O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

They plaited a crown of thorns, and put it about His head. Mark 15:17

1. O sacred Head, now wounded With grief and shame weighed down;
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain;
3. What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend,

Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thine only crown.
Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.
For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?

How pale Thou art with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour; Tis I deserve Thy grace.
O make me Thine forever; And, should I fainting be,

How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy favor; Assist me with Thy grace.
Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt, based on Medieval Latin poem ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated from the German by James W. Alexander
MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harmonized by J. S. Bach