

The Hymn for Conquering Martyrs Raise

Hymnus Canentes Martyrum

For the Feast of the Holy Innocents

Hymnum canentes Martyrum

by the Venerable Bede (673-735)

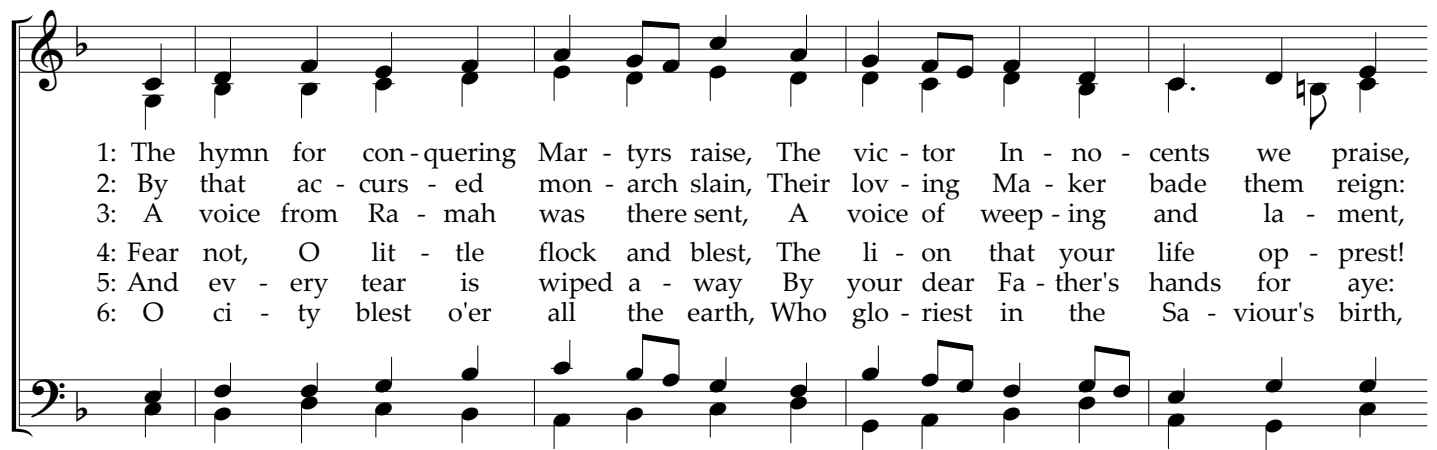
In *Medieval Hymns*, 1851

transl. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

ST. CROIX (L.M.D.)

Tune and music by

Charles H. Giffen (b. 1940)

