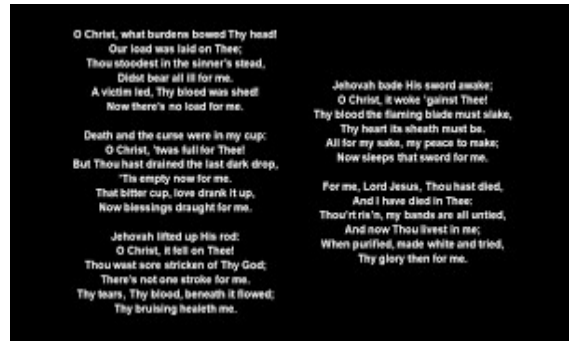


Hymn

O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

哦主，甚么使你头垂
鋼琴樂譜 / 簡譜 / 吉他樂譜



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

Date: March 24, 2023



哦主, 什么使你头垂?

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

一 哦主, 什么使你头垂? 我罪压你身上!

你是站在罪人地位, 将我罪孽担当。

作我祭牲, 流血赎罪, 使我得着释放。

- 二 我杯满了咒诅、死亡, 是我应得之分,
然而其中每滴苦汤, 你都为我喝尽。
苦杯你爱为我尽尝, 福杯我今得饮。
- 三 耶和華曾举起祂杖, 哦主, 向你打下!
你被你神痛苦击伤, 使我免受刑罚;
浑身伤痕, 血, 水流淌, 作我医治代价。
- 四 狂风大起, 怒涛骇浪, 哦主, 向你进迫!
你的胸怀为我抵挡, 作我安息之所。
因你为我受死受伤, 平安我今得着。
- 五 耶和華曾吩咐祂刀, 哦主, 向你兴起!
它的残酷火刃闪耀, 须将你血饮吸;
既已满足神之所要, 它的要求遂息。
- 六 哦主, 你曾为我受死, 我也在你死了;
你已复活, 将我开释, 今在我里活着。
经过炼净、纯洁、无疵, 就得进你荣耀。

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Eb Bb7 Cm Ab Bb7 Eb

1 3 | 5. 5 5. 3 | 3 2 1. 5 | 6 5 4 2 | 3 - -



一 哦 主, 什么 使 你 头 垂? 我 罪 压 你 身 上!

Eb G7 Cm Bb F7 Bb

1 3 | 5. 5 5. 3 | 3 2 1. 3 | 2 5 6 7 | 5 - -



你 是 站 在 罪 人 地 位, 将 我 罪 孽 担 当。

Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Cm Bb7 Eb

4 | 3. 3 4. 4 | 5 i 6. 6 | 5. 1 3 2 | 1 - - ||



作 我 祭 牲, 流 血 赎 罪, 使 我 得 着 释 放。

- 二 我杯满了咒诅死亡, 是我应得之分,
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你被你神痛苦击伤, 使我免受刑罚;
你的宝血因此流淌, 作了我的赎价。
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哦主甚么使你头
赞美主 - 祂的受苦

C84

(吉他: Capo 1)

1. 哦主, 甚么使你头垂? 我罪压你身上!
你是站在罪人地位, 将我罪孽担当。
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2. 我杯满了咒诅、死亡,
是我应得之分,
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苦杯你爱为我尽尝,
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须将你血饮吸;
既已满足神之所要,
祂的要求遂息。
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我也在你死了;
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今在我里活着。
经过炼净、纯洁、无疵,
就得进你荣耀。

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赞美主 - 祂的受苦

C84

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6. 哦主, 你曾为我受死, 我也在你死了; 你已复活, 将我开释, 今在我里活着。经过炼净、纯洁、无疵, 就得进你荣耀。

O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

94

(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bow'd Thy head! Our bad was bid on
 Thee; Thou stood - est in the sh - ner's stead, Didst bear all I for
 me. A vic - tm bd; Thy bbod was shed; Nbw theres no bad for me.

2. Death and the curse were in our cup,
 O Christ, it was ful for Thee!
 But Thou hast drahed the last dark drop—
 'Tis empty now for me.
 That bitter cup—bve drank it up;
 Nbw blesshgs' draught for me.

3. Jehovah fted up His rod,
 O Christ, it fel on Thee!
 Thou wast sore strbken of Thy God;
 Theres not one stroke for me.
 Thy tears, Thy bbod, beneath t f bwed;
 Thy bruising heabt h me.

4. The tempest's awful voibe was heard,
 O Christ, it broke on Thee!
 Thy open bosom was my ward,
 It braved the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy vsage marred;
 Nbw cbudless peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake,
 O Christ, it woke gainst Thee!
 Thy bbod t he flaming bade must sake;
 Thy heart is sheath must be—
 Al for my sake, my peace to make;
 Nbw sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast ded,
 And I have ded h Thee;
 Thou't rish: my bands are al unt'ed,
 And now Thou l'ist h me.
 When purf'ed, made whte, and tr'ed,
 Thy gbr'y t hen for me!

