

Trans. from Latin
by James W. Alexander

Hans L. Hassler

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with
 2. Men mock and taunt and jeer - Thee, Thou
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to
 4. My Sav - iour, be Thou near me when

grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur -
 no - ble coun - te - nance, Though might - y worlds shall
 thank Thee, dear - est friend, For this Thy dy - ing
 death is at my door; Then let Thy pre - sence

round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly crown; O
 fear Thee and flee be - fore Thy glance. How
 sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end? O
 cheer me, for - sake me nev - er more! When

sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was
 art Thou pale with an - guish, with sore a - buse and
 make me Thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing
 soul and bo - dy lan - guish, oh, leave me not a -

Thine! Yet, though des - pised and
 scorn! How does Thy vis - age
 be, Lord, let me nev - er,
 lone, But take a - way mine

go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 lan - guish that once was bright as morn!
 nev - er out - live my love to Thee.
 an - guish by vir - tue of Thine own!