

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Words and Music by
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C F C/E F/A G7/B C2 C F6 G C E/B

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed with
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was
3. Man mock and taunt and jeer Thee, Thou

3 Am C2/B Am/C Am/D Esus E E7 Am C F C/E F/A G7/B C2 C

grief and shame weighed down; Now scorn - ful - ly sur -
all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans -
no - ble coun - te - nance; Though might - y worlds_ shall

6 F6 G C E/B Am C2/B Am/C Am/D Esus E Am Am7

round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly crown. O
gres - sion, but Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
fear Thee and flee be - fore_ Thy glance. How

9 Dm6 Em Em7 F Am7/E G7/D F/C C C2sus C

sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what
here_ I fall, my Sav - ior; 'tis
art_ thou pale with an - guish, with

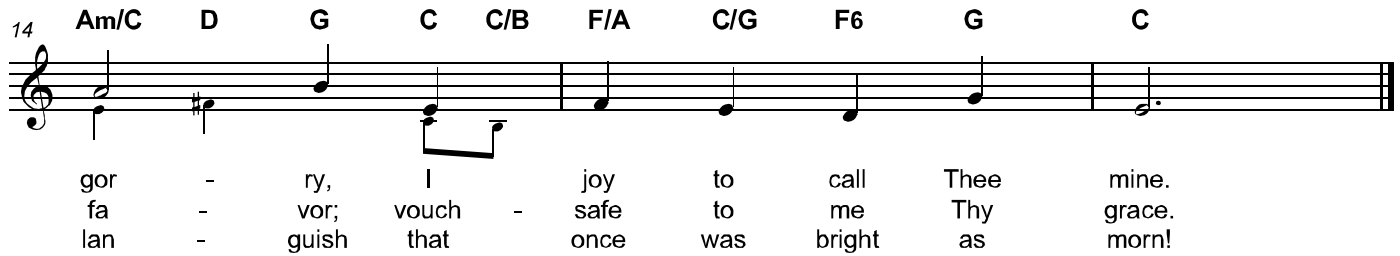
11 F C Dm2 Dm2/E Dm/F Dm/G A D7/F# G G/B Bm C/E F#°7 G

bliss till now was Thine! Yet, tho' de - spised and
I de - serve Thy place. Look on_ me with Thy
sore a - buse and scorn! How doth_ Thy vis - age

O Sacred Head Now Wounded - 2

14

Am/C D G C C/B F/A C/G F6 G C



gor - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
fa - vor; vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
lan - guish that once was bright as morn!

4. Now from Thy cheeks has vanished
Their color once so fair
From Thy red lips is banished
The splendor that was there
Grim death with cruel rigor
Hath robbed Thee of Thy life
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor
Thy strength in this sad strife

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Their color once so fair
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6. What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee dearest friend
For this Thy dying sorrow
Thy pity without end
O make me Thine forever
And should I fainting be
Lord let me never never
Outlive my love to Thee

7. My Shepherd now receive me
My guardian own me Thine
Great blessings Thou didst give me
O source of gifts divine
Thy lips have often fed me
With words of truth and love
Thy Spirit oft hath led me
To heavenly joys above

8. Here I will stand beside Thee
From Thee I will not part
O Savior do not chide me
When breaks Thy loving heart
When soul and body languish
In death's cold cruel grasp
Then in Thy deepest anguish
Thee in mine arms I'll clasp

9. The joy can never be spoken
Above all joys beside
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide
O Lord of life desiring
Thy glory now to see
Beside Thy cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee

10. My Savior be Thou near me
When death is at my door
Then let Thy presence cheer me
Forsake me nevermore
When soul and body languish
Oh leave me not alone
But take away mine anguish
By virtue of Thine own

11. Be Thou my consolation
My shield when I must die
Remind me of Thy passion
When my last hour draws nigh
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee
Upon Thy cross shall dwell
My heart by faith enfolds Thee
Who dieth thus dies well