

Hymnus Omnis Horae

Da puer plectrum, choreis ut canam fidelibus
dulce carmen et melodum, gesta Christi insignia:
hunc camena nostra solum pangat, hunc laudet
lyra.

Christus est, quem rex sacerdos adfuturum
protinus

5

infulatus concinebat voce, chorda et tympano,
spiritum caelo influentem per medullas hauriens.

Facta nos et iam probata pangimus miracula,
testis orbis est, nec ipsa terra, quod vidit, negat,
cominus Deum docendis proditum mortalibus.

10

Corde natus ex parentis, ante mundi exordium
alpha et Ω cognominatus, ipse fons et clausula
omnium, quae sunt, fuerunt quaeque post futura
sunt.

Ipse iussit et creata, dixit ipse, et facta sunt
terra, caelum, fossa ponti, trina rerum machina,

15

quaeque in his vigent sub alto solis et lunae globo.

Corporis formam caduci, membra morti obnoxia
induit, ne gens periret primoplasti ex germine,
merserat quam lex profundo noxialis tartaro.

O beatus ortus ille, virgo cum puerpera

20

edidit nostram salutem feta sancto spiritu,
et puer redemptor orbis os sacratum protulit.

Psallat altitudo caeli, psallite omnes angeli,
quidquid est virtutis usquam psallat in laudem Dei:
nulla linguarum silescaat, vox et omnis consonet.

Ecce quem vates vetustis concinebant seculis,
quem prophetarum fideles paginae sponderant,
emicat promissus olim: cuncta conlaudent eum.

Cantharis infusa lympha fit Falernum nobile,

nuntiat vinum minister esse promptum ex hydria,

30

ipse rex sapore tinctis obstupescit poculis.

Membra morbis ulcerosa, viscerum putredines
mando, ut abluantur, inquit; fit ratum, quod
iusserat,
turgidam cutem repurgant vulnerum piamina.

Tu perennibus tenebris iam sepulta lumina

35

inlinis limo salubri, sacri et oris nectare,
mox apertis hac medela lux reducta est orbibus.

Increpas ventum furentem, quod procellis
tristibus

vertat aequor fundo ab imo, vexet et vagam ratem:
ille iussis obsecundat, mitis unda sternitur.

40

Extimum vestis sacratae furtim mulier attigit,
protinus salus secuta est, ora pallor deserit,
sistitur rivus, cruore qui fluebat perpeti.

Exitu dulcis iuventae raptum ephebum viderat,
orba quem mater supremis funerabat fletibus:

45

surge, dixit: ille surgit, matri et adstans redditur.

Sole iam quarto carentem, iam sepulcro
absconditum

Lazarum iubet vigere reddito spiramine:
fetidum iecur reductus rursus intrat halitus.

Ambulat per stagna ponti, summa calcat
fluctuum,

50

mobilis liquor profundi pendulam praestat viam,
nec fatiscit unda sanctis pressa sub vestigiis.

Suetus antro bustuali sub catenis frendere,
mentis inpos efferatis percitus furoribus
prosilat ruitque simplex, Christum adesse ut
senserat.

55

Pulsa pestis lubricorum milleformis daemonum

conripit gregis suilli sordida spurcamina,
seque nigris mergit undis et pecus lymphaticum.

Quinque panibus peresis et gemellis piscibus
adfatim refecta iam sunt adcubantum milia,
60
fertque qualus ter quaternus ferculorum fragmina.

Tu cibus panisque noster, tu perennis suavitas;
nescit esurire in aevum, qui tuam sumit dapem,
nec lacunam ventris inplet, sed fovet vitalia.

Clausus aurium meatus et sonorum nescius
65
purgat ad praecepta Christi crassa quaeque
obstacula,
vocibus capax fruendis ac susurris pervius.

Omnis aegritudo cedit, languor omnis pellitur,
lingua fatur, quam veterna vinxerant silentia,
gestat et suum per urbem laetus aeger lectulum.
70

Quin et ipsum, ne salutis inferi expertes forent,
tartarum benignus intrat, fracta cedit ianua,
vectibus cadit revulsis cardo indissolubilis.

Illa prompta ad inruentes, ad revertentes tenax,
obice extrorsum repulso porta reddit mortuos:
75
lege versa et limen atrum iam recalcandum patet.

Sed Deus dum luce fulva mortis antra inluminat,
dum stupentibus tenebris candidum praestat diem,
tristia squalentis aethrae palluerunt sidera.

Sol refugit et lugubri sordidus ferrugine
80
igneum reliquit axem seque maerens abdidit:
fertur horruisse mundus noctis aeternae chaos.

