

Take Me To Church

T&M: Andrew John Hozier-Byrne

Arr.: Oliver Gies

♩ = 63

für gemischten Chor SATB a cappella

INTRO

VERSE 1A

Chords: G#m C#m G#m C#m B C#m G#m C#m G#m C#m

Sopran *p* uh oh uh

Alt *p* uh oh *mp* My lov-er's got hu-mour,

Tenor *p* uh oh uh

Bass *p* uh oh uh

6 Chords: G#m C#m B C#m G#m C#m

S. oh uh

A. she's the gig-gle at a fu ne ral, know se-v'ry bo-dy's dis-ap-pro- val. I should have wor-shipped her soon-er...

T. oh

B. oh uh

VERSE 1B

9 Chords: G#m C#m G#m C#m B C#m

S. oh

A. *p* uh oh

T. *mp* If the hea-vens e-ver did speak she's the last true mouth-piece. E-v'ry sun-day's gettin' more bleak,

B. oh

12 VERSE 1C

S. *G#m* *C#m* *F#* *E(SUS2)* *G#m* *C#m*
 uh oh

A. *mp* *mf*
 "We were born sick" you heard them say it. My church of-fers no_ ab-so-lutes.

T. *mp*
 a fresh poi-son each weak. "We were born sick" you heard them say it. My church of-fers no_ ab-so-lutes.

B. *mp*
 uh oh

15 *G#m* *C#m* *B* *C#m* *G#m* *C#m*

S. oh

A. She tells me" wor-ship in the bed- room". The on-ly hea-ven I'll be sent to is when I'm a-lone with you.

T. She tells me" wor-ship in the bed- room". The on-ly hea-ven I'll be sent to is when I'm a-lone with you.

B. oh oh -

18 PRECHORUS 1

S. *F#* *E* *E6* *E* *B* *E* *B* *E_m*
 I was born sick but I love it. Com-mand me to be well. A - - men, A -

A. *f* *p*
 I was born sick but I love it. Com-mand me to be well. A - - - - men, A -

T. *mf* *f* *p*
 I was born sick but I love it. Com-mand me to be well. A - - - - men, A -

B. *f* *p*
 ah Com-mand me to be well. A - - - - men, A -

CHORUS 1

22 *B* *E_m* *B* *f* *G_{#m}*

S. men, A - men. Take me to church. I'll wor-ship like a dog at the shrine of your lies.

A. men, A - men. I'll wor-ship like a dog at the shrine of your lies.

T. men, A - men. Take me to church. I'll wor-ship like a dog at the shrine of your lies.

B. men, A - men. ah oh

25 *D_{#7}* *B* *C_{#m}*

S. — I'll tell you my sins_ and you can shar-pen your knife. Of-fer me_ that death-less death,_ good God,

A. — I'll tell you my sins_ and you can shar-pen your knife. Of-fer me_ that death-less death,_ good God,

T. — I'll tell you my sins_ and you can shar-pen your knife. Of-fer me_ that death-less death,_ good God,

B. — Of-fer me that death-less death,_ good God,

27 *G_{#m}* *G_{#m}*

S. — let me give you my life._ Take me to church. — let me give you my life._

A. — let me give you my life._ — let me give you my life._

T. — let me give you my life._ Take me to church. — let me give you my life._

B. — let me give you my life._ — let me give you my life._