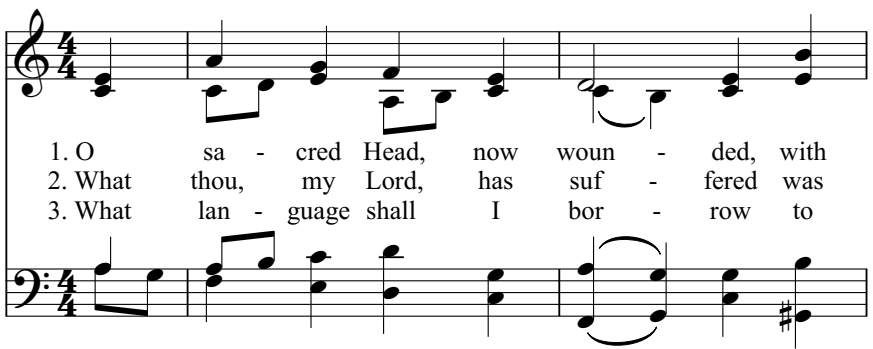


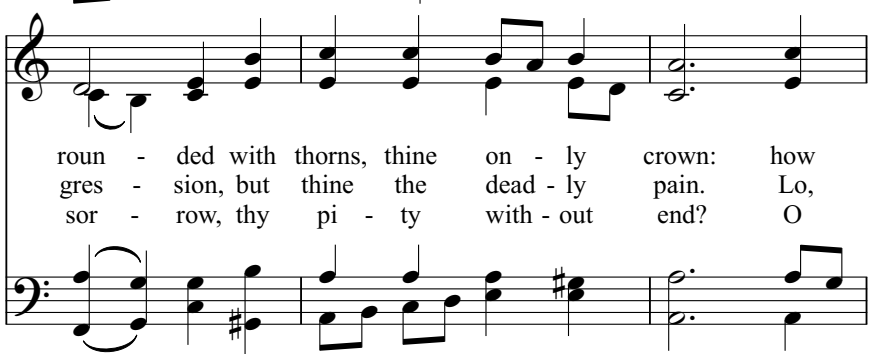
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



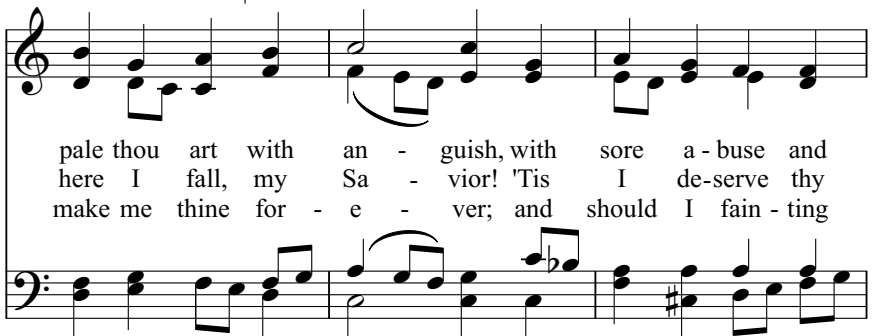
1. O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, with
2. What thou, my Lord, has suf - fered was
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to



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



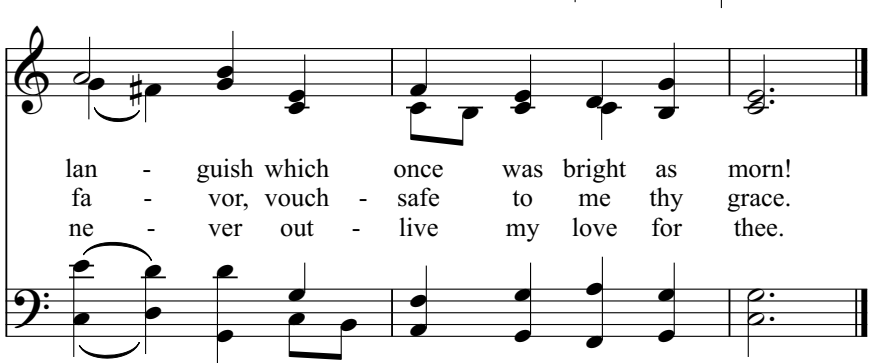
roun - ded with thorns, thine on - ly crown: how
gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end? O



pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and
here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve thy
make me thine for - e - ver; and should I fain - ting



scorn! How does that vi - sage
place; look on me with thy
be, Lord, let me ne - ver,



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