Blessed Feast of Blessed Martyrs



Blessèd feasts of blessèd martyrs, Saintly days of saintly men, With affection's recollections Greet we your return again. Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders, While a frame of flesh they bore; We, with meetest praise and sweetest, Honor them forevermore.

Faith unblenching, hope unquenching, Well-loved Lord, and single heart, Thus they, glorious and victorious, Bravely bore the martyr's part. Blood in slaughter poured like water, Torments long and heavy chain, Flame, and axe, and laceration, They endured, and conquered pain. Wherefore made co-heirs of glory, Ye that sit with Christ on high, Join to ours your supplication As for grace and peace we cry, That, this weary life completed, And its many labors past, We may merit to be seated In our Father's home at last.

John M. Neale