

Beneath the Cross

Genevieve Glen, OSB

Ronald A. Matthews

Slowly (♩ = ca. 88)

mp

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

Be - neath the cross the Moth - er kept Bleak vig - il

4

un - der dark - ened skies. Up - on the cross her Son hung nailed, Stabbed through -

9

by crowds of hos - tile eyes. "And your own soul a sword shall

13

pierce," The old man in the tem - ple said, The Spir - it's

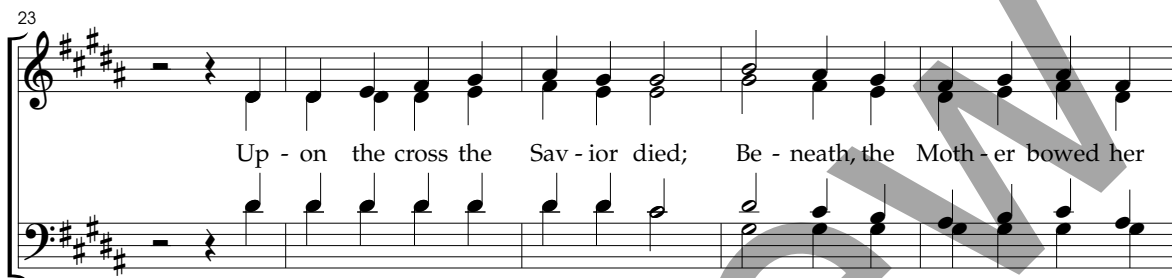
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17



sword, the word of God— "God's word be done," was all she said.

23



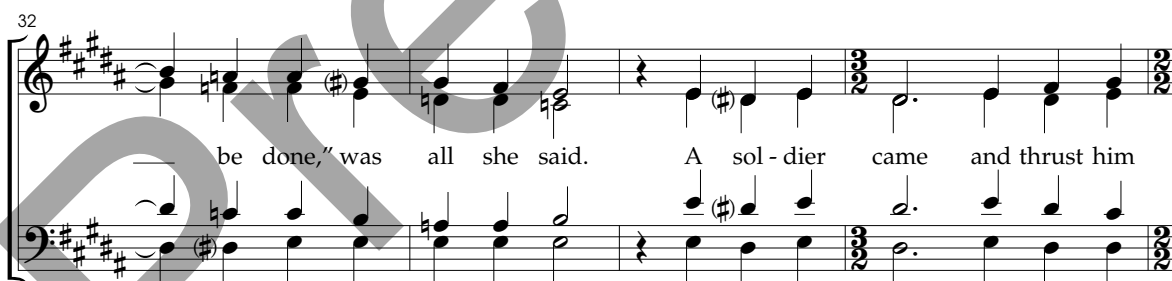
Up - on the cross the Sav - ior died; Be - neath, the Moth - er bowed her

28



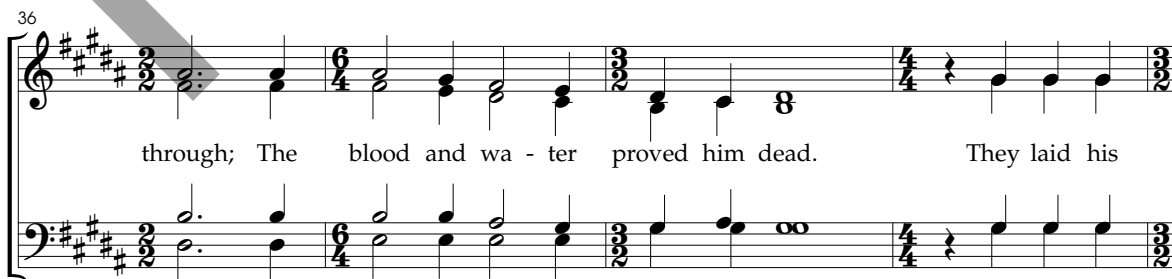
head; A - bove, the storm broke harsh and wild— "God's word

32



— be done," was all she said. A sol - dier came and thrust him

36



through; The blood and wa - ter proved him dead. They laid his

40

bod - y in her arms— "God's word be done," was all she said.

46

At vig - il's end, the Cru - ci - fied A - rose from

49

death, her glo - rious Lord. O Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, God,

53

We praise and mag - ni - fy your Word. We praise and mag - ni -

61

fy your Word. We praise and mag - ni - fy your Word.