O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
   how pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!
   How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain;
   for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
   look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,
   mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
   Lord, let me never, never outlive my love for thee.

Tune: Hans L. Hassler, 1601; harm. J. S. Bach, 1729, alt.