

Lo! the Apostolic train
Join, thy sacred name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
While in essence, only One
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary,
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary:
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast open'd Heaven to faith.

From thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning
When thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled Dead come forth.

Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.