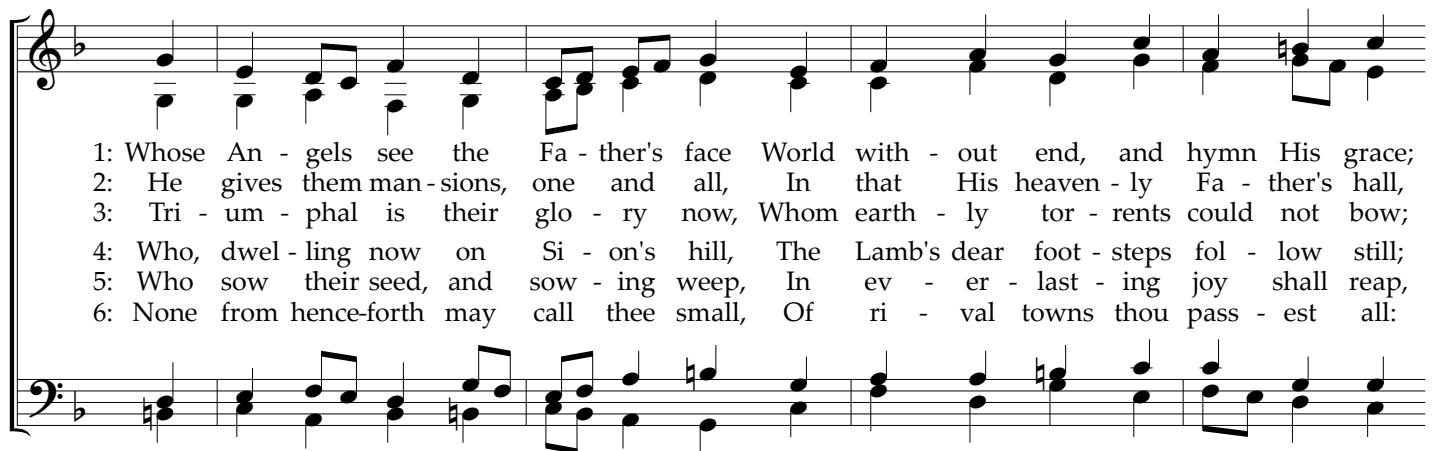


1: The hymn for con- quering Mar - tyrs raise, The vic - tor In - no - cents we praise,
2: By that ac - curs - ed mon - arch slain, Their lov - ing Ma - ker bade them reign:
3: A voice from Ra - mah was there sent, A voice of weep - ing and la - ment,
4: Fear not, O lit - tle flock and blest, The li - on that your life op - prest!
5: And ev - ery tear is wiped a - way By your dear Fa - ther's hands for aye:
6: O ci - ty blest o'er all the earth, Who glo - riest in the Sa - viour's birth,

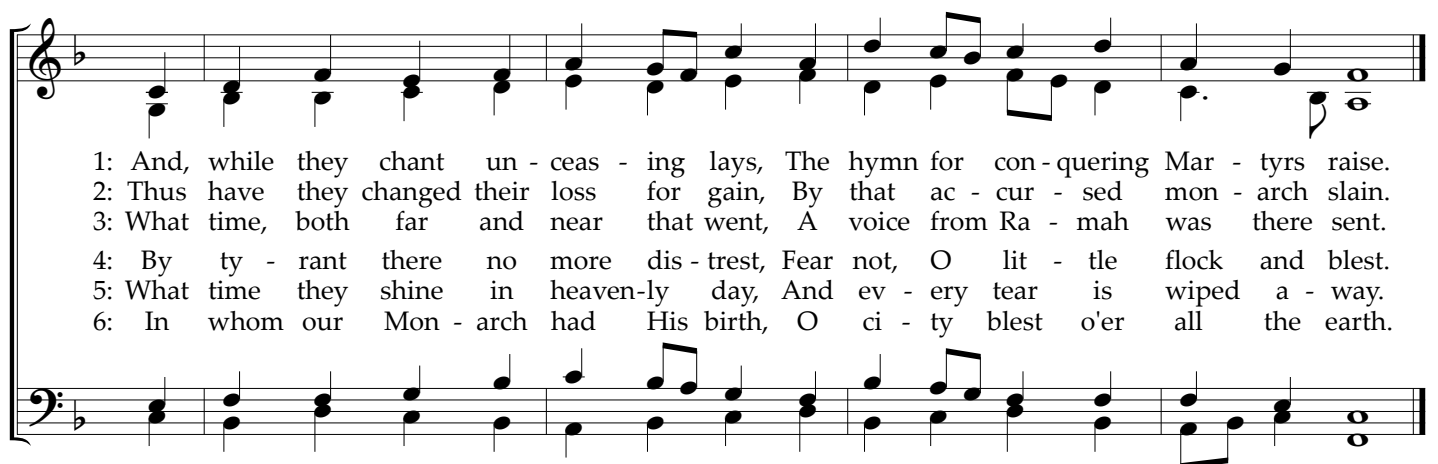


1: Whom in their woe earth cast a - way, But heaven with joy re - ceived to - day;
2: With Him they dwell no more dis - tress, In the fair land of light and rest:
3: When Ra - chel mourned the child - ren's care Whom for the ty - rant's sword she bare.
4: To heaven - ly pas - tures ev - er new The heaven - ly Shep - herd lead - eth you;
5: Death hath no power to hurt you more, Whose own is life's e - ter - nal store.
6: Whose are his ear - liest Mar - tyrs dear, By kin - dred and by tri - umph here;

