

# All Hail! You Infant Martyr Flowers

1. All hail! You infant martyr flow'rs,  
Cut off in life's first dawning hours;  
Like rosebuds, snapped in dreadful strife,  
When Herod sought our Savior's life.
2. With terror does the tyrant hear  
That God's own Son to us draws near.  
On David's throne he comes to dwell  
And ransom captive Israel.
3. King Herod rages at the Word:  
"Go, soldier, with your ruthless sword,  
To Him, who stands where we have stood,  
And stain the Infant-crib with blood!"
4. O, what is gained from this offense?  
What profit comes from violence?  
The Savior-King survived the day,  
As Christ was safely whisked away!
5. A voice is heard in bitter pain,  
As Rachel mourns the infants slain,  
Refusing comfort – sacred lore –  
Because her children are no more!
6. Of you, O little lambs, we sing,  
First victims slain for Christ our King:  
Beneath the heav'nly altar's ray  
With martyr-palms and crowns you play!
7. To you, the Virgin-born, we raise  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise,  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Spirit evermore.

Text: Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-413)

*Salvete, flores martyrum*

Translation: Peter Prange

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