

# 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: O  
gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,  
sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end? O



sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine;  
here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;  
make me thine for - e - ver; and should I faint - ing be,



yet, though des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.  
look on me with Thy fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.  
Lord, let me ne - ver, ne - ver out - live my love to thee.