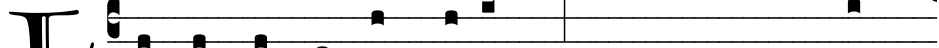


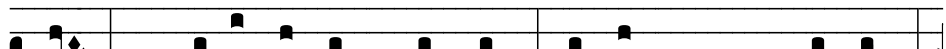
LUSTRA SEX

Sarum Lauds Hymn for the season of Passiontide

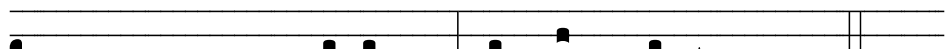
III.




Lustra sex qui jam perácta Tempus implens córpo-



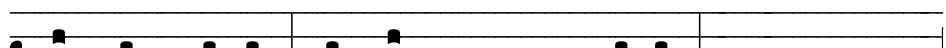
ris, Se vo-lénte natus ad hoc Passi- ó-ni dé-di-tus,



Agnus in Cru-ce le-vá-tur Immo-lándus stí-pi-te. 2. Hic



a-cé-tum, fel, arúndo Sputa, clavis, lánce-a: Mi-te cor-



pus perfo-rá-tur, Sanguis, unda próflu-it: Terra, pontus,



astra, mundus, Quo la-vántur flúmi-ne! 3. Crux fi-dé-lis,



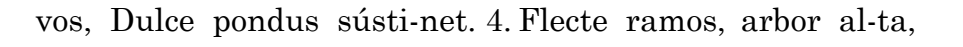
inter omnes Arbor u-na nó-bi-lis: Nulla silva ta-lem



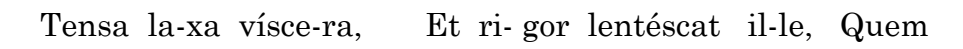
pro-fert, Fronde, flo-re, gérmí-ne. Dulce, lignum, dulces cla-



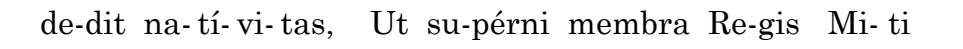
vos, Dulce pondus sústi-net. 4. Flecte ramos, arbor al-ta,



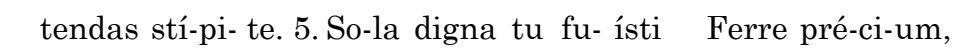
Tensa la-xa vísce-ra, Et ri-gor lentéscat il-le, Quem




de-dit na-tí-vi-tas, Ut su-pérni membra Re-gis Mi-ti



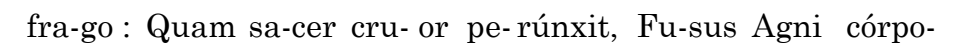
tendas stí-pi-te. 5. So-la digna tu fu-ísti Ferre pré-ci-um,



sáecu-li Atque portum præpa-rá-re Nauta mundo náu-

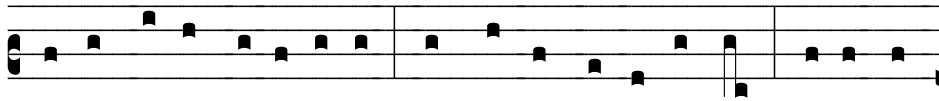


fra-go: Quam sa-cer cru-or pe-rúnxit, Fu-sus Agni córpo-





re. 6. Gló-ri- a et ho-nor De- o Usquequo Altíssi-mo :



Una Patri, Fi-li- óque, Incly- to Pa-rácly- to: Cu- i laus



est et po- téstas Per ætérna sáecu- la. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music: re-typeset from Sarum Hymns and Melodies, using Caeciliae typeface,

Words: Breviarium Sarisburiense, W. Renwick.

The English translation below is from 'The Hymner, G. H. Palmer, 1905.'

1. Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfill'd.
Born for this, he meets his Passion,
For that this he freely will'd :
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where his life-blood shall be spill'd.
2. He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed :
From that holy Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean
By that flood from stain are freed.
3. Faithful Cross! above all other
One and only noble tree
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be :
Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

4. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory
Thy relaxing sinews bend :
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed suspend :
And the King of heav'nly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend!

5. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold :
For a shipwreck'd race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old :
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that roll'd.

6. To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.