

## HYMN : MÆRENTES OCULI

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

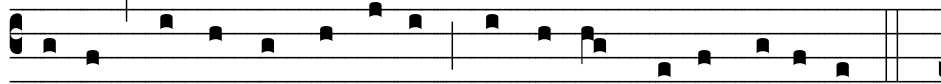
VII.

**M**Ærentes ócu-li spárgi-te lácrimas, Et luctu réso-  
nent íntima córdi-um, Illá-tas ré-fero Númini ab ímpi-is  
Pœnas et fe-ra vúlnera. 2. Accíncta heu! glá-di-is turba  
satél-li-tum. Arréptum Dóminum fústibus ímpe-tit, Nunc  
cædit cólaphis, nunc quatit hórri-dis Di-vinum caput ícti-  
bus. 3. Haud fi-nis scé-le-ri; trá-di-tur ímpro-bo Christus  
carní-fi-ci; nec mora, bárbarus In Regem súde-rum non  
timet, ímpi-o Ausu, vér-te-re dèxte-ram. 4. Audíte o pó-

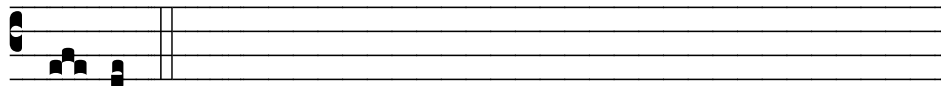
pu-li, Numen amá-bi-le, Manánte ex húme-ris úndique  
sánguine, Lictó-ris rábi-di sústi-net ímpe-tum, Et vocem  
premit ínnocens. 5. Quis non il-lácrimet! Jam nova cóndi-  
dit Torménta indómi-tæ gentis iníqui-tas. Infí-git cére-  
bro; proh dolor! éf-fe-ris Sertum vépri-bus ásperum. 6. Heu  
crimen! tráhi-tur fú-nibus ímpro-bis Funésti Dóminus sup-  
plí-ci-i ad locum: Il-lic oppé-ti-it, fúne-re spí-ri-tum Patri  
re-stí-tu-ens su-o. 7. Passo pro mí-se-ris tam fera vúlne-



ra In terris ré-sonet dé-bi-ta gló-ri-a ; Sacrumque assí-



du-e nomen in áthera Humánum genus éffe-rat.



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. Now let us sit and weep,  
And fill our hearts with woe ;  
Pondering the shame, and torments deep,  
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

2. See ! how the multitude,  
With swords and staves, draw nigh ;  
See ! how they smite with buffets rude  
That head divine of awful majesty:

3. How, bound with cruel cord,  
Christ to the scourge is given ;  
And ruffians lift their hands, unaw'd,  
Against the King of kings and Lord of Heaven.

4. Hear it ! ye people, hear !  
Our good and gracious God,  
Silent beneath the lash severe,  
Stands with his sacred shoulders drench'd in blood.

5. O scene for tears ! but now  
The sinful race contrive  
A torment new : deep in his brow,  
With all their force the jagged thorns they drive.

6. Then roughly dragg'd to death,  
Christ on the Cross is slain ;  
And, as He dies, with parting breath,  
Into his Father's hands gives back his soul again.

7. To Him who so much bore,  
To gain for sinners grace,  
Be praise and glory evermore,  
From the whole universal human race.

Another translation, *Early Christian Hymns Vol. 1.*, D. J. Donahoe, 1908.

1. Our eyes should fall in grief, our tears should flow.  
And from our deepest hearts the groan of woe  
Should rise, when we remember all the pangs  
The Saviour suffered, and the mortal blow.

2. Came Judas from the priests, and, armed with staves  
And swords, a cringing multitude of slaves;  
They struck the tender Christ, and mocking cried,  
"Others he saved; see if himself he saves!"

3. The savage throng the gentle Saviour brings  
Before the scornful priest's false questionings;  
Delivered to the soldiers, lo, they dare  
Raise impious hands against the King of Kings.

4. Ye people, see! the God of earth and skies;  
The cross upon his bleeding shoulder lies,  
Silent he bears the lictor's cruel blow,  
And never to the jeering crowd replies.

5. And walking, lamb-like, to his cruel death,  
Upon his head he wears a thorny wreath;  
The rage of Israel stinging insult brings;  
He hows a sacrifice and suffereth.

6. And so he cometh unto Calvary  
And dieth nailed upon the shameful tree,  
He dieth burdened by all human woe,  
And yieldeth his pure life, to make men free.

7. Yea, for our miseries the cruel pain  
He bore; to bring new life his life was slain;  
So let his glory ring through earth and heaven,  
Our living God and King of endless reign.