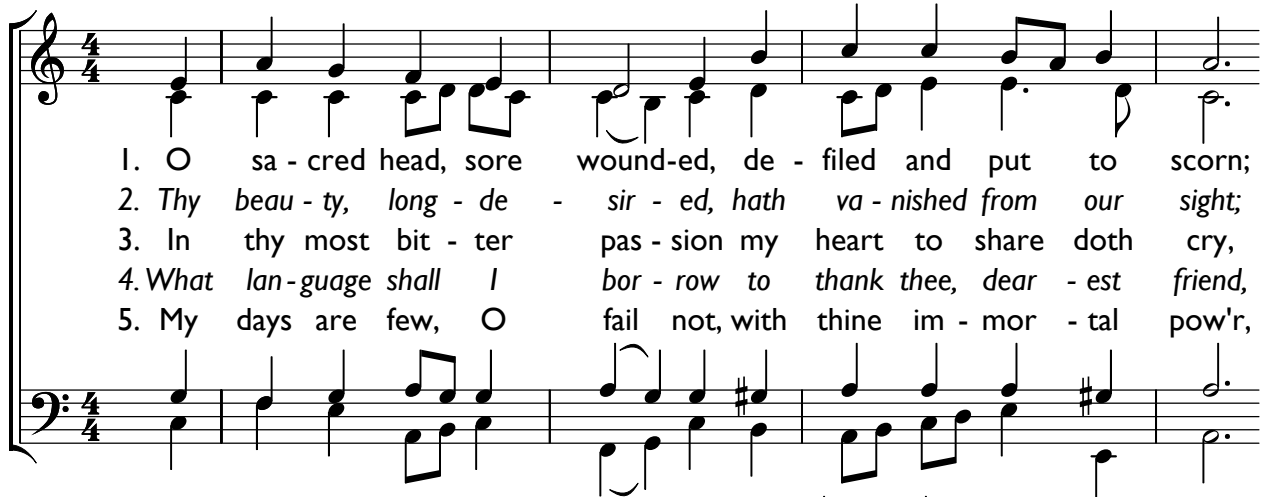


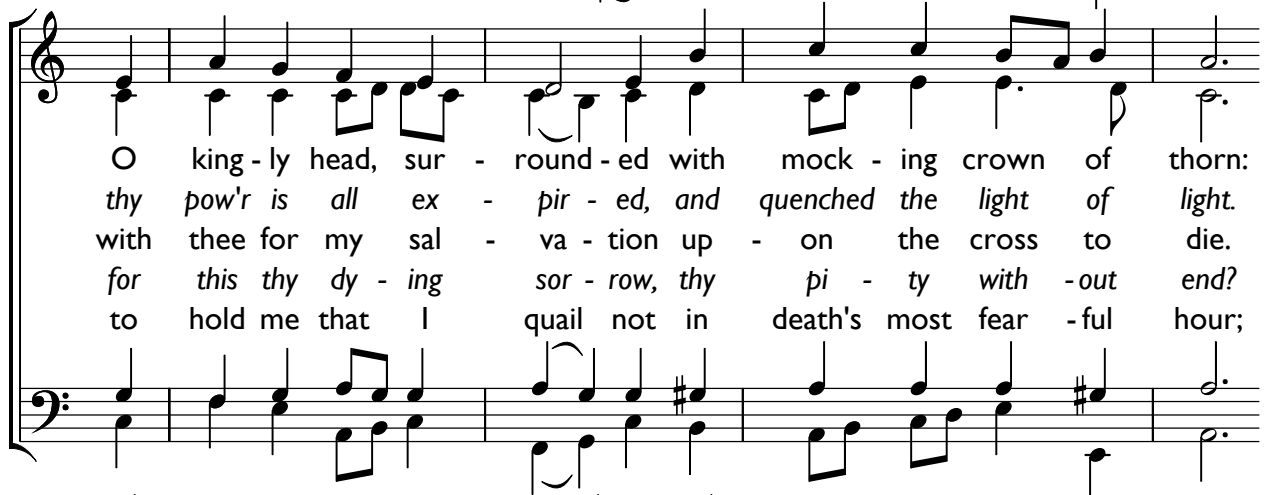
Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676),
tr. R. S. Bridges and J. W. Alexander

