

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
 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 to Thee.