

HYMN : SALVETE CHRISTI VULNERA

Lauds hymn for the feast of the Precious Blood.

VIII.

S

Alvé-te Christi vúlne-ra, Imménsi amó-ris pí-

gnora, Quibus per-énis rí-vu-li Manant rubéntis sán-

guinis. 2. Ni-tó-re stellas vínci-tis, Rosas odó-re et bálsa-

ma, Préti-o la-píllos Indi-cos, Mellis favos dulcé-dine.

3. Per vos patet grátis-simum Nostris a-sýlum méntibus:

Non huc fu-ror mi-nánti-um Unquam pené-trat hó-sti-

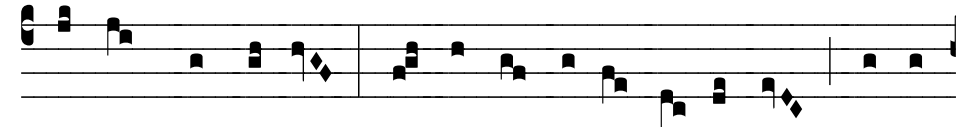
um. 4. Quot Je-sus in præ-tó-ri-o Fla-gél-la nu-dus éx-



ci-pit! Quot scissa pel-lis úndi-que Stil-lat cru-ó-ris



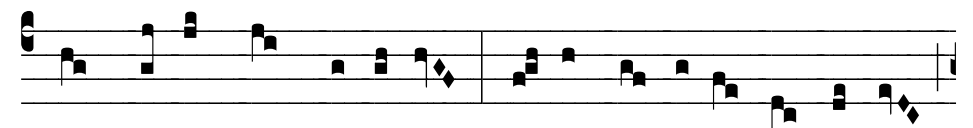
gúttu-las! 5. Frontem ve-nústam, proh do-lor! Co-ró-na



pungit spí-ne-a, Cla-vi re-tú-sa cúspi-de Pe-des



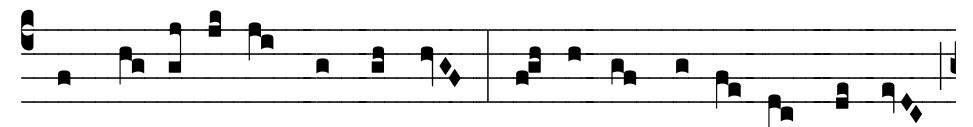
ma-núsque pérfo-rant. 6. Postquam sed il-le trá-di-dit A-



mans vo-lénsque spí-ri-tum, Pectus fe-rí-tur lán-ce-a,



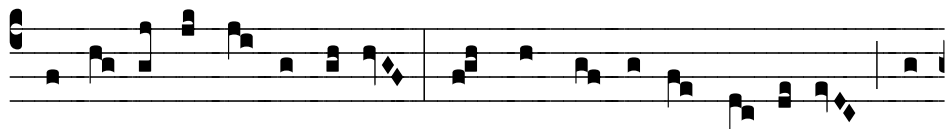
Geminúsque liquor éxsi-lit. 7. Ut plé-na sit red-émpti-o,



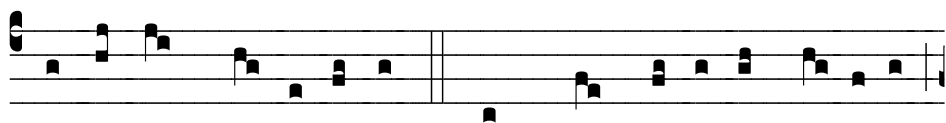
Sub torcu-lá-ri strín-gi-tur, Su-í-que Jesus ímmemor



Sibi nil re-sérvat sánguinis. 8. Vení- te, quotquot críminum



Fu-nésta lab-es ín-fi-cit : In hoc sa-lú-tis bálne-o Qui



se la- vat, mundá-bi- tur. 9. Summi ad Pa-réntis déxte-ram



Se-dénti habénda est grá- ti- a, Qui nos red- é-mit sán-



guine, Sanctóque firmat Spí- ri- tu. Amen.

Produced by the Society of St. Bede.

Music; re-typeset from Liber Antiphonale, 1949, using Caeciliae typeface,

Translation; Rev. E. Caswall.

1. Hail wounds ! which through eternal years
The love of Jesus show;
Hail wounds ! from whence unfailing streams
Of grace and glory flow.

2. More precious than the gems of Ind,
Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
Can once with you compare.

3. Through you is open'd to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Whither no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.

4. What countless stripes did Christ receive
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From his torn flesh how red a shower
Did all around Him fall !

5. How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce !
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce !

6. He bows his head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars;
Yet even after death his heart
For us its tribute pours.

7. Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He drains;
Till for Himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

8. Oh, come all ye on whom abide
The deadly stains of sin !
Come ! wash in this encrimson'd tide,
And ye shall be made clean.

9. Praise Him, who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies ;
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt.
Whose Spirit sanctifies.