

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

DOLORES

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;

How 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.

What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;

For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me thy grace.