

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bach/Hassler

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur -
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain: Mine, mine was the trans -
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For this Thy dy - ing

6
round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown, How art_ Thou pale with an - guish, With
gres - sion, But Thine was dead - ly pain. Lo, here_ I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis
sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? O make me Thine for - ev - er! And

11
sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn.
I de - serve Thy place; Look on_ me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
should I faint - ing be, Lord, let_ me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee!