

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

by Johann Sebastian Bach

O sacred head now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown.
O sacred head what glory,
What bliss till now was thine,
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

How art thou pale with anguish
With sore abuse and scorn.
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn.
Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners gain.
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee dearest friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

Lord, be my consolation,
Shield me when I must die.
Remind me of thy passion
When my last hour draws nigh.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move.
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in thy love.