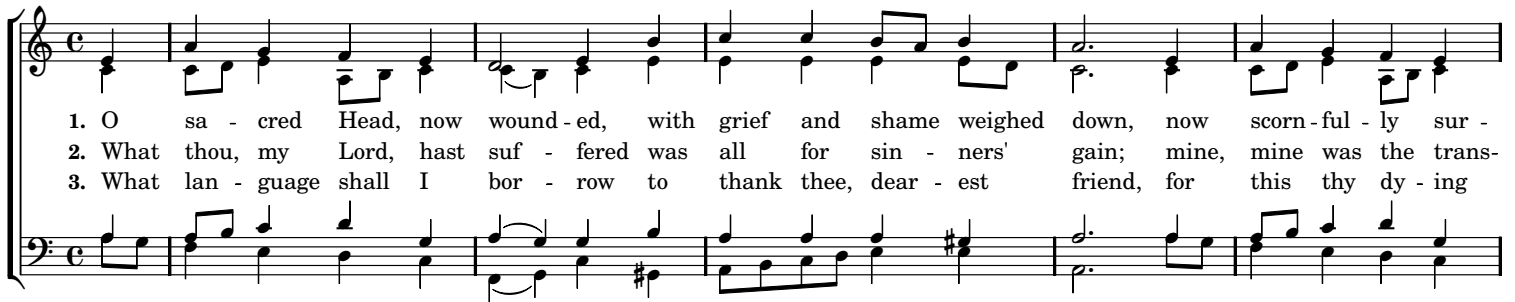


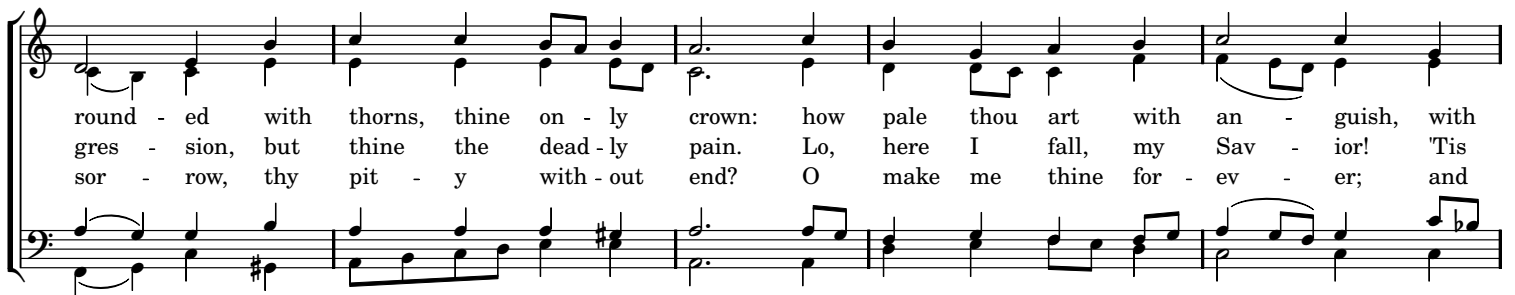
286. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Anon. Latin; trans. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656, and James W. Alexander, 1830 (Mt. 27:27-31; Mk. 15:16-20; Jn. 19:1-5)

J. S. Bach, 1729, al.



1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down, now scorn - ful - ly sur -
2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain; mine, mine was the trans -
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend, for this thy dy - ing



round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown: how pale thou art with an - guish, with
gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis
sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end? O make me thine for - ev - er; and



sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
I de - serve thy place; look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.