# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 345

1. sacred head, now wounded,  
   with grief and shame weighed down,  
   now scornfully surrounded  
   with thorns your only crown.  
   O sacred head, what glory  
   and blessing you have known!  
   Yet, though despised and gory,  
   I claim you as my own.
2. My Lord, what you did suffer  
   was all for sinners' gain;  
   mine, mine was the transgression,  
   but yours the deadly pain.  
   So here I kneel, my Savior,   
   for I deserve your place;  
   look on me with your favor  
   and save my by your grace.
3. What language shall I borrow  
   to thank you, dearest friend,  
   for this, your dying sorrow,  
   your mercy without end?  
   Lord, make me yours forever,  
   a loyal servant true,  
   and let me never, never  
   outlive my love for you.

TEXT: Medieval Latin. Tr. Paul Gerhardt (1656). Tr. James Waddell Alexander (1830), alt.

TUNE: Popular melody, Hans Leo Hassler (1601); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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