Now from the sixth hour

Opus 72, No. 2

Matthew 27: 45-51
and
Salve caput cruentatum,
attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091 - 1153)
trans: James W. Alexander (1804 - 1859), alt

Dudley Buck (1839 - 1908)
Ed. Douglas J Walczak (ASCAP)

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Andante con moto

About the ninth hour, Jesus

Andante con moto

About the ninth hour, Jesus

All the land until the ninth hour.

All the land until the ninth hour.

About the ninth hour, Jesus

Andante con moto

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say

cried, cried with a loud, loud voice, say
poco rit. \qquad tempo 1

ing:

ing:

ing:

Solo \qquad E \qquad li, \qquad E \qquad li, \qquad la \qquad ma, \qquad la \qquad ma \qquad sa \qquad bach \qquad ta \qquad ni!

poco animato \qquad \textit{That is to say, that is to say:} \quad \textit{My God, my God,}

chorus \quad \textit{That is to say, that is to say:}

chorus \quad \textit{That is to say, that is to say:}

chorus \quad \textit{That is to say, that is to say:}

chorus \quad \textit{That is to say, that is to say:}

\textit{tempo 1}
Andante

why hast thou for-sak-en me, for-sak-en me?

Some of them that stood there, when they

Andante

colla voce

Chorale: "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden"*

This man call-eth for Eli-as!

heard that said: This man call-eth for Eli-as! And one of them ran, and took a sponge,

This man call-eth for Eli-as!

This man call-eth for Eli-as!

*More commonly known today as the Passion Chorale.
and fill'd it with vinegar, and gave him to drink.

rest said: let be, let us see if E-li-as comes to save him!

When Je-sus had cri-ed a-

rest said: let be, let us see if E-li-as comes to save him!

When Je-sus had cri-ed a-
gain, cried with a loud, loud voice: He yielded up the ghost. O

gain, cried with a loud, loud voice: He yielded up the ghost. O

gain, cried with a loud, loud voice: He yielded up the ghost. O

gain, cried with a loud, loud voice: He yielded up the ghost. O

Sacred Head, once wounded. With grief and

Sacred Head, once wounded. With grief and

Sacred Head, once wounded. With grief and

Sacred Head, once wounded. With grief and
shame bowed down. Now scornfully surround.

With thorns, Thine only crown.
Sacred Head, what glory!

Yet, tho' despis'd and bliss till now was Thine!
Glory.
I joy to call Thee mine!