

HYMN : MYSTERIUM MIRABILE

Matins hymn for the feast of the Lance and Nails.


I.



M Ysté-ri-um mirá-bi- le Hac luce no-bis pándi- tur
Verus De-i cum Fí-li- us Mortem cru- éntam sústi-net.



2. Causam tu-éndo sérvu- li, Re-íque formam vésti- ens,
Pro servo Herus suspéndi- tur, Pro sonte Justus plécti-tur.



3. Ne-cis manent insígni- a, Impréssa Sacra in Síndo- ne,
Quæ post tri-úmphum nóbi- lem Corpus cru- éntum in- vól-
ve-rat. 4. Sunt mortis hæc, et tárta- ri Mundíque vi-cti in-
sígni- a: Trophæ-a sunt hæc íncli- ta Ductó- ris invi-



ctíssi-mi. 5. Debémus ergo hanc grá-ti- am Nostræ salú-tis



víndi- cti, Ut dæmonis contra do- los Hac mi- li- témus



tésse-ra. 6. Vitæ vetú-stæ mórtu- i Surgámus in vi-tam



no- vam Christum se-cú- ti: per Cru- cem Christi fru- é-



mur gló-ri- a. 7. Præsta, Pater pi- íssi-me, Patríque compar



U- ni- ce, Cum Spíri- tu Parácli- to Regnans per omne



sæ- culum. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

*Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1912, using Caeciliae typeface,
Translation below is from, Early Christian hymns : Donahoe, Daniel
Joseph, 1853-1930.*

1. WONDER of wonders, we behold
The Christ, the son of God most high!
We see the winding-sheet enfold
His prone and awful majesty.,

2. Robing his form in all our woe
From all our woe to set us free
The pangs of death to undergo
He hangs upon the shameful tree.

3. And printed on that winding-sheet
Which wrapped his body on the bier,
The marks of bleeding hands and feet,
The traces of his death appear.

4. These are the signs of triumph won,
Over the world, the grave and hell,
The trophies of God's warrior Son,
Our leader, Christ, invincible.

5. Under this sign of grace we fight,
This banner of the holy stains,
Against the powers of death and night,
All Satan's wiles and galling chains.

6. And casting our old life away.
We robe our souls in raiment new,
And following Jesus night and day,
The glorious hopes of heaven pursue.

7. To God the Father glory be,
The same to Christ his only son,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Forever reigning; three in one.

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

1. To-day a wondrous mystery,
For us to ponder, is displayed,
How the true Son of God Himself
To shed His Blood in death is made.

2. That His poor slaves He might defend,
Appearing as the guilty one,
The Lord is crucified, the Just
For sinners unto death is done.

3. Now traces of that cruel death,
The Sacred Winding- Sheet still shows,
Which, when He had His triumph won,
His bleeding Body did enclose.

4. These are the splendid trophies won,
Of conquered death, and hell, and world,
Banners which our unconquered Chief
For evermore displays unfurled.

5. To Him, then, this return we owe,
Who did for us Salvation win,
True to this watchword to contend,
Against the devil's wiles, and sin.

6. To the old life let us be dead,
To the new life O let us rise,
Bearing the Cross of Christ, we shall
Enjoy Christ's glory in the skies.

7. Most loving Father, grant us this,
With Thy Coequal Only Son,
And with the Spirit Paraclete,
Reigning while endless ages run. Amen.