

CRUX FIDELIS, Hymn for Good Friday

253



C Rux fi-dé-lis, inter omnes Arbor una nó-bi- lis:



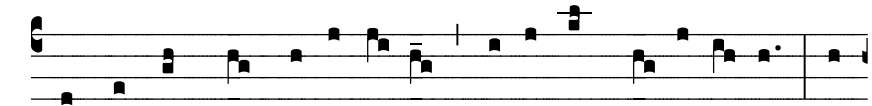
Nulla silva ta-lem pro-ferit, Fronde, flo- re, gérmí-ne: *cont.*



* Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, Dulce pondus sústi-net.

℞. O faithful Cross, incomparable Tree, the noblest of all; no forest hath ere put forth the likes of thine own leaves, thy flowers, thy fruits;

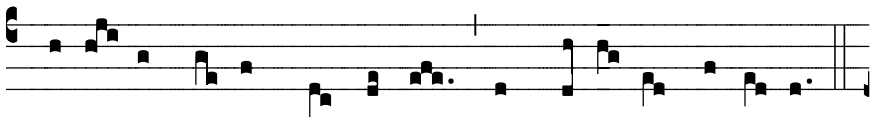
* Sweet the wood, sweet the nails, that bear so sweet a burden.



1. Pange, lingua, glo-ri- ó- si Láure- am certámi- nis, Et



su- per cru- cis trophæ- o Dic tri- úm- phum nó- bi- lem:



Quá- li- ter Re- dēmp- tor orbis Immo- lá- tus ví- ce- rit.

Crux...gérmine.

Sing, O my tongue, of the battle, of the glorious struggle; and over the trophy of the Cross, proclaim the noble triumph; tell how the Redeemer of the world won victory through his sacrifice.

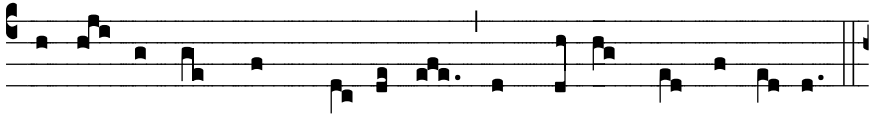


2. De pa- réntis pro- toplá- sti Fraude Factor cóndo- lens,

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Quando pomi no-xi- á-lis In necem morsu ru- it:



Ipse lignum tunc no-tá-vit, Damna ligni ut sólve-ret.

** Dulce.*

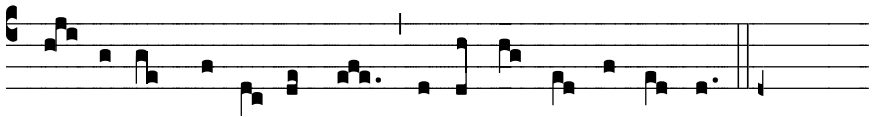
The Creator looked on sadly as the first man, our forefather, was deceived, and as he fell into the snare of death, taking a bite of a lethal fruit; it was then that God chose this blessed piece of wood to destroy the other tree's curse.



3. Hoc o-pus nostræ sa-lú- tis Ordo de-po-pósce- rat:



Multi- fórmis prodi- tó-ris Ars ut ar-tem fálle- ret: Et



me-dé-lam ferret inde, Hostis unde láe-se- rat.

Crux...gérmine.

Such was the act called for by the economy of our salvation: to outwit the resourceful craftiness of the Traitor and to obtain our remedy from the very weapon with which our enemy struck.

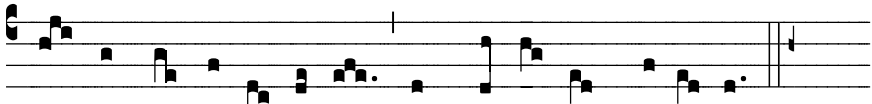


4. Quando ve-nit ergo sa-cri Ple-ni-tú-do témpo- ris,



Missus est ab arce Patris Na-tus, orbis Cóndi- tor, At-

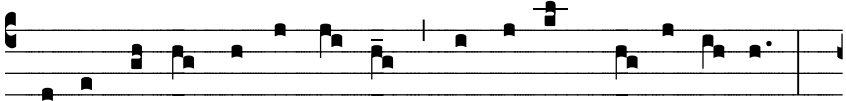
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que ventre virgi- ná-li Carne amí-ctus pródi- it.

