

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, With  
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast 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  
gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain; Lo,  
sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end? O



pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn! How  
here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look  
make me Thine for - 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 to Thee.