

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

GOOD FRIDAY

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. Translated by James W. Alexander, 1830.
Music: 'Passion Chorale' or 'Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen' Hans Leo Hassler, 1601. Adapted by J.S. Bach, 1729.
Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729.

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♩ = 100

1. O sac - red Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. Men mock and taunt and jeer Thee, Thou no - ble coun - ten - - ance,
4. Now from Thy cheeks has van - ished their co - lor once so fair;
5. My bur - den in Thy Pas - sion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,

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.
Though migh - ty worlds shall fear Thee and flee be - fore Thy glance.
From Thy red lips is ban - ished the splen - dor that was there.
For it was my trans - gres - sion which brought this woe on Thee.

O sac - red Head, what glo - - ry, what bliss till now was Thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sa - - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
How art thou pale with an - - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
Grim death, with cru - el ri - - gor, hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
I cast me down be - fore Thee, wrath were my right - ful lot;

Yet, though des - pised and gor - - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fa - - vor, vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 How doth Thy vis - age lan - guish that once was bright as morn!
 Thus Thou hast lost Thy vi - - gor, Thy strength in this sad strife.
 Have mer - cy, I im - plore Thee; Re - - deem - er, spurn me not!

6. 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.
7. My Shepherd, now receive me; my Guardian, own me Thine.
 Great blessings Thou didst give me, O source of gifts divine.
 Thy lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;
 Thy Spirit oft hath led me to heavenly joys above.
8. Here I will stand beside Thee, from Thee I will not part;
 O Savior, do not chide me! When breaks Thy loving heart,
 When soul and body languish in death's cold, cruel grasp,
 Then, in Thy deepest anguish, Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.
9. The joy can never be spoken, above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken I thus with safety hide.
 O Lord of Life, desiring Thy glory now to see,
 Beside Thy cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
10. My Savior, be Thou near me when death is at my door;
 Then let Thy presence cheer me, forsake me nevermore!
 When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,
 But take away mine anguish by virtue of Thine own!
11. Be Thou my consolation, my shield when I must die;
 Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
 Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfolds Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.