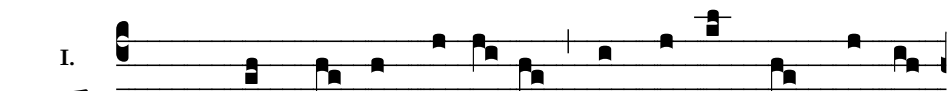


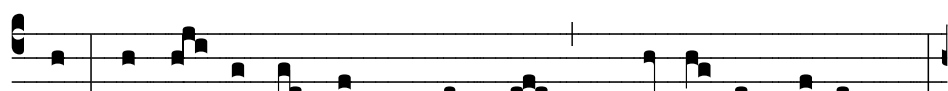
# LUSTRIS SEX

*Lauds Hymn for the season of Passiontide original text*

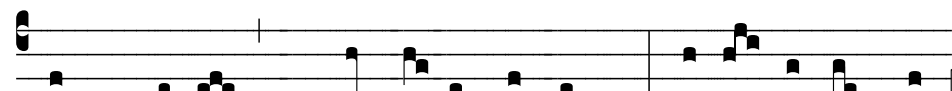
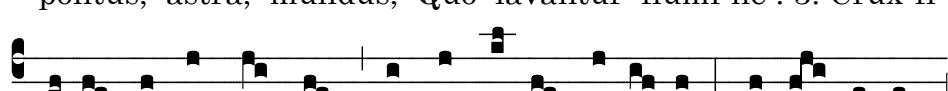

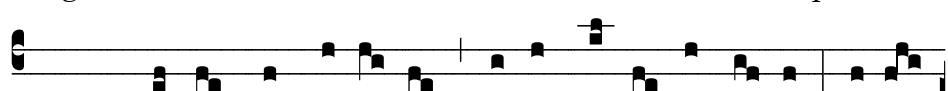
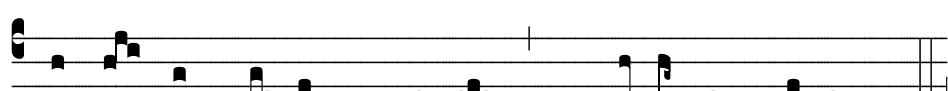
I.



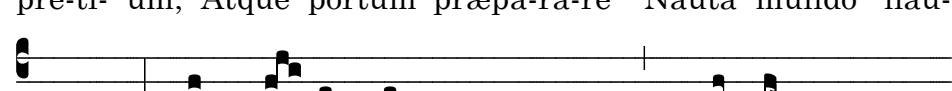
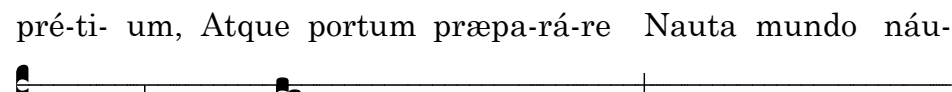
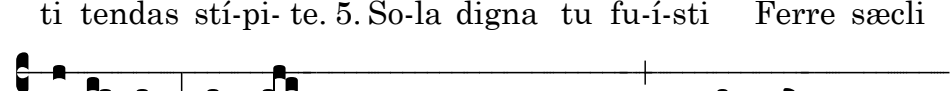
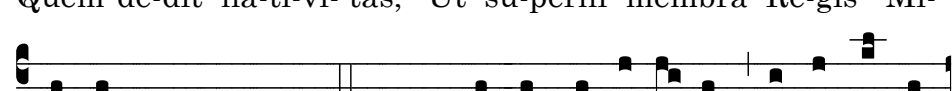


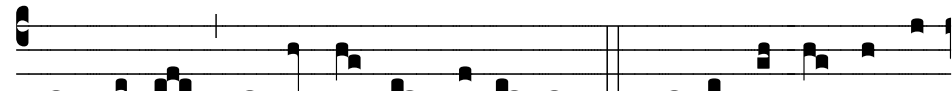
**L**ustris sex qui jam peráctis Tempus implens córpo-  
ris, Se vo- lén-te na-tus ad hoc Passi- ó- ni dé-di- tus,  
Agnus in Cru- cis le- vá- tur Immo- lán- dus stí- pi- te.



2. Hic a- cé- tum, fel, arúndo Sputa, clavi, lánce- a : Mite  
corpus perfo- rá- tur, Sanguis, unda próflu- it : Terra,  
pontus, astra, mundus, Quo lavántur flúmi- ne ! 3. Crux fi-  
dé- lis, inter omnes Arbor u- na nó- bi- lis : Nulla silva



talem pro- fert, Fronde, flo- re, gérmi- ne. Dulce, lignum, dul-  
ces clavos, 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- pé- rni membra Re- gis Mi-  
ti tendas stí- pi- te. 5. So- la digna tu fu- í- sti Ferre sæcli  
pré- ti- um, Atque portum præpa- rá- re Nauta mundo náu-  
fra- go : Quam sa- cer cru- or per- únxit, Fu- sus Agni córpo-

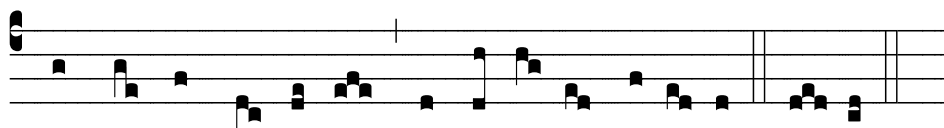




re. 6. Gló-ri- a et honor De- o Usquequáque al-tíssi-mo :



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



laus est et po- téstas Per ætér-na sáecu- la. Amen.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.*

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

*Translation; Early Christian hymns, Donahoe, Daniel Joseph, 1853-1930*

1. Thirty years are soon completed,  
And the day of woe is nigh;  
Comes the hour of man's redemption,  
When the Christ is doomed to die;  
On the cross, a lamb, uplifted,  
Lo! the Lord of earth and sky!

2. With a crown of thorns they crown him,  
And they nail him to the wood,  
With a lance they pierce his body  
Whence the water and the blood  
Flow, till ocean, earth and heaven  
Bathe in the redeeming flood.

3. Faithful cross, a tree so noble  
Never grew in grove or wood;  
Never leaf or blossom flourished  
Fair as on thy branches glowed;  
Sweet the wood and sweet the iron  
Bearing up so dear a load.

4. Ah! relax thy native rigour,  
Bend thy branches, lofty tree!  
Melt, O wood, in tender mercy!  
Christ, the King of Glory, see!  
Veiled in human sin and sorrow,  
Slain, from sin the world to free.

5. Thou alone art found all worthy  
Earth's dread sacrifice to bear;  
Thus to save the world from ruin,  
And the way to heaven prepare;  
By his sacred blood anointed,  
Thou, O Tree, art wondrous fair.

6. Everlasting praise and glory  
To the blessed Trinity;  
Glory to the heavenly Father,  
To the Son like glory be;  
Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
God eternal, one in three.