

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612

Adapted and harmonized by

Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153

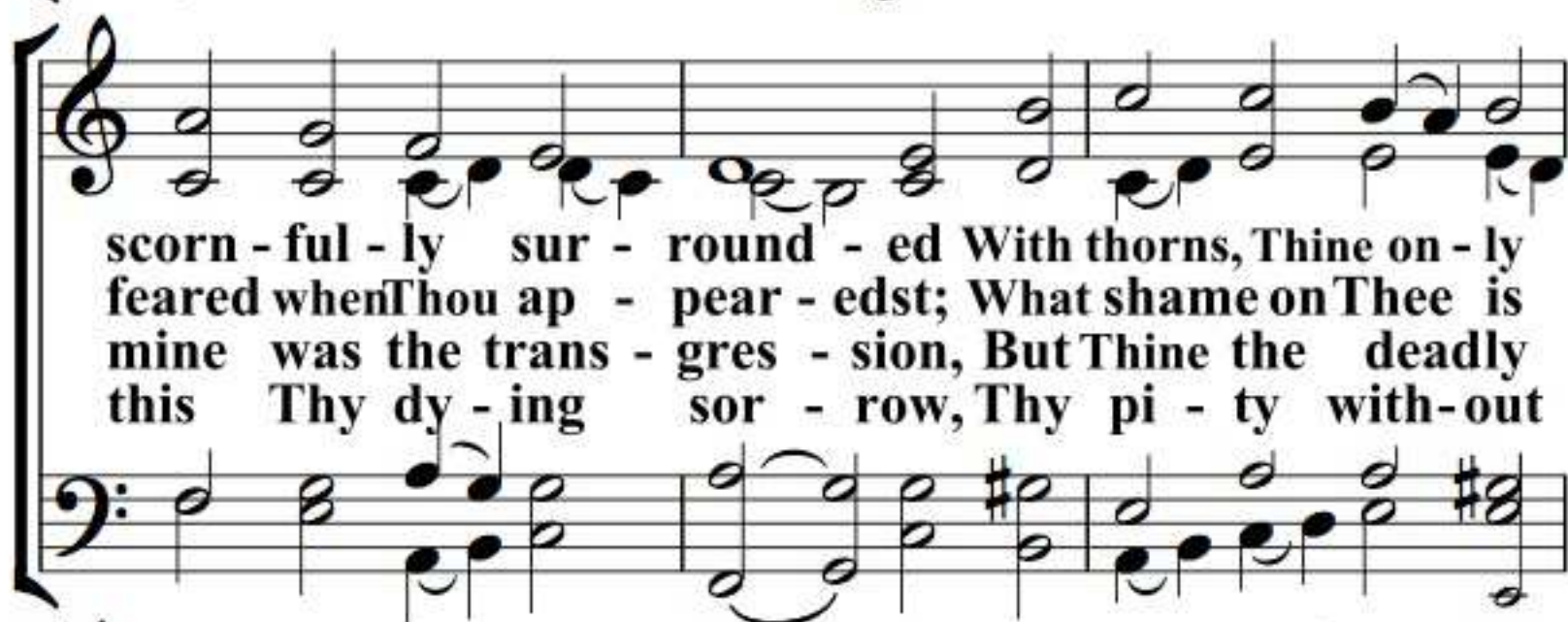
Tr. James W. Alexander, 1830



O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With
O no - blest Brow and dear - est, In
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was
What lan - guage shall I bor - row To



grief and shame weighed down, Now
oth - er days the world All
all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,
thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For



scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly
feared when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the deadly
this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out



crown; O sa - cred Head, what
hurled! How art Thou pale with
pain. Lo, here I fall, my
end? O make me Thine for -

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glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
Sa - vior, 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I
How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch -
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out -



joy to call Thee mine.
once was to bright as morn!
safe to my love Thy grace.
live my love to Thee.