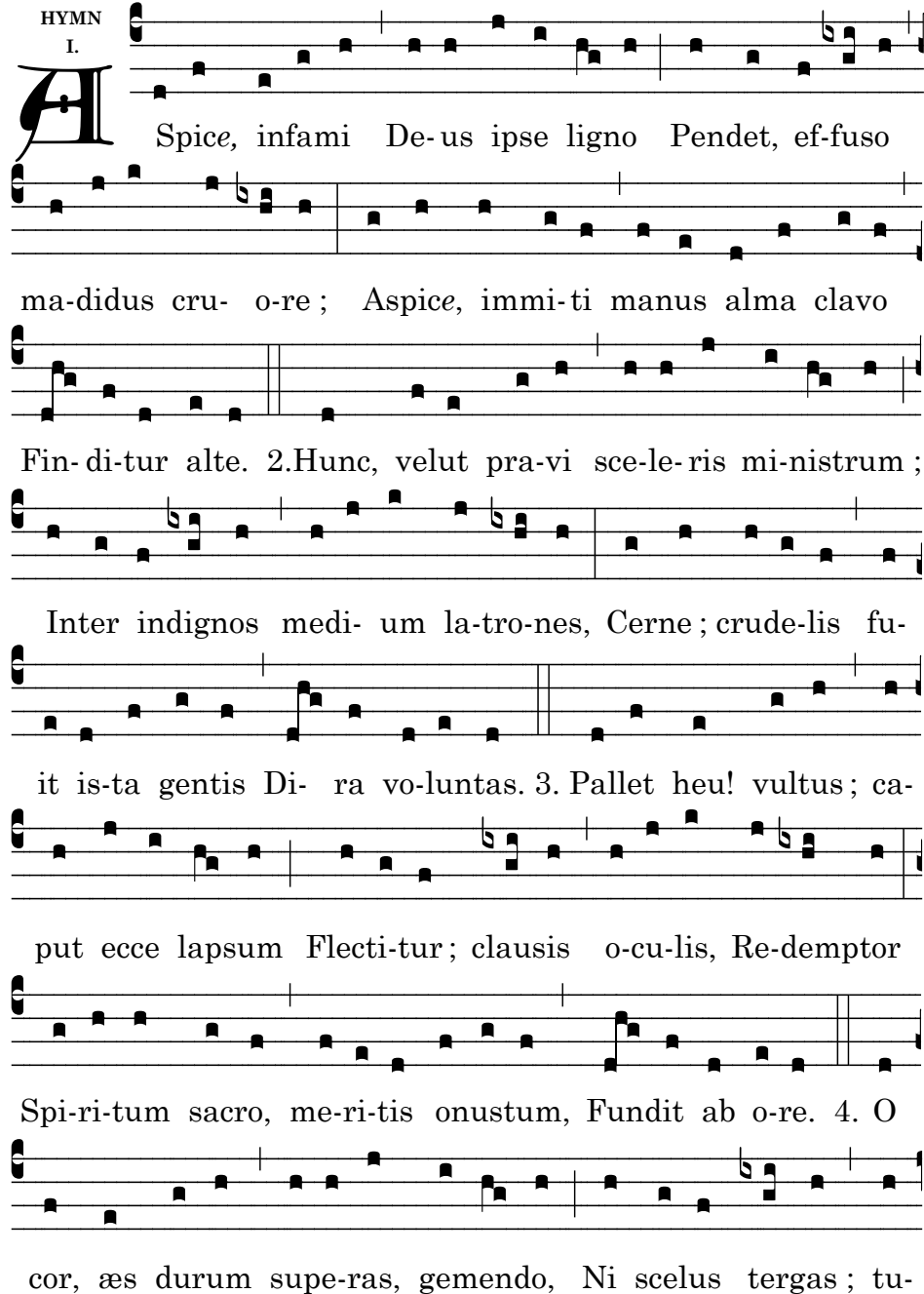


HYMN : ASPICE INFAMI DEUS

Matins hymn for the Feast of the Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord.

HYMN
I.



Aspice, infami De-us ipse ligno Pendet, ef-fuso
ma-didus cru- o-re; Aspice, immi-ti manus alma clavo
Fin-di-tur alte. 2.Hunc, velut pra-vi sce-le-ris mi-nistrum;
Inter indignos medi- um la-tro-nes, Cerne; crude-lis fu-
it is-ta gentis Di- ra vo-luntas. 3. Pallet heu! vultus; ca-
put ecce lapsum Flecti-tur; clausis o-cu-lis, Re-demptor
Spi-ri-tum sacro, me-ri-tis onustum, Fundit ab o-re. 4. O
cor, æs durum supe-ras, gemendo, Ni scelus tergas; tu-



a culpa Christum Stipi-ti affi-xit; tu-a culpa morti Sub-
di-dit atræ. 5. Sit De-o æternum decus omne in æ-vum,
Qui pi-us nostri gene-ris Re-demptor, Crimi-nis la-bem
mi-se-ris nocentem Sanguine tersit. A- men.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1912, using Caeciliae typeface,

Words: Early Christian Hymns', D. J. Donahoe, 1908.

- 1. Behold where hangs in cruel infamy
The God of Ages on the bloody tree,
Behold his tender hands nailed to the cross,
He dies in shame, from shame to make us free.*
- 2. Lo, like a worker of most wicked deeds,
Between two thieves he hangs; his body bleeds
To gratify the rage of Israel;
His life is spent to cure our cruel needs.*
- 3. Ah, pallid grows his face; his head is bowed,
His eyes are closed upon the scornful crowd,
With a loud voice he sends his spirit forth,
And o'er his body settles death's dark cloud.*
- 4. O heart that hears and weeps not, hard as brass
Thou art; for lo, 'twas all thy sins, alas!
That brought thy Saviour here, all innocent,
To cleanse thy guilt, and ope the heavenly pass.*
- 5. To thee, Eternal God, all glory be,
Who gave thyself to die upon the tree,
By thy all precious blood to wash away
Our crimes, and lift us evermore with thee.*