

# O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Tr. by James W. Alexander (1830)

Alto

Hans Leo Hassler (1601)

Arr. by J. S. Bach (1729)

1. O sa - cred head now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down,  
2. What Thou, my Lord has 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?  
O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de-serve Thy place;  
O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,  
Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
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.