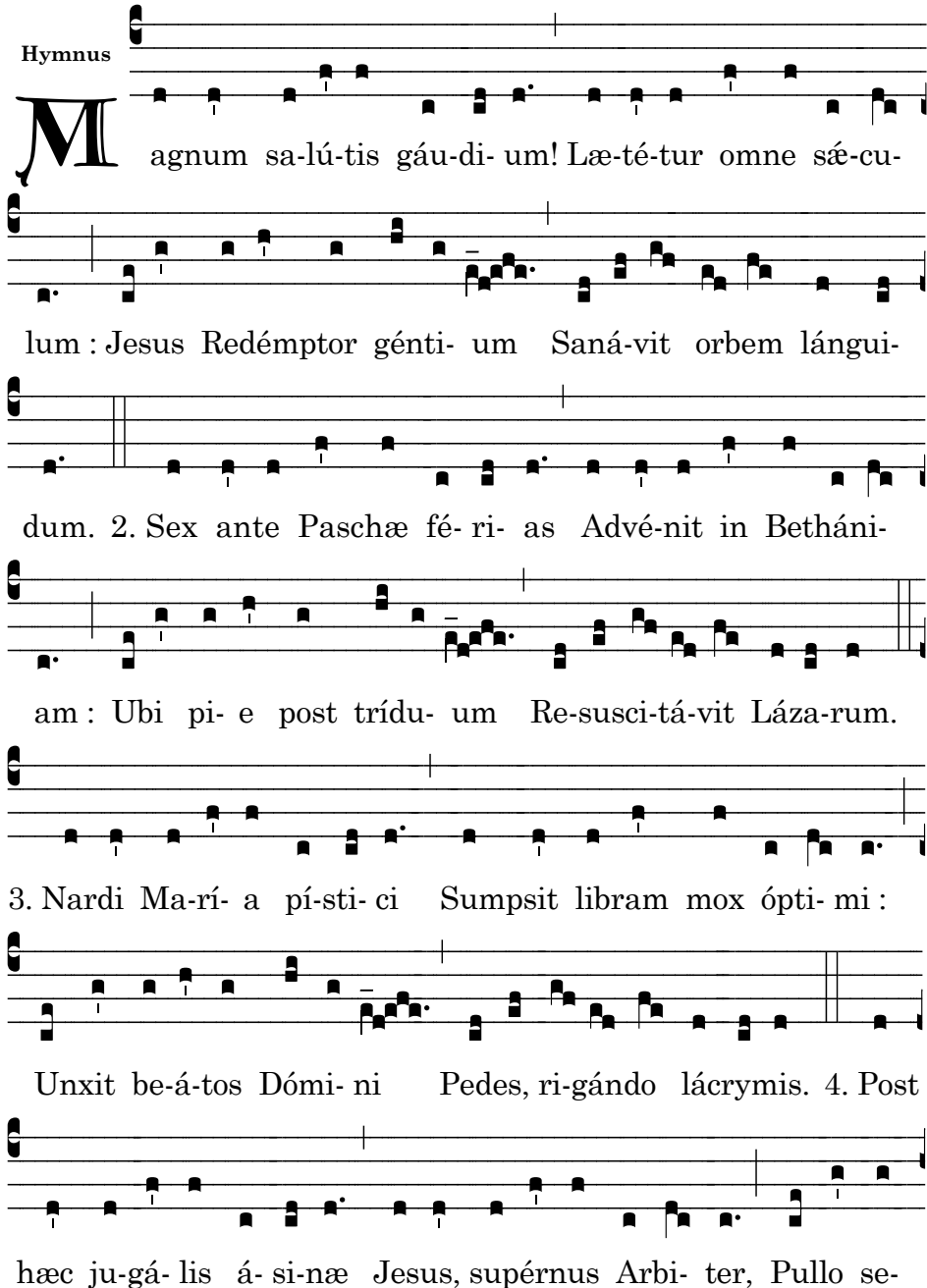


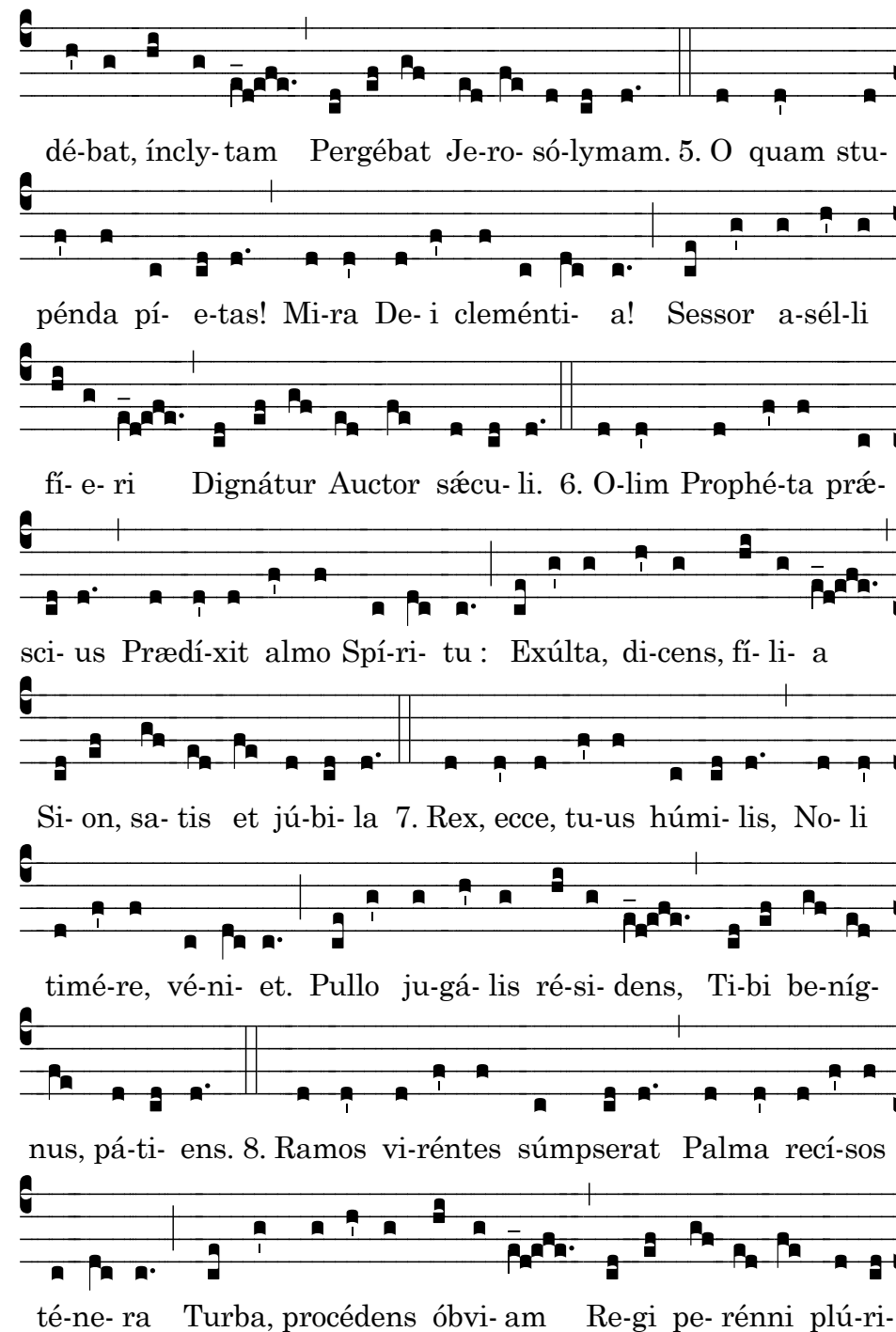
HYMN : MAGNUM SALUTIS GAUDIUM

Ambrosian Hymn for Palm Sunday

Hymnus



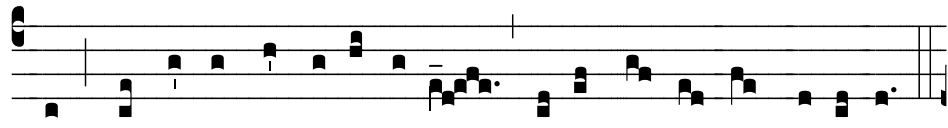
M agnum sa-lú-tis gáu-di-um! Læ-té-tur omne sá-cu-
lum : Jesus Redémptor génti-um Saná-vit orbem lángui-
dum. 2. Sex ante Paschæ fé-ri-as Advé-nit in Betháni-
am : Ubi pi-e post trí-du-um Re-susci-tá-vit Lá-za-rum.
3. Nardi Ma-rí-a pí-sti-ci Sumpsit libram mox ópti-mi :
Unxit be-á-tos Dó-mi-ni Pedes, ri-gá-ndo lácrymis. 4. Post
hæc ju-gá-lis á-si-næ Jesus, supér-nus Arbi-ter, Pullo se-



dé-bat, ín-cly-tam Pergébat Je-ro-só-lymam. 5. O quam stu-
pénda pí-e-tas! Mi-ra De-i clemé-nti-a! Sessor a-sél-li
fí-e-ri Digná-tur Auctor sá-cu-li. 6. O-lim Prophé-ta præ-
sci-us Prædí-xit almo Spí-ri-tu : Exúlta, di-cens, fí-li-a
Si-on, sa-tis et jú-bi-la 7. Rex, ecce, tu-us hú-mi-lis, No-li
timé-re, vé-ni-et. Pullo ju-gá-lis ré-si-dens, Ti-bi be-níg-
nus, pá-ti-ens. 8. Ramos vi-réntes sumpserat Palma recí-sos
té-ne-ra Turba, procédens óbvi-am Re-gi pe-rénni plú-ri-



ma 9. Coetus sequens, et præ-vi- us, Sáncto replé-nus Spí-ri-



