

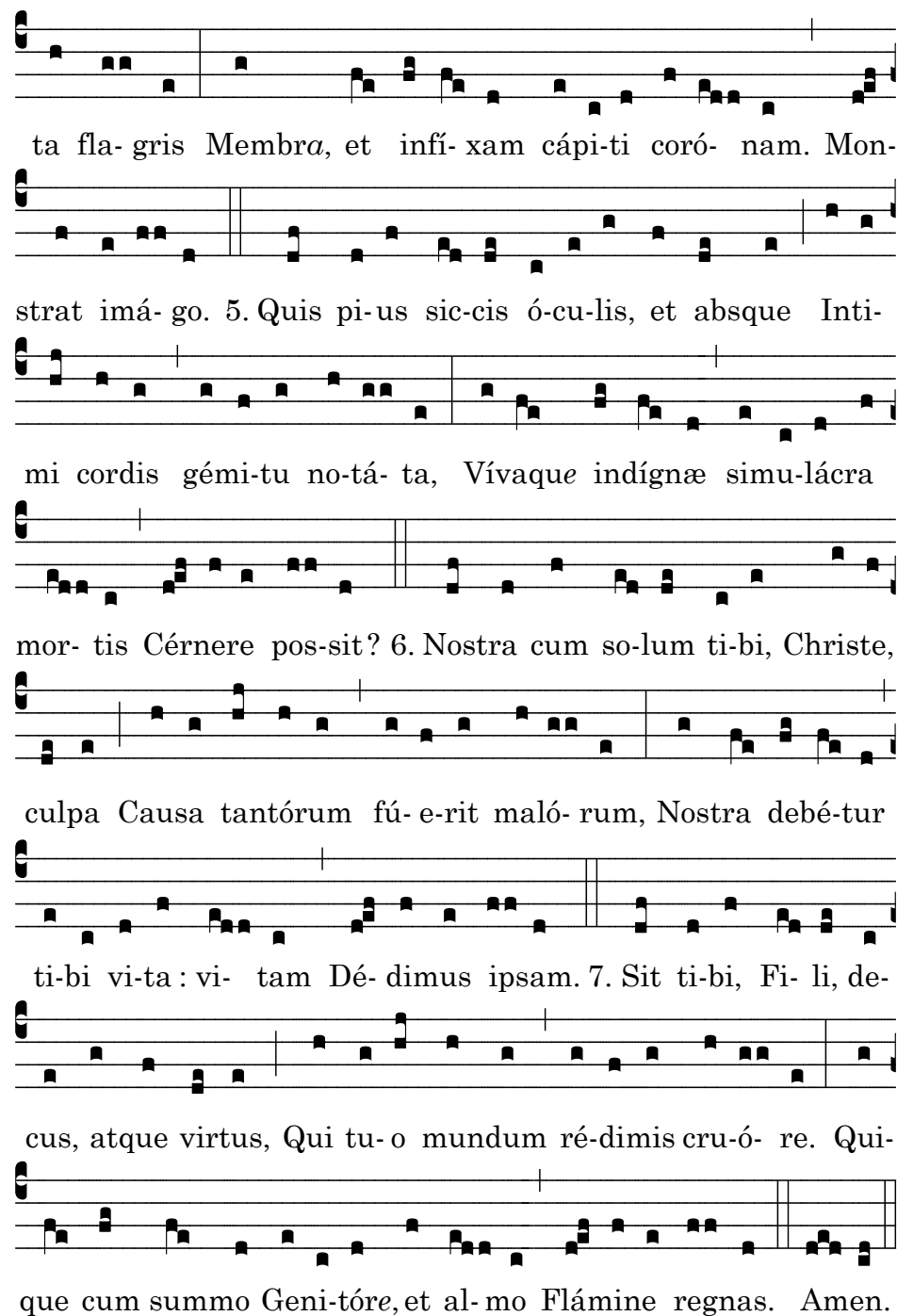
HYMN : GLORIAM SACRÆ

Vespers hymn for the feast of the Lance and Nails.

I.



