


GRADUALE O.P.

FRIDAY OF THE PASSION OF THE LORD

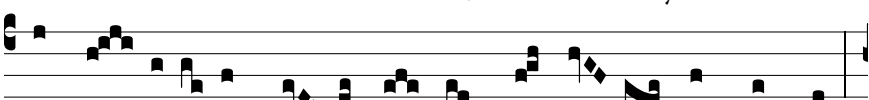
HYMNUS

Venantius Fortunatus (sæc. VI)

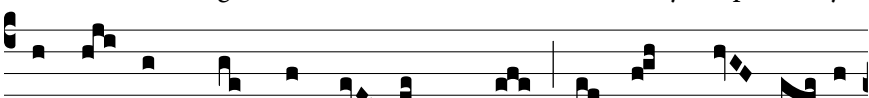
I




Faithful Cross! A-bove all oth-ers, One and on-ly noble tree!




None in fo-li-age, none in blos-som, None in fruit, your peer may




be; Pre-cious wood and pre-cious fast'ning, Precious weight up-held



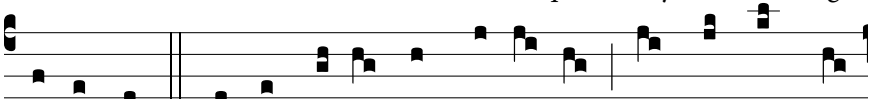
in plea. 1. Sing, my tongue, the noble bat-tle With completed vic-




t'ry rife; O'er the cross, that Victor's trophy Tell the tri-umph of




the strife: How the world's Redeemer conquered By surrend'-ring



of his life. 2. God,his Maker, with compassion When the first-made



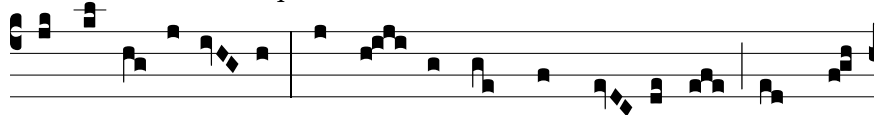
Adam fell, When he ate the fruit of sorrow, Whose re-ward



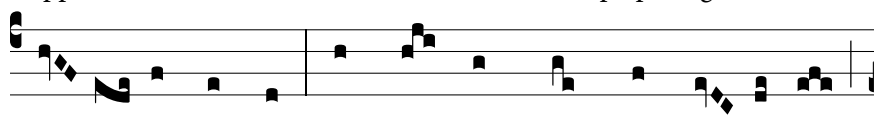
was death and hell, Noted then this Wood, the ru-in Of the



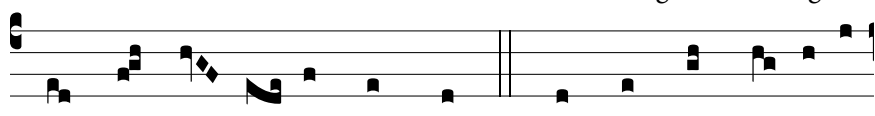
an- cient wood to quell. 3. This, the work of our sal- vation, He



appointed to a- tone; To the traitor's wiles op- posing Art more



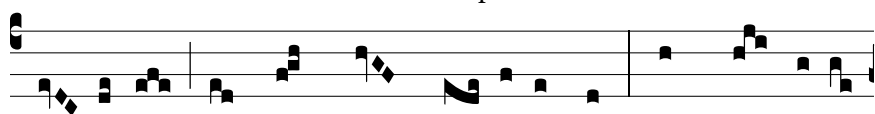
sub- tle than his own; And from there would bring the healing



Where the harm had first been sown. 4. Wherefore, then with sacred



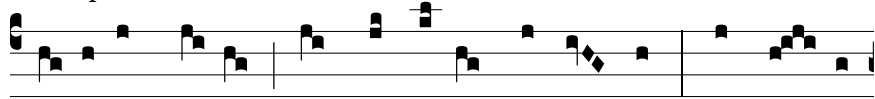
fullness Of the destined time complete, He was sent, the world's



cre- a- tor From the Father's heav- 'n- ly seat; And, from Virgin



born, pro- ceeded, God made Man, the foe to meet. 5. There he lies



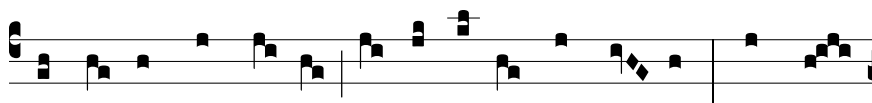
an infant weeping Where the narrow manger stands; And his limbs



the virgin- mother Warm enfolds in swaddling bands; Meetly thus,



with garment wrapping, Binding feet and legs and hands. 6. Thirty



years a-mong us dwelling, His appointed time ful-filled, Born for



this he meets his passion, This in-deed he freely willed; On the



cross the Lamb is lifted Where his life-blood shall be spilled. 7. He



endured the nails, the spitting, Vin-e-gar and spear and reed; From



that ho-ly bod-y broken, Blood and wa- ter forth proceed: Earth



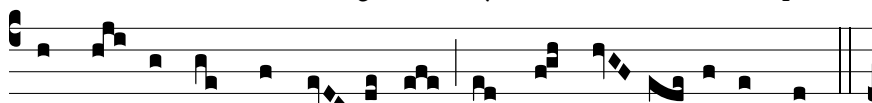
and stars and sky and ocean, By that flood from stain are freed.



8. Bend your boughs, O Tree of glo-ry! Your re-laxing sinews bend;



For a while the ancient rigor, That your birth bestowed, suspend;



And the King of heav'nly beauty On your bos-om gently tend.



9. You alone were counted worthy This world's ransom to sus-tain,



That a shipwrecked race for- ev-er Might the port of refuge



gain; With the sacred blood a- nointed Of the Lamb for sinners



slain. 10. Praise and honor to the Father; Praise and honor to the



Son, Praise and honor to the Spirit, Ev-er three and ev-er one;



Consub-stantial, co-e- ternal, While un-end-ing ag-es run. A- men.