

## 15. Vexilla Regis prodeunt

Hymn  
I

Exil-la Re- gis pród-e-unt : Fulget Crucis mysté-  
Abroad the regal banners fly, Now shines the Cross's my-  
ri-um, Qua vita mortem pértu-lit, Et mor- te vi- tam pró-  
stery; Upon it Life did death endure, And yet by death did life  
tulit. Amen  
*procure.*

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| 2. Quae vulneráta lánceæ<br>Mucróne diro, críminum<br>Ut nos laváret sórdibus,<br>Manávit unda et sánguine.  | 2. <i>Who, wounded with a direful spear,<br/>Did, purposely to wash us clear<br/>From stain of sin pour out a flood<br/>Of precious water mixed with blood.</i>               |
| 3. Impléta sunt quæ cóncinit<br>David fidéli cármine,<br>Dicéndo natióibus :<br>Regnávit a ligno Deus.       | 3. <i>That which the prophet-king of old<br/>Hath in mysterious verse foretold,<br/>Is now accomplished, whilst we see<br/>God ruling nations from a Tree.</i>                |
| 4. Arbor decóra et fúlgida,<br>Ornáta Regis púrpura,<br>Elécta digno stípíte<br>Tam sancta membra tángere.   | 4. <i>O lovely and refulgent Tree,<br/>Adorned with purpled majesty;<br/>Culled from a worthy stock, to bear<br/>Those limbs which sanctifiéd were.</i>                       |
| 5. Beáta, cujus bráchiis<br>Prétium pepéndit sáculi :<br>Statéra facta córporis,<br>Tulítque prædam tártari. | 5. <i>Blest Tree, whose happy branches<br/>bore<br/>The wealth that did the world restore;<br/>The beam that did the Body weigh<br/>Which raised up hell's expected prey.</i> |
| 6. O Crux ave, spes única,<br>In hac triúmphí glória :<br>Piis adáuge grátiam,<br>Reisque dele crímina.      | 6. <i>Hail Cross, of hopes the most<br/>sublime!<br/>Now, in this mournful Passion time;<br/>Grant to the just increase of grace,<br/>And every sinner's crimes efface.</i>   |

7. Te, fons salutis Trinitas,  
Colláudet omnis spíritus :  
Quibus Crucis victóriam  
Largiris, adde præmium.  
Amen.
7. *Blest Trinity, salvation's spring  
May every soul Thy praises sing;  
To thos Thou grantest conquest by  
The holy Cross, rewards supply.  
Amen*

Ÿ. Hoc sígnum in Crúcis érit in cáelo.

*This sign of the Cross shall be in heaven.*

℞. Cum Dóminus ad judicándum vénerit.

*When the Lord shall come to judgement.*

Venantius Fortunatus 530–609

Translated by W. K. Blount, d. 1717

## 16. O Sacred Head sore wounded

- SACRED HEAD! sore wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed  
down,  
O Kingly Head! surrounded  
With thorns, Thy only crown;  
Death's pallor now comes o'er Thee,  
The glow of life decays,  
Yet hosts of heaven adore Thee  
And tremble as they gaze.
2. What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesus, all grace supplying,  
Turn Thou Thy face on me.
3. In this thy bitter passion  
Sweet Jesus, think of me.  
With thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be:  
Beneath thy cross abiding  
Forever would I rest,  
In thy dear love confiding,  
And with thy presence blest.
4. Be thou my consolation,  
My shield, when I must die;  
Remind me of thy passion  
When my last hour draws nigh.  
Mine eyes shall then behold thee;  
Upon thy cross shall dwell,  
My heart by faith enfold thee;  
Who dieth thus, dies well.

Paul Gerhardt 1607-76 from *Salve caput cruentatum*  
attrib. Bernard of Clairvaux

tr. Henry Williams Baker 1821-77 and  
James Waddell Alexander 1804-59