

Hymn.

V Exíl-la Ré-gis pró-de-unt: Fúlget Crúcis mystéri-um, Qua víta mórtē pértu-lit,
 Et mór-te ví-tam prótulit. 2. Quæ vulnerá-ta lánce-æ Mucrónē dí-r-o, críminum Ut
 nos lavá-ret sórdibus, Maná-vit únda et sánguine. 3. Implé-ta sunt quæ cóncinit
 Dávid fidé-li cármine, Dicéndo na-ti-ó-nibus: Regná-vit a lígno Dé-us. 4. Arbor decó-ra
 et fúl-gida, Ornáta Ré-gis púrpura, Elécta dí-gno stí-pi-te Tam sán-cta mēmbra
 tángere. 5. Be-á-ta, cú-jus brá-chi-is Préti-um pepéndit sæculi: Statéra fá-cta córpo-ris,
 Tu-lít-que prædam tártari. 6. O CRUX ÁVE, SPES Ú-NICA, Hoc Passi-ónis témpore
 Pi-is adáuge grá-ti-am, Re-ís-que dé-le crímina. 7. Te, fons salú-tis Trí-ni-tas,
 Colláudet ómnis spí-ritus: Quíbus Crúcis victó-ri-am Largí-ris, adde præmi-um. A-men.

1. Forth comes the Standard of the King: All hail, thou Mystery ador'd! Hail, Cross! on which the Life Himself Died, and by death our life restor'd!

2. On which our Saviour's holy side Rent open with a cruel spear Of blood and water poured a stream, To wash us from defilement clear.

3. O sacred wood! in Thee fulfill'd Was holy David's truthful lay! Which told the world, that from a tree The Lord should all the nations sway.

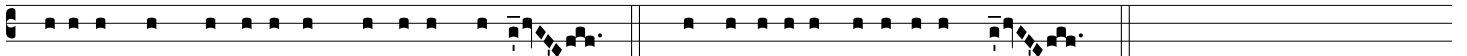
4. Most royally empurpled o'er, How beauteously thy stem doth shine! How glorious was its lot to touch Those

limbs so holy and divine!

5. Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretched The Saviour of the world reclined; Balance sublime! upon whose beam Was weighed the ransom of mankind.

6. Hail, Cross! thou only hope of man, Hail, on this holy Passionday! To saints increase the grace they have; From sinners purge their guilt away.

7. Salvation's spring, blest Trinity, Be praise to Thee through earth and skies: Thou through the Cross the victory Dost give; oh, also give the prize! Amen.



℣. Eripe me, Dómine, ab hómine má-lo.

℞. A vi-ro iníquo é-ripe me.

℣. Deliver me, O Lord, from the wicked man.

℞. And save me from the evil-doer.