736 - O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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

Key: B♭ major - 6/8

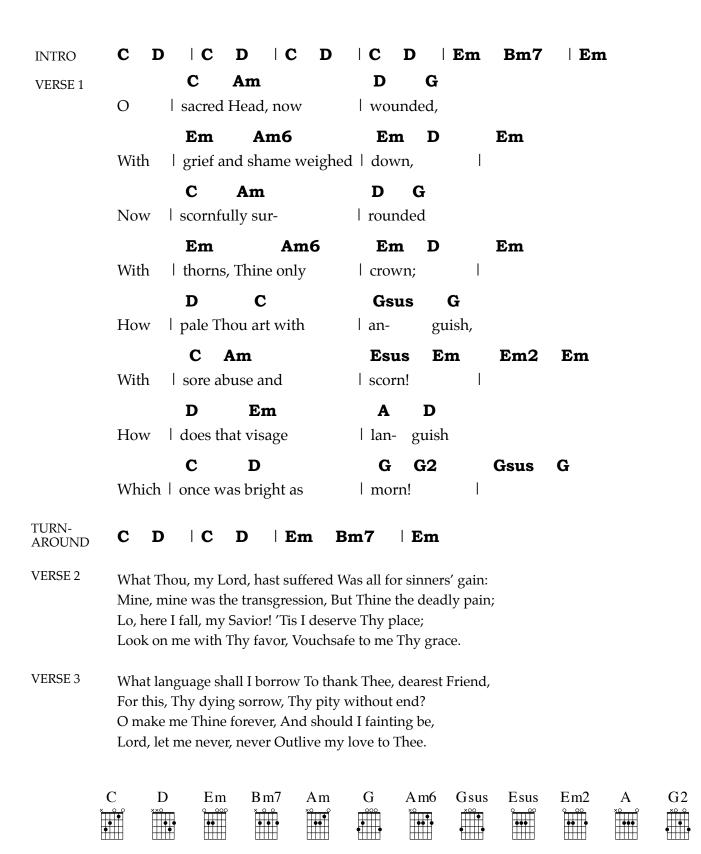
HANS LEO HASSLER Arranged by Paul Mills

INTRO	E ♭	F E ♭	F E ♭	F E ♭ F	Gm Dm7 Gm						
VERSE 1		E >	Cm	F B ♭							
	O	sacred	Head, now	wounded,							
		Gm	Cm6	Gm F	Gm						
	With	grief a	nd shame weig	ghed down,	I						
		\mathbf{E}_{\flat}	Cm	$\mathbf{F} \mathbf{B} \triangleright$							
	Now	scornfu	ılly sur-	rounded							
		Gm	Cm6	Gm F	Gm						
	With	thorns,	Thine only	crown;	I						
		F	$\mathbf{E}_{\mathcal{P}}$	Bbsus Bb	,						
	How	pale Th	ou art with	l an- guisl	n,						
		E (Cm	Gsus Gm	n Gm2 Gm						
	With	sore ab	ouse and	scorn!	1						
		F	Gm	C F							
	How	does th	at visage	lan- guish							
		\mathbf{E}_{\flat}	F	B B 2	Bbsus Bb						
	Which	n once wa	as bright as	morn!	I						
TURN- AROUND	E >	F ∣ E ♭	F Gm	Dm7 Gm							
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	Γhy favor, Vouc	hsafe 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.									

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Original Key: B major - 6/8 Capo 3: G major HANS LEO HASSLER Arranged by Paul Mills



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6/8

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INTRO		I	1	1	I	I					
VERSE 1	O	l sacre	ed Head,	now	I	wounde	d,				
	With	grief	and sha	me weigh	ied	down,		l			
	Now	scorr	nfully sur	·-	I	rounded					
	With	l thor	ns, Thine	only	1	crown;		l			
	How	pale	Thou art	with	I	an-	guish,				
	With	l sore	abuse an	ıd	I	scorn!					
	How	l does	that visa	ge	I	lan- gu	ish				
	Which	n I once	was brig	ht as	I	morn!		l			
TURN- AROUND		I	1	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.										
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