O Sacred Head, now wounded

Tune: Passion Chorale (Hassler), 1601; adapt. and harm. Johann S. Bach, 1729

Andante

1. O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
   now scornfully surrounded with thorns, your only crown.

2. My Lord, what you did suffer, was all for sinners' gain;
   mine, mine was the transgression, but yours the deadly pain.

3. What language shall I borrow to thank you, dearest Friend,
   for this, your dying sorrow, your mercy without end?

4. My Savior, be you near me when death is at my door;
   then let your presence cheer me, forsake me never more!

1. O sacred head, what glory and blessing you have known!
   Lord, make me yours forever, a loyal servant true,

2. So here I kneel, my Savior, for I deserve your place;
   when soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,

3. Yet, though despised and gory, I claim you as my own.
   and let me never, never outlive my love for you.

4. But take away mine anguish by virtue of yours own!
Text improved:
O Sacred Head, now wounded (from: Matthäus-Passion BWV 244
54. Choral: O Haupt vall Blut und Wunden)
Andante

Tune: Hans L. Hassler, 1601; adapt. and harm. Johann S. Bach in St. Matthew Passion, 1729

1. O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
   2. My Lord, what you did suffer, was all for sinners' gain;
   3. What language shall I borrow to thank you, dearest Friend,
   4. My Saviour, be you near me when death is at my door;

1. now scornfully surrounded with thorns, your only crown.
2. mine, mine was the transgression, but yours the deadly pain.
3. for this, your dying sorrow, your mercy without end?
4. Then let your presence cheer me, forsake me never more!

1. O sacred head, what glory and blessing you have known!
2. So here I kneel, my Saviour, for I deserve your place;
3. Lord, make me yours forever, a loyal servant true,
4. When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,

1. Yet, though despised and gory, I claim you as my own.
2. Look on me with your favor and save me by your grace.
3. and let me never, never outlive my love for you.
4. but take away mine anguish by virtue of yours own!