1 O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded,
2 Men mock and taunt and jeer you, They smite your countenance, Though mightily worlds shall fear you
3 Now from your cheeks has vanished Their color, once so fair; From your red lips is banished
4 My burden in your passion, Lord, you have borne for me, For it was my transgression,

With thorns your only crown, O sacred head, no glory Now from your face does shine; Yet, though des-
And flee before your glance. How pale you are with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn! Your eyes with
The splendor that was there. Grim death with cruel rigmarole Has robbed you of your life; Thus you have fore you; Wrath is my right ful lot. Have mercy,
spised and go - ry, I joy to call you mine.
pain now lan - guish That once were bright as morn!
lost your vig - or, Your strength, in this sad strife.
I im - plore you; Re - deem - er, spurn me not!

5 What language shall I borrow
   To thank you, dearest Friend,
   For this, your dying sorrow,
   Your pity without end?
   Oh, make me yours forever,
   And keep me strong and true;
   Lord, let me never, never
   Outlive my love for you.

6 My Savior, then be near me
   When death is at my door,
   And let your presence cheer me;
   Forsake me nevermore!
   When soul and body languish,
   Oh, leave me not alone,
   But take away my anguish
   By virtue of your own!

7 Lord, be my consolation,
   My shield when I must die;
   Remind me of your passion
   When my last hour draws nigh.
   My eyes will then behold you,
   Upon your cross will dwell;
   My heart will then enfold you—
   Who dies in faith dies well!