** Dulce.*

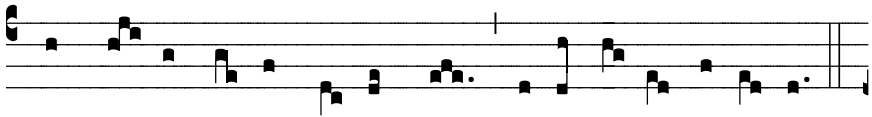
And so, when the fullness of that blessed time had come, the Son, the Creator of the world, was sent from the throne of the Father, and having become flesh, he came forth from the womb of a virgin.



5. Va-git infans inter arcta Cón-di-tus præ-sé-pi- a:



Membra pannis invo-lú-ta Virgo Ma-ter ál-li-gat:



Et De- i ma-nus pe-désque Stricta cingit fásci- a.

Crux...gérmine.

The infant cried as he was placed in the narrow manger; his Virgin Mother wrapped his limbs in swaddling clothes, encircling God's hands and feet with tight bands.



6. Lustra sex qui jam pe-ré- git, Tempus implens córpo-



ris, Sponte lí-be- ra Re-démptor Passi- ó-ni dé-di- tus,

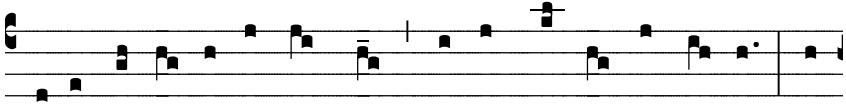


Agnus in Cru-cis le-vá-tur Immo-lándus stí-pi- te.

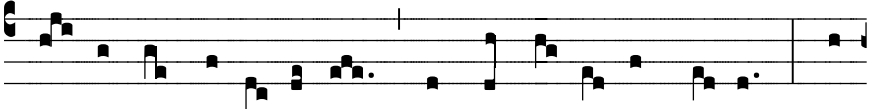
** Dulce.*

Crux fidelis, Hymn for Good Friday, cont.

When more than thirty years had past, at the end of his earthly life, he willingly gave himself up to the Passion; it was for this that he was born. The Lamb was lifted up onto a Cross, offered in sacrifice on wood.



7. Felle po-tus ecce languet: Spi-na, cla-vi, lánce- a, Mi-



te corpus perfo-rá-runt, Unda ma-nat et cru- or: Ter-



ra, pontus, astra, mundus, Quo la-vántur flúmi-ne!

Crux...gérmine.

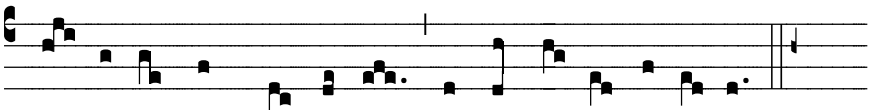
Behold the vinegar, the gall, the reed, the spittle, the nails and spear! His precious body is torn open, water and blood rush forth. This great and mighty river washes land, sea, stars—the entire world!



8. Flecte ramos, arbor al-ta, Tensa la-xa vísce- ra, Et



ri- gor lentéscat ille, Quem de-dit na-tí-vi- tas: Et



su-pérni membra Re-gis Tende mi- ti stí-pi- te.

** Dulce.*

Bend thy branches, tallest of trees, relax thy hold on his tightly stretched body; soften up the hardness which nature hath given thee, and present to the body of the Heavenly King a more bearable support.

Crux fidelis, Hymn for Good Friday, cont.



9. So-la digna tu fu- í-sti Ferre mundi Vícti-mam: At-



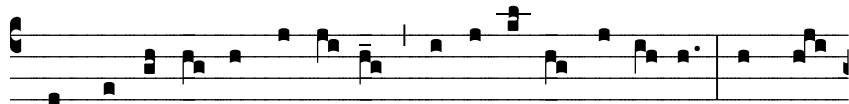
que pro-tum præpa- rá-re Arca mundo náufra-go: Quam



sa- cer cru- or per- únxit, Fusus Agni córpo- re.

Crux...gérmine.

Thou alone hast been worthy to carry the ransom of the world; mankind's ship had gone down beneath the waves, but thou openest the way to our port of rescue. For thou art anointed with the sacred blood which sprung forth from the body of the Lamb.



10. Sempí-térna sit be- á-tæ Tri-ni-tá-ti gló-ri- a: Æqua



Patri Fi-li- óque; Par de-cus Pa- rácli- to: Uní- us



Tri-níque nomen Laudet u- ni-vér-si- tas. A-men.



* Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, Dulce pondus sústi- net.

Equal and eternal glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Illustrious Paraclete, the Blessed Trinity whose divine grace redeems and conserves us always. Amen. * Sweet the wood, sweet the nails, that bear so sweet a burden.