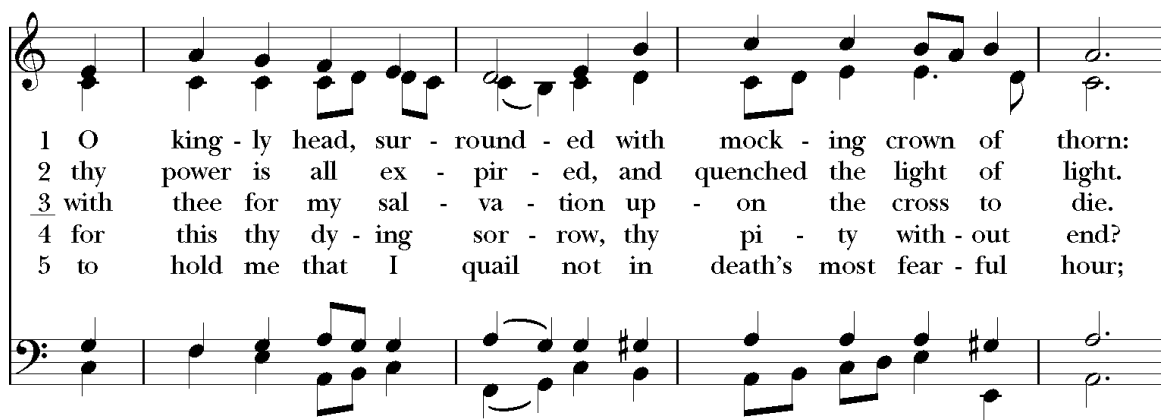


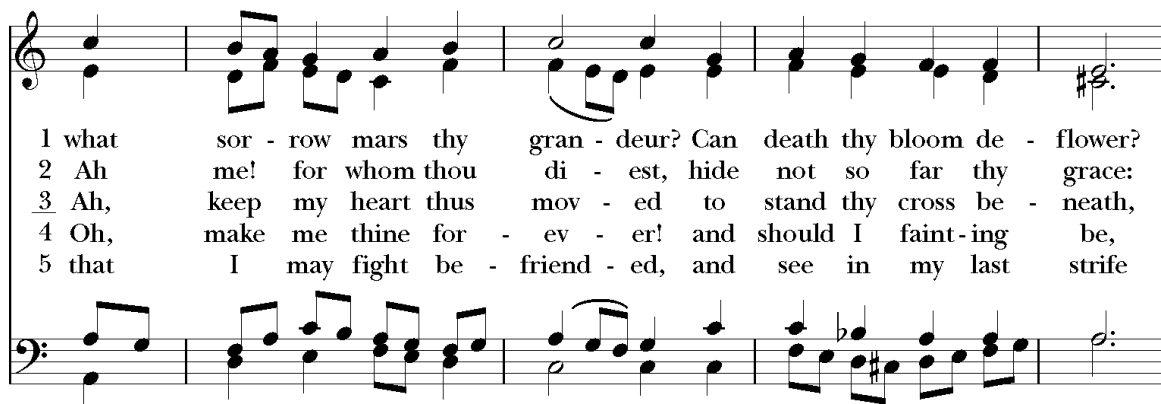
The Hymnal 1982 - #168 O sacred head, sore wounded



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)

- 1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
 defiled and put to scorn;
 O kingly head, surrounded
 with mocking crown of thorn:
 what sorrow mars thy grandeur?
 Can death thy bloom deflower?
 O countenance whose splendor
 the hosts of heaven adore!
- 2 Thy beauty, long-desirèd,
 hath vanished from our sight;
 thy power is all expirèd,
 and quenched the light of light.
 Ah me! for whom thou diest,
 hide not so far thy grace:
 show me, O Love most highest,
 the brightness of thy face.
- 3 In thy most bitter passion
 my heart to share doth cry,
 with thee for my salvation
 upon the cross to die.
 Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
 to stand thy cross beneath,
 to mourn thee, well-belovèd,
 yet thank thee for thy death.
- 4 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 for thee.
5 My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
to hold me that I quail not
in death's most fearful hour;
that I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife
to me thine arms extended
upon the cross of life.

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