead.

All laud to God the Father be,
all praise, eternal Son, to thee;
all glory, as is ever meet,
to God the holy Paraclete.

Latin, trans. John Athelstan Laurie Riley (1858-1945), 1906