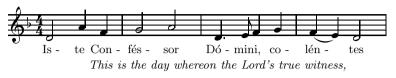
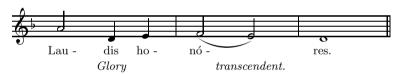
Ifte Confessor 40.









2. Qui pius, prudens, húmilis, pudícus.

Sóbriam duxit sine labe vitam,

Donec humános animávit aurae

Spíritus artus.

2. 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.

frequénter,

Ægra quæ passim jacuére membra,

Víribus morbi dómitus, salúti Restituúntur.

3. Cujus ob præstans méritum 3. Oft hath it been thro' his sublime deserving

Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken.

Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness.

Healed Divinely.

All Saints 49

 Noster hinc illi chorus obsequéntem
Cóncinit laudem celebrésque palmas,
Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur

 Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super cæli sólio corúscans,
Tótius mundi sériem gubérnat.

Omne per ævum.

Trinus et unus.

4. 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.

 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.

Translated by J. O'Connor

41. For all the Saints

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!