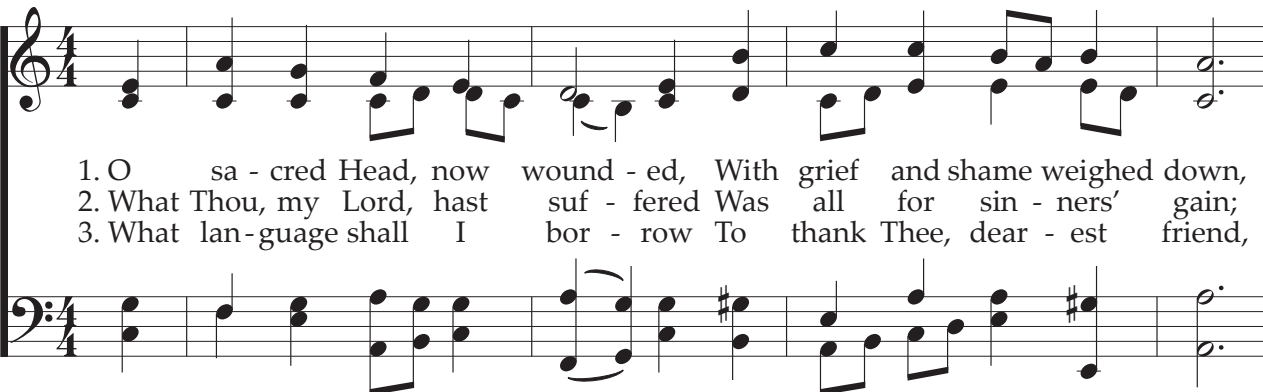
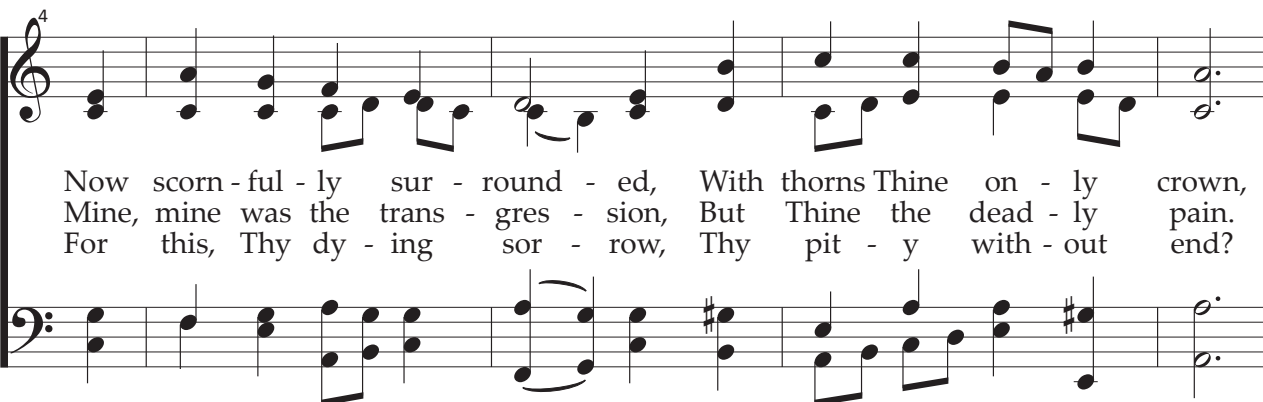


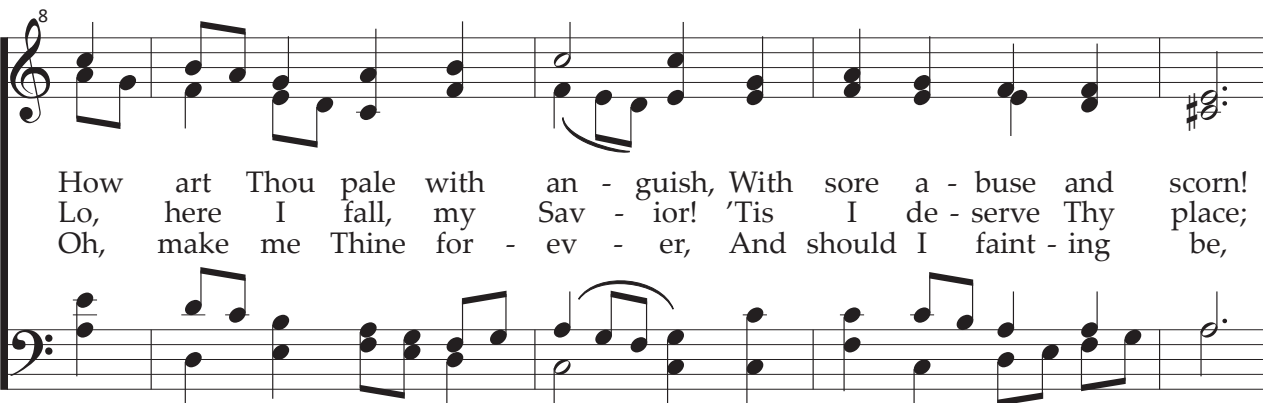
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



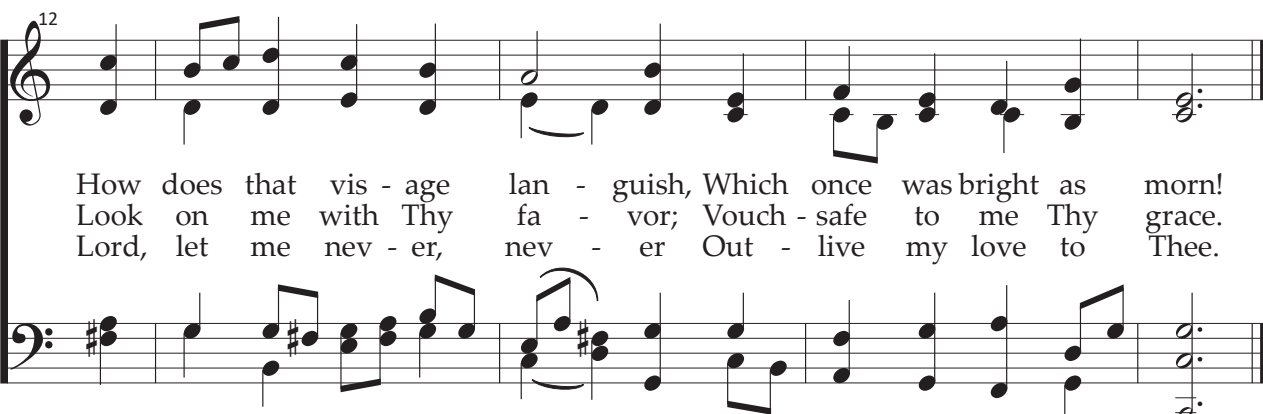
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est friend,



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 art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 Oh, 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.

Music: Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN [PASSION CHORALE]

Text: attr. Bernard of Clarvaux, 1153; tr. James Waddell Alexander, 1830

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