

Johann Sebastian Bach - O Sacred Head, Sore Wounded

tom: G

[1ª Parte]

O sac ? red Head, now wound - ed
 With grief and shame weighed down
 Now scorn ? ful - ly sur ? round - ed
 With thorns, Thine only crown
 How pale Thou art with anguish
 With sore a - buse and scorn
 How does that vis - age lang - uish
 Which once was bright as morn

[2ª Parte]

What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered
 Was all for sinners? gain

Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion
 But Thine the deadly pain
 Lo, here I fall, my Savior
 ?Tis I de - serve Thy place
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor
 Vouch - safe to me Thy grace

[3ª Parte]

What lang - uage shall I bor - row
 To thank Thee, dearest friend
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row
 Thy pity without end
 O make me Thine for - ever
 And should I fainting be
 Lord, let me ne - ver, ne - ver
 Out - live my love to Thee

Acordes

