

Spouse of Christ, in Arms Contending
Jean B. de Contes(?-1679)
Johann Steiner(1688-1761)

Spouse of Christ, in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Blend with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church today rejoices
All her saints to join on high,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in solemn harmony.

First amid the laurelled legions
Prays the mother to her Son,
Close to Christ in those fair regions
Where high praise to Him is done.

Angels next, in due gradation
Of the Spirit's ministry,
Hymn the Father of creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald voice sonorous,
Head of the prophetic throng,
Patriarchs, and seers in chorus,
Join to swell the angels' song.

Near to Christ th'Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy forevermore.

Priests and Levites, Gospel preachers,
And confessors numberless,
Prelates meek and holy teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

Virgin souls, by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the marriage feast appear.

All are blest together, praising
God's eternal majesty,
Thrice repeated anthems raising
To the all holy Trinity.

In your heav'nly habitations,
In your blessed home on high,
Hear, ye saints, our aspirations,
As to God we lift our cry.

Ever praising, ever praying,
Help ye thus your brethren here,
That the will of God obeying

So may we, with hearts devoted,
Serve our God in holiness;
So may we, by God promoted,
Share that heaven which ye possess.