O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3. What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity
Without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

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

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