

The Holy Week

As Jesus left his mother there,
And entered into the Great Holy Week,
Mary had a very sorrowful heart
And sadly questioned her son.

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Sunday?”
“On this Sunday I will be a king.
People will spread out palm branches and clothes.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Monday?”
“On Monday I will be a wandering man,
Unable to find a quiet place to meditate.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Tuesday?”
“On Tuesday I will be a prophet to the world,
Proclaiming how heaven and earth shall pass away.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Wednesday?”
“On Wednesday I will be poor and lowly,
Sold for merely thirty pieces of silver.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Thursday?”
“On Thursday I will be a dining hall,
The very Easter Lamb of the Passover supper.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Friday?”
“Oh mother, my very own dear mother,
Could this Friday be hidden from thee?”

“On Friday, my dearest mother,
I will then be nailed to the cross
With three nails that go through hands and feet.
But don't despair, the end will be sweet.”

“Oh Jesus, my beloved son,
What will you be on this holy Saturday?”
“On Saturday I will be a grain of corn,

That from this earth again will be born.”

“And on Sunday, REJOICE, my mother dear,
Then I will be raised from the dead.
I will carry the cross like a banner in hand.
Then you will see me again in a glorified state.”

Translated