

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

CHRIST, THE REDEEMER:  
CRUCIFIXION & DEATH

They twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on Him... Mark 15:17

F Dm G C Am E Am

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed With grief and shame weighed down;  
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ner's gain;  
What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,

F Dm G C Am E Am

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.  
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.  
For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

Dm G F/C C F Dm A

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior; 'Tis I de - serve Thy place.  
O make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,

D7 G C D G Dm G C

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
Look on me with Thy fa - vor; As - sist me with Thy grace.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

TEXT: Paul Gerhardt  
MUSIC: Hans Leo Hassler; harm. by J. S. Bach

PASSION CHORALE  
На древо вознесённый