Vexilla Regis Prodeunt

Vespers hymn for Passiontide



Abroad the regal banners fly, Now shines the Cross's mystery: Upon it Life did death endure, And yet by death did life procure. 2. Who, wounded with a direful

spear,

Did, purposely to wash us clear From stain of sin, pour out a flood Of precious water mixed with blood.

3. That which the prophet-king of old

Hath in mysterious verse foretold, Is now accomplished, whilst we see God ruling nations from a Tree.

4. O lovely and refulgent Tree, Adorned with purple majesty; Culled from a worthy stock, to bear Those limbs which sanctified were.

5. Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore

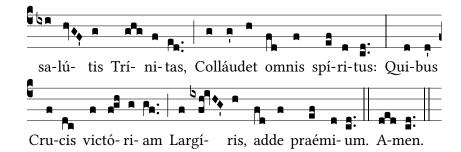
The wealth that did the world restore;

The beam that did that Body weigh Which raised up hell's expected prey.

6. Hail Cross, our hope; on thee we call,

Who keep this mournful festival; Grant to the just increase of grace, And every sinner's crimes efface. 7. Blest Trinity, we praises sing To Thee, from whom all graces spring;

Celestial crowns on those bestow Who conquer by the Cross below.



translation by Walter Kirkham Blount, 1717 and Evening Office, $1710\,$