

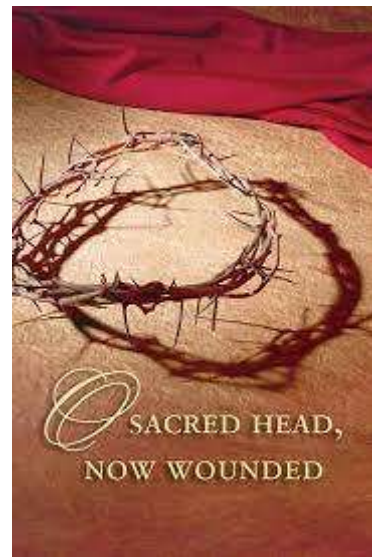
Hymn

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded
Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

至聖之首創傷

鋼琴樂譜 / 簡譜 / 吉他樂譜



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Date: April 1, 2023



53 至圣之首受创伤

Bernard of Clairvaux,
1001-1163

O Sacred head, Now Wounded

HANS LEO HASSLER
Harmonized by J.S.BACH

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

1. 主 头 部 伤 痕 累 累, 伤 痛 使 头 下 垂.
2. 主 受 尽 人 间 苦 痛, 罪 人 才 能 得 赎,
3. 我 用 何 辞 来 感 谢, 感 谢 亲 爱 救 主,

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

被 人 鞭 打 遭 凌 辱, 荆 棘 条 头 上 带;
主 受 伤 痛 至 死 亡, 是 因 为 我 的 罪;
为 我 舍 命 受 痛 苦, 神 大 爱 不 可 忘.

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

至 圣 的 主 本 有 天 上 一 切 的 荣 耀.
此 般 苦 刑 我 当 受, 我 战 惊 主 脚 旁.
主! 我 被 赎 当 归 祿, 虽 然 体 力 衰 微.

i | 7 1 2 i 7 | 6 - 7 3 | 4 3 2 5 | 3 - - | 4 - 3 - ||

今 遭 嫌 弃 被 血 染, 在 祿 旁 我 流 泪.
谢 主 赎 罪 大 恩 典, 我 来 瞻 仰 圣 颜.
我 仍 要 一 心 爱 祿, 永 远 爱 祿 不 变. 阿 们

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Latin: 12th Century

German: Paul Gerhardt

Tr. by James W. Alexander, alt.

When they had platted a crown of thorns they put it upon His head.

— Matthew 27:29

PASSION CHORALE

Hans Leo Hassler

Harmonized by J. S. Bach

1 哦，至聖之首低垂，滿了憂痛創傷，
 2 我主祢受盡來苦感，楚罪人得蒙恩典，
 3 我用何辭來感謝，如此親愛朋友？

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,

1 遭凌辱荆棘刺遍，作成冠冕戴上；
 2 祢受創痛至死傷亡，是因我的罪愆；
 3 因祢捨命極傷痛，慈愛存到永久；

1 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown,
 2 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 3 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

1 哦，至聖之首本有天上一切榮光！
 2 思念苦刑我當受，俯伏我主腳邊；
 3 哦使我一永遠屬祢，雖至體力衰朽；

1 How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 2 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 3 O make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,

1 雖被棄嫌並血染，我樂歸附祢旁！
 2 懇求繼續賜恩典，願常瞻仰聖顏。
 3 求使我一心愛主，永遠忠誠信守！阿門。

1 How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
 2 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 3 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love for Thee! A - men.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 284

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.

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They twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on Him. Mark 15:17

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?

How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
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,

How does that vis - age lan - quish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor; As - sist me with Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt; based on Medieval Latin poem ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated from the German by James W. Alexander
MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harmonized by J. S. Bach

PASSION CHORALE
7.6.7.6.D.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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Medieval Latin, attrib. to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)

Isa. 53; John 19:1–3

German paraphr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656

Transl. James W. Alexander, 1830; alt.

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 What you, dear Sav - ior, suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est friend;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown,
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain.
 For this your dy - ing sor - row, your pit - y with - out end?

How pale you are with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;
 May I be yours for - ev - er; and though my days be few,

How does your vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with your fa - vor, O grant to me your grace.
 O Sav - ior, let me nev - er out - live my love for you!

This hymn is drawn from an extended Latin poem in seven sections, each addressed to a member of Christ's body on the cross. It comes to us by way of a German translation by Lutheran pastor and hymnwriter Paul Gerhardt.

Tune: PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
 (HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN)

Melody by Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
 Harm. J. S. Bach, 1729

For another harmonization, see 179

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED—crd

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Am F C G7 C F-G C E7 Am Esus E7
 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.