

40.

Ite Confessor




Is - te Con - fés - sor Dó - mini, co - lén - tes
This is the day whereon the Lord's true witness,



Quem pi - e lau - dant pó - puli, per or - bem,
Whom all the nations lovingly do honour,



Hac di - e læ - tus mé - ruit su - pré - mos,
Worthy at last was found to wear forever



Lau - dis ho - nó - res.
Glory transcendent.

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| <p>2. Qui pius, prudens, húmilis,
pudícus,
Sóbríam duxit sine labe
vitam,
Donec humános animávit
aurae
Spíritus artus.</p> | <p>2. <i>Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest
minded,
So kept he well an even course
unstained,
Ever while in his frame of manhood
lingered
Life's fitful breathings.</i></p> |
| <p>3. Cujus ob præstans méritum
frequéter,
Ægra quæ passim jacuére
membra,
Víríbus morbi dómitus, salúti
Restituúntur.</p> | <p>3. <i>Oft hath it been thro' his sublime
deserving
Poor human bodies, howsoever
stricken,
Broke and cast off the bondage of their
sickness,
Healed Divinely.</i></p> |

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| <p>4. Noster hinc illi chorus
obsequentem
Cōcinit laudem celebrésque
palmas,
Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur
Omne per ævum.</p> | <p>4. <i>Wherefore to him we raise the solemn
chorus,
Chanting his praise and his surpassing
triumph;
So may his pleading help us in the
battle
All through the ages.</i></p> |
| <p>5. Sit salus illi, decus, atque
virtus,
Qui super cæli sólio
corúscans,
Tótius mundi sériem
gubérnat,
Trinus et unus.</p> | <p>5. <i>Healing and power, grace and
beauteous honour
Always be His, who shining in the
highest,
Ruleth and keepeth all the world's vast
order,
One God three Persons.</i></p> |

Translated by J. O'Connor

41.

For all the Saints

- F**OR ALL THE SAINTS who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light. Alleluia!
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
4. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
5. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
6. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!