

Oh Sacred Head Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux

Hans L. Hassler

Oh sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
Oh Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now as Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

Now from Thy cheeks has vanished
Their color once so fair;
From Thy red lips is banished
The splendor that was there.
Grim death, with cruel rigor,
Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor,
Thy strength in this sad strife.

My burden in Thy Passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy, I implore Thee;
Redeemer, spurn me not!

Bible Verse: And they stripped Him and put a scarlet robe on Him, and twisting together a crown of thorns, they put it on His head. Matthew 27: 28-29 ESV