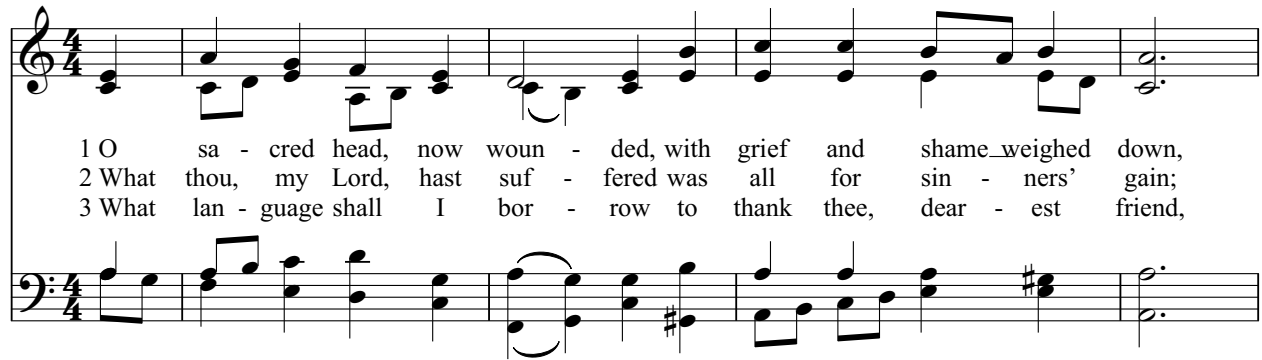
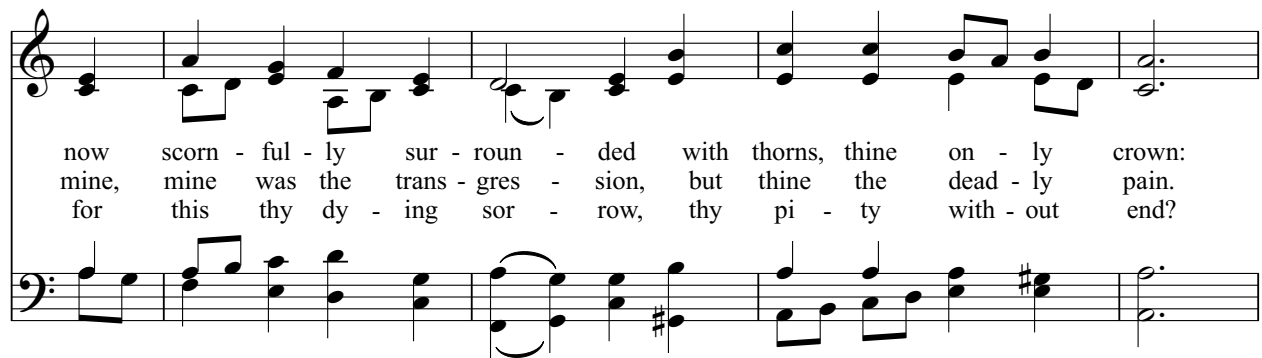


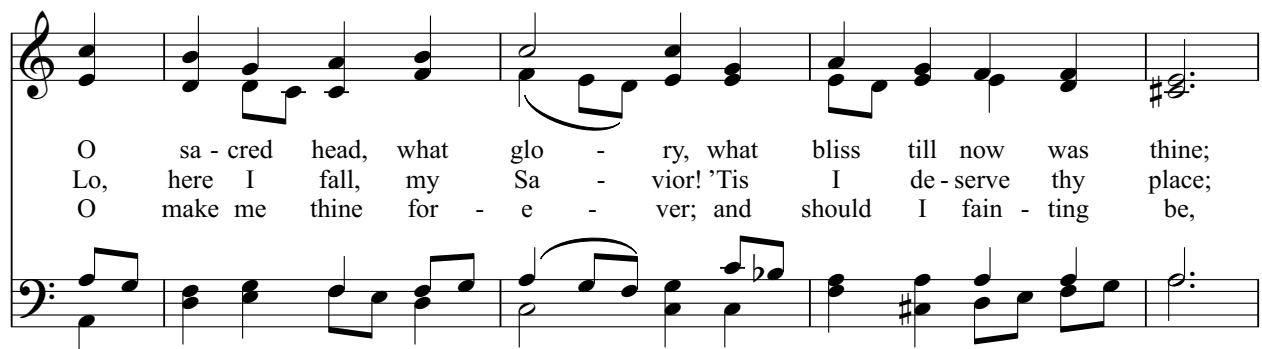
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



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?



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine;
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,



yet, though des - pised 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 ne - ver, ne - ver out - live my love to thee.

Text: Attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th c.;
tr. James W. Alexander (1804-1859)
Tune: Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612);
arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)



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PASSION CHORALE
www.hymnary.org/text/o_sacred_head_now_wounded