
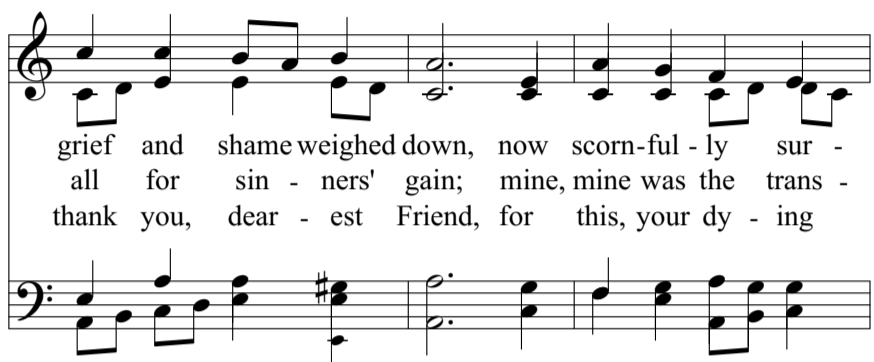


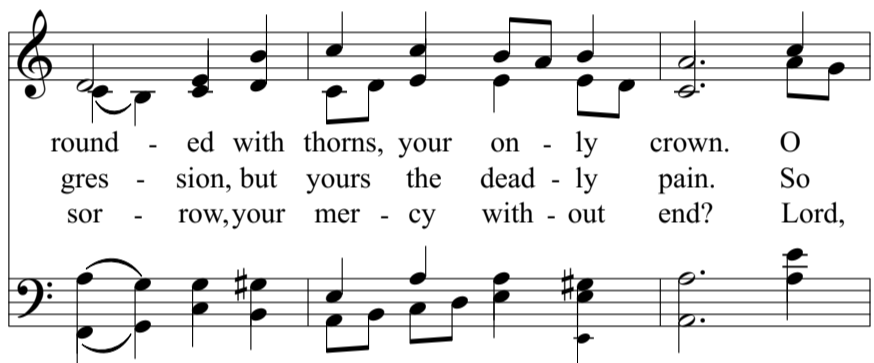
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



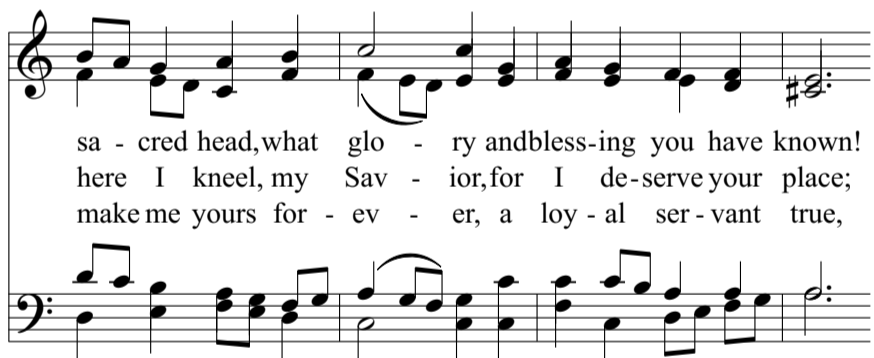
1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with
2 My Lord, what you did suf - fer was
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to



grief and shame weighed down, now scorn - ful - ly sur -
all for sin - ners' gain; mine, mine was the trans -
thank you, dear - est Friend, for this, your dy - ing



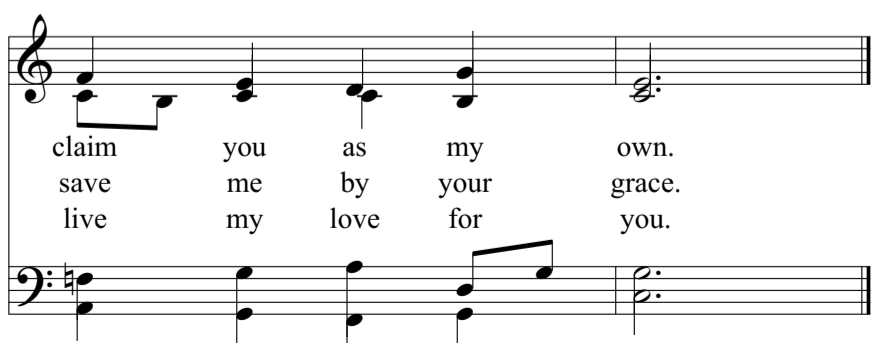
round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown. O
gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain. So
sor - row, your mer - cy with - out end? Lord,



sa - cred head, what glo - ry and bless - ing you have known!
here I kneel, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;
make me yours for - ev - er, a loy - al ser - vant true,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I
look on me with your fa - vor and
and let me nev - er, nev - er out -



claim you as my own.
save me by your grace.
live my love for you.