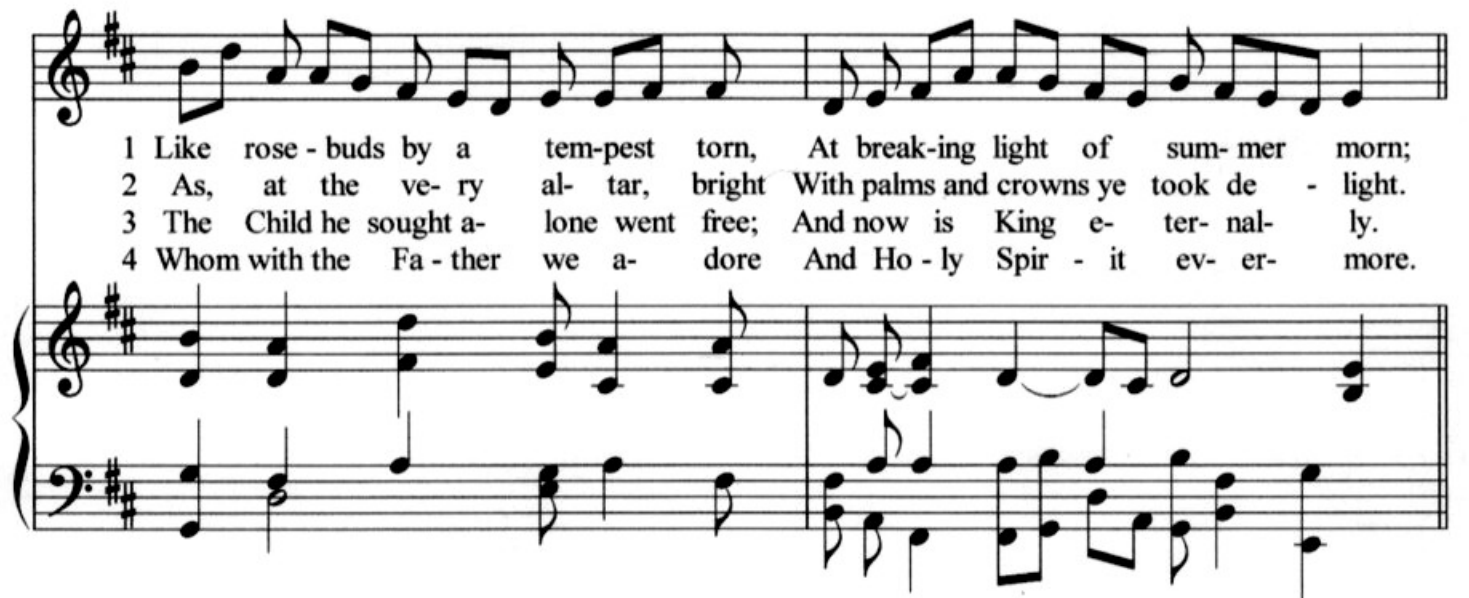


Sweet Flowers of the Martyr Band

The Holy Innocents



1 Sweet flow - ers of the mar-tyr band, So ear-ly plucked by cru-el hand;
2 First vic-tims off-ered for the Lord, Ye lit-tle knew your high re-ward,
3 Ah! what a-vailed King Her-od's wrath? He could not stay your Sav-ior's path:
4 O Lord, the Vir-gin born, to thee Praise, hon-or, might and glo-ry be,



1 Like rose - buds by a tem-pest torn, At break-ing light of sum-mer morn;
2 As, at the ve-ry al-tar, bright With palms and crowns ye took de - light.
3 The Child he sought a-lone went free; And now is King e-ter-nal-ly.
4 Whom with the Fa-ther we a-dore And Ho-ly Spir-it ev-er-more.



A- men.

Words: *Salvete Flores Martyrum*,
Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-?410),
tr. Herbert Williams Baker (1821-1877), alt.

Music: *Jesus Dulcis Memoria* (Sarum Melody)