

LYRA ECCLESIASTICA :

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

Ancient & Godly Latin Hymns

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

IN CORRESPONDING METRE.

BY

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HYMNUS DE S. CRUCE.

ITA suos fortiores
Semper reddit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia.

Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem
Crux reducit omnia.

O! crux, lignum triumphale,
Mundi vera salus, vale,
Inter ligna nullum tale
Fronde, flore, germine,—

Medecina Christiana, .
Salva nos ægrotos sana,
Quod non valet vis humana
Fit in tuo nomine.

HYMNUS AD B.V.M.

O! felicem genetricem,
Cuius casta viscera
Meruere continere
Continentem omnia.

HYMN ON THE HOLY CROSS.

THUS its vot'ries it assureth,
 For them victory procureth,
 Weakness and diseases cureth,
 Keeps at bay demoniac force ;

Satan's captives liberating,
 Life to sinners renovating,
 All in glory reinstating
 JESUS' all-resplendent Cross.

Tree, triumphal might possessing,
 Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
 Ev'ry other pretergressing
 Both in bloom, and bud, and flower.

Med'cine of the Christian spirit,
 Aid us with thy saving merit,
 Thou dost might for works inherit
 Overpassing human power.

 HYMN TO OUR LADY.

BLESSED Mother o'er all other,
 In whose womb devoid of stain
 He once deigné'd be containéd
 Who all nature doth contain.

Felix venter, quo clementer

DEUS formam induit,—

Felix pectus, ubi tectus

Rex virtutum latuit—

Felix alvus, quo fit salvus

Homo fraude perditus—

Felix sinus, quo divinus

Requievit Spiritus.

Hac in domo DEUS homo

Fieri disposuit,—

Hac absconsus pius sponsus

Novam formam induit.

Hic natura, frangens jura,

Novo stupet ordine :

Rerum usus fit exclusus

In præsentī virgine.

O! mamilla, cuius stilla

Fuit ejus pabulum,

Qui dat terræ fructum ferre,

Pascens omne sæculum.

O! Maria, mater pia,

Finis et exordium,

Posce Natum ut optatum

Det nobis remedium.

Womb all holy, wherein lowly
 God assumed a form of clay—
 Bosom blesséd, where caresséd
 Heaven's King almighty lay.

Womb grace-teeming, whence redeeming
 Love embraced a fallen race,—
 Breast untainted, where the Sainted
 Spirit made His resting place.

Here infanéd God once deigné
 Human nature to indue,—
 Here incloséd the Espouséd
 Did assume a figure new ;

Nature rises, laws despises,
 Rapt in overwhelming grace :
 Things preceding all unheeding
 In the present Virgin's case.

Breast adoréd, whence out-pouréd
 Food for our Incarnate Lord,
 At whose bidding fruit for feeding
 Every age doth earth afford.

Hail ! thou fairest, Mother dearest,
 Love's beginning, crown, and end,
 Pray of Jesus, to release us,
 And His healing balm to send,

Quo sanati sauciati,
 Sine sorde vulnerum,
 Transferamur et ducamur
 In sanctorum numerum. AMEN.

**INNOCENTII TERTII PAPÆ HYMNUS
 DE CRUCIFIXIONE.**

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat Filius.
 Cuius animam gementem,
 Contristatam et dolentem
 Pertransivit gladius.

O! quam tristes et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater Unigeniti;
 Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
 Pia Mater, dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Matrem CHRISTI si videret
 Tanto in supplicio?
 Quis posset non contristari
 Piam Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio?

That assuréd, whole, and curéd,
 Free from wounds and evil taints,
 We, translated, may be sated
 With the glories of the Saints. AMEN.

POPE INNOCENT THE THIRD'S HYMN
 ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

SEE the Mother stands deploring,
 By the Cross her tears out-pouring,
 Where her son expiring hangs.
 For her gentle spirit groaning,
 Anguish-smitten and bemoaning
 Rend the sword's most cruel pangs.

O ! how downcast and distresséd
 Was the Mother ever-blesséd
 Of the sole-begotten One,
 Who lamented and who grievéd,
 Mother mild, as she perceivéd
 Torments rack her heav'nly Son.

Who could keep from tears of anguish,
 Could he see CHRIST'S Mother languish
 Thus in grief and suffering wild ?
 Who his agony could smother,
 Could he see the gentle Mother
 Sorrowing with her holy child ?