

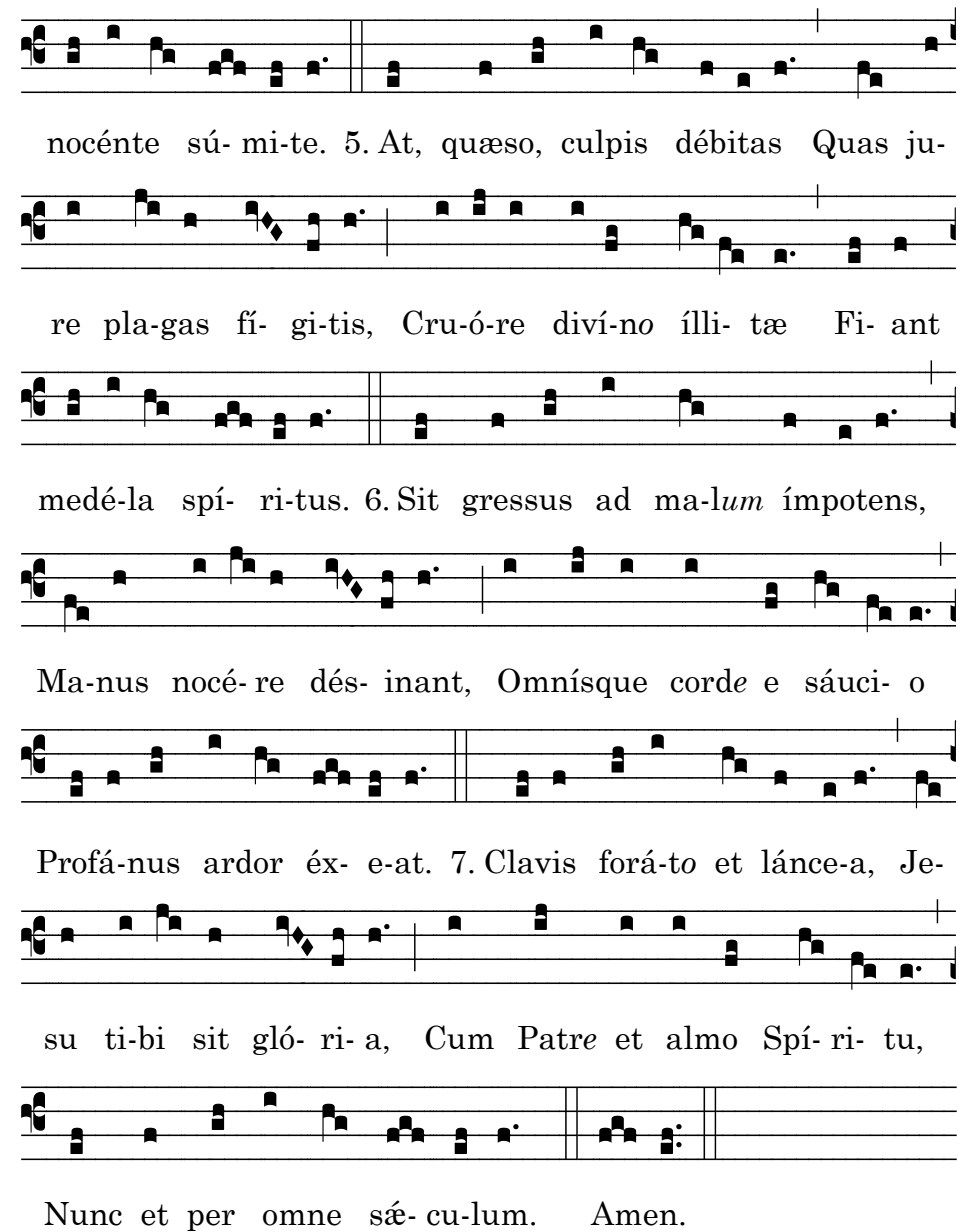
HYMN : SALVETE CLAVI ET LANCEA

Lauds / Matins hymn for the feast of the Lance and Nails.

II.



S Alve-te Clavi et Lánce-a, Squa-ló-re nu-per ób-si
ta, Quæ mersa Christi córpo-ri, Almo rubé-tis sán-
gui-ne. 2. Vos ad scelus Judá-i-ca E-lé-gerat perfi-di-
a ; Sed in mínistra grá-ti-æ Vos vertit e coelo De-
us. 3. Nam quot sacrá-tis ártu-bus Sculpsístis o-lim
vúlne-ra, E tot reclú-sis fón-ti-bus Dona éfflu-unt cœ-
lés-ti-a. 4. Tinctam ergo Christi sánguine, Convé-tite in
me cú-spi-dem : Fe-rí-te cor, pedes, ma-nus : Pœnam a



nocénte sú-mi-te. 5. At, quæso, culpis débitas Quas ju-
re pla-gas fí-gi-tis, Cru-ó-re diví-no ílli-tæ Fi-ant
medé-la spí-ri-tus. 6. Sit gressus ad ma-lum ímpotens,
Ma-nus nocé-re dés-inant, Omnísque corde e sáuci-o
Profá-nus ardor éx-e-at. 7. Clavis forá-to et lánce-a, Je-
su ti-bi sit gló-ri-a, Cum Patre et almo Spí-ri-tu,
Nunc et per omne sá-cu-lum. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

*Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1912, using Caeciliae typeface,
Use; Verses 1,2,3 & 7 at Matins, Verses 4, 5, 6 & 7 at Lauds.*

Translations on next page,

1. Hail, Spear and Nails ! erewhile despised,
 As things of little worth ;
Now crimson with the blood of Christ,
And famed through Heav'n and earth.

2. Chosen by Jewish perfidy
 As instruments of sin,
God turn'd you into ministers
 Of love and grace divine :

3. For from each several wound ye made
 In that immortal frame,
As from a fount, celestial gifts
 And life eternal came.

4. Oh, turn those blessed points, all bathed
 In Christ's dear Blood, on me ;
Mine were the sins that wrought his death,
 Mine be the penalty.

5. Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart ;
 So may some drop distil
Of Blood divine, into my soul,
 And all its evils heal.

6. So shall my feet be slow to sin,
 Harmless my hands shall be;
So from my wounded heart shall each
 Forbidden passion flee.

7. Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and Spear,
 Let every knee adore ;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
 O Spirit, evermore.

1. HAIL piercing nails, hail cruel spear,
 But late in mean esteem ye stood;
The flesh of Christ has made you dear,
 The purple of his healing blood.

2. Selected by the faithless Jew,
 As instruments of horrid crime,
The God of love has made of you
 The ministers of grace sublime.

3. The tender flesh ye rent, but lo,
 The wounds in side, in hands, in feet,
Are fountains of his love, whence flow
 Celestial streams of blessings sweet.

4. O Bloodstained barbs that Christ endures,
 Turn, turn your torture unto me;
Heart, hand and foot, the crime is yours,
 Be yours the bitter penalty.

5. Yea, Jesus, all the fault was mine.
 That caused thy bitter woe and pain;
Pour on my soul thy blood divine
 And make it whole and pure again.

6. So shall my feet ne'er move to sin.
 My hand from every wrong be free,
So clean my bosom that therein
 No shade of evil thought shall be.

7. O wounded Saviour, unto thee,
 We bow in love, thy name adore;
Unto the Sire and Spirit be
 Like praise and glory evermore