

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, with
2. What thou, my Lord, has suf - fered 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 thee, dear - est friend, for this thy dy - ing



roun - ded with thorns, thine on - ly crown: how pale thou art with
gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my
sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end? O make me thine for -



an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn! How
Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place; look
e - ver; and should I fain - ting be, Lord,



does that vi - sage lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
let me ne - ver, ne - ver out - live my love for thee.