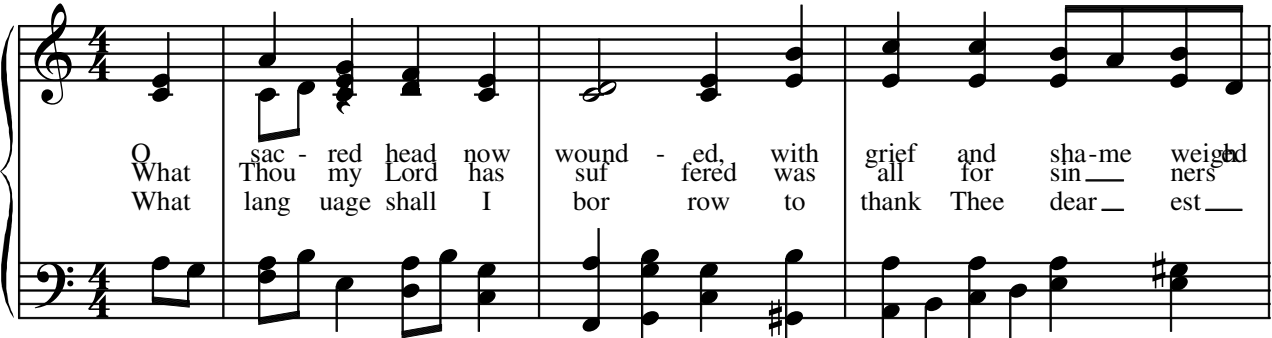


O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

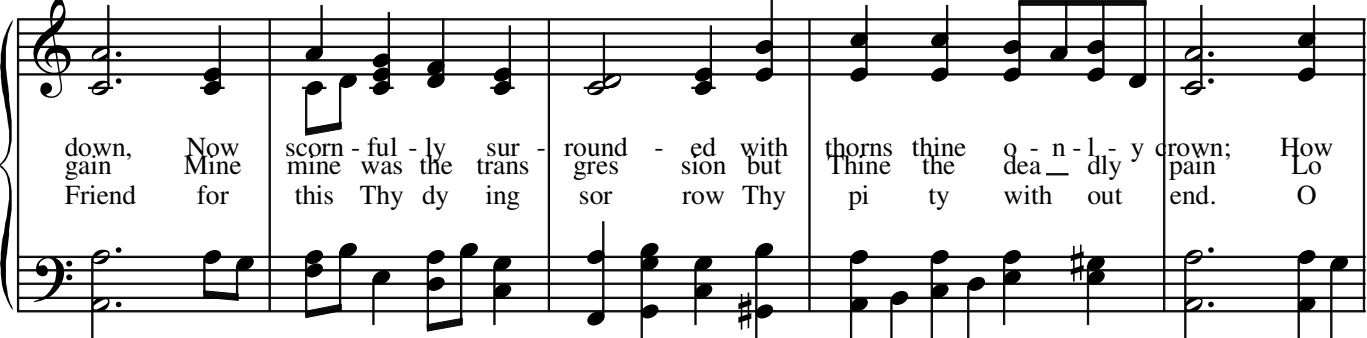
(Text:- Anonymous.)

Hans L. Hassler.
Harmony:- J.S.Bach.

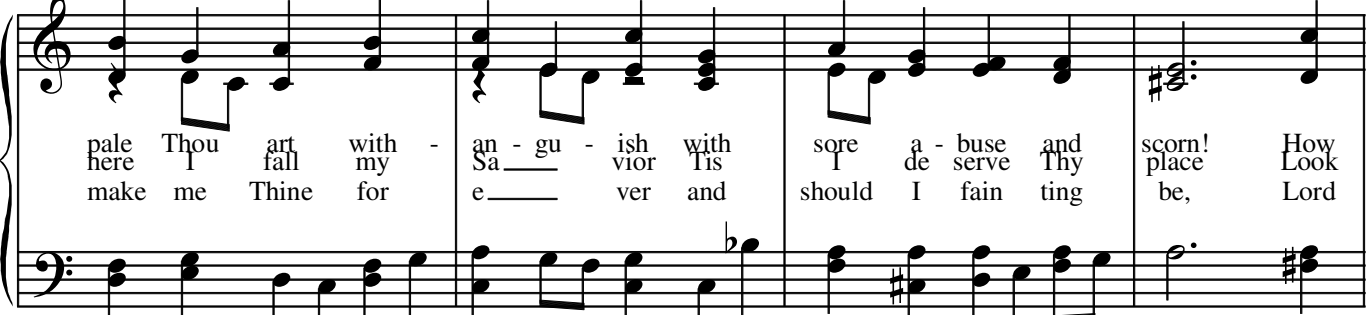
Synthesizer



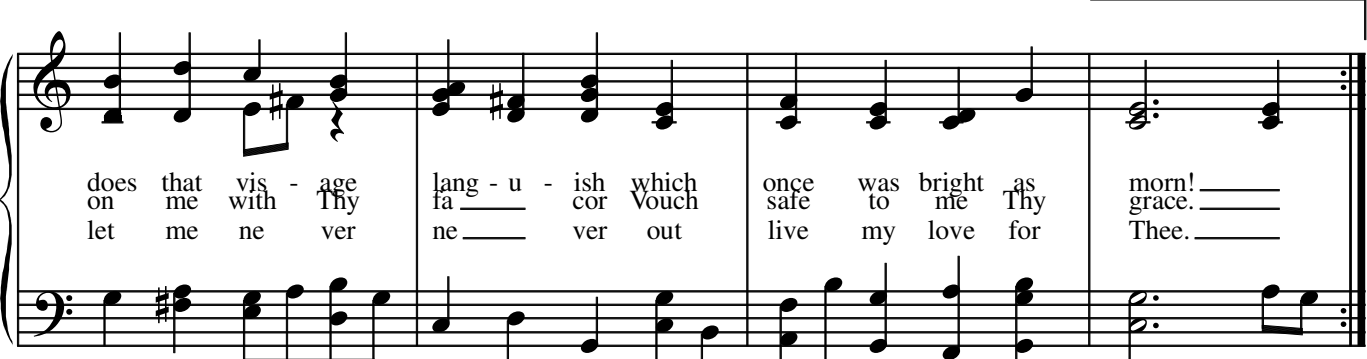
O What Thou my Lord now wound - ed, with grief and sha-me weighd
What Thou lang uage shall I suf - fered was all for sin - ners
Thank Thee dear - est



down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns thine o - n - l - y crown; How
gain, Mine mine was the trans - gres - sion but Thine the dea - n - l - y pain; Lo
Friend for this Thy dy ing sor row Thy pi ty with out end. O



pale Thou art fall with - an - gu - ish with sore a - buse and scorn! How
here I Thine for my - Sa - gu - ish vior Tis I de - serve Thy place! Look
make me Thine for e - ver and should I faint ing be, Lord



does that vis - age lang - u - ish which once safe was bright as morn! _____
on me with Thy fa - cor Vouch live to me Thy grace. _____
let me ne ver ne - ver out my love for Thee. _____