

Hymns for St Petroc

As sung on his feast at St Petroc's, Padstow and St Petroc Minor, Little Petherick

Hymn I

**Saintly Confessor of the faith of Jesus,
He whom in Cornwall venerate the faithful,
Spurning earth's pleasures, bound himself to follow
Holy Religion.**

**Godly and prudent was our holy Petroc,
Peaceful and learned. To his faithful preaching
Constantine hearkens; even beasts draw near him.
Slocked by his kindness.**

**Sowing the gospel where the sea and river
Mingle their waters, long he dwelt among us,
Going from Bodmin, to his Lan at Padstow
Died at Treravel.**

**Now dwelleth Petroc with the Saints in glory,
But, ever mindful of the soil he planted,
Though parted from us, poureth supplications,
Pleading for Cornwall.**

**Wherefore in chorus thankfully to Godward
Raise we our voices, loud in jubilation;
Praise be to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
Now and for ever.**

by Athelstan Riley, Patron of Little Petherick; tune: Ad tuum Nomen

Note: For the uninitiated in the Cornish language: 'Slocked' in verse 2 means 'gently led' and 'Lan' in verse 3 means 'monastery'. Verse 3 has been corrected from the earliest medieval life where Petroc died at Treravel not Bodmin, the original version read: "Passing to Bodmin, there to God his maker / Rendered his being."

Hymn 2

**King of kings in glory reigning,
Hear us, Trinity divine;
All our love and worship raising,
For that light which once did shine,
O'er the heathen woodlands lifting
Far and wide the Christian sign.**

**He our priest, the Blessed Petroc,
He our shepherd and our guide,
Who with apostolic mission.
Borne by faith across the tide,
Drew our souls from Hell's dominion
Safely to our Saviour's side.**

**He our friend and holy patron.
May he now his pleading pour,
That his flock may all foregather
On the blest eternal shore
Where the Trinity in glory
Reign and triumph evermore.**

probably by Fr Arthur Cuthbert Canner, Vicar of Tintagel; tune: Regent Square

Hymn 3

**Let all our praises now resound
Of faith which Holy Petroc found,
How God's true gospel came to all
To raise the sinner from the fall**

**The wind and waves obeyed their Lord,
Billows and breeze their King adored,
By Christ's command St. Petroc came
The gospel preached and found great fame.**

**Today we honour Petroc's feast,
He who befriended man and beast,
He brought to us the Saviour's love
For Padstow now he pleads above.**

**He landed on the Camel's shore,
His coming known for evermore.
He found St. Samson settled here,
Both drove out ignorance and fear**

**He founded here his Minster dear,
The Word he preached to people here,
Gathered around his chosen band,
The first church built by his own hand.**

**He lived his life by heavenly grace,
Treravel was his resting place,
In Padstow town was first his shrine
But now in glory he doth shine.**

**The Cornish saints all praise their King,
Wethinoc, Samson, Petroc sing
In one communion now above,
United by our Saviours love.**

by the Revd Barry Kinsmen of Padstow (revised 2001)

Hymn 4

**Let our choir new anthems raise,
wake the song of gladness:
God himself to joy and praise
turns the martyr's sadness:
bright the day that won their crown,
opened heaven's bright portal,
as they laid the mortal down
to put on immortal.**

**Never flinched they from the flame,
from the torture never;
vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
for by faith they saw the land
decked in all its glory,
where triumphant now they stand
with the Victor's story.**

**Mid them stands the Saint for whom
we today sing praises;
he for whom her joyful thanks
Cornwall's Church upraises:
In whose heart thy love's pure flame
bright, was ever burning,
love to which in stress and need,
even beasts were turning.**

**Praise to thee for mercies past,
that thy love was caring,
that our land should know thy truth
of thy grace be sharing:
praise to thee for him through whom
'twas thy will should reach us
all the glorious light of grace,
Petroc came to teach us.**

**May we burn like him to build
thy great kingdom glorious,
in our midst and in men's lives,
making them victorious;
in with him we see thy face,
toil and struggle ended,
and with Saints and angel hosts
all our praise be blended.**

**Up and follow Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors up and win it!**

tune: Ave Virgo Virginum

the first two verses are a translation by John Mason Neale of a Greek text by St John the Hymnographer.