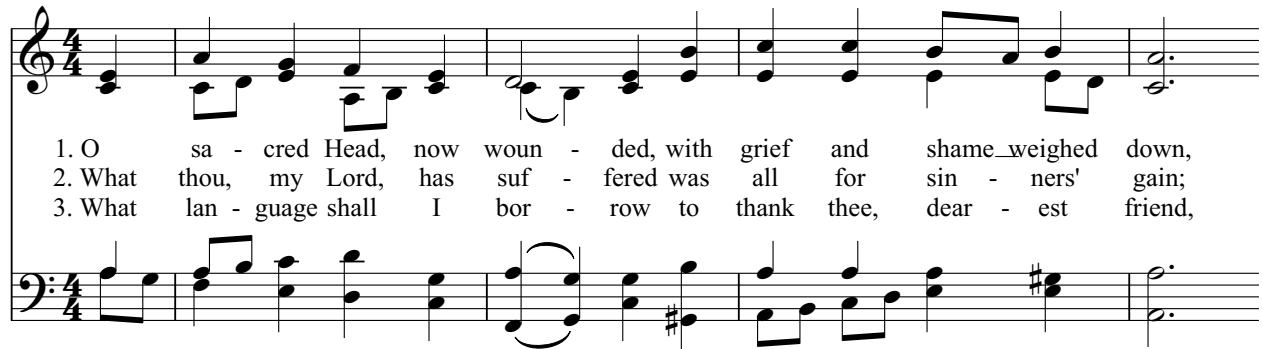
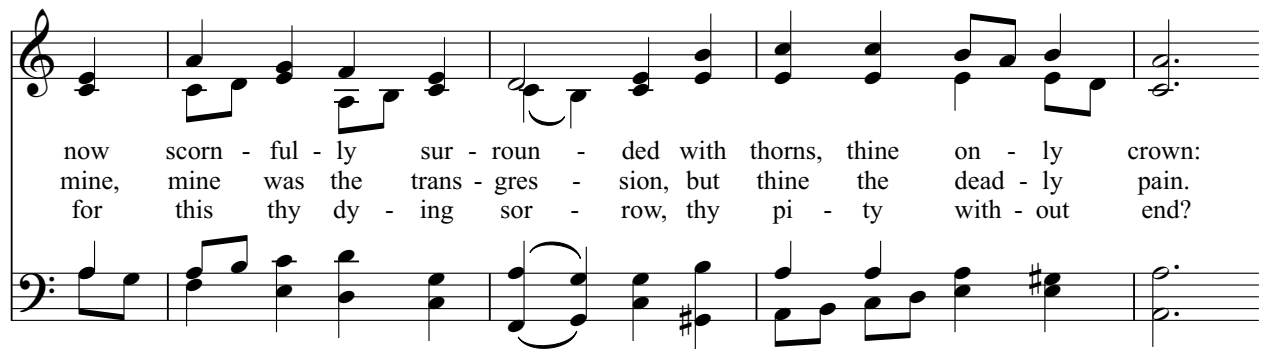


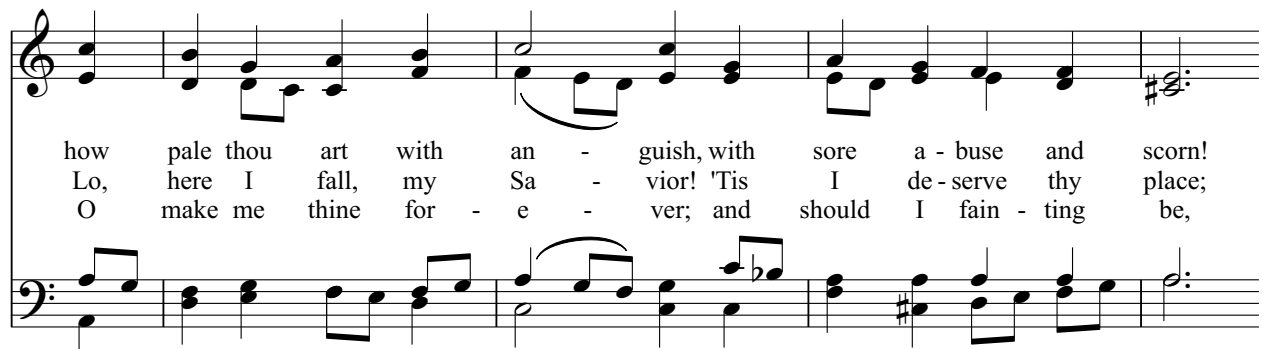
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, with grief and shame weighed down,
2. What thou, my Lord, has 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 for thee.

Text: Anon. Latin;
trans. Paul Gerhardt, 1656,
and James W. Alexander, 1850
Tune: Hans L. Hassler, 1601;
harm. J. S. Bach, 1729, alt.



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