O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
     mine mine mine mine, mine mine mine mine, mine mine mine mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain;
     for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,
     now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown:

4 Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;
     yet, though despised and guilty, I joy to call thee mine.

5 O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine;
     look on me with Thy favor, and grant to me thy grace.

6 Lord, let me never, never outlive 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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