O Sacred Head (Arr. 1)

1. O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down;
   How art Thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn;

2. Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thine only crown;
   What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend;

For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end,

How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn!

Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.

Words Attr. Bernard of Clairvaux (12th Century)
Music: Hans L. Hassler, arr. J. S. Bach