

Hymn

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Piano Sheet Music

Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

受难歌

鋼琴樂譜

簡譜

吉他樂譜



1=C 4/4 受难歌

3|6 5 4 3|2-3 7|1 1 2 3 7|6-3|
2. 眼见我主要勇力，战争中间 消尽；眼
6 5 4 3|2-3 7|1 1 2 3 7|6-1|2 3
见冷酷的死亡，剥夺主身 生命；呜呼
5 6 7|1-1 5|6 5 4 4|3--||2 1 2
痛苦又死亡！因爱万世身当！愿求 施
1 2|6-7 3|4 3 2 3|3--||
恩的 耶稣，转面容我仰望。



O SACRED HEAD
NOW WOUNDED

ARRANGED
FOR
PIANO
SOLO

88PIANOKEYS.ME

風火網頁 Webpage: <https://www.feng-huo.ch/>

Date: May 9, 2019

受难歌

伯尔纳(明谷)词 1091-1153
(St. Bernard of Clairvaux)
刘廷芳译 1929

哈斯勒曲 1601
(Hans L. Hassler)

1. 至 圣 之 首 受 重 创, 希 世 痛 苦 难 当;
2. 眼 见 我 主 英 勇 力, 战 争 中 间 消 尽;
3. 将 来 与 世 长 别 时, 恳 求 迅 速 来 临,

遍 压 荆 冠 皆 耻 辱, 讥 评、嫌 怨、忧 伤;
眼 见 冷 酷 的 死 亡, 剥 夺 主 身 生 命;
赐 我 自 由 与 安 慰, 昭 示 宝 架 光 明;

仰 瞻 慈 容 何 惨 淡? 想 见 满 怀 凄 怆!
鸣 呼 痛 苦 又 死 亡! 因 爱 万 罪 身 当!
凡 百 守 信 而 死 者, 因 爱 虽 死 犹 生;

此 刻 愁 云 掩 圣 范, 当 年 基 督 辉 光。
恳 求 施 恩 的 耶 稣, 转 面 容 我 仰 望。
愿 我 微 心 起 大 信, 与 主 永 远 相 亲。 (阿 们)

受難歌

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

PASSION CHORALE 76 雙
HANS L. HASSLER, 1601
Har. J. S. BACH, 1729

修普天頌讚 118

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153
Eng. Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1830

3 - | 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - | 2 - - - 3 - 7 - | i - i - 7 6 7 - | 6 - - - -

1. 至 聖 之 主 受 重 創, 希 世 痛 苦 難 當,
2. 眼 見 我 何 主 勇 力 量, 戰 爭 中 間 消 光,
3. 我 用 來 與 詞 作 謝 頌, 如 斯 恩 誼 豐 隆,
4. 將 來 世 長 別 時, 懇 求 迅 速 來 臨,

3 - | 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - | 2 - - - 3 - 7 - | i - i - 7 6 7 - | 6 - - - -

遍 壓 荆 冠 皆 恥 辱 譏 評 嫌 怨 憂 傷,
眼 見 冷 酷 的 死 亡 將 主 生 命 奪 喪,
成 賜 仁 我 自 難 由 之 與 安 慰, 無 昭 示 慈 寶 憐 架 恩 光,
明

i - | 7 - 5 - 6 - 7 - | i - - - i - 5 - | 6 - 5 - 4 - 4 - | 3 - - - -

仰 瞻 慈 容 何 慘 淡? 想 見 滿 懷 悽 愴!
鳴 呼 痛 苦 又 為 死 亡! 因 愛 萬 罪 身 變 當!
懇 求 百 收 我 信 而 弟 子, 者, 愛 永 雖 不 死 猶 更!
凡 守 信 而 死 者, 因 愛 雖 不 死 猶 更!

i - | 7 - 2 - i - 7 - | 6 - - - 7 - 3 - | 4 - 3 - 2 - 5 - | 3 - - - -

此 刻 愁 雲 掩 聖 範, 當 年 基 督 輝 光。
懇 求 萬 施 恩 的 耶 穌, 轉 離 容 主 我 仰 望。
願 我 微 心 莫 起 大 容 我 信, 與 永 遠 相 親。

用荆棘編作冠冕給他戴上...又拿一根葦子打他的頭。 可15: 17, 19

受 难 歌

1=C $\frac{4}{4}$

3 | 6 5 4 3 | 2 - $\hat{3}$ 7 | $\dot{1}$ $\dot{1}$ $\widehat{7}$ 6 7 | 6 - -

1. 至 圣之首受 重创, 希 世痛苦 难 当;
 2. 眼 见我主英 勇力, 战 争中间 消 尽;
 3. 将 来与世长 别 时, 恳 求迅速 来 临,

3 | 6 5 4 3 | 2 - $\hat{3}$ 7 | $\dot{1}$ $\dot{1}$ $\widehat{7}$ 6 7 | 6 - -

1. 遍 压荆冠皆 耻 辱, 讥 评、嫌怨、忧 伤;
 2. 眼 见冷酷的 死 亡, 剥 夺主身 生 命;
 3. 赐 我自由与 安 慰, 昭 示宝架 光 明;

