

Hymn of Jesus / Gustav Holst

Prelude

Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget Crucis mysterium
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo

Pange lingua gloriosi
Proelio certaminis
Et super crucis trophaeum
Dic triumphum nobilem
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit

Amen

Hymn

Glory to thee, Father!
Glory to thee, Word
Glory to thee, O Grace!
Glory to thy Glory!
We praise thee, O Father;
We give thanks to thee, O shadowless light!
Amen.

Fain would I be saved: And fain would I save.
Fain would I be released: And fain would I release.
Fain would I be pierced: And fain would I pierce.
Fain would I be borne: Fain would I bear.
Fain would I eat: Fain would I be caten.
Fain would I hearken: Fain would I be heard.
Fain would I be cleansed: Fain would I cleanse.
I am Mind of all
Fain would I be known
Amen

Divine Grace is dancing; Fain would I pipe for you
Dance Ye all!
Fain would I lament; mourn ye all!
Amen

The Heav'nly Spheres make music for us;
The Holy Twelve dance with us;
All things join in the dance!
Ye who dance not, know not what we are knowing.
Fain would I flee: And fain would I remain.
Fain would I be ordered: And fain would I set in order.
Fain would I be infolded: Fain would I infold.
I have no home: In all I am dwelling.
I have no resting place: I have the earth.
I have no temple: And I have Heav'n.

To you who gaze, a lamp am I: To you that know, a mirror.
To you who knock, a door am I: To you who fare, the way.
Amen.

Give ye heed unto my dancing:
In me who speak, behold yourselves;
And beholding what I do, keep silence on my mysteries,
Divine ye in dancing what I shall do;
For yours is the Passion of man what I go to endure.

Ye could not know at all what things ye endure,
Had not the Father sent me to you as a Word.
Beholding what I suffer, ye know me as the Sufferer.
And when you had beheld it, ye were not unmoved;
But rather were ye whirled along, ye were kindled to be wise.
Had ye known how to suffer, ye know how to suffer no more.

Learn how to suffer, and ye shall overcome.
Behold in me a couch: rest on me!
When I am gone, ye shall know who I am;
For I am in no wise that which now I seem,
For ye are come to me, then shall ye know:
What ye know not, will I myself teach you.
Fain would I move to the music of holy souls!
Know in me the word of wisdom!

And with me cry again
Glory to thee, Father
Glory to thee, Word!
Glory to thee, Holy Spirit!
Amen