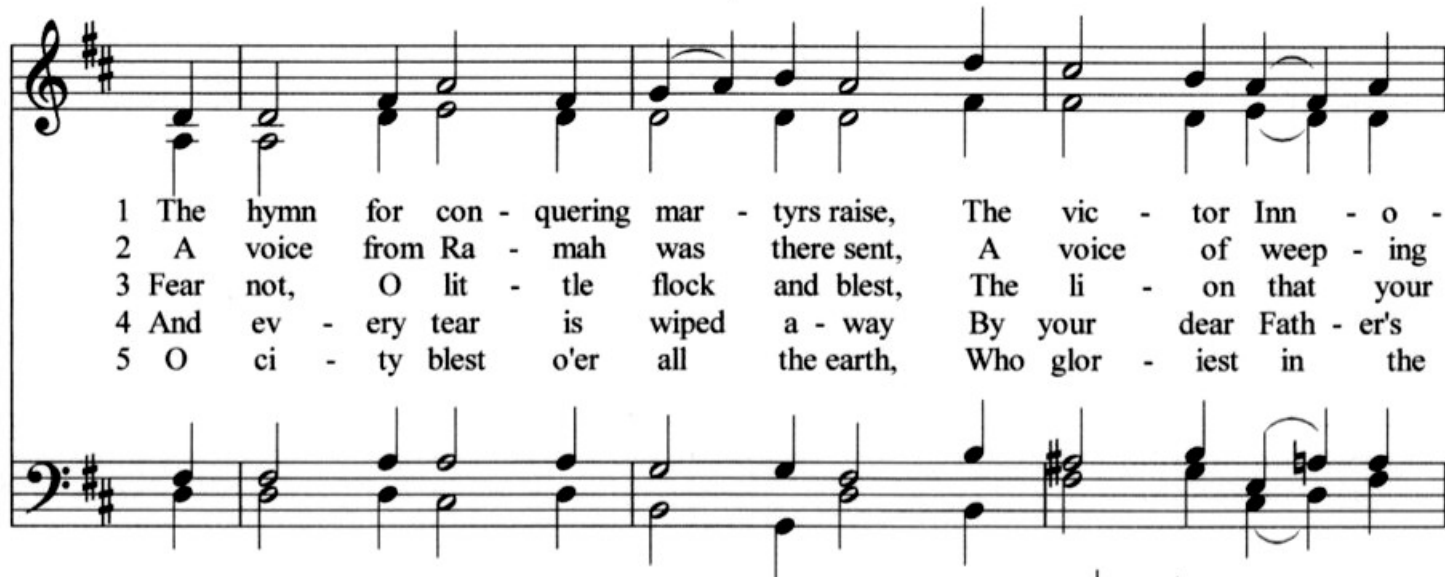
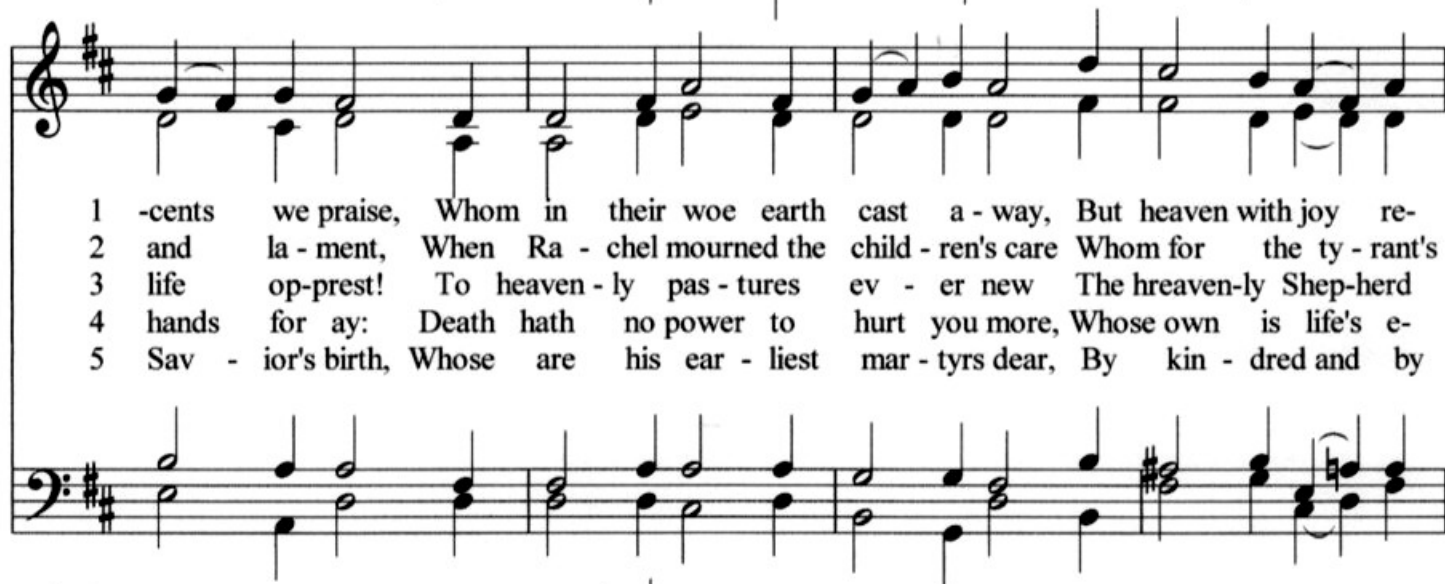


