

# *O sacred head, once wounded*

*(Tune - Passion Chorale)*

*Tune: Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)  
Harmonised by JS Bach (1685-1750), arranged for accordion by Kim Tame*

*This hymn is a great lesson in how words and tunes are  
shaped and adapted for different contexts!*

*The words for this Easter hymn come from a much longer poem, originally written in Latin, sometimes attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) or to Arnulf of Leuven (died 1250). It has been translated many times and is known in German from Paul Gerhardt's translation. The words most often used in English-speaking parts are the work of James Waddel Alexander (1804-1859), an American Presbyterian minister.*

*The melody was written by Hans Leo Hassler for a secular love song, and adapted for use as a hymn by Johann Cruger. It is probably best known now for its prominent part in Johann Sebastian Bach's "St Matthew Passion."*

*Version: Lead sheet; treble with chords and lyrics.  
Arranged by: Kim Tame  
Difficulty: Easy  
Pages (including cover): 2  
Edited by: The Sheet Music Stack, 2016*

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Am F C Dm C F G C E7 Am E7 Am

6 F C Dm C F G7 C E7 Am E7 Am

10 Dm Em F G7 F C C7 F A7 Dm A7 D7

14 G D C G Am D7 G C7 F C F G7 C

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. O sacred head, once wounded,<br/>             With grief and pain weighed down;<br/>             How scornfully surrounded<br/>             With thorns thine only crown!<br/>             How pale art thou with anguish,<br/>             With sore abuse and scorn.<br/>             How does that visage languish<br/>             Which once was bright as morn.</p> | <p>3. What language shall I borrow<br/>             To praise thee, heavenly friend?<br/>             For this thy dying sorrow,<br/>             Thy pity without end?<br/>             Lord, make me thine forever,<br/>             Nor let me faithless prove;<br/>             O let me never, never,<br/>             Abuse such dying love!</p>         |
| <p>2. O Lord of life and glory<br/>             What bliss till now was thine.<br/>             I read the wondrous story,<br/>             I joy to call thee mine.<br/>             Thy grief and thy compassion<br/>             Were all for sinners' gain;<br/>             Mine, mine was the transgression,<br/>             But thine the deadly pain.</p>              | <p>4. Be near me, Lord, when dying,<br/>             O show thyself to me;<br/>             And for my succour flying,<br/>             Come, Lord to set me free.<br/>             These eyes, new faith receiving,<br/>             From Jesus shall not move;<br/>             For he who dies believing<br/>             Dies safely through thy love.</p> |