

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153
Tr. James W. Alexander, 1830

H.L. Hassler, 1564-1612
Adapted and harmonized by
Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now
O no - blest Brow and dear - est, In oth - er days the world All
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,
What lan guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For

scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; O
feared when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is hurled! How
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end? O

sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine! Yet,
art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn! How
here I fall, my Sa - vior, 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be, Lord,

though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.