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Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

94

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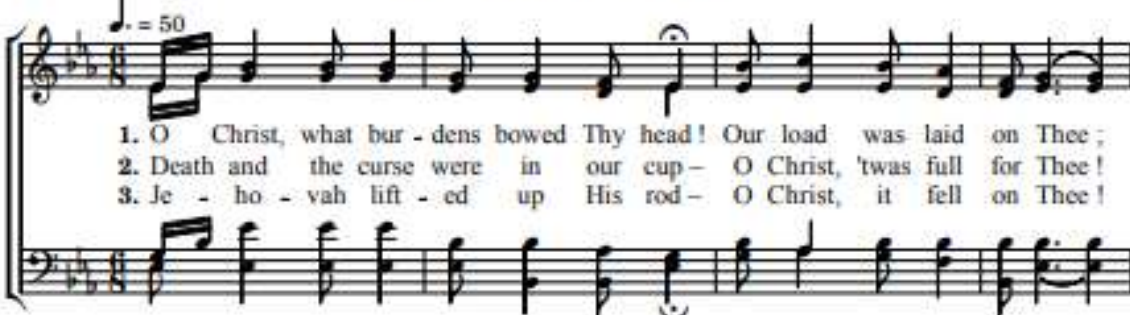
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6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast d'ed,
 And I have d'ed in Thee;
 Thou'rt rish: my bands are al unt'ed,
 And now Thou v'st in me.
 When purf'ed, made whte, and tried,
 Thy gbry then for me!

O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head

(SUBSTITUTION. 8.6.8.6.8.6)

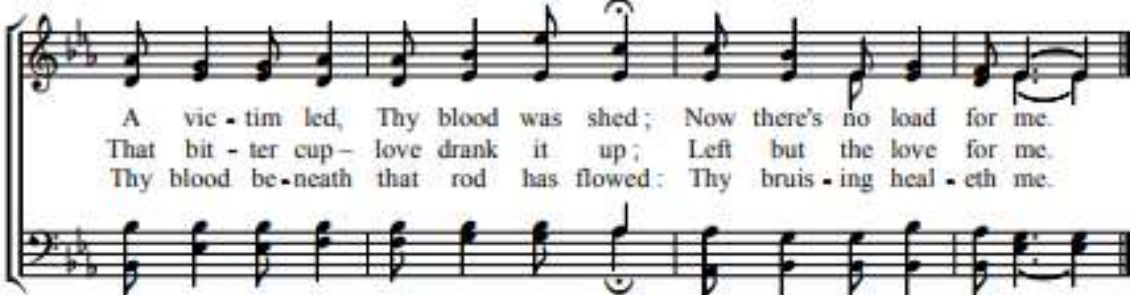
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1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee ;
 2. Death and the curse were in our cup - O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
 3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod - O Christ, it fell on Thee !



Thou stood - est in the sin - ner's stead - To bear all ill for me.
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me.
 Thou wast for - sa - ken of Thy God ; No dis - tance now for me.



A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed ; Now there's no load for me.
 That bit - ter cup - love drank it up ; Left but the love for me.
 Thy blood be - neath that rod has flowed : Thy bruising heal - eth me.

4. The tempest's awful voice was heard,
 O Christ, it broke on Thee ;
 Thy open bosom was my ward ;
 It bore the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred ;
 Now cloudless peace for me.

5. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee ;
 Thou'rt risen : my bands are all untied ;
 And now Thou liv'st in me.
 The Father's face of radiant grace
 Shines now in light on me.

No. 124. The Sinner's Substitute.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isa. 53:6.

Mrs. Cousins, alt. by James M. Gray, D. D.

D. B. Towner.

1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
 2. The curse of death was in our cup, The cup was full for Thee;
 3. Je - ho - vah raised the rod to smite, The blow re - turned on Thee;
 4. The tem - pest's aw - ful voice was heard, Its thun - ders broke on Thee;
 5. For us, Lord Je - sus, hast Thou died, That we might die in Thee;

Thou stoodest in the sin - ner's stead, And car - ried all for me;
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, And emp - tied it for me;
 Up - on Thy form did it a - light, And passed a - way from me;
 Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward, And it pro - tect - ed me;
 But Thou are raised and glo - ri - fied, And liv - est now in me;

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed, There is no guilt for me.
 That bit - ter cup, love drank it up, There is no curse for me.
 Thy soul so white did wrath af - fright, There is no wrath for me.
 Thy bo - dy scarred, Thy vis - age marred, There is no storm for me.
 Hell's host de - fled! heav'n o - pen wide! There is no death for me!

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed, There is no guilt for me.
 That bit - ter cup, love drank it up, There is no curse for me.
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O Christ, what burdens (1st tune)

A.R.Cousin



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And I have died in Thee:
Thou'art risen - my hands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me!