

"At the cry of the first bird..."

*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.*

Anonymous Irish Poem

4 Octaves
Handbells Used: 8



Frederick FRAHM
ASCAP

Nobile ♩ = 60



HB *f LV* *p* *mf*

Org. *mp* *p*

p

12

HB

p

p

mf

Org.

mp

mp

p

24

HB

f *secco molto*

Org.

p

f

f