

Music Notes – Holy Week – Good Friday

April 2nd, 2021

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down.
Now scornfully surrounded, with thorns, Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss, 'till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.
Be Thou my consolation, my shield, when I must die.
Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee, who dieth thus dies well.

Herzlich thut mich verlangen settings by Max Reger, Bach

Crucifixion

Samuel Barber

At the cry of the first bird, they began to crucify Thee, O swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne by the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His mother.

The poem dates from the 12th century, written by an Irish monk as a notation in the margin of a manuscript that he was illuminating.