

## 286 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown:  
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

how pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;  
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

How does that vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!  
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

WORDS: Anon. Latin; trans. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656,  
 and James W. Alexander, 1830 (Matt. 27:27-31; Mark 15:16-20; John 19:1-5)  
 MUSIC: Hans L. Hassler, 1601; harm. by J. S. Bach, 1729, alt.

PASSION CHORALE  
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