Solve vocem mens sonoram, solve linguam
mobilem,
dic tropaeum passionis, dic triumphalem crucem,
pange vexillum, notatis quod refulget frontibus.
85

O novum caede stupenda vulneris miraculum!
hinc cruoris fluxit unda, lympham parte ex altera:
lympham nempe dat lavacrum, tum corona ex
sanguine est.

Vidit anguis inmolatam corporis sacri hostiam,
vidit et fellis perusti mox venenum perdidit,
90
saucius dolore multo colla fractus sibilat.

Quid tibi, profane serpens, profuit, rebus novis
plasma primum perculisse versipelli hortamine?
diluit culpam recepto forma mortalis Deo.

Ad brevem se mortis usum dux salutis dedit,
95
mortuos olim sepultos ut redire insuesceret,
dissolutis pristinorum vinculis peccaminum.

Tunc patres sanctique multi conditorem
praeivum
iam revertentem secuti tertio demum die
carnis indumenta sumunt, eque bustis prodeunt.

Cerneres coire membra de favillis aridis,
frigidum venis resumptis pulverem tepescere,
ossa, nervos, ac medullas glutino cutis tegi.
100

Post, ut occasum resolvit vitae et hominem
reddidit,
arduum tribunal victor adscendit Patris,
105
inclitam caelo reportans passionis gloriam.

Macte index mortuorum, macte rex viventium,
dexter in parentis arce qui cluis virtutibus
omnium venturus inde iustus ultor criminum.

Te senes et te iuventus, parvulorum te chorus,
110
turba matrum virginumque simplices puellulae,
voce concordis pudicis perstreperant concentibus.

Fluminum lapsus et undae, littorum crepidines,
imber, aestus, nix, pruina, silva, et aura, nox, dies,
omnibus te concelebrent seculorum seculis.

Let me chant in sacred numbers, as I strike each
sounding string,

Chant in sweet, melodious anthems, glorious
deeds of Christ our King;
He, my Muse, shall be thy story; with His praise my
lyre shall ring.

When the king in priestly raiment sang the Christ
that was to be,

Voice and lute and clashing cymbal joined in
joyous harmony,
While the Spirit, heaven-descended, touched his
lips to prophecy.

Sing we now the works sure proven, wrought of
God in mystic wise;

Heaven is witness; earth confesses how she saw
with wondering eyes
God Himself with mortals mingling, man to teach
in human guise.

Of the Father's heart begotten, ere the world from
chaos rose,

He is Alpha; from that Fountain all that is and
hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things yet to come the mystic
Close.

By His word was all created; He commands and lo!
'tis done;

Earth and sky and boundless ocean, universe of
three in one,
All that sees the moon's soft radiance, all that
breathes beneath the sun.

He assumed this mortal body, frail and feeble,
doomed to die,

That the race from dust created might not
perish utterly,
Which the dreadful Law had sentenced in the
depths of Hell to lie.

O how blest that wondrous birthday, when the
Maid the curse retrieved,

Brought to birth mankind's salvation, by the
Holy Ghost conceived;

And the sacred Babe, Redeemer of the world, her
arms received.

Sing, ye heights of heaven, His praises; angels and
archangels, sing!

Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful, let your joyous
anthems ring,
Every tongue His name confessing, countless
voices answering.

This is He whom seer and sibyl sang in ages long
gone by;

This is He of old revealèd in the page of
prophecy;
Lo! He comes, the promised Saviour; let the world
His praises cry!

In the urns the clear, cold water turns to juice of
noblest vine,

And the servant, drawing from them, starts to
see the generous wine,
While the host, its savour tasting, wonders at the
draught divine.

To the leper worn and wasted, white with many a
loathsome sore,

"Be thou cleansed," He said; "I bid it!" swift 'tis
done, His words restore;
To the priest the gift he offers, clean and healthful
as of yore.

On the eyes long sealed in darkness, buried in
unbroken night,

Thou didst spread Thy lips' sweet nectar, mixed
with clay: then came the sight,
As Thy gracious touch all-healing brought to those
dark orbs the light.

Thou didst chide the raging tempest, when the
waves with foaming crest

Leaped about the fragile vessel, buffeted and
sore distressed;
Wind and wave, their fury stilling, sank to calm at
Thy behest.

Once a woman's timid fingers touched Thy
garment's lowest braid,

And the pallor left her visage, healing power the
touch conveyed,
For the years of pain were ended and the flow of
blood was stayed.

