

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Anonymous - Alexander / Hassler - Bach

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now  
2. What thou, my Lord, has suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,  
3. What lan - guage shall I bpr - row To thank thee, dear - est friend, For

scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown: How pale thou art with  
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But thine the dead - ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my  
this thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? O make me thine for -

an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age lan - guish Which  
- Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place; Look on me with thy fa - vor, Vouch -  
- ev - er; And should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out -

| 1. 2.

once was bright as morn!  
- safe to me thy grace.  
- live my love to thee.