Charles H. Giffen: The Hymn for Conquering Martyrs Raise



1: Whose An - gels see the Fa - ther's face World with - out end, and hymn His grace;
2: He gives them man - sions, one and all, In that His heaven - ly Fa - ther's hall,
3: Tri - um - phal is their glo - ry now, Whom earth - ly tor - rents could not bow;
4: Who, dwel - ling now on Si - on's hill, The Lamb's dear foot - steps fol - low still;
5: Who sow their seed, and sow - ing weep, In ev - er - last - ing joy shall reap,
6: None from hence-forth may call thee small, Of ri - val towns thou pass - est all:



1: And, while they chant un - ceas - ing lays, The hymn for con - quering Mar - tyrs raise.
2: Thus have they changed their loss for gain, By that ac - cur - sed mon - arch slain.
3: What time, both far and near that went, A voice from Ra - mah was there sent.
4: By ty - rant there no more dis - tress, Fear not, O lit - tle flock and blest.
5: What time they shine in heaven - ly day, And ev - ery tear is wiped a - way.
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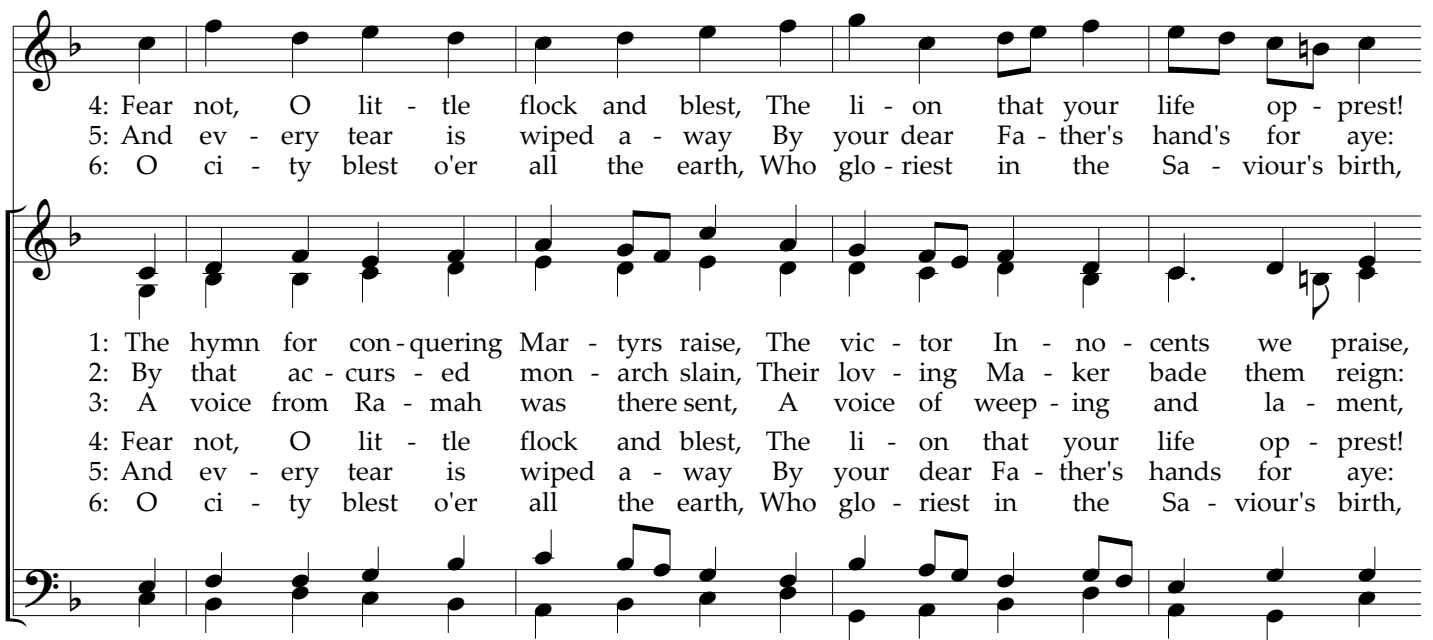
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Descant



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Deo gratias

2012 October 30

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