O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

HERZLICH TUT Mich VERLANGEN (7 6 7 6, D.)
Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown;

1. O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown;

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3. What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153
tr. James Waddell Alexander, 1830

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