

HYMN : MENTES JUVET FIDELIUM

Vespers & Matins hymn for the Feast of the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary

HYMN
II.

M

Entes juvet fi-dé-li-um Planctum Marí-æ plán-

ge-re, Mori videt dum Fí-li-um Toto cru-éntum córpore.

2. Quanto do-ló-ris vúlne-re Pectus crú-entat íl-li-us, Amis-

sus uno fúne-re Sponsus, Prens et Fí-li- us! 3. Materna

nulla dú-ri- or, Nec ulla par afflícti- o : Nam nulla proles

cá-ri- or, Nec ulla par di-lécti- o. 4. Quot cara proles ex-

ci-pit Inflícta carni vébe-ra, Tot mæsta Mater súsci-pit



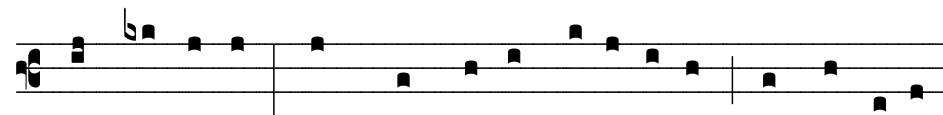
Infíxa cordi vúlnera. 5. Hunc spina, clavus, lánce-a Dum



pundit, illam cónfi-cit Mæró-re, qui vel sáxe-a Mové-re



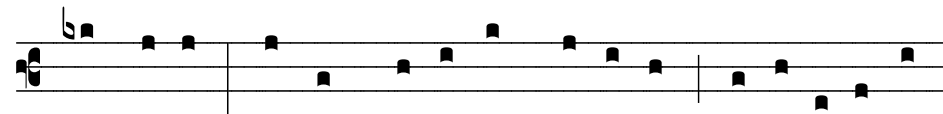
corda súffi- cit. 6. Sic ensis il-le sáuci-um Cor figit ac



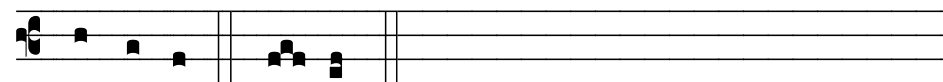
transvérbe-rat Quem jam di- u præcó-ni-um Sancti Senis



prædíxe- rat. 7. Pi- i Marí-æ sérvu- li, Christi re-démpti



sángui-ne, Tantum do-ló-rem flé-bi- li Re-co-gi-tá- te



lú-mi-ne. Amen.

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Music retypeset from Vesperarum, 1900, using Caeciliae typeface.

Translation, Hymns of the Dominican Missal and Breviary, Byrnes, 1943

1. All faithful souls should find relief
To share with Mary sorrow's flood,
While she saw die her Son in grief,
His body covered all with Blood.

2. The sword of woe -how deep it won!
That wounded her pure heart with pain
One God, her Father, Spouse, and Son
Since by its force this Son is slain.

3. No keener could maternal woe,
Nor equal grief, be found than here:
For never could a mother know,
Nor mother love, a child more dear.

4. The many torments her dear Son
Upon His wounded Flesh received
The pressing pain of every one
Her grieving Mother's heart perceived.

5. While nail and lance and cruel thorn
Pierced deep her Son, the Mother's moan
Gave sign that in her soul was born
A grief to move e'en hearts of stone.

6. Thus in her wounded heart and sore
Found place that sword of woe untold
Which Simeon so long before
In prophet's vision had foretold.

7. Let Mary's faithful clients all
By Christ's dear Blood from sin made free
In tearful light to mind recall
The sorrow's of their Martyr Queen. Amen.