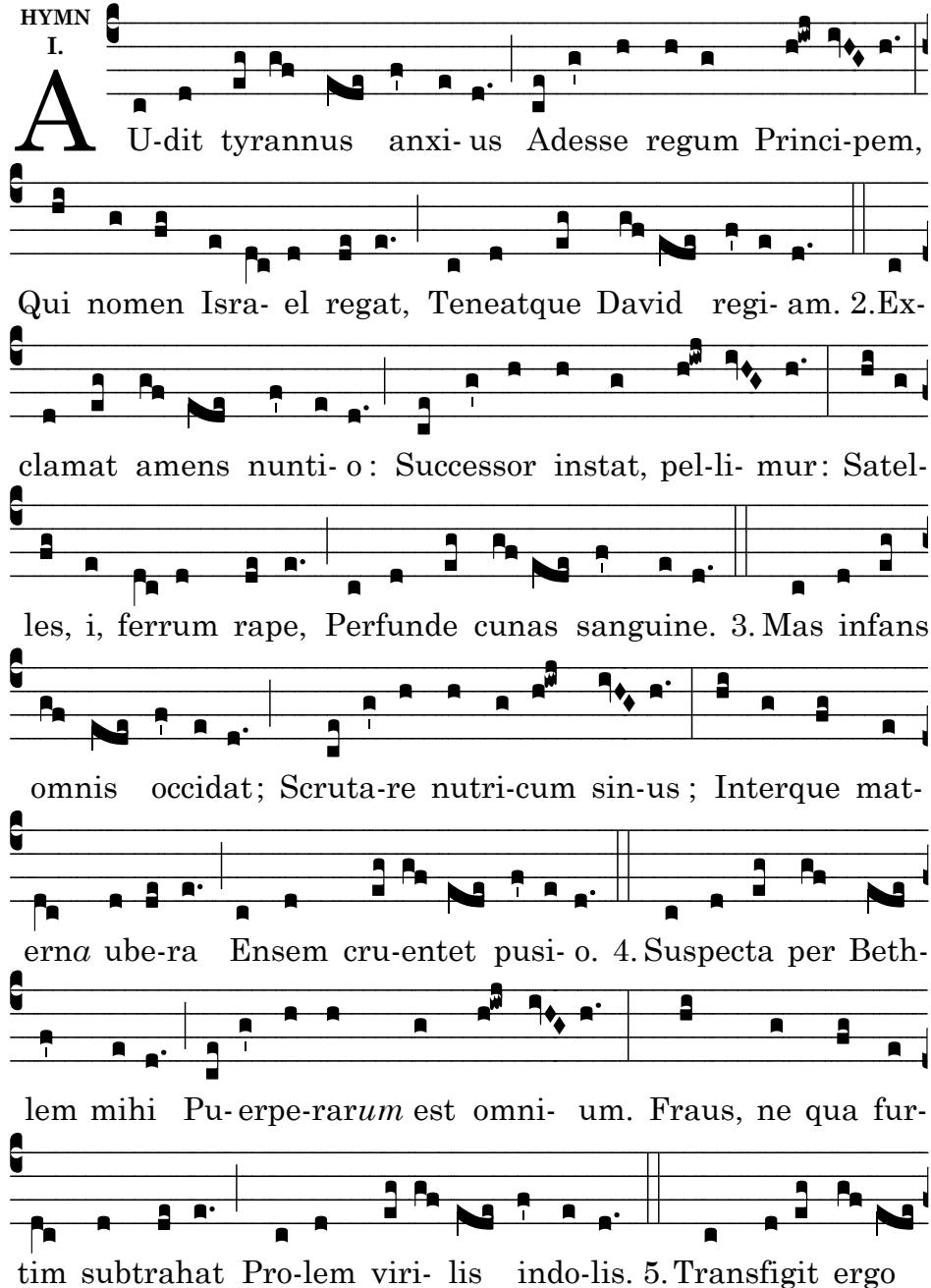


# HYMN : AUDIT TYRANNUS ANXIUS

*Hymn for the Feast of The Holy Innocents*

HYMN

I.



