

# CRUX FIDELS

HYMN

Venantius Fortunatus

I.  
**F** Aithful Cross, a-bove all o-ther One and only noble tree: None

in foliage, none in blossom, None in fruit thy peer may be;

Sweetest wood and sweet-est i-ron, Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, Sing the end-ing of the fray, Now


a-bove the Cross, the trophy, Sound the loud tri-umphant lay: Tell how

Christ the world's re-deemer, As a vic-tim won the day. R: Faithful Cross...


peer may be;

2. God in pi-ty saw man fall-en, Sham'd and sunk in mi-ser-y. When he

fell on death by tasting Fruit of the forbidden tree: Then an-other tree



was chosen Which the world from death should free. R̃ Sweetest wood...



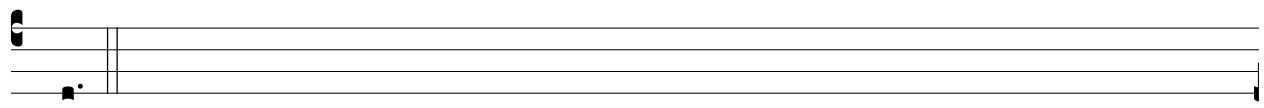
3. Thus the scheme of our salva-tion Was of old in order laid That the




man-i-fold de-ceiver's Art by art might be outweigh'd: And the lure the



foe put forward, Into means of heal-ing made. R̃ Faithful Cross... peer may




be;



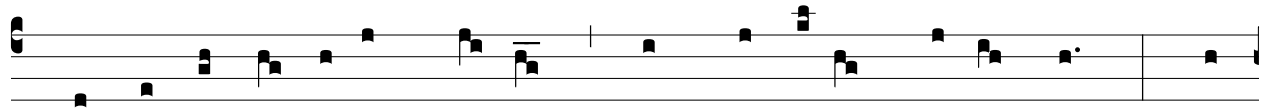
4. Therefore when th'a-ppointed fullness Of the ho-ly time was come, He was




sent who mak-eth all things Forth from God's e-ternal home: Thus he



came to earth incarnate, Offspring of a virgin's womb. R̃ Sweetest wood...



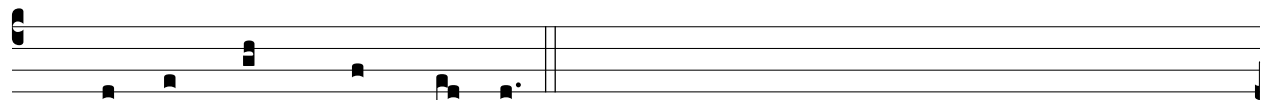
5. Lo! he lies, an infant weep-ing, Where the narrow manger stands: While



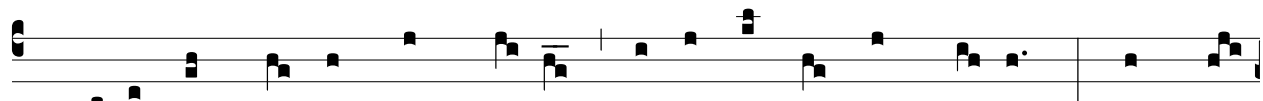
the Moth-er-maid his members Wraps in mean and lowly bands: And




the swaddling clothes are winding 'Round God's helpless feet and hands.



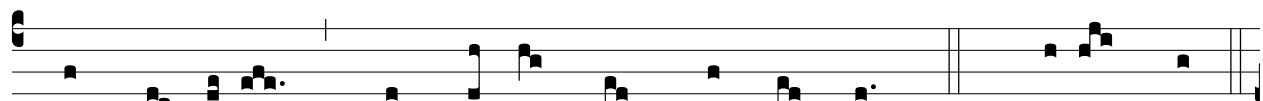
℞ Faithful Cross... peer may be;



6. Thirty years a-mong us dwell-ing His appoint-ed time ful-fill'd, Born for




this, he meets his Passion, For that this he free-ly will'd: On the Cross the



Lamb is lifted Where his life-blood shall be spill'd. ℞ Sweetest wood...



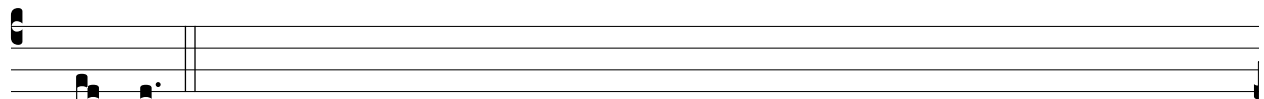
7. He endur'd the nails the spit-ting. Vinegar and spear and reed; From that




ho-ly body broken Blood and wa-ter both pro-ceed: Earth and stars and



sky and ocean By that flood from stain are freed. ℞ Faithful Cross... peer




may be;



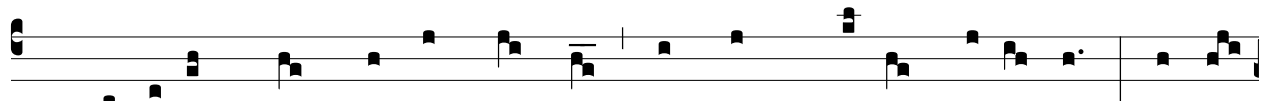
8. Bend thy boughs, O tree of glo-ry! Thy re-lax-ing sin-ews bend; For




a-while the ancient rigour That thy birth be-stow'd suspend: And the




King of heav'nly beauty On thy bos-om gently tend. R; Sweetest wood...



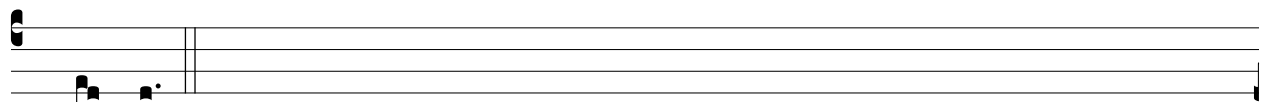
9. Thou a-lone wast counted worth-y This world's ransom to uphold; For a



shipwreck'd race pre-par-ing Harbor, like the ark of old: With the sacred



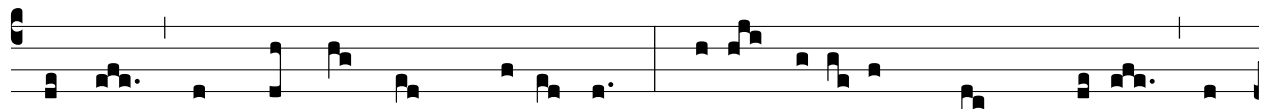
blood anointed From the smit-ten Lamb that roll'd. R; Faithful Cross... peer



may be;



10. To the Tri-ni-ty be glo-ry Everlast-ing as is meet; Equal to the Father,



equal To the Son and Pa-ra-clete: Trinal Uni-ty, whose praises All



cre- a-ted things re-peat. A-men. R Sweetest wood...