

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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1. O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory
What bliss 'til now was Thine
Yet though despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine

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 me to Thy grace.

3. The joy can never be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4. What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly friend,
For this my dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord make me Thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove
Oh let me never, never
Abuse such dying love

5. Forbid that I should leave Thee
O Jesus leave not me!
By faith I would receive Thee
Thy blood can make me free
When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart

6. Be near when I am dying
Oh show Thy cross to me
And for my succor flying
Come Lord and set me free
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move
For he who dies believing
Dies safely, through Thy love