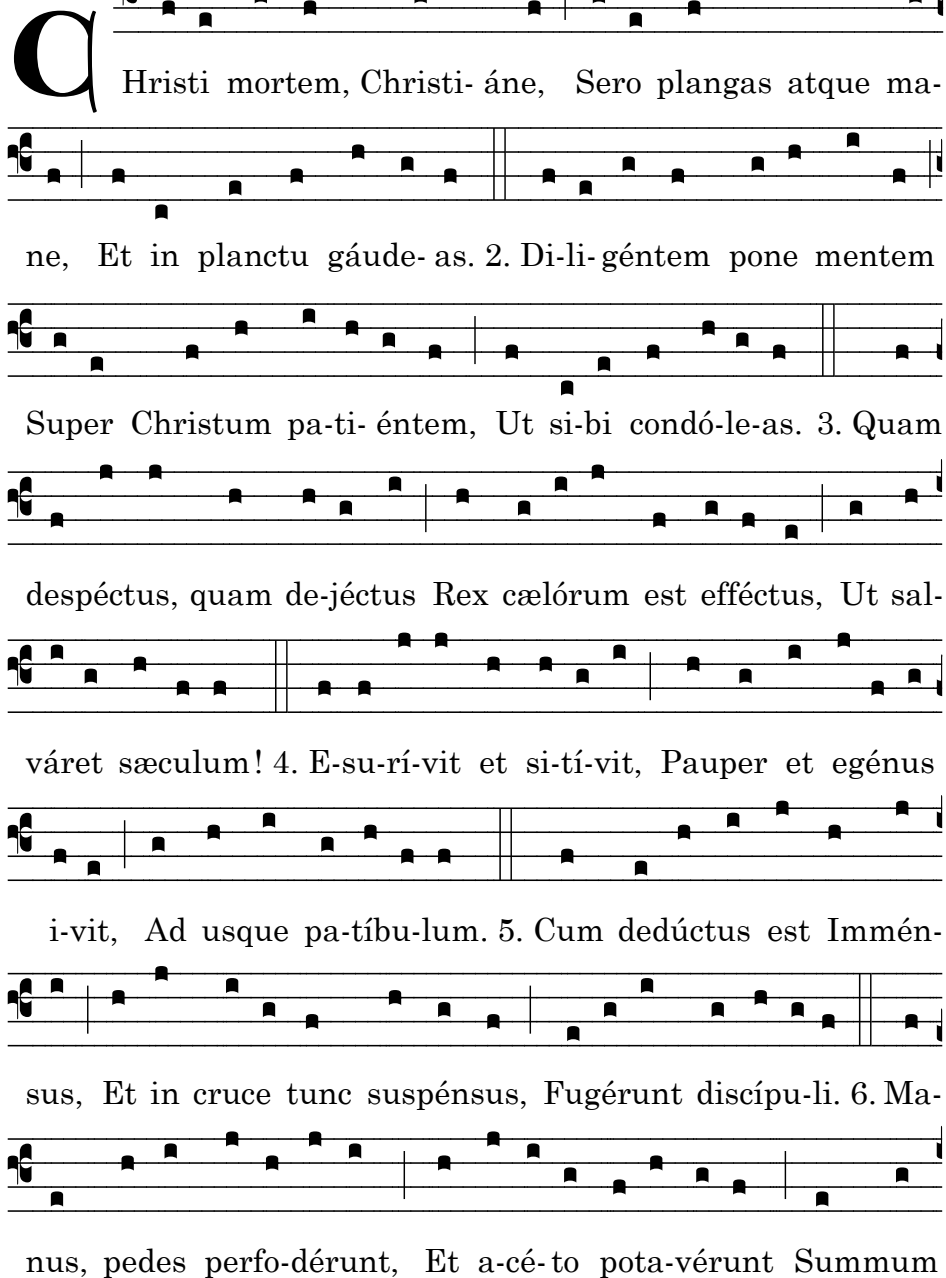


## SEQUENCE : CHRISTI MORTEM, CHRISTIANE

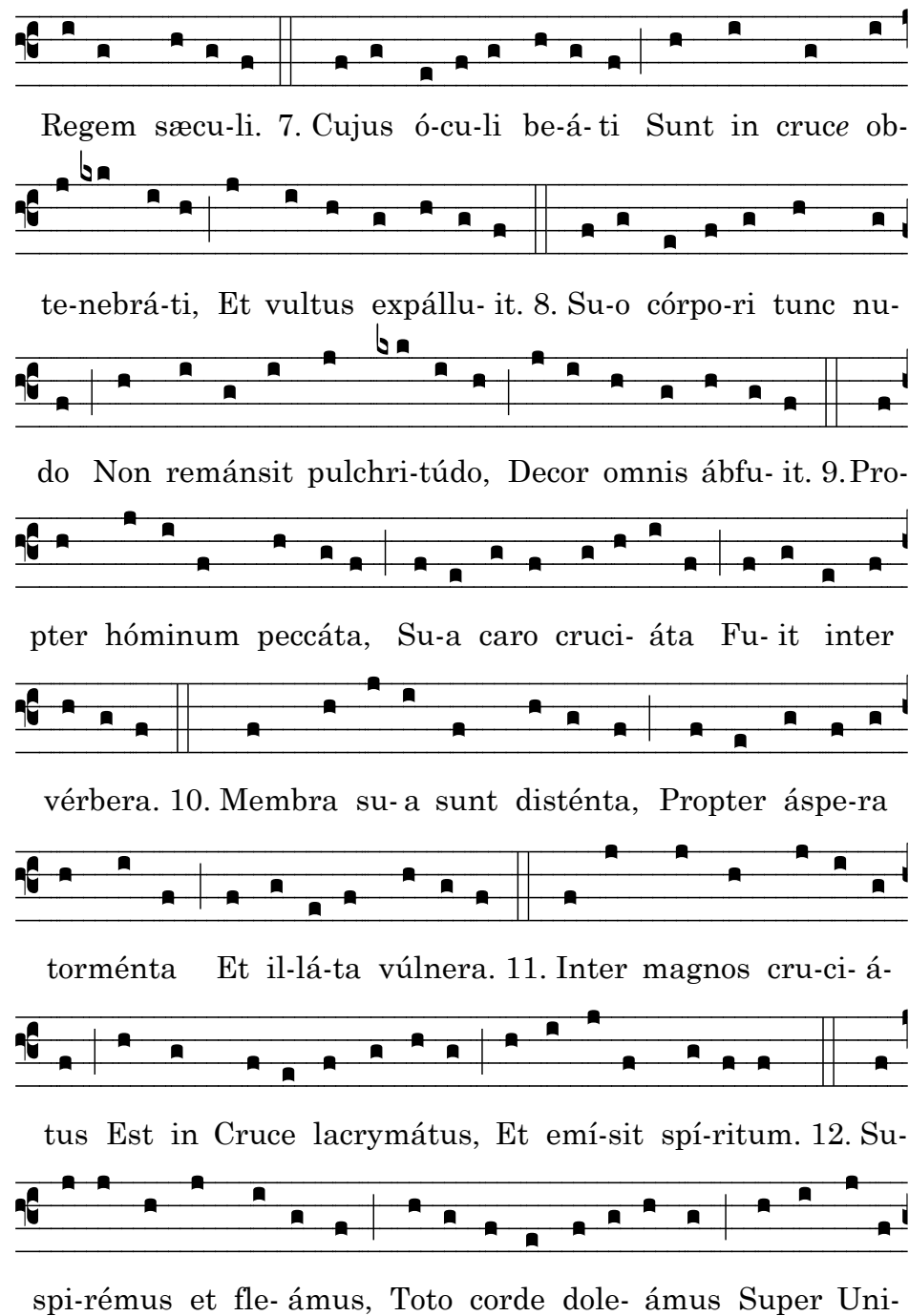
*Sequence for the Feast of the Mysteries of the Way of the Cross*

Seq.

II.



**C**hristi mortem, Christi-áne, Sero plangas atque ma-  
ne, Et in planctu gáude-as. 2. Di-li-géntem pone mentem  
Super Christum pa-ti-éntem, Ut si-bi condó-le-as. 3. Quam  
despéctus, quam de-jéctus Rex cælórum est efféctus, Ut sal-  
váret sæculum! 4. E-su-rí-vit et si-tí-vit, Pauper et egénus  
i-vit, Ad usque pa-tíbu-lum. 5. Cum dedúctus est Immén-  
sus, Et in cruce tunc suspénsus, Fugérunt discípu-li. 6. Ma-  
nus, pedes perfo-dérunt, Et a-cé-to pota-vérunt Summum



Regem sæcu-li. 7. Cujus ó-cu-li be-á-ti Sunt in cruce ob-  
te-nebrá-ti, Et vultus expállu-it. 8. Su-o córpo-ri tunc nu-  
do Non remánsit pulchri-túdo, Decor omnis ábfu-it. 9. Pro-  
pter hóminum peccáta, Su-a caro cruci-áta Fu-it inter  
vérbera. 10. Membra su-a sunt disténta, Propter áspe-ra  
torménta Et il-lá-ta vúlnera. 11. Inter magnos cru-ci-á-  
tus Est in Cruce lacrymátus, Et emí-sit spí-ritum. 12. Su-  
spi-rémus et fle-ámus, Toto corde dole-ámus Super Uni-

gé-ni-tum. 13. Hinc nostrórum pecca-tó-rum Glo-ri- ó-sus  
 Rex cæló-rum Nobis donet véni- am. 14. Atque se-cum per  
 fe-réntes Crucem, du-cat gesti- éntes Ad ætérnam gló-  
 ri- am. Amen.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.*

*Music: re-typeset from Graduale Romano-Seraphicum, 1924, using Caeciliae typeface,*

