

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux & Hans Hassler

G Am B7 B G B Em
1: O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down;
G Am B7 B G B Em
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;
Bm Em Bm G Em Am B
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss 'til now was thine!
D G A D Am D G
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

G Am B7 B G B Em
2: What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain:
G Am B7 B G B Em
Mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Bm Em Bm G Em Am B
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;
D G A D Am D G
Look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

G Am B7 B G B Em
3: What language shall I borrow, To thank thee, dearest Friend,
G Am B7 B G B Em
For this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
Bm Em Bm G Em Am B
O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,
D G A D Am D G
Lord, let me never, never, outlive my love to thee.