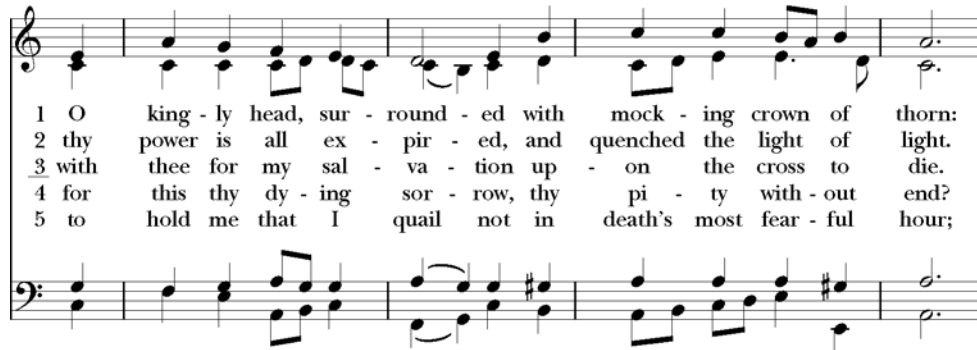


# O sacred head, sore wounded



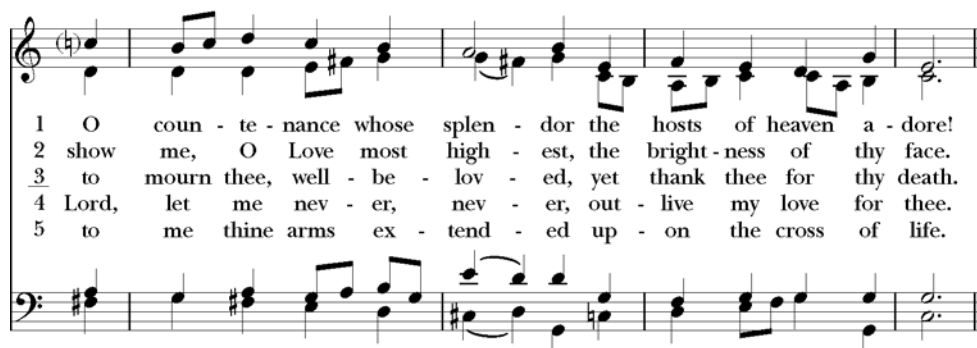
1 O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;  
 2 Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;  
 3 In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,  
 \*4 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
 \*5 My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal power,



1 O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:  
 2 thy power is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.  
 3 with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.  
 4 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?  
 5 to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;



1 what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flower?  
 2 Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:  
 3 Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,  
 4 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,  
 5 that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife



1 O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heaven a - dore!  
 2 show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.  
 3 to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.  
 4 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.  
 5 to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); sts. 1-3 and 5, tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930); st. 4, tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), alt.  
 Music: *Herzlich tut mich verlangen* [Passion Chorale], Hans Leo Hessler (1564-1612); adapt. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)