# The Hymn for Conquering Martyrs Raise

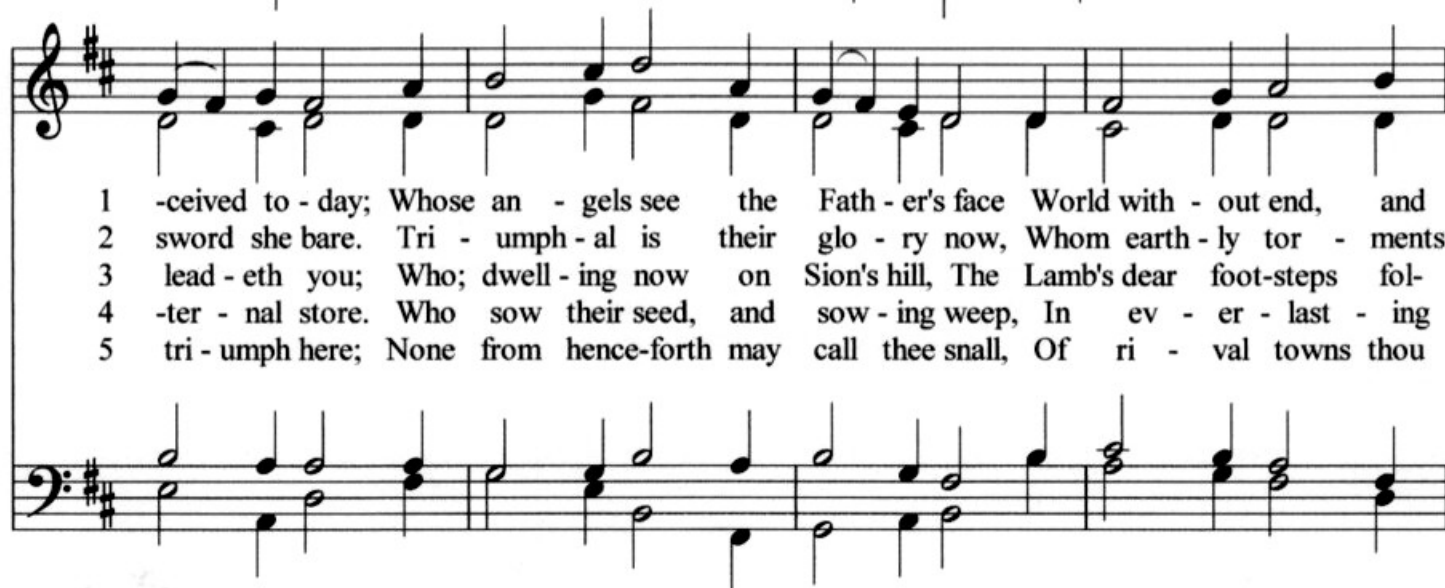
The Holy Innocents



1 The hymn for con - quering mar - tyrs raise, The vic - tor Inn - o -  
2 A voice from Ra - mah was there sent, A voice of weep - ing  
3 Fear not, O lit - tle flock and blest, The li - on that your  
4 And ev - ery tear is wiped a - way By your dear Fath - er's  
5 O ci - ty blest o'er all the earth, Who glor - iest in the



1 -cents we praise, Whom in their woe earth cast a - way, But heaven with joy re -  
2 and la - ment, When Ra - chel mourned the child - ren's care Whom for the ty - rant's  
3 life op - prest! To heav - en - ly pas - tures ev - er new The hreaven - ly Shep - herd  
4 hands for ay: Death hath no power to hurt you more, Whose own is life's e -  
5 Sav - ior's birth, Whose are his ear - liest mar - tyrs dear, By kin - dred and by



1 -ceived to - day; Whose an - gels see the Fath - er's face World with - out end, and  
2 sword she bare. Tri - umph - al is their glo - ry now, Whom earth - ly tor - ments  
3 lead - eth you; Who; dwell - ing now on Sion's hill, The Lamb's dear foot - steps fol -  
4 -ter - nal store. Who sow their seed, and sow - ing weep, In ev - er - last - ing  
5 tri - umph here; None from hence - forth may call thee snail, Of ri - val towns thou

1 hymn his grace; And, while they chant un - ceas - ing lays, The hymn for con-quer-  
 2 could not bow, What time, both far and near they went, A voice from Ra - mah  
 3 fol - low still; By ty - rant there no more dis - trest, Fear not, O lit - tle  
 4 joy shall reap, What time they shine in heaven - ly day, And ev - ery tear is  
 5 pass - est all: In whom our Mon - arch had his birth, O ci - ty blest o'er

1 mar - tyrs raise.  
 2 was there sent.  
 3 flock and blest.  
 4 wiped a - way.  
 5 all the earth.

Words: The Venerable Bede (673-735),  
 tr. John Mason Neale.  
 Music: *Wer da wonet*,  
 melody in *St. Gall Gesangbuch*, 1863,  
 from Vehe's *Gesangbüchlein*, 1537.