



O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Hans Leo Hassler

Paul Gerhardt

1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For

5
 scorn - ful - ly sur - roun - ded With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; 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

9
 pale Thou art 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 - e - ver, And should I fain - ting be, Lord,

13
 does that vi - sage lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
 on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 let me ne - ver, ne - ver Out - live my love to Thee.