


Aurelia 7s, 6s. D.



1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd 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,
4. Be near when I am dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me!



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
Mine, mine was the trans - ges - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain:
For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free!



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - served Thy place;
Lord, make me Thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith - less prove:
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet, tho' de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
O let me nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love.
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly - thru Thy love.