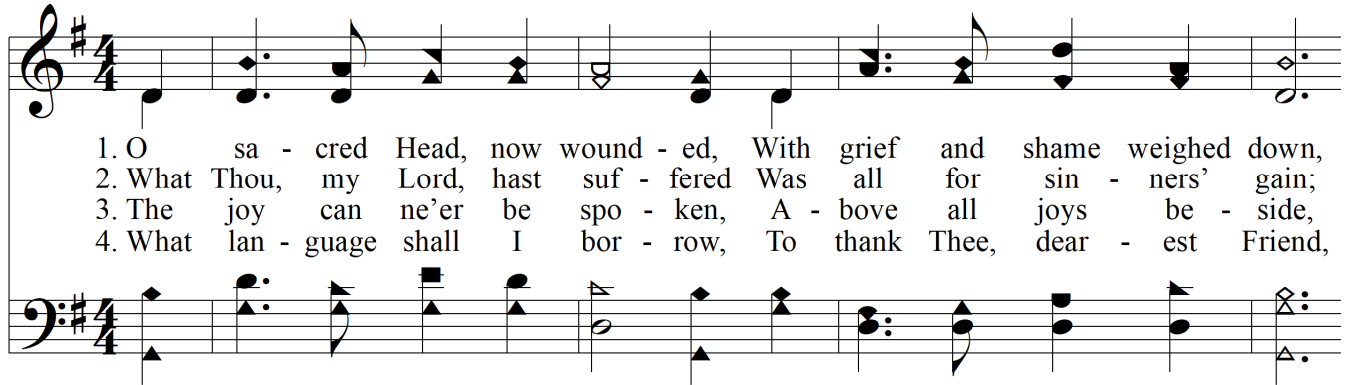
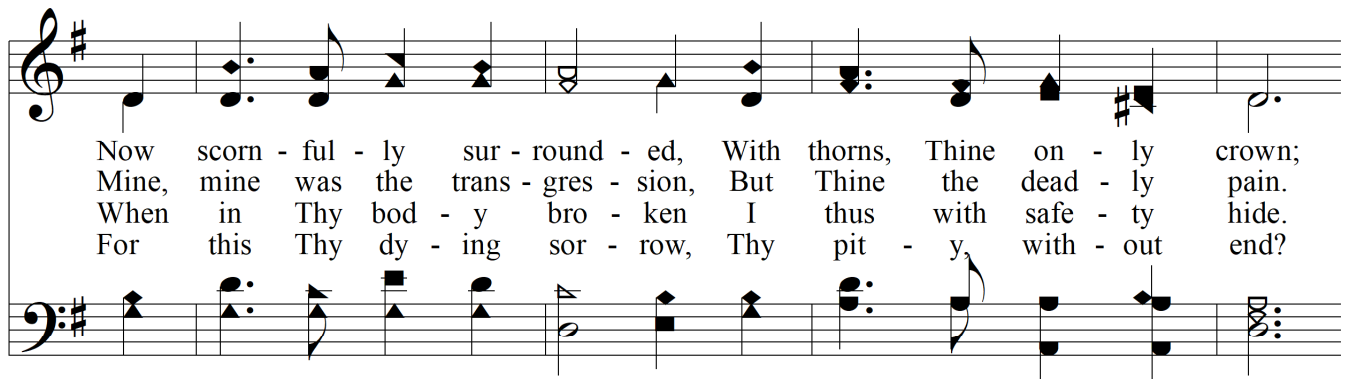


# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