**A** U-dit tyrannus anxi-us Adesse regum Princi-pem,  
Qui nomen Isra-el regat, Teneatque David regi-am. 2.Ex-  
clamat amens nunti-o: Successor instat, pel-li-mur: Satel-  
les, i, ferrum rape, Perfunde cunas sanguine. 3.Mas infans  
omnis occidat; Scruta-re nutri-cum sin-us; Interque mat-  
erna ube-ra Ensem cru-entet pusi-o. 4.Suspecta per Beth-  
lem mihi Pu-erpe-rarum est omni- um. Fraus, ne qua fur-  
tim subtrahat Pro-lem viri- lis indo-lis. 5.Transfigit ergo



carni-fex Mucrone destricto fu-rens Effusa nuper corpora  
Animasque rima-tur novas. 6.Locum minu-tis artubus Vix  
inte-remptor inve-nit, Quod plaga descendat patens, Jugu-  
loque major pugi-o est. 7. O barbarum spe-ctaculum! Illi-  
sa cervix cauti-bus Spargit cerebrum lacte-um, Oculosque  
per vul-nus vomit. 8. Aut in profundum palpi-tans Mersa-  
tur infans gurgi-tem, Cui subter arctis faucibus Singultat  
unda, et ha-li-tus 9. Salve-te flores martyrum, Quos lucis

ipso in li-mi-ne Christi inse-cutor sustu-lit Ceu turbo  
nascen-tes rosas. 10. Vos prima Christi victima, Grex im-  
mo-la-torum te-ner, Aram sub ipsam simpli-ces Palma et  
co-ro-nis lu-di-tis. 11. Quid pro-fi-cit tan-tum nefas? Quid  
crimen Hero-dem ju-vat? Unus tot inter fune-ra Impune  
Christus tolli-tur. 12. Inter co-æ-vi sanguinis Flu-enta,  
solus inte-ger, Ferrum, quod orba-bat nurus, Partus fe-  
fel-lit Virgi-nis. 13. Sic stulta Pharao-nis ma-li Edicta

quondam fuge-rat, Christi fi-guram præfe-rens, Moses, re-  
ceptor ci-vi-um. 14. Sit Trini-ta-ti glo-ri-a, virtus, honor,  
victo-ri-a, quae dat coronam testibus per saeculo-rum  
saecu-la. Amen.

*Produced by the Society of St. Bede.*

*Music: retypeset from Liber Usualis, using Caeciliae typeface.*

*Latin text and English translation: The Liturgical Year, Vol. 2., Gueranger, pg. 444*

1. The anxious Tyrant hears that the King of kings is come, who is to rule over the Jews, and sit on the throne of David.

2. Maddened by jealous fear he calls a messenger, and says to him: 'Our rival is at hand—we are in danger: go, slave, arm thee with thy sword, and bathe every cradle with blood.'

3. 'Let every male-child be "slain, and every nurse be watched, and every Babe feel thy sharp-edged blade, even whilst he sucks his mother's breast.'

4. Not a Mother about Bethlehem but I suspect her; then watch them all, lest they hide their boys from thee.'

5. On this the executioner goes, and in his wild cruelty plunges his naked dagger into the tender flesh and the but freshly formed hearts of these little ones.

6. But where shall he strike? where find space enough to hold a gaping wound in these infant-bodies not so big as the dagger in his hand?

7. Yet still these butchers murder every child. Here it is an infant dashed against a rock, covering its flinty sides, oh! cruel sight! with blood and brains and eyes.

8. *There it is a lovely babe torn from his mother's arms and thrown into a deep stream, whose gurgling waters weep whilst drowning sobs and life so sweet as these.*

9. *Hail, ye Flowers of the Martyrs! The enemy of Christ cut you down in the very threshold of life, as rose-buds are snapped by a storm.*

10. *First Victims for Jesus! Tender flock of his Martyrs! ye, with sweet simplicity, play with palms and your crowns even at the very altar of your sacrifice!*

11. *And what does Herod gain by this dark crime? Does it give him what he sought? The single One he cared to kill is Jesus, and he still lives!*

12. *The stream of infant-blood has ceased to flow, and he alone is safe: the Virgin's Child has escaped that sword which robbed all other Mothers of their babes.*

13. *So was it in that time of old, when Moses. the liberator of his people. and the type of Christ. escaped the senseless edicts of the wicked Pharaoh.*