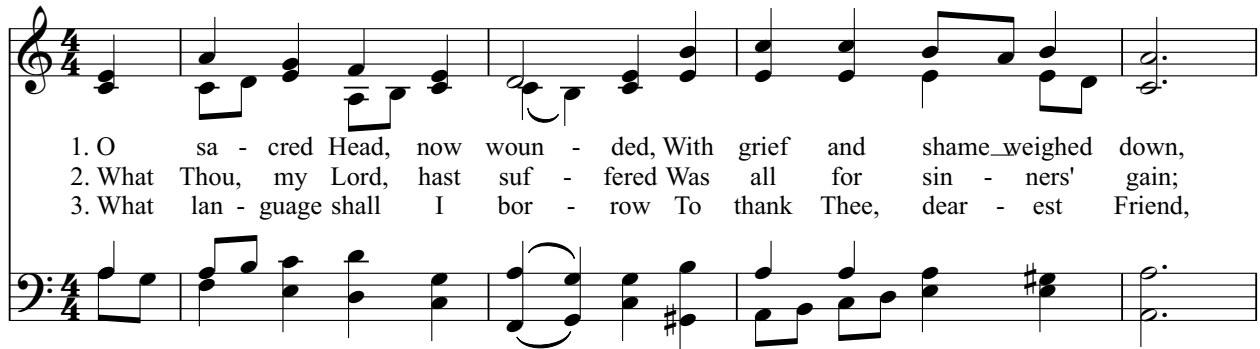
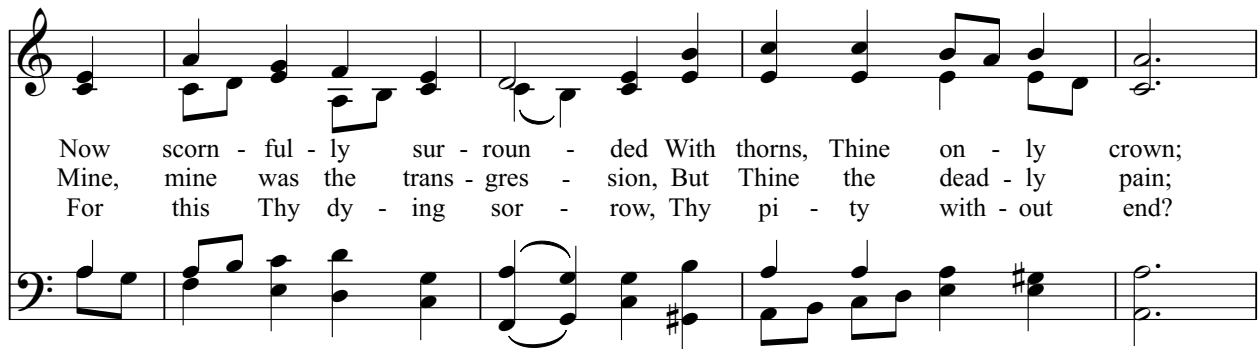


O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, 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 - roun - ded 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 pi - ty with - out end?



How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
Lo, here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - e - ver, And should I fain - ting be,



How does that vi - sage lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me ne - ver, ne - ver Out - live my love to Thee.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676,
based on a medieval Latin poem;
tr. Jame W. Alexander, 1804-1859
Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612;
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750



76 76D
PASSION CHORALE
www.hymnary.org/text/o_sacred_head_now_wounded