

Passion Chorale.

A Hymn for Good Friday.

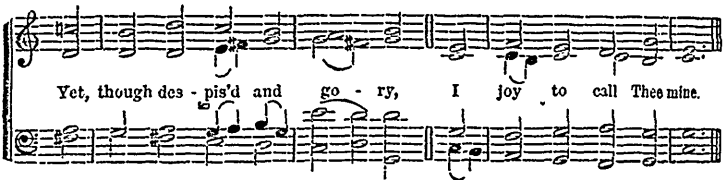
HANS LERO HASSLER.



1 } O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down, {
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!



Yet, though des - pis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Translated from the "Salve, Caput Crucifixum" of Bernard of Cleigny (Paul Gerhart J. W. Alexander.