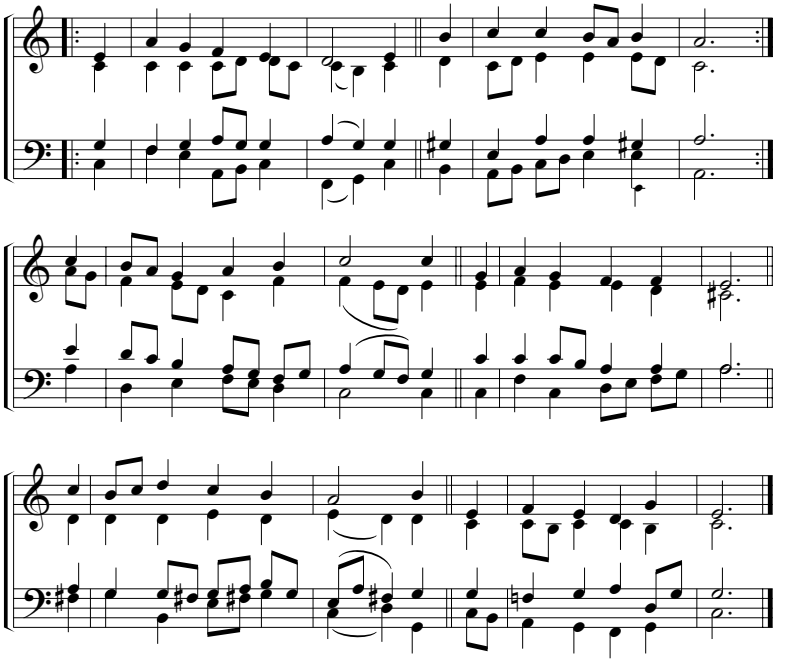
ST CATHERINE'S SCHOOL
BRAMLEY

SAMPLES

47 PASSION CHORALE 76. 76. D.

Melody by H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)
as set by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

FIRST VERSION



O sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars Thy grandeur?
Can death Thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.

2 In Thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With Thee for my salvation
Upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand Thy Cross beneath,
To mourn Thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank Thee for Thy death.

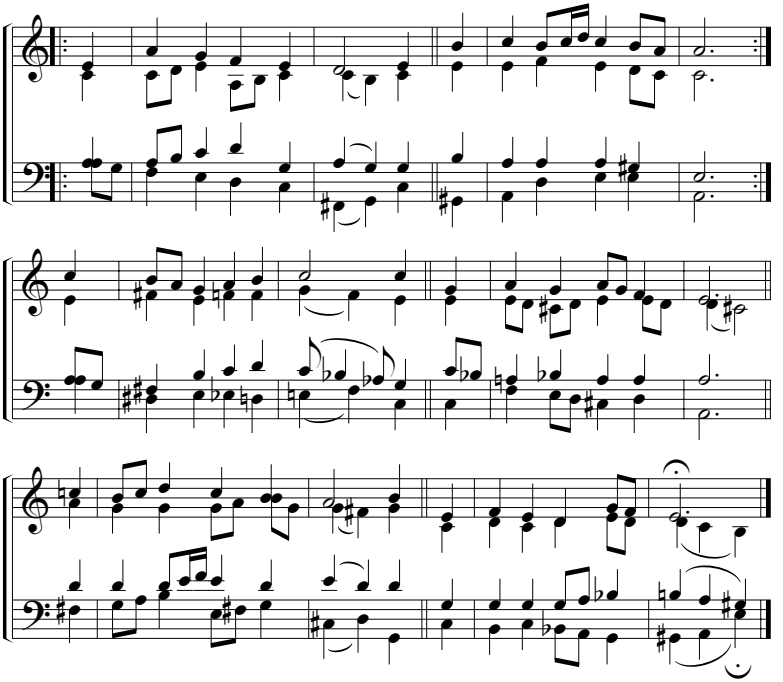
3 My days are few, O fail not,
With Thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me Thine arms extended
Upon the cross of life.

Paul Gerhardt (1607-76)
from a Latin poem
Tr. Robert S. Bridges (1844-1930)

47 PASSION CHORALE 76. 76. D.

Melody by H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)
as set by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

SECOND VERSION



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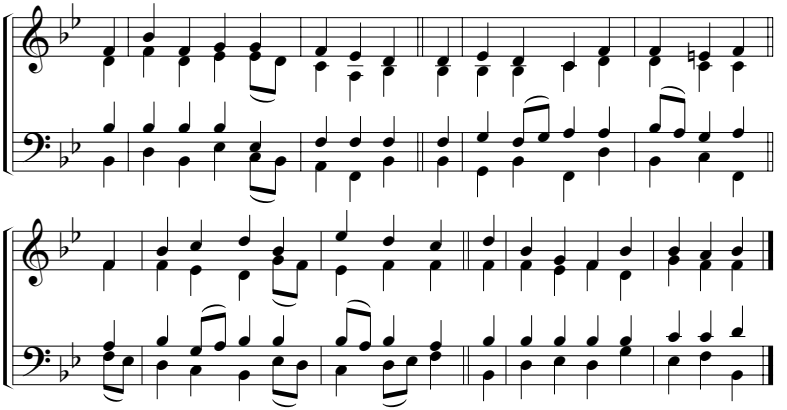
48 WINCHESTER NEW L.M.

