

Salve sancta Facies

Salve, sancta Facies nostri Redemptoris,
In qua nitet species divini decoris,
Impressa panniculo nivei cinctoris
Dalaque Veronicae signum ob amoris.

Salve, decus saeculi, speculum sanctorum,
Quod videre cupiunt spiritus cecolorum,
Nos ab omni macula purga vitiorum,
Atque nos consortia junge beatorum.

Salve, Vultus Domini, imago beata,
Ex aeterno munere mire decorata.
Lumen funde cordibus ex vi tibi data,
Et a nostris sensibus tolle colligata.

Salve, robur fidei nostrae christianae,
Destruens haereticos, qui sunt mentis vanae,
Horum auge meritum qui te credunt sane,
Illius Effigiem qui rex fit ex pane.

Salve, nostrum gaudium in hac vita dura,
Labili et fragili, cito peritura;
Nos deduc ad propria, o felix figura,
Ad videndam Faciem quae est Christi pura.

Hail! Holy Face of our Redeemer, hail!
Which shines in all its majesty divine
Upon the spotless veil, a priceless gift
To Saint Veronica; of love the sign,

Hail, glory or all time, glass of the Saints,
Wherein. the blessed love for aye to gaze ;
Destroy within us every stain of sin,
And with th'elect our souls towards Thee raise.

Hail, Face of God ! with His own gifts adorned,
Whose splendour through the ages shall not cease;
Oh ! make Thy light descend into our hearts,
And from their earthly toils our souls release.

Hail! mighty bulwark of the Christian faith,
Of heresy and lies the Victor Thou;
King in the Sacred Bread, renew the strength

Of all the faithful who before Thee bow.

Hail ! all our joy in this hard life below,
So frail and fugitive, so quickly o'er;
Sweet Picture, lead us onwards to the skies,
That we may there the Face of Christ adore.

Ave, facies praeclara

Ave, Facies praeclara,
Quae pro nobis in crucis ara,
Es facta sic pallida,
Anxietate denigrata,
Sudore sanguineo rigata,
Te texit linteola.

In quo mansit tua forma,
Quae passionis norma
Est cunctis perlucida,
Cordi meo sic impressa,
Per te, Jesu, neque cessa,
Hoc cremare indefessa
Tui amoris facula.

Post hanc vitam cum beatis,
Contemplari voluptatis
Possim Vultum deitatis,
In perenni gloria. Amen.

O radiant Face, to Thee all hail!
For us become disfigured, pale
Upon the sacred altar rood,
All stained with drops of sweat and blood,
Thou, on the holy veil, didst trace
Thy lineaments, devoid of grace.

Thy features on it thus impressed,
In testimony ever rest
Of Thy sore Passion and Thy death;
O Jesus, kindle with Thy breath,
Within my soul the flame of love,
And lift up to Thee above.

And let me, Lord, when life is o'er,
With all the blessed heavenwards soar,
And there, for aye, my longing sate,

Thy Holy Face to contemplate,
Of endless bliss the warrant sure,
Which shall from age to age endure. Amen.