

736 - O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

PAUL GERHARDT
based on a Medieval Latin poem
translated by JAMES W. ALEXANDER

6/8

HANS LEO HASSLER
Arranged by Paul Mills

INTRO | | | |

VERSE 1 O | sacred Head, now | wounded,
With | grief and shame weighed | down, |
Now | scornfully sur- | rounded
With | thorns, Thine only | crown; |
How | pale Thou art with | an- guish,
With | sore abuse and | scorn! |
How | does that visage | lan- guish
Which | once was bright as | morn! |

TURN-
AROUND | | |

VERSE 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

VERSE 3 What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever, And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.