

Eternal king set high above

Aeterne rex altissime

THE NEW HYMNAL (9th century)

translated by PETER G. WALSH

with CHRISTOPHER HUSCH

Eternal king set high above,
and redeemer of faithful souls,
by whom death is loosed and destroyed,
and the triumph of grace is given,

As you climb to the judgment seat,
positioned at the Father's right,
that power in heaven was granted you
that you did not possess as man:

The threefold fabric of the world,
created things in heaven and earth
and those which lie below the earth,
now subjected, must bend the knee.

The angels tremble to behold
the lot of mortal men transformed;
the flesh sins, the flesh purifies,
the flesh of God now reigns as God.

You, Christ, are source of our delight,
who are possessed of heaven for ever,
who rule the fabric of the world,
surpassing every earthly joy.

So now we beg you in our prayers
to pardon us for all our sins,
and raise our hearts aloft to you
by means of grace bestowed from heaven.

So when suddenly you begin
to gleam bright on the judgment-cloud,
remit the punishments we owe,
restore the crowns we forfeited.

English rhymed version (stanzas 1-5, with added doxology) from
HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN (1874):

O Lord most High, Eternal King,
By Thee redeemed Thy praise we sing;
The bonds of death are burst by Thee,
And grace has won the victory.

Ascending to the Father's Throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is Thine for evermore.

To Thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

Latin text and English text (Walsh and Husch): Peter G. Walsh with
Christopher Husch, editors and translators. *One Hundred Latin*
Hymns. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard UP, 2012.

Original Latin:

Aeterne rex altissime,
redemptor et fidelium,
quo mors soluta deperit,
datur triumphus gratiae,

Scandens tribunal dexteræ
Patris, potestas omnium
conlata est, Iesu, caelitus,
quæ non erat humanitus,

Ut trina rerum machina,
caelestium, terrestrium,
et infernorum condita,
flectat genu iam subdita.

Tremunt videntes angeli
versam vicem mortalium;
culpat caro, purgat caro,
regnat Deus Dei caro.

Tu, Christe, nostrum gaudium,
manens Olympo præditum,
mundi regis qui fabricam
mundana vincens gaudia.

Hinc te precantes quaesumus,
ignosce culpis omnibus,
et corda sursum subleva
ad te superna gratia.

Et cum repente coeperis
clarere nube iudicis,
poenas repellas debitas,
reddas coronas perditas.

In awe and wonder Angels see
How changed is man's estate by Thee,
How Flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And Thou, True God, in Flesh dost reign.

Be Thou our Joy, O mighty Lord,
As Thou wilt be our great Reward;
Let all our glory be in Thee
Both now and through eternity.

All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.