O sacred head, sore wounded

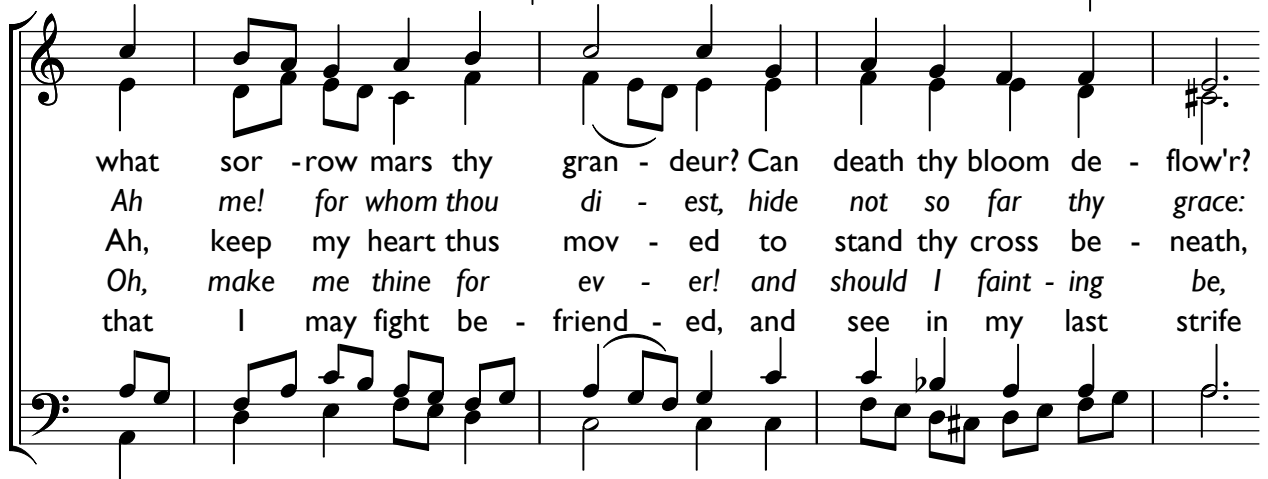
H. L. Hassler (1564-1612),
arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
Hymnal 1982 no. 168, Melody: Herzlich tut mich verlangen



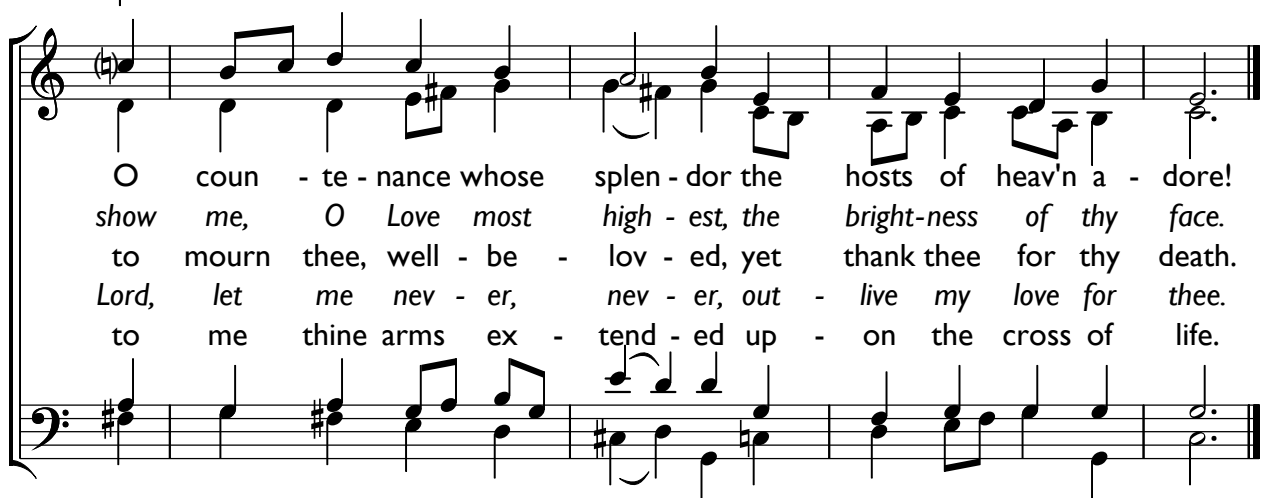
1. O sa - cred head, sore wound-ed, de - filed and put to scorn;
2. Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;
3. In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
5. My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal pow'r,



O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:
thy pow'r is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.
with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?
to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;



what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flow'r?
Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:
Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,
Oh, make me thine for ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,
that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife



O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heav'n a - dore!
show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.
to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.
to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.