

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;  
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:  
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank Thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly crown;  
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but Thine the dead - ly pain.  
for this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was Thine!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
O make me Thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
look on me with Thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to Thee.