Traditional Gospel Songs with Chords

Christian lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Seems like there are as many versions of the lyrics in this song as there are hymnals! These are the lyrics sung by Radney Foster on "Peace in the Valley".

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-76)
Translation: James W Alexander (1804-69)
Melody: Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)
Arrangement: J S Bach (1685-1750)

OH SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

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   Am     Dm       G    E
Oh sacred head now wounded
     Am        E7            Am
With grief and shame weighed down
     Dm    G       E7
How scornfully surrounded
     Am     E7         Am
With thorns Thine only crown!
   G7               C
Oh sacred head what glory
     Am         Dm      A7
What bliss 'til now was Thine
D7  G       D7          Em
Yet though despised and lowly
   Dm     G7       C
I joy to call Thee mine
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What Thou my Lord has suffered
Was all for sinner's 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 to Thee.

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Alternative version

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Am F C   Dm    C   F   G C
O sacred Head, now wounded,
E    Am        E7            Am
With grief and shame weighed down,
    F    C Dm  C  F   G C E    Am
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns,
      E7    Am
Thine only crown;
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    Dm   Em   F   G    F  C
How pale Thou art with anguish,
C7   F    A7 Dm      A
With sore abuse and scorn!
D7    G  D    C   G  C  D7 G
How does that visage languish,
C     F    C   F      G  C
Which once was bright as morn!


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 favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Men mock and taunt and jeer Thee,
Thou noble countenance,
Though mighty worlds shall fear Thee
And flee before Thy glance.
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How doth Thy visage languish
That once was bright as morn!

Now from Thy cheeks has vanished
Their color once so fair;
From Thy red lips is banished
The splendor that was there.
Grim death, with cruel rigor,
Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor,
Thy strength in this sad strife.

My burden in Thy Passion, Lord,
Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy, I implore Thee;
Redeemer, spurn me not!

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.

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.
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Here I will stand beside Thee,
From Thee I will not part;
O Saviour, 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.

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.

My Saviour, 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!

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.

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