# 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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