Thou didst see men bear to burial one struck down
in youth's glad tide,

While a widowed mother followed, wailing for
her boy that died;
"Rise!" Thou saidst, and led him gently to his
weeping mother's side.

Lazarus, who lay in darkness till three nights had
passed away,

At Thy voice awoke to soundness, rising to the
light of day,
As the breath his frame re-entered touched
already with decay.

See, He walks upon the waters, treads the billow's
rolling crest;

O'er the shifting depths of ocean firm and sure
His footsteps rest,
And the wave parts not asunder where those holy
feet are pressed.

And the madman, chained and tortured by dark
powers, from whom all fly,

As the tombs, that were his dwelling, echo to his
savage cry,
Rushes forth and falls adoring, when he sees that
Christ is nigh.

Then the legion of foul spirits, driven from their
human prey,

Seize the noisome swine, that feeding high upon
the hillside stray,
And the herd, in sudden frenzy, plunges in the
waters grey.

"Gather in twelve woven baskets all the fragments
that remain:"

He hath fed the weary thousands, resting o'er
the grassy plain,
And His power hath stayed their hunger with five
loaves and fishes twain.

Thine, O Christ, is endless sweetness; Thou art our
celestial Bread:

Nevermore he knoweth hunger, who upon Thy
grace hath fed,
Grace whereby no mortal body but the soul is
nourishèd.

They that knew not speech nor language, closed to
every sound their ears,

To the Master's call responding break the
barriers of years;
Now the deaf holds joyous converse and the
lightest whisper hears.

Sickness at His word departed, pain and pallid
languor fled,

Many a tongue, long chained in silence, words of
praise and blessing said;
And the palsied man rejoicing through the city
bore his bed.

Yea, that they might know salvation who in Hades'
prison were pent,

In His mercy condescending through Hell's
gloomy gates He went;
Bolt and massy hinge were shattered, adamantine
portals rent.

For the door that all receiveth, but releaseth
nevermore,

Opens now and, slowly turning, doth the ghosts
to light restore,
Who, the eternal laws suspended, tread again its
dusky floor.

But, while God with golden glory floods the murky
realms of night,

And upon the startled shadows dawns a day
serene and bright,
In the darkened vault of heaven stars forlorn
refuse their light.

For the sun in garb of mourning veiled his radiant
orb and passed

From his flaming path in sorrow, hiding till
mankind aghast

Deemed that o'er a world of chaos Night's eternal
pall was cast.

Now, my soul, in liquid measures let the sounding
numbers flow;

Sing the trophy of His passion, sing the Cross
triumphant now;
Sing the ensign of Christ's glory, marked on every
faithful brow.

Ah! how wondrous was the fountain flowing from
His piercèd side,

Whence the blood and water mingled in a
strange and sacred tide,--
Water, sign of mystic cleansing; blood, the martyr's
crown of pride.

In that hour the ancient Serpent saw the holy
Victim slain,

Saw, and shed his hate envenomed, all his malice
spent in vain;
See! the hissing neck is broken as he writhes in
sullen pain.

Aye, what boots it, cursèd Serpent, that the man
God made from clay,

Victim of thy baleful cunning, by thy lies was led
astray?
God hath ta'en a mortal body and hath washed the
guilt away.

Christ, our Captain, for a season deigned to dwell
in Death's domain,

That the dead, long time imprisoned, might
return to life again,
Breaking by His great example ancient sins'
enthraling chain.

Thus, upon the third glad morning, patriarchs and
saints of yore,

As the risen Lord ascended, followed Him who
went before,
From forgotten graves proceeding, habited in flesh
once more.

Limb to limb unites and rises from the ashes dry
and cold,

And the life-blood courses warmly through the
frames long turned to mould,
Skin and flesh, anew created, muscle, bone and
nerve enfold.

Then, mankind to life restoring, Death
downtrodden 'neath His feet,

Lo! the Victor mounts triumphant to the
Father's judgment-seat,
Bringing back to heaven the glory by His passion
made complete.

Hail! Thou Judge of souls departed: hail! of all the
living King!

On the Father's right hand thronèd, through His
courts Thy praises ring,
Till at last for all offences righteous judgment Thou
shalt bring.

Now let old and young uniting chant to Thee
harmonious lays,

Maid and matron hymn Thy glory, infant lips
their anthem raise,
Boys and girls together singing with pure heart
their song of praise.

Let the storm and summer sunshine, gliding
stream and sounding shore,

Sea and forest, frost and zephyr, day and night
their Lord adore;
Let creation join to laud Thee through the ages
evermore.

*R. Martin Pope's Translation, 1807. Via Project
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