

HYMN : REGEM TREMENDÆ GLORIAE

Vespers and matins hymn for the feast of The Flight into Egypt

II.
R Egem trémendæ gló-ri-æ, De stirpe promíssum Ab-
rahæ Venísse reges índi- cant, Natúmque re-gi núnti-
ant. 2. Ty-ránnus i-ra flúctu-at, Morti Pu- éllum désti-
nat, Sed Virgo Mater cœ-li- tus Edócta, ferro súbtrahit.
3. De-férre natum ad éxte-ras Festínat Ægýp-ti plagas: Nec
jam qui- éscit, Fí-li- um Quo-úsque tutum cónspi-cit. 4. At
tu Parens fortís-sima, Quæ sancto a-mó-re sáuci- a Ad-
vérsa quæque déspi- cis, Fugæque damna sústines: 5. Tu-



is a-désto sérvulis Rebus qui-búsque in árdu- is: Quos
culpa fe-cit éxsu- les, Redí-re fac in pátri- am. 6. Jesu
ti- bi sit gló-ri- a, Qui natus es de Vírgi- ne, Cum Pa-
tre et almo Spíri- tu, In sempi- térna sáecu- la. Amen.

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Music: re-typeset from , using Caeciliae typeface,

Translation, Breviary hymns and missal sequences, Archbishop Edward G. Bagshawe, 1829-1915

1. The mighty King of glory dread, Promised from Abraham's line to spring,
The kings bear witness now has come, That He is born, they tell the king.
2. The tyrant dooms the Child to death, Tossed in his soul by passion's waves,
But, warned by Heaven, from the sword Her Child the Virgin Mother saves.
3. To distant lands in Egypt's realms She bears away her Child in haste,
Nor does she rest, until she sees Her Infant Son in safety placed.
4. Ah Mother ! bravest of the brave, Wounded at heart by love most pure,
Lightly all troubles thou dost bear, And flight's discomforts dost endure.
5. To Thy poor servants gracious be, And make their troubles Thy concern,
And those, whom sin has exiles made, To their true country make return.
6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given, Whom erst the Virgin Mother bore,
With Father and with Holy Ghost, Through endless ages evermore. Amen.