

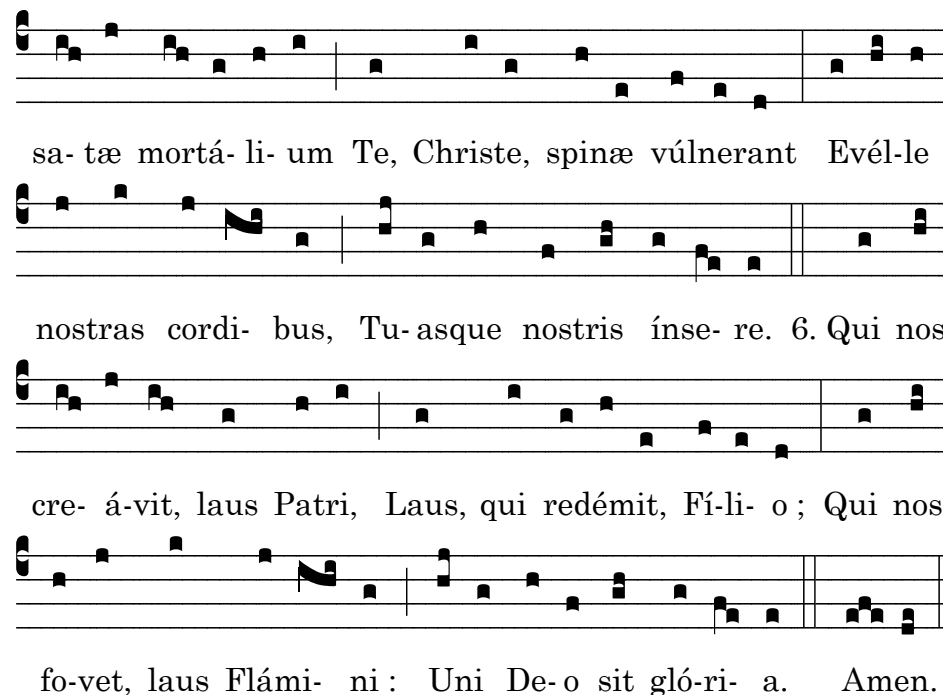
## HYMN : EXITE FILLÆ, SION

Vespers and matins hymn for the feast of The Susception of the Crown of Thorns

III.



**E**X- i- te fí- li- æ, Si- on Regis pudícæ vírgines, Chri-  
sti Corónam cérni- te, Quam mater ipsa téxu- it. 2. Hor-  
ret re- vúl- sis crí- nibus Spinis cru- entátum caput : Et vul-  
tus ille déco- lor Mortem propínquam réspi- cit. 3. Quæ  
terra sulcis ínvi- a, Dumis rigens et séntibus, Lugúbre  
munus prótu- lit. Quæ sæva méssu- it manus? 4. Christi  
ru- béscens sángine Acú- le- os mutat ro- sis, Palmámque  
vincens frúcti- bus Spina est tri- úmphis ápti- or. 5. Culpis



sa- tæ mortá- li- um Te, Christe, spinæ vúlnerant Evél- le  
nostras cordi- bus, Tu- asque nostris ínse- re. 6. Qui nos  
cre- á- vit, laus Patri, Laus, qui redémit, Fí- li- o ; Qui nos  
fo- vet, laus Flámi- ni : Uni De- o sit gló- ri- a. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music; re-typeset from *Liber Antiphonale*, 1912, using *Caeciliae* typeface,  
Text; *Paris Breviary* 1736. Author: Bishop Isaac Habert of Vabres, 17th c.

Words: The translation is from 'Early Christian hymns : Donahoe, Daniel Joseph, 1853-1930. pg. 239.

1. O DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem, Chaste virgins of the royal throne,  
Go forth and see the diadem That Sion weaves for Christ, her Son.:
2. Behold the blood upon his hair, His tender forehead rent and torn,  
The thorny crown that he must wear, While death is on his face forlorn.
3. O hard and harsh the soil that gave So foul a crop of thorns severe;  
More hard and harsh the cruel slave That forced them on a head so dear.
4. The thorns empurpled by the blood More fair than roses grow to be;  
The crown, touched by the sacred flood, Becomes a wreath of victory.
5. The barbs that rend thee, Christ, to-day Are the sharp thorns of human sin;  
O pluck them from our breasts, we pray, And plant thy living love therein.