$\dot{1}$ | $\widehat{7}$ 6 5 6 7 | $\dot{1}$ - $\dot{1}$ 5 | 6 5 4 4 | 3 - -

1. 仰 瞻 慈容何 惨 淡? 想 见满怀凄 怆!
 2. 鸣 呼 痛苦又 死 亡! 因 爱万罪身 当!
 3. 凡 百 守信而 死 者, 因 爱虽死犹 生;

$\dot{1}$ | $\widehat{7}$ $\dot{1}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{1}$ 7 | 6 - $\hat{7}$ 3 | 4 3 2 5 | 3 - - ||

1. 此 刻 愁云掩 圣 范, 当 年基督辉 光。
 2. 恳 求 施恩的 耶 稣, 转 面容我仰 望。
 3. 愿 我 微心起 大 信, 与 主永远相 亲。

4 - - - | 3 - - - ||

(阿 们)

受难歌

O sacred Head, sore wounded

帕尔纳词 1091 - 1153

哈斯勒曲 1601

(St Bernard of Clairvaux)

(Hans L. Hassler)

刘廷芳译 1929 1=C 4/4

3 | 6 5 4 3 | 2 - 3̇ 7 | 1̇ 1̇ 7̇ 6 7 | 6 - -
 1 | 1 1 1 2̇ 2̇ 1 | 1̇ 7̇ 1̇ 2 | 1̇ 2̇ 3 3 3 2̇ | 1 - -
 1. 至 圣 之 首 受 重 创, 希 世 痛 苦 难 当;
 2. 眼 见 我 主 英 勇 力, 战 争 中 间 消 尽;
 3. 将 来 与 世 长 别 时, 恳 求 迅 速 来 临,
 5 | 4 5 6̇ 5 5 | 6̇ 5 5 #5 | 3 6 6 #5 | 6 - -
 1 | 4 3 6̇ 7 1 | 4 5 1 7 | 6̇ 7 1 2 3 3 | 6 - -

3 | 6 5 4 3 | 2 - 3̇ 7 | 1̇ 1̇ 7̇ 6 7 | 6 - -
 1 | 1 2 3 6̇ 7 1 | 1 7 1 3 | 3 3 3 3 2̇ | 1 - -
 遍 压 荆 冠 皆 耻 辱, 讥 评、 嫌 怨、 忧 伤;
 眼 见 冷 酷 的 死 亡, 剥 夺 主 身 生 命;
 赐 我 自 由 与 安 慰, 昭 示 宝 架 光 明;
 6 | 6 7 1 2 5 | 6̇ 5 5 #5 | 3 6 6 #5 | 6 - -
 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 | 4 5 1 7 | 6̇ 7 1 2 3 3 | 6 - -

1̇ | 7̇ 6 5 6 7 | 1̇ - 1̇ 5 | 6 5 4 4 | 3 - -
 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 4 | 4 3 2 3 3 | 4 3 3 2 #1 - -
 仰 瞻 慈 容 何 惨 淡? 想 见 满 怀 凄 怆!
 呜 呼 痛 苦 又 死 亡! 因 爱 万 罪 身 当!
 凡 百 守 信 而 死 者, 因 爱 虽 死 犹 生;
 3 | 2 1 7 6 5 4 5 | 6 5 4 5 1 | 1 1 7 6 6 | 6 - -
 6 | 2 3 4 3 2 | 1 - 1 1 | 4 1 2 3 4 5 | 6 - -

1̇ | 7̇ 1̇ 2̇ 1̇ 7 | 6 - 7 3 | 4 3 2 5 | 3 - - || 4 - - - | 3 - - - ||
 2 | 2 5 5 5 | 5 #4 5 1 | 1 7 1 1 7 | 1 - - || 1 - - - | 1 - - - ||
 此 刻 愁 云 掩 圣 范, 当 年 基 督 辉 光。
 恳 求 施 恩 的 耶 稣, 转 面 容 我 仰 望。
 愿 我 微 心 起 大 信, 与 主 永 远 相 亲。(阿 们)
 6 | 5 6 7 1 2 | 3 2 2 5 | 4 5 6 2 5 | 5 - - || 6 - - - | 5 - - - ||
 #4 | 5 5 #4 3 2 | 1 2 5 1 7 | 6 5 4 5 | 1 - - || 4 - - - | 1 - - - ||

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss 'til now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153
 Tr. Pyal Gerhardt, 1626
 Tr. James W. Alexander, 1830

PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
 Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
 Harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Am F $\frac{C}{E}$ Dm6 C $\frac{Dm7}{F}$ G C $\frac{E}{G\#}$ Am Esus E Am

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,

Am F $\frac{C}{E}$ Dm6 C $\frac{Dm7}{F}$ G C $\frac{E}{G\#}$ Am Esus E Am

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown:
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

Am $\frac{Bdim}{D}$ $\frac{C}{E}$ F $\frac{G7}{D}$ $\frac{F}{C}$ C C7 Fmaj7 $\frac{A7}{C\#}$ Dm2 Dm A

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine;
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

$\frac{D7}{F\#}$ G $\frac{D}{F\#}$ $\frac{C}{E}$ $\frac{G}{D}$ $\frac{Am7}{C}$ D G C $\frac{F}{A}$ $\frac{C}{G}$ $\frac{Dm7}{F}$ G C

yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

WORDS: Attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th c.; tr. James W. Alexander (1804-1859)
 MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612); arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)



O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. Translated by James W. Alexander, 1830.