tu, Clamá-bat : In altíssi-mis, Hosánna Da-vid Fí-li-o.



10. Quidam so-lú-tis stróphi-is Vi-am te-gébant vésti-bus :



Plurésque flore cándi-do I-ter pa-rá-bant Dómi-no. 11. Ad



cujus omnis cí-vi-tas Commóta ingréssum trému-it, He-



brá-a pro-les áure-a Laudes fe-ré-bat de-bi-tas. 12. Nos



ergo tanto Jú-di-ci Currámus omnes óbvi-am, Palmas



ge-rentes glo-ri-æ, Mente ca-námus sóbri-a. 13. Ho-nor,



decus, impé-ri-um Sit Tri-ni-tá-ti úni-cæ, Patri, Nato,



Pa-rácli-to Per infi-ní-ta sæcu-la. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music; retypeset from Salzinnnes Antiphonal 16th c., using Caeciliae typeface.

Translation by William John Copeland (1848), Hymns for the week and hymns for the season, p. 177.

1. Let age to age Hosannas sing, Glad shout of health and praise,
Now Jesus comes, Salvation's King, Th' expiring world to raise.
2. Six days the Paschal night before At Bethany He arrived,
Where, in His love, now four days o'er, He Lazarus revived.
3. There Mary took of spikenard sweet The precious pound and good,
Embalmed her Master's Blessed Feet, And with her tears bedew'd.
4. Then Jesus, Judge of Heaven Supreme, On asses colt He sate,
And on to proud Jerusalem Advanced in solemn state.
5. His tender love how marvellous, More wondrous meekness yet!
That earth's Creator deigneth thus On asses colt to sit.
6. 'Twas He the Seer's clear spirit eyed, And thrilling voice foretold,
'When Daughter, rise and shout' he cried, 'Shout, Sion, and behold!'
7. 'Thy King doth come, yon lowly One, Fear not, Behold the sign,
On foal of ass He rideth on, Meek, patient and benign.'
8. From tender palm the gathering throng The new-cut branches bring,
With olives green they haste along To meet th' Immortal King;
9. Before, behind, in concourse run, And in the Spirit's might,
'Hosanna' cry, 'to David's Son Hosanna in the height!'
10. Some strip them of their garments gay To deck the royal road,
Some with bright flowers bestrew the way As less unmeet for God.
11. At His approach with thrill intense The trembling city rang;
But Judah's golden innocence His worthiest praises sang.
12. O let us thus run forth to greet Th' Almighty Judge and King,
And bearing palms of glory meet With childlike spirit sing.