

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221

1 O sa - cred 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 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, and grant to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

This poignant hymn originated in a series of Holy Week meditations focused on the parts of Christ's crucified body: feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, face. First joined to secular words, this chorale melody has appeared with this text since the mid-17th century.