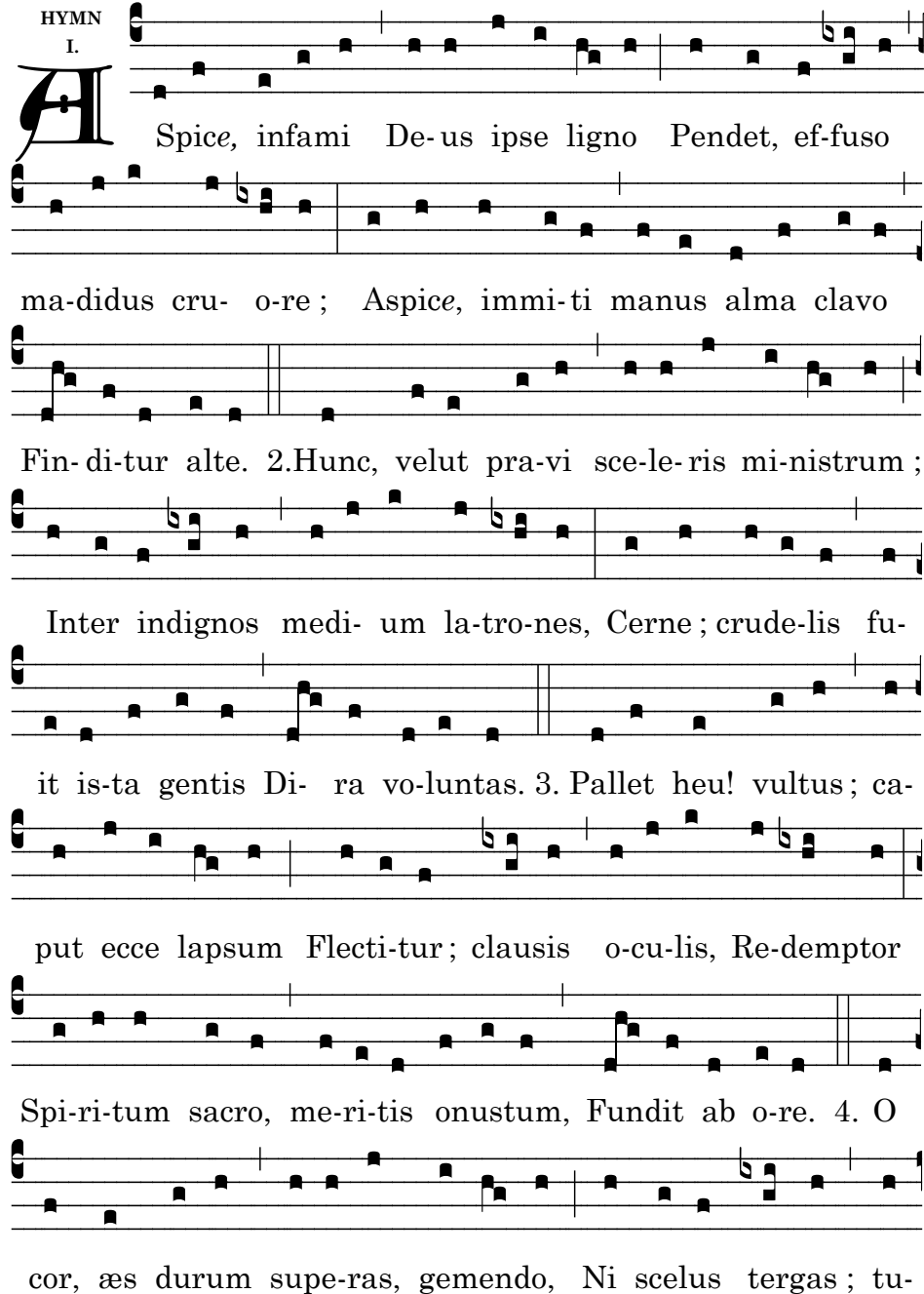


HYMN : ASPICE INFAMI DEUS

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: Translation is from 'Hymns and Poems, Rev. Edward Caswall.

1. See ! where in shame the God of glory hangs, All bathed in his own blood :
See ! how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs Those hands so good.
2. Th' All Holy, as a minister of ill, Betwixt two thieves they place ;
Oh, deed unjust ! yet such the cruel will Of Israel's race.
3. Pale grows his face, and fix'd his languid eye ; His wearied head He bends ;
And rich in merits, forth with one loud cry His Spirit sends.
4. O heart more hard than iron ! not to weep At this ; thy sin it was
That wrought his death ; of all these torments deep Thou art the cause.
5. Praise, honour, glory be through endless time To th' everlasting God ;
Who wash'd away our deadly stains of crime In his own Blood.