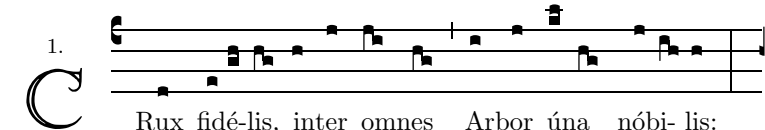
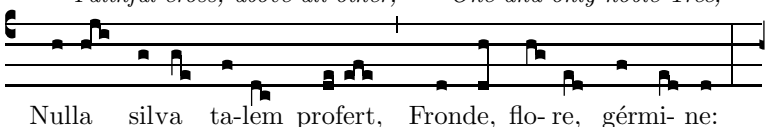



CruX fidelis

1. 


Rux fidé-lis, inter omnes Arbor úna nóbi-lis:
Faithful cross, above all other, One and only noble Tree,



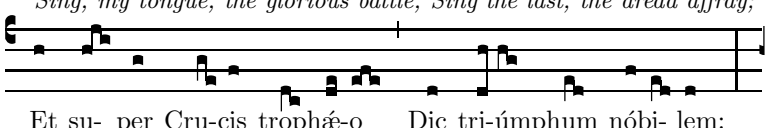
Nulla silva ta-lem profert, Fronde, flo-re, gérmí-ne:
None in foliage, none in blossom, None in fruit thy peer may be.



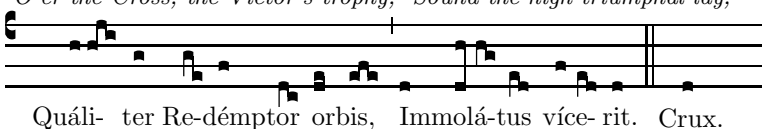
* Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, Dulce, pondus sústi-net.
Sweet the wood, and sweetest iron; Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

Hymn
1. 

P Ange lingua, glori-ósi Láure-am cer támi-nis,
Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, Sing the last, the dread affray;



Et su- per Cru-cis tropháe-o Dic tri-úm-phum nóbi-lem:
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy, Sound the high triumphal lay,



Quáli- ter Re-démptor orbis, Immolá-tus více-rit. CruX.
How, the pains of death enduring Earth's Redeemer won the day.

2. De paréntis protoplásti
Fraude Factor cóndolens,
Quando pomi noxiális
In necem morsu ruit:
Ipse lignum tunc notávit,
Damna ligni ut solveret. Dulce.

2. *He, our Maker, deeply grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.*

3. Hoc opus nostræ salútis
Ordo depopóscerat:
Multifórmis proditóris
Ars ut artem fálleret:
Et medélam ferret inde,
Hostis unde læserat. Crux.

4. Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitúdo témporis,
Missus est ab arce Patris
Natus, orbis Cónditor,
Atque ventre virgináli
Carne amíctus pródiit.
Dulce.

5. Vagit infans inter arcta
Cónditus præsépia:
Membra pannis involúta
Virgo Mater álligat:
Et Dei manus pedésque
Stricta cingit fáscia. Crux.

6. Lustra sex qui jam perégit,
Tempus implens córporis,
Sponte líbera Redémptor
Passióni déditus,
Agnus in Crucis levátur
Immolándus stípíte. Dulce.

7. Felle potus ecce languet:
Spina, clavi, lancea,
Mite corpus perforárunt,
Unda manat et cruor:
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus,
Quo lavántur flúmíne! Crux.

8. Flecte ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa víscera,
Et rigor lentéscat ille,
Quem dedit natívitas:
Et supérni membra Regis
Tende miti stípíte. Dulce.

3. *Thus the work for our salvation
He ordainéd to be done;
To the traitor's art opposing
Art yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound begun.*

4. *Therefore, when at a length the
fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb,*

5. *Lo! He lies, an infant weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands,
While the Mother-Maid His members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,
And the swaddling-clothes is winding
Round His helpless feet and hands.*

6. *Thirty years among us dwelling
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, He meets His Passion
For that this He freely willed:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where His life-blood shall be spilled.*

7. *He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that holy Body broken
Blood and water, forth proceed:
Earth and stars and sky and ocean
By that flood from stain are freed.*

8. *Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy too rigid sinews bend;
And awhile the stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestow'd, suspend;
And King of heavenly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.*

9. Sola digna tu fuísti
Ferre mundi víctimam:
Atque portum præparáre
Arca mundo náufrago:
Quam sacer cruor perúnxit,
Fusus Agni córpore. Crux.
10. Sempitérna sit beátæ
Trinitáti glória:
Æqua Patri Filióque;
Par decus Paráclito:
Uníus Triníque nomen
Laudet univérsitas. Amen.
Dulce.

9. *Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold,
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.*
10. *To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting as is meet;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete;
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.
Amen.*

Venantius Fortunatus 530–609
Translation by J. M. Neale and others