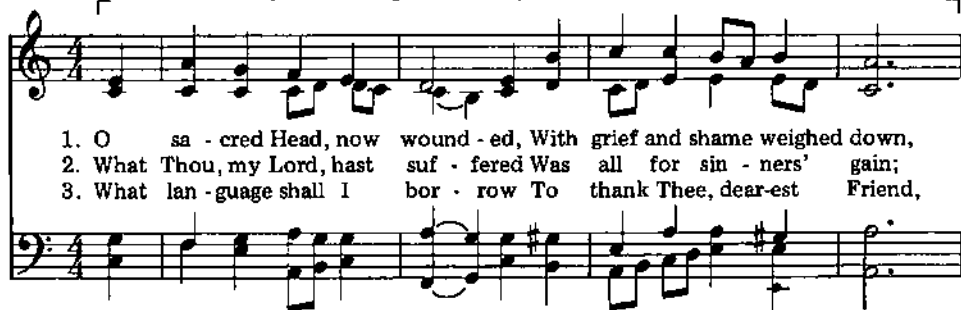
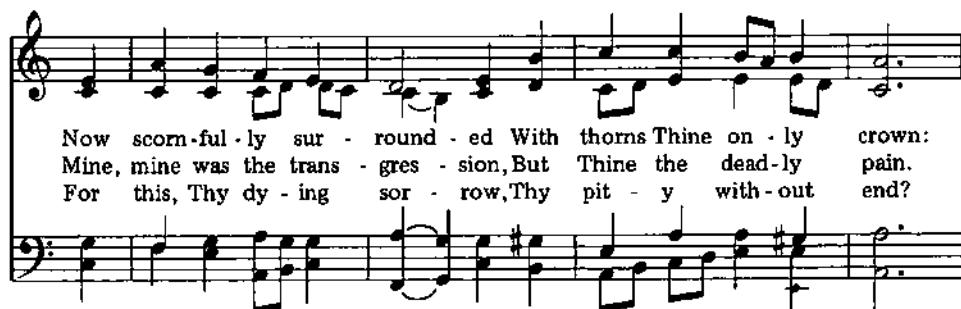


O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 178

They . . . twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on Him. Mark 15:17


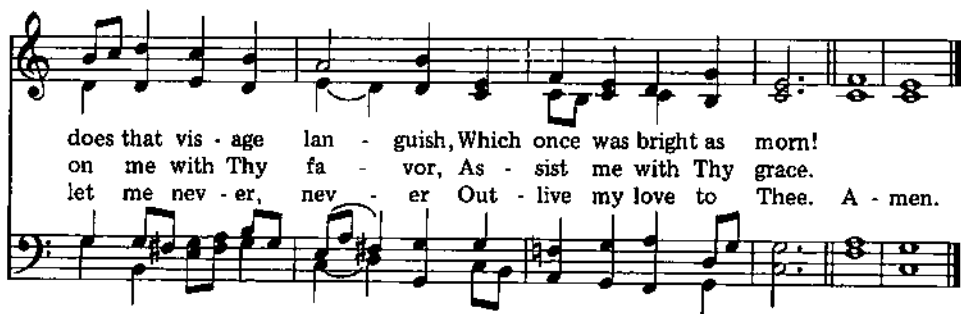
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



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 pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn, How
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior; 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
 O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be, Lord,



does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
 on me with Thy fa - vor, As - sist me with Thy grace.
 let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee. A - men.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt; based on Medieval Latin poem ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated from the German by James W. Alexander
 MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harmonized by J. S. Bach

PASSION CHORALE
 7.6.7.6.D.