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

Aurelius Prudentius

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