*Translation from the Franciscan supplement,*

1. Mourn the death of Christ, O Christian,  
 Night and morning show contrition,  
 And in weeping find thy joy.
2. Concentrate upon Him duly,  
 On the suffering Christ, that truly  
 Thou mayest ever mourn for Him.
3. How despised and how dejected  
 Was the God-King who effected  
 Our release from Satan's thrall!
4. Cruel hunger, thirst all-burning,  
 Tortured Jesus, but He, yearning  
 For our love, did suffer all.

5. When the Mighty One forsaken  
 Both by God and man, was taken  
 To the cross, the Apostles fled.
6. Hands and feet with nails were riven;  
 Bitter gall as drink was given  
 To the King of Glory dread.
7. Blessed eyes, once clear and tender,  
 Now their light to death surrender;  
 Gentle face now groweth pale.
8. Body, once so fair exceeding,  
 Hangeth naked, torn and bleeding  
 Pain doth beauty now assail.
9. For the sins of men Christ dieth;  
 For their souls to God He crieth,  
 While He suffereth mortal pain.
10. All His members are distended,  
 All by cruel wounds tormented;  
 Streameth blood from every vein.
11. Thus upon the cross expiring  
 Weepeth Christ, yet naught desiring  
 But His spirit forth to send.
12. Let us now with tears and mourning,  
 Over Christ our love out pouring,  
 Comfort Him unto the end.
13. Jesus, glorious King of Splendor,  
 By Thy love and mercy tender,  
 Set us free from every stain.
14. Thus, our daily crosses bearing,  
 And with Thee our sorrow sharing,  
 Lead us to our heavenly gain. Amen.