Melody from *Musicalisches Handbuch*
(Hamburg, 1690)
adpt. W. H. Havergal (1793-1870)

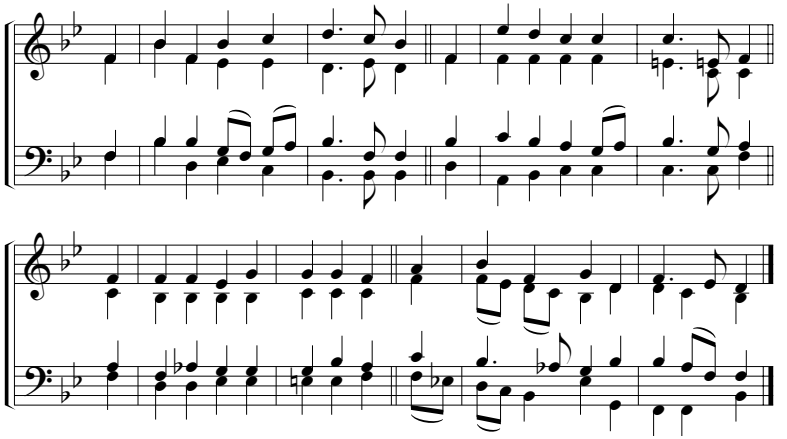
First tune



ST DROSTANE L.M.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

Second tune



1 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
Thy humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

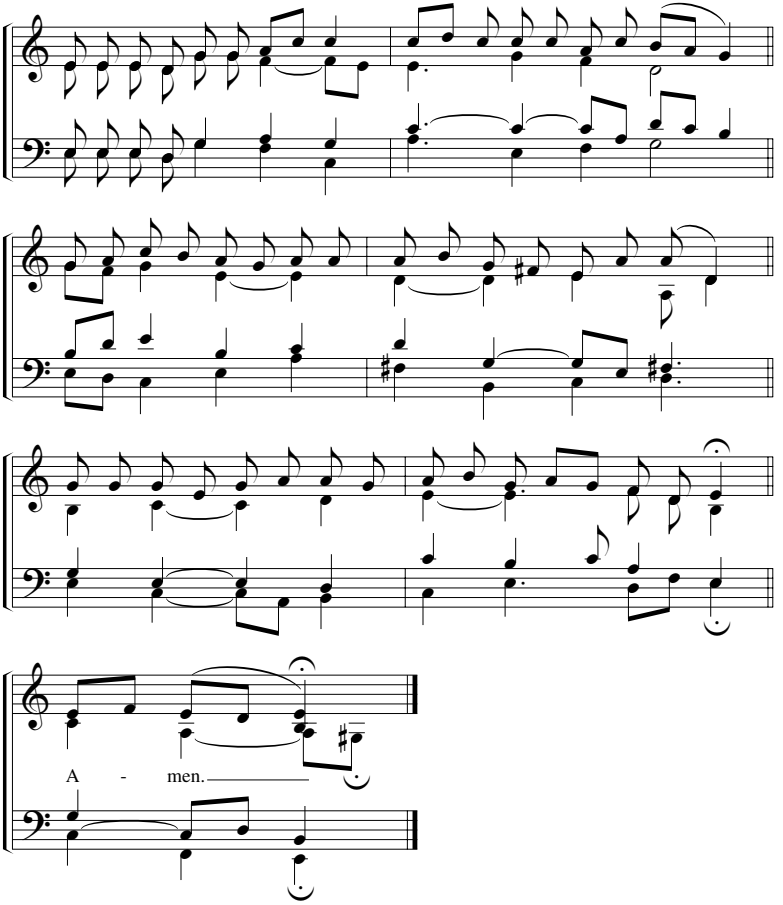
3 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman (1791-1868)

49 PANGE LINGUA 87. 87. 87. Plainsong melody (Sarum form) Mode iii



1 Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the cross, the victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

2 When at length the appointed fulness
Of the sacred time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

3 Now the thirty years are ended
Which on earth He willed to see,
Willingly He meets His Passion,
Born to set His people free;
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the sacrifice to be.

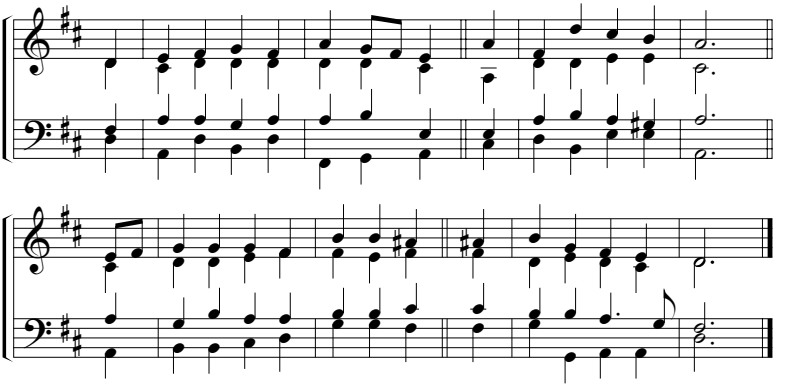
4 There the nails and spear He suffers,
Vinegar and gall and reed;
From His sacred body piercèd
Blood and water both proceed:
Precious flood, which all creation
From the stain of sin hath freed.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

'Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis'
Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (*c*.535-600)
Tr. J. M. Neale (1818-66) *and others*

50 HORSLEY C.M.

William Horsley (1774-1858)



1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)