

Choral 157

original in B moll

m. Hassler, Bach
transc. a.p.

O sa - cred Head now wound - ed with grief and shame weighed down
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - roun - ded with thorns your on - ly crown

O sa - cred head what glo - ry and bles - sing you have known Yet

though de - spised and go - ry I claim you as my own

2. My Lord what you did suffer
was all for sinners' gain
mine, mine was the transgression
but yours the deadly pain
So her I kneel my Savior
for I deserve your place
look on me with your favor
and save me by your grace

3. What language shall I borrow
to thank you dearest Friend
for this your dying sorrow
your mercy without end?
Lord make me yours forever
a loyal servant true
and let me never never
outlive my love for you