1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, your only crown.
O sacred head, what glory and blessing you have known!
Yet, though despised and gory, I claim you as my own.

2 My Lord, what you did suffer was all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression, but yours the deadly pain.
So here I kneel, my Savior, for I deserve your place;
look on me with your favor and save me by your grace.

3 What language shall I borrow to thank you, dearest Friend,
for this, your dying sorrow, your mercy without end?
Lord, make me yours forever, a loyal servant true,
and let me never, never outlive my love for you.

Text: Latin, medieval; German tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. James W. Alexander, 1830, alt.
Tune: Hans L. Hassler, 1601; adapt. and harm. Johann S. Bach in St. Matthew Passion, 1729

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