



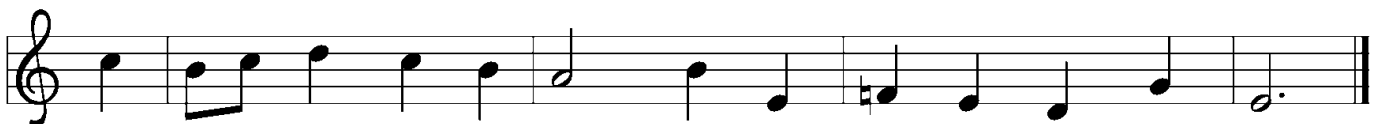
1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
 re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
 for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite

Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, German melody, c. 1500; adapt. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612

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1 There in God's gar - den stands the Tree of Wis - dom,
2 Its name is Je - sus, name that says, "Our Sav - ior!"
3 Thorns not its own are tan - gled in its fo - liage;
4 See how its branch - es reach to us in wel - come;



whose leaves hold forth the heal - ing of the na - tions:
There on its branch - es see the scars of suf - f'ring;
our greed has starved it, our de - spite has choked it.
hear what the Voice says, "Come to me, ye wea - ry!



Tree of all knowl - edge, Tree of all com -
see there the ten - drils of our hu - man
Yet, look! it lives! its grief has not de -
Give me your sick - ness, give me all your



pas - sion, Tree of all beau - ty.
self - hood feed on its life - blood.
stroyed it nor fire con - sumed it.
sor - row, I will give bless - ing."

5 This is my ending
this my resurrection;
into your hands, Lord,
I commit my spirit.
This have I searched for;
now I can possess it.
This ground is holy.

6 All heav'n is singing,
"Thanks to Christ whose passion
offers in mercy
healing, strength, and pardon.
Peoples and nations,
take it, take it freely!"
Amen! My Master!

Text: Király Imre von Pécselyi, c. 1590–c. 1641; tr. Erik Routley, 1917–1982
Music: SHADES MOUNTAIN, K. Lee Scott, b. 1950
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