Crux fidelis

All:

Faith-ful Cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-yond com-pare!

Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower so rare.

Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear!

After odd verses the first two lines of the antiphon are sung, “Faithful...rare.”

Cantors: After even verses the last two lines of the antiphon are sung, “Sweet the timber...bear!”

1. Sing, my tongue, in ex-ulta-tion Of our ban-ner and de-vice! Make a sol-emn proc-la-ma-tion Of a
2. For, when Ad-am first of-fend-ed, Eat-ing that for-bid-den fruit, Not all hopes of glo-ry end-ed With the
3. Thus the tempt-er was out-wit-ted By a wis-dom deep-er still: Rem-e-dy and ail-ment fit-ted, Means to

1. tri-umph and its price: How the Sav-i-or of cre-a-tion Con-quered by his sac-ri-fice! “Faithful...rare.”
2. ser-pent at the root: Bro-ken na-ture would be mend-ed By a sec-ond tree and shoot. “Sweet...bear!”
3. cure and means to kill; That the world might be ac-quit-ted, Christ would do his Fa-ther's will. “Faithful...rare.”
All:

Faith-ful Cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-yond com-pare!

Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf or flower so rare.

Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the bur-den that they bear!

Cantors:

4. So the Fa-ther, out of pit-y For our self in-flict-
5. Hear a ti-ny ba-by cry-ing, Found-er of the seas
6. So he came, the long ex-pect-ed, Not in glo-ry, not

4. ed doom, Sent him from the heaven-ly cit-y When
5. and strands; See his vir-gin Moth-er ty-ing Cloth
6. to reign; On-ly born to be re-ject-ed, Choos-

4. the ho-ly time had come: He, the Son and the Al-
5. a-round his feet and hands; Find him in a man-ger
6. ing hun-ger, toil and pain, Till the scaf-fold was e-

4. might-y, Took our flesh in Mar-y's womb. “Sweet...bear!”
5. ly-ing Tight-ly wrapped in swaddl-ing bands! “Faithful...rare.”
6. rect-ed And the Pas-chal Lamb was slain. “Sweet...bear!”
Cantors:

7. No disgrace was too abhorrent: Nailed and mocked and parched he died; Blood and water, dou-
8. Loft y timber, smooth your roughness, Flex your boughs for blossoming; Let your fibers lose
9. Noblest tree of all created, Richly jeweled and embossed: Post by Lamb's blood con-
10. Wisdom, power, and adoration To the blessed Trinity For redemption and

7. Warrant, Issue from his wounded side, ble warrant, Is sue from his wounded side,
8. Their toughness, Gently let your tendrils cling; their toughness, Gen tly let your ten drils cling;
9. Se crated; Spar that saves the tempest tossed; se crat ed; Spar that saves the tem pest tossed;
10. Salvation Through the Paschal Mystery, salvation Through the Pas chal Mys ter y,

7. Washing in a mighty torrent Earth and stars and
8. Lay aside your native gruffness, Clasp the body
9. Scaffold beam which, elevated, Carries what the
10. Now, in every generation, And for all e-

7. oce an tide. “Faithful...rare.”
8. of your King! “Sweet...bear!”
9. world has cost! “Faithful...rare.”
10. ter ni ty. “Sweet...bear!”

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