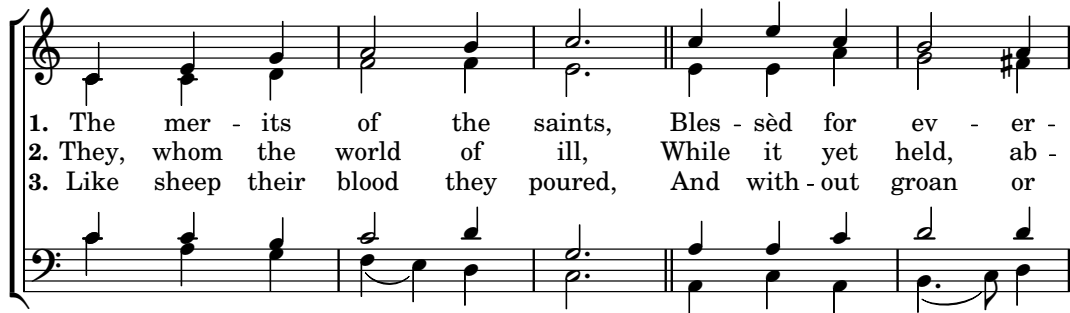


THE MERITS OF THE SAINTS

Music: DAS HERRLICH HOHE FEST, 66.66.668., C. Peter, c. 1674; *The English Hymnal*

Text: *Sanctorum meritis*, Common of Martyrs; tr. J.M. Neale, original v.3 omitted



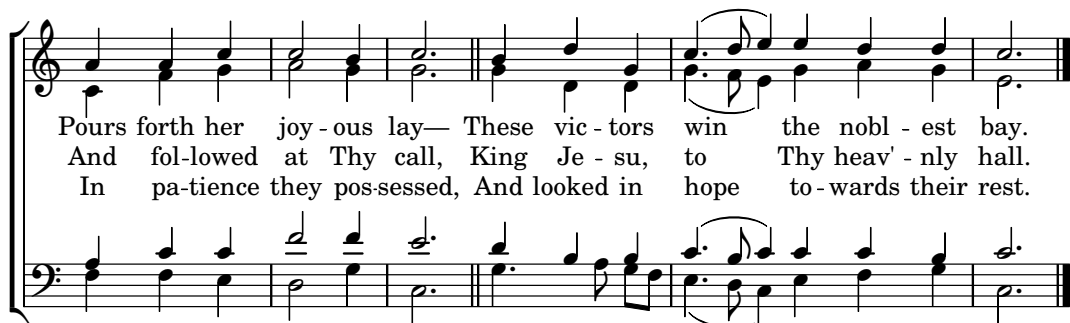
1. The mer - its of the saints, Bles - sed for ev - er -
2. They, whom the world of ill, While it yet held, ab -
3. Like sheep their blood they poured, And with - out groan or



more, Their love that nev - er faints, The toils they
horred; Its with' - ring flow'rs that still They spurned with
tear, They bent be - fore the sword, For that their



brave - ly bore— For these the Church to - day
one ac - cord— They knew them short - lived all,
King most dear: Their souls, ser - ene - ly blest,



Pours forth her joy - ous lay— These vic - tors win the nobl - est bay.
And fol - lowed at Thy call, King Je - su, to Thy heav' - nly hall.
In pa - tience they pos - sessed, And looked in hope to - wards their rest.

4. What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys Thou dost prepare
For these Thy saints on high!
Empurpled in the flood
Of their victorious blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

5. To Thee, O Lord most high,
One in three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And to preserve from ill:
Here give Thy servants peace,
Hereafter glad release,
And pleasures that shall never cease.