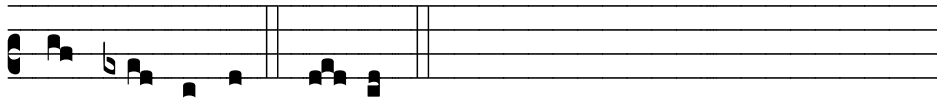


PANGE LINGUA

Dominican Vespers & Matins Hymn for the Feast of the Five Holy Wounds

III.
P Ange, lingua, glo-ri-ó-si Præ-li-um certámi-nis,
Et super crucis trophæ-um Dic tri-úm-phum nó-bi-lem, Quá-
li-ter Redémptor orbis Immo-lá-tus ví-ce-rit. 2. De Pa-
réntis pro-toplásti Fraude Factor cóndo-lens, Quando po-
mi noxi-á-lis Morsu in mortem córru-it : Ipse lignum tunc
no-tá-vit, Damna ligni ut sól-ve-ret. 3. Hoc opus nostræ sa-
lú-tis Ordo depo-pósce-rat, Multi-fórmis pro-di-tó-ris Ars
ut artem fálle-ret: Et medé-lam ferret inde, Hostis un-

de læ-serat. 4. Quando venit ergo sacri Pleni-tú-do tém-
po-ris, Missus est ab arce Patris Natus orbis Cóndi-tor,
Ac de ventre virgi-ná-li Ca-ro factus pró-di-it. 5. Vagit
infans inter arcta Cóndi-tus præsé-pi-a : Membra pan-
nis invo-lú-ta Virgo ma-ter ál-li-gat, Et manus pedésque
et crura Stricta cingit fásci-a. 6. Gló-ri-a et honor De-
o Usquequáque altíssi-mo, Una Patri, Fi-li-óque,
Inclyto Pará-cli-to : Cu-i laus est et potéstas Per ætér-



na sã-cu-la. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music; re-typeset from Vesperarum, 1900, using Caeciliae typeface,

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

1. FRAME, my tongue, a song of wonder,
Let the noble numbers ring;
Sing the glorious triumph crowning
Our Redeemer, Christ the King;
Sing the sacred immolation
That from death revoked the sting.

2. By the tree the crime of Adam
Plunged the earth in blighting sin;
From the tree man's woe was measured,
All the evil lay therein;
On the tree, by God's appointment,
Christ must die the world to win.

3. Thus the work of our salvation
Was by law divine ordained,
Thus by good to ill opposing,
Was the tempter's power restrained;
Whence the evil, thence the healing,
Whence came death true life is gained.

4. In his holy hour the Saviour
From the halls of heaven is come,
Takes the flesh of human nature;
So to save the flesh from doom;
Born as man, the world's Creator
Issues from a virgin's womb.

5. In a stable poor and lowly,
He, a tender child is born,
With a manger for a cradle,
Our Redeemer lies forlorn;
Swathing him in bands, the mother
Shields the Babe from shame and scorn.

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.