231 - O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

PAUL GERHARDT based on a Medieval Latin poem translated JAMES W. ALEXANDER

Key: C major Meter: 4/4 HANS LEO HASSLER harm. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH Last stanza setting by Russell Mauldin

INTRO G C | Am7 G | F Dm7 G | C

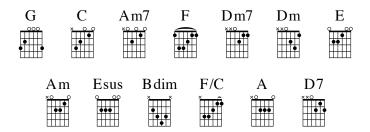
VERSE 1		F I	Dm	Dm7	С	Е	Am	Esus	E	Am
	0	sacred H	lead, now	wound-	ed,	With	grief and	l shame	weigh	ed down,
		F	Dm	Dm7	С	Е	Am	Es	us E	, Am
	Now	scornful	ly sur-	round-	ed	With	thorns, T	Thine on-	ly	crown;
		Bdim	F	F/C	С		Dm			Α
	How \mid pale Thou art with \mid an-				guish, With sore abuse and					scorn!
	D7	G	С	Am7	G	С	F	Dm7	G	С
	How	does tha	t visage	lan-	guis	sh Which	once was	s bright	as	morn!
	110 10	uoes uia	i vibuge	1 1011	Suit	at wither	i once was	, ongin	ub	

TURN- D7 | G C | Am7 G | F Dm7 G | C

AROUND

VERSE 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place; Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

VERSE 3 What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?O make me Thine forever, And should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.



Fm Gsus G OPT.

TRANS.

VERSE 3	С	Dm	F	F6	С	Am	Em7	Asus	Α
	What	language	shall I	l bor-	row To	thank]	Гhee, dearest	Friend,	
		Dm	Dm7	G	С	Am	Em7	Asus	Α
	For	this, Thy	dying	sor-	row, Thy	l pity	without	end?	
	D7	G	Dm7	F	С	Α	Dm	EA	m
	0	make me	e Thine for-	ev-	er, And	should	I fainting	l be,	
	D7	G D	7sus	D	G	Dm	F G	С	
	Lord,	let me ne	ver,	l nev-	er Out-	live my	y love to	Thee.	

Fm	Gsus	F6	Em7	Asus	D7 _{sus}	D
•		×× •••	•	×° •••	××O	××° •••

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INTRO		I	I	Ι					
VERSE 1	0	sacred Hea	ad, now	wound-	ed,	With	grief and shame	weighed	down,
	Now	scornfully	sur-	round-	ed	With	thorns, Thine on-	ly	crown;
	How	pale Thou	art with	an-	gı	uish, With	sore abuse and		scorn!
	How	does that v	visage	l lan-	guis	sh Which	once was bright	as	morn!
TURN- AROUND		I	I	I		I			
VERSE 2	What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place; Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.								
VERSE 3	For this O make	anguage shal 6, Thy dying 9 me Thine fo 9t me never, 1	sorrow, Tl orever, An	hy pity with d should I fa	out e aintir	nd? 1g be,	end,		

OPT. TRANS.

VERSE 3	What language shall I bor- row To thank Thee, dearest Fri	iend,
	For this, Thy dying sor- row, Thy pity without en	ıd?
	O make me Thine for- ev- er, And should I fainting be	2 -/
	Lord, let me never, nev- er Out- live my love to Th	hee.