


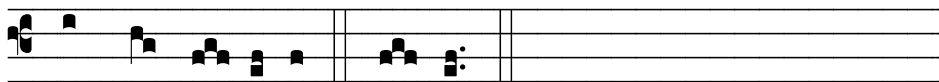
# HYMN : SÆVO DOLORUM TURBINE

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

II.  **S**ævo do-lórum tûrbi-ne Jactá-tur, a-tris ób-ru-tus  
Poënis, a-cérba sùsti-nens, Redémptor af-fí-xus cru-ci.  
2. Pedes manúsque hor-rí-bi-li Cla-vi cru-éntant vúl-ne-  
re : Cor, vultus, artus, pécto-ra Sacro redúndant sán-  
guine. 3. Flet, o-rat, et clamans obit : Cor Matris ictum  
cón-ci-dit : Heu Mater! heu Fi-li! do-lor Ingrá-ta fran-  
gat pé-cto-ra. 4. Montes, sepùlcrá sáxa-que Scindùntur :  
arva, flù-mi-na, Rupes et æquor cóntremunt, Templí-



que velum scí-di-tur. 5. Sol, luna cœ-lum, síde-ra Plan-  
gunt, et orbis ín-ge-mit: O vos vi-ri, vos párvu-li, Nup-  
tæ, pu-éllæ, plán-gi-te. 6. Astá-te mœrén-tes cru-ci, Pe-  
des be-á-tos ún-gi-te, Lavá-te fle-tu, térgi-te Comis,  
et o-re lám-bi-te. 7. Tu ca-ri-tátis víctima, Ut nostra  
tollas crí-mi-na No-bis salúbri pér-fi-cis Adopti-ónem  
sán-guine. 8. Nostra ergo pax et gáudi-um Sis vi-ta, Je-  
su, et præ-mi-um : Sis ductor et lux in vi-a, Merces, co-



róna in pá-tri- a. A- men.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.*

*Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1912, using Caeciliae typeface,*

*Translation ; Hymns and Poems, Rev. Edward Caswall.*

1. O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe,  
Upon the Tree of scorn  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.
2. See ! how the nails those hands  
And feet so tender rend ;  
See ! down his face, and neck, and breast,  
His sacred Blood descend.
3. Hark ! with what awful cry  
His Spirit takes its flight ;  
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart,  
And wrapt her soul in night.
4. Earth hears, and to its base  
Rocks wildly to and fro;  
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;  
The veil is rent in two.
5. The sun withdraws his light ;  
The midday heavens grow pale;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their Maker's death bewail.
6. Shall man alone be mute ?  
Come, youth ! and hoary hairs !  
Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !  
And bathe those feet in tears.
7. Come ! fall before His Cross,  
Who shed for us his blood;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.

8. Jesu ! all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest!  
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest.

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

1. What cruel storms of grief and pain  
The gentle Jesus must sustain!  
He bears his cross to Calvary,  
And there they place him on the tree.
2. With nails they nail him to the wood,  
Our thorn-crowned King; his holy blood  
O'erflows from every wound; forlorn  
He hangs the sport of spite and scorn.
3. He weeps, he prays, aloud he cries,  
And yielding up the ghost, he dies;  
The mother feels the cruel blow,  
Her stainless heart is pierced with woe.
4. The rocks are rent, and quakes the earth,  
From out the tombs the dead walk forth;  
Dread darkness covers land and main;  
The temple's veil is torn in twain.
5. Sun, moon and stars in gloom arc hurled,  
The heavens moan, and groans the world;  
O sinful man, in shame arise  
Behold, for thee the Saviour dies.
6. Here with his mother, stand and weep.  
In tears his wounded members steep.  
See, hand and foot and bleeding side,  
And think, for love of man he died!
7. Victim of love! lo, thou art slain,  
From sin and shame our souls to gain;  
To wash us in the sacred flood  
Of thy regenerating blood.
8. Our peace, our joy, be thou, O Lord,  
Our life, our hope, our sweet reward,  
Our guide, our light upon the way,  
To lead us unto endless day.