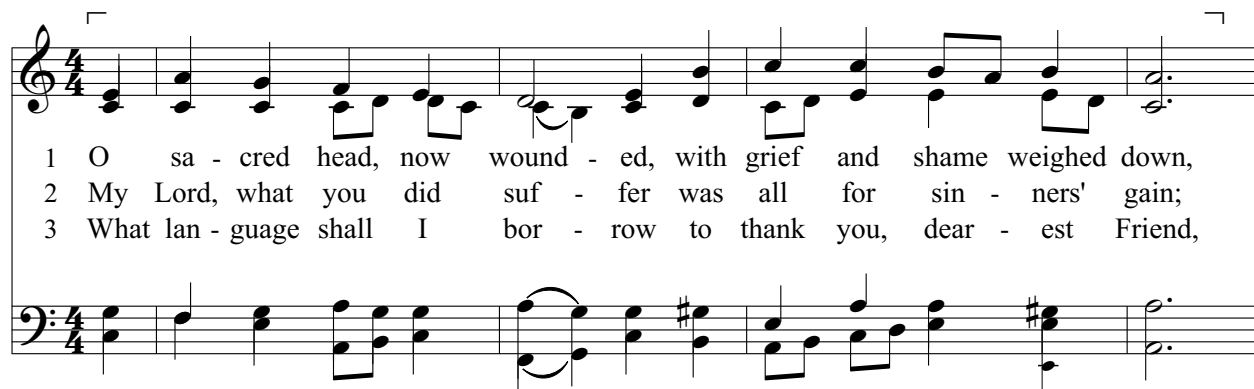
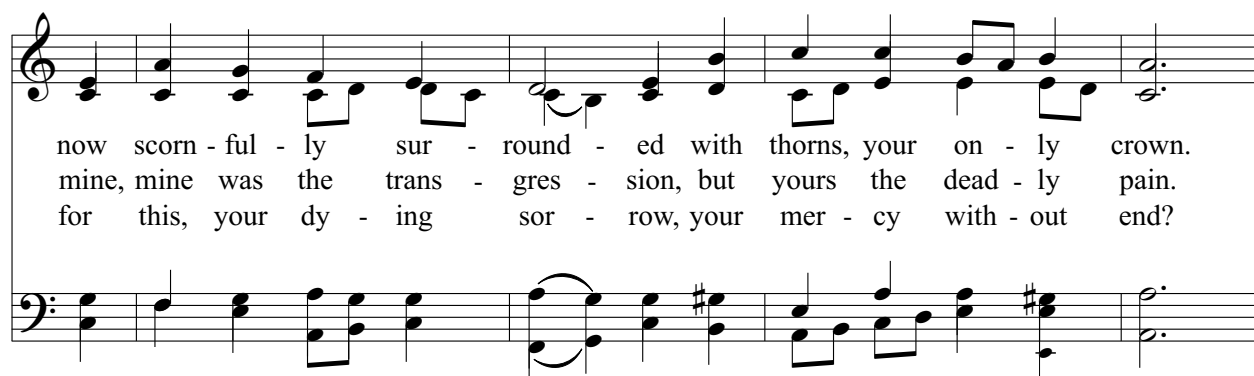


# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
2 My Lord, what you did suf - fer was all for sin - ners' gain;  
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est Friend,



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown.  
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain.  
for this, your dy - ing sor - row, your mer - cy with - out end?



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry and bless - ing you have known!  
So here I kneel, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;  
Lord, make me yours for - ev - er, a loy - al ser - vant true,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I claim you as my own.  
look on me with your fa - vor and save me by your grace.  
and let me nev - er, nev - er out - live 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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