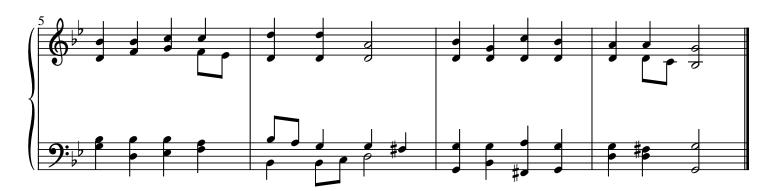
See the destined day arise!





See the destined day arise! See a willing sacrifice! Jesus, to redeem our loss, Hangs upon the shameful cross.

Jesus, who but Thou had borne, Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter throe, Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain, Steeped in gall, the cup of pain, And with tender body bear Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear? Thence the cleansing water flowed, Mingled from Thy side with blood; Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us peace In that sacrifice to place All our trust for life renewed, Pardoned sin and promised good.

Venantius Fortunatus

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