

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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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,  
 4 Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, My shield, when I must die;

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?  
 Re - mind me of Thy pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!  
 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,  
 Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, Up - on Thy cross shall dwell,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love for Thee.  
 My heart by faith en - fold Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.

Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; German version,  
 Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; tr. *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941, alt.  
 Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612; setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750

HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN (Isorhythmic)  
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Ps. 22:6-8; Is. 53:4-5; John 10:14-15, 27-28; Heb. 12:2