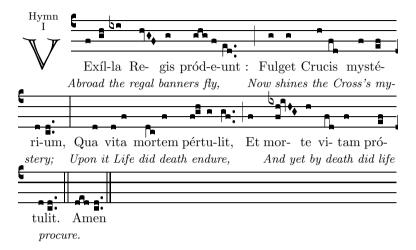
Vexilla Regis prodeunt 15.



- Quae vulneráta lánceæ Mucróne diro, críminum Ut nos laváret sórdibus, Manávit unda et sánguine.
- Impléta sunt quæ cóncinit David fidéli cármine, Dicéndo natiónibus : Regnávit a ligno Deus.
- Arbor decóra et fúlgida, Ornáta Regis púrpura, Elécta digno stípite Tam sancta membra tángere.
- 5. Beáta, cujus bráchiis Prétium pepéndit sæculi : Statéra facta córporis, Tulítque prædam tártari.
- O Crux ave, spes única, In hac triúmphi glória : Piis adáuge grátiam, Reísque dele crímina.

- 2. Who, wounded with a direful spear, Did, purposely to wash us clear From stain of sin pour out a flood Of precious water mixed with blood.
- 3. That which the prophet-king of old Hath in mysterious verse foretold, Is now accomplished, whilst we see God ruling nations from a Tree.
- 4. O lovely and refulgent Tree, Adorned with purpled majesty; Culled from a worthy stock, to bear Those limbs which sanctifiéd were.
- 5. Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore

The wealth that did the world restore; The beam that did the Body weigh Which raised up hell's expected prey.

6. Hail Cross, of hopes the most sublime!

Now, in this mournful Passion time; Grant to the just increase of grace, And every sinner's crimes efface.  Te, fons salútis Trínitas, Colláudet omnis spíritus : Quibus Crucis victóriam Largíris, adde prémium. Amen. 7. Blest Trinity, salvation's spring May every soul Thy praises sing; To thos Thou grantest conquest by The holy Cross, rewards supply. Amen

V. Hoc sígnum in Crúcis érit in cáelo. This sign of the Cross shall be in heaven.
R. Cum Dóminus ad judicándum vénerit. When the Lord shall come to judgement.

> Venantius Fortunatus 530–609 Translated by W. K. Blount, d. 1717

## 16. O Sacred Head sore wounded

O SACRED HEAD! sore wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, O Kingly Head! surrounded

With thorns, Thy only crown; Death's pallor now comes o'er Thee,

The glow of life decays,

Yet hosts of heaven adore Thee And tremble as they gaze.

 What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
 O agony and dying!
 O love to sinners free!
 Jesus, all grace supplying, Turn Thou Thy face on me.

- 3. In this thy bitter passion Sweet Jesus, think of me.
  With thy most sweet compassion, Unworthy though I be: Beneath thy cross abiding Forever would I rest, In thy dear love confiding, And with thy presence blest.
  4. Be thou my consolation,
- My shield, when I must die; Remind me of thy passion When my last hour draws nigh. Mine eyes shall then behold thee; Upon thy cross shall dwell, My heart by faith enfold thee; Who dieth thus, dies well.

Paul Gerhardt 1607-76 from Salve caput cruentatum attrib. Bernard of Clairvaux tr. Henry Williams Baker 1821-77 and James Waddell Alexander 1804-59