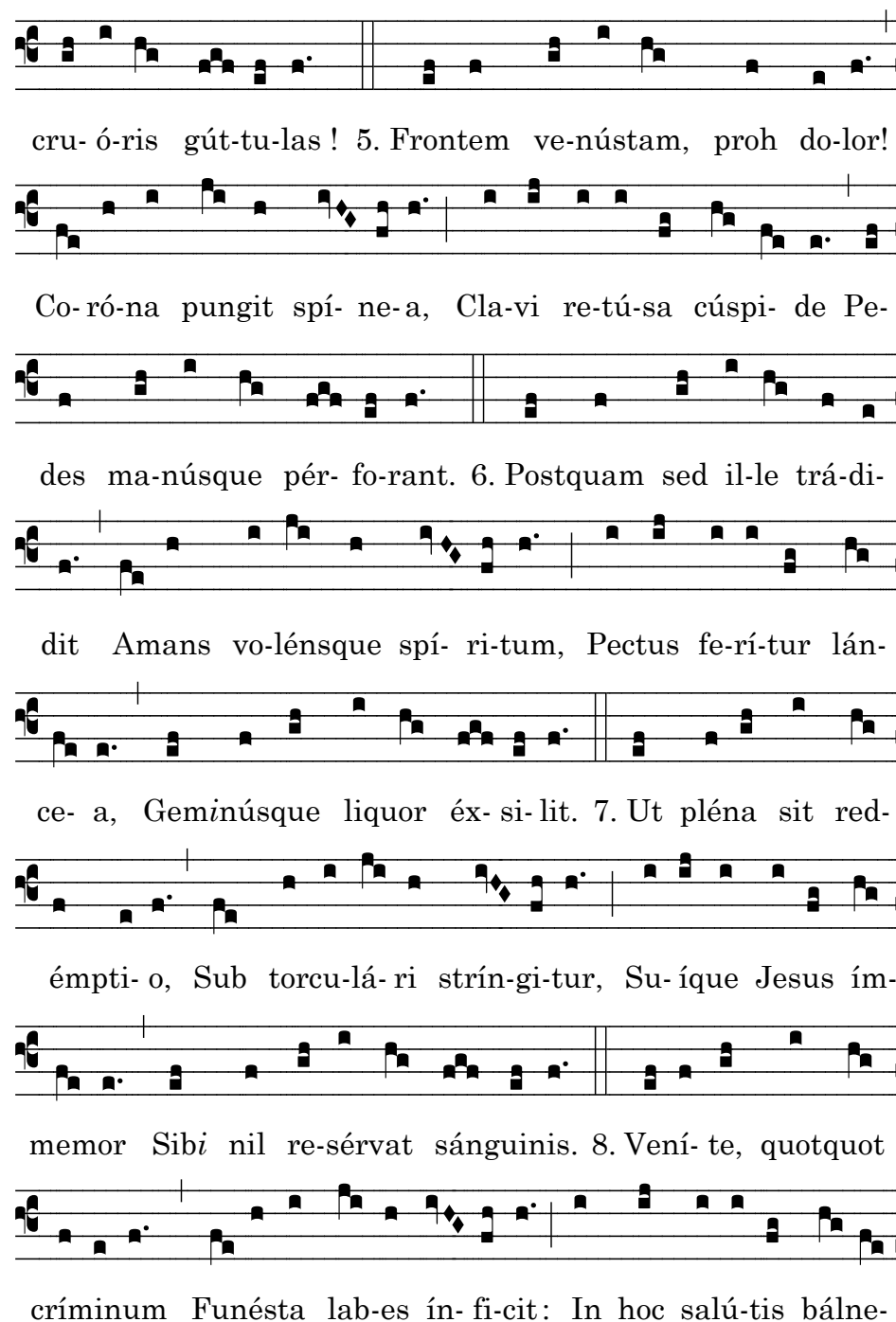


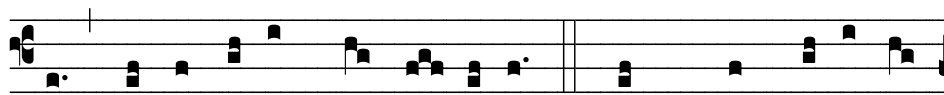
# HYMN : SALVETE CHRISTI VULNERA

*Lauds hymn for the feast of the Precious Blood.*

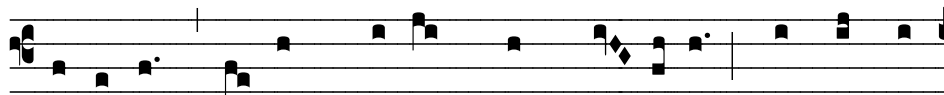
II. **S** Alvé-te Christi vúlne-ra, Imménsi amó-ris pí-gno-ra, Quibus per-énnes rí-vu-li Manant rubéntis sán-guinis. 2. Ni-tó-re stellas vínci-tis, Ro-sas odó-re et bál-sama, Préti-o lapíl-los Indi-cos, Mellis favos dulcé-di-ne. 3. Per vos pa-tet gra-tíssimum Nostris a-sý-lum mén-ti-bus : Non huc fu-ror 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 gút-tu-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 pér-fo-rant. 6. Postquam sed il-le trá-di-dit Amans vo-lénsque spí-ri-tum, Pectus fe-rí-tur lán-ce-a, Geminúsque liquor éx-si-lit. 7. Ut pléna sit red-émpti-o, Sub torcu-lá-ri strín-gi-tur, Su-íque Jesus ím-memor Sibi nil re-sérvat sánguinis. 8. Vení-te, quotquot críminum Funésta lab-es ín-fi-cit : In hoc salú-tis bálne-



o Qui se lavat, mundá- bi-tur. 9. Summi ad Paréntis



déxte-ram Se-dénti habénda est grá- ti- a, Qui nos red-



émit sán-gui-ne, 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. N.B. There is also a slightly different translation.*

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.