

# 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

