

Vexilla Regis

HYMN

Meter: CM

*This hymn can be sung to the tune used for
O God, Our Help in Ages Past*

The regal dark mysterious cross
In song is lifted high,
The wood on which the Son of Man
Was stretched against the sky.

Upon this wood his body bore
The nails, the taunts, the spear,
Till water flowed with blood to wash
The whole world free of fear.

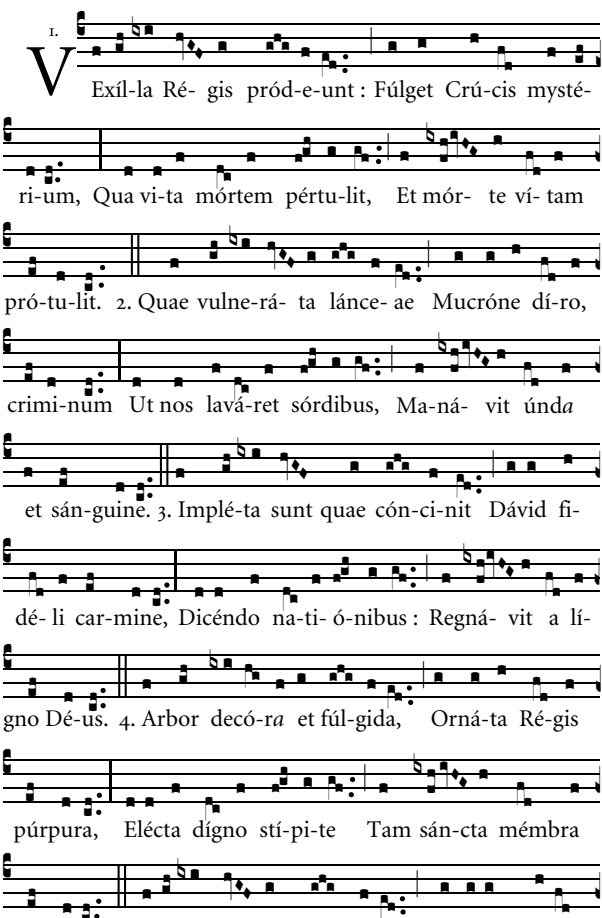
At last the song that David sang
Is heard and understood:
“Before the nations God as king
Reigns from his throne of wood.”

This wood now spread with purple wears
The pageantry of kings;
Of chosen stock it dares to hold
On high his tortured limbs.

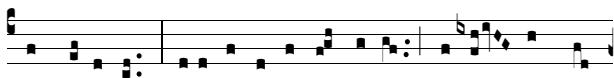
O blessed Tree, upon whose arms
The world's own ransom hung;
His body pays our debt, and life
From Satan's grasp is wrung.

O sacred Cross, our steadfast hope,
In this our Passiontide,
Through you the Son obtained for all
Forgiveness as he died.

V^{i.}



Exíl-la Ré- gis prod-e-unt : Fúlget Crú-cis mysté-
ri-um, Qua vi-ta mórtē pértu-lit, Et mór- te ví- tam
pró-tu-lit. 2. Quae vulne-rá- ta lánce- ae Mucrónē dí-ro,
crimi-nūm Ut nos lavá-ret sórdibus, Ma-ná- vit únda
et sán-guine. 3. Implé-ta sunt quae cón-ci-nit Dávid fi-
dé- li car-mine, Dicéndo na-ti- ó-nibus : Regná- vit a lí-
gno Dé-us. 4. Arbor decó-ra et fúl-gida, Orná-ta Ré-gis
púrpura, Elécta dígno stí-pi-te Tam sán-cta mēmbra
tángere. 5. Be-á-ta, cú- jus brá-chi- is Pré-ti-um pepén-



dit saécu-li: Staté-ra fácta córpo-ris, Tu-lit-que praé-



dam tártá-ri. 6. O Crux áve, spes ú- ni-ca, Hoc Passi- ónis



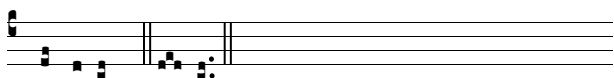
témpore: Pí- is adáuge grá-ti- am, Re- ís-que dé-le crí-



mina. 7. Te, fons sa-lú- tis Trí- ni-tas, Colláudet ómnis



spí-ri-tus. Quíbus Crú-cis victó-ri- am Lar-gí- ris, ádde



praémi- um. Amen.