Music: 'Passion Chorale' or 'Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen' Hans Leo Hassler, 1601. Adapted by J.S. Bach, 1729.

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729.

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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O sac - red Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. Men mock and taunt and jeer Thee, Thou no - ble coun - ten - - ance,
4. Now from Thy cheeks has van - ished their co - lor once so fair;
5. My bur - den in Thy Pas - sion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but Thine the dead - ly pain.
Though might - y worlds shall fear Thee and flee be - fore Thy glance.
From Thy red lips is ban - ished the splen - dor that was there.
For it was my trans - gres - sion which brought this woe on Thee.

O sac - red Head, what glo - - ry, what bliss till now was Thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sa - - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
How art thou pale with an - - guish, with sore a - - buse and scorn!
Grim death, with cru - el ri - - gor, hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
I cast me down be - fore Thee, wrath were my right - ful lot;

Yet, though des - pised and gor - - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
Look on me with Thy fa - - vor, vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
How doth Thy vis - age lan - - guish that once was bright as morn!
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vi - - gor, Thy strength in this sad strife.
Have mer - cy, I im - plore Thee; Re - - deem - er, spurn me not!

6. 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.

7. My Shepherd, now receive me; my Guardian, own me Thine.
Great blessings Thou didst give me, O source of gifts divine.
Thy lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;
Thy Spirit oft hath led me to heavenly joys above.

8. Here I will stand beside Thee, from Thee I will not part;
O Savior, do not chide me! When breaks Thy loving heart,
When soul and body languish in death's cold, cruel grasp,
Then, in Thy deepest anguish, Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.

9. The joy can never be spoken, above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken I thus with safety hide.
O Lord of Life, desiring Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

10. My Savior, be Thou near me when death is at my door;
Then let Thy presence cheer me, forsake me nevermore!
When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish by virtue of Thine own!

11. Be Thou my consolation, my shield when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfolds Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

O sacred Head, now wounded - Passion Choral
Trinity Hymnal No.:178

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

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 Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED-crd

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

F C G7 C F-G C E7 Am Esus E7
 Am
 O sa- cred Head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame
 weighed down;
 What Thou, my Lord has suf- fered was all for sin-
 ners' gain:
 What lan- guage shall I bor- row to thank Thee, dear- est
 Friend,

C F C G7 C F-G C E7 Am Esus E7 Am
 Now scorn-ful- ly sur- round-ed with thorns, Thine on- ly crown;
 Mine, mine was the trans-gres- sion, but Thine the dead-ly pain.
 For this, Thy dy- ing sor- row, Thy pity with- out end?

Dm Em F G7 F C F C Dm A
 O sa- cred head, what glo- ry, what bliss till now was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav- ior! Tis I de-serve Thy place;
 O make me Thine for- ev- er; and should I fainting be,

D7 G C G C-D G C F C F G C
 Yet, though de-spised and gor- y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fav- or, vouch-safe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev- er, nev- er out- live my love to Thee.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded—Bernard of Clairvaux CRD
trans. by Paul Gerhardt and James Alexander, from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk
melody by Jans Leo Hassler. Public Domain.

Am F Dm C G C
O sacred Head, now wounded,
E Am E Am
With grief and shame bow'd down,
F Dm C G C
Now scornfully surrounded
E Am E Am
With thorns, Thine only crown.
Em F G F C
O sacred Head, what glory,
F A7 Dm A
What bliss till now was Thine!
D7 G C G D G
Yet, though despised and gory,
C F G C
I joy to call Thee mine.

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.

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 for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And to my succor flying
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

O sacred head, sore wounded

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

O sacred head, sore wounded,
defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head surrounded
with mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendor
the hosts of heaven adore!

Thy beauty, long-desired,
hath vanished from our sight;
thy power is all expired,
and quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
hide not so far thy grace:
show me, O Love most highest,
the brightness of thy face.

I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
me, Shepherd good, for thine;
who to thy fold hast won me,
and fed with truth divine.
Me guilty, me refuse not,
incline thy face to me,
this comfort that I lose not,
on earth to comfort thee.

In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation
upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
to stand thy cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved,
yet thank thee for thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
to hold me that I quail not
in death's most fearful hour;
that I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife
to me thine arms extended
upon the cross of life.

Words: Robert Bridges, 1899

Music: Passion Chorale
(Herzlich thut mich verlangen), St. Christopher
Meter: 76 76 D