Ló-ri- am sacræ ce-lebrémus omnes Síndonis: lætis
reco-lámus hymnis. Et pi- is vo- tis monuménta nostræ
Certa salú- tis. 2. Quæ refert semper ve-ne-ránda Sindon,
Sánguine impréssis deco-ráta si-gnis, Dum cruce ex al-ta
tu-lit invo-lú- tum Corpus J- e- su. 3. Reddit hæc sævos á-
nimo do-lo-res, Quos tu-lit casum mi-se-rátus Adæ, Chri-
stus humá- ni gé-ne-ris Redémptor, Morte perempta. 4. Sáu-
ci- um ferro latus, atque palmas, Et pedes clavis, lace-rá-



ta fla- gris Membra, et infí- xam cápi-ti coró- nam. Mon-
strat imá- go. 5. Quis pi- us sic- cis ó- cu- lis, et absque Inti-
mi cordis gémi- tu no- tá- ta, Vívaque indígnæ simu- lá- cra
mor- tis Cérnere pos- sit? 6. Nostra cum so- lum ti- bi, Christe,
culpa Causa tantórum fú- e- rit maló- rum, Nostra debé- tur
ti- bi vi- ta: vi- tam Dé- dimus ipsam. 7. Sit ti- bi, Fi- li, de-
cus, atque virtus, Qui tu- o mundum ré- dimis cru- ó- re. Qui-
que cum summo Geni- tóre, et al- mo Flámine regnas. Amen.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.
Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1912, using Caeciliae typeface,
Translation from Early Christian hymns : Daniel J. Donahoe,, 1853-1930.*

1. The glory of the sacred winding-sheet,
In song and hymn to-day we celebrate,
That monument of love and mercy sweet,
In pious memory we cultivate.
2. For lo, imprinted plain upon each fold
The marks of bleeding hands and feet we see;
Ah, Christ, the Sindon, surely, we behold
That wrapped thy body taken from the tree.
3. And on the stains while gazing we recall
The cruel griefs the tender Saviour bore,
To raise us out of Adam's woful fall —
His holy death that we in tears adore.
4. The cloven side we see, the hands and feet
By nails of cruel iron pierced and torn,
And clearly printed on the snowy sheet,
Pressed on the drooping head, the crown of thorn.
5. What eye unstained of tears can these behold ?
What ear can hear without a rending groan ?
Let every soul to whom these truths are told
Fall to the ground in adoration prone.
6. Dear Christ, our crimes alone thy torments brought
Our evil lives took thy sweet life away,
Our mortal stains thy mortal sorrow wrought
Our lives are thine, O Lord, — receive thy pay.
7. To thee, O Son of God, be power and praise,
Who didst the world redeem from sin and shame,
Unto the Father equal glory raise,
And to the spirit's ever-living flame.

*Translation from Breviary hymns and missal sequences, Archbishop,
Edward G. Bagshawe, 1829-1915.*

1. Let all of us sing, giving glory and praise,
The Shroud, which of Jesus enfolded the limbs;
It bears on it marks of salvation ; let all
Exalt it with hymns.
2. This Shroud, which we honour, bears ever these marks,
As rich decorations imprinted in Blood,
What time it enfolded the Body of Christ,
Let clown from the Rood.
3. It shows us the terrible torments which Christ,
Who pitied our father's original fall,
And Saviour of those of His race would become,
Endured for us all.
4. His Side by the Lance opened wide, and His Hands
And Feet, that were pierced by the Nails, and the weals,
Which covered His Limbs, and His thorn crowned Head
This image reveals.
5. This picture, so moving, of death undeserved,
Could any behold without heart-broken sighs ?
Could any, possessed of compassionate hearts,
See this with dry eyes ?
6. Our sins were, O Christ, the sole cause of Thy woes,
The torments which here we depicted may see ;
Our life then is due, and our life we have given,
Entirely to Thee.
7. O Son, be all glory and power to thee,
Who buyest the world with Thy Blood back again,
And who, with the Father and Spirit of love,
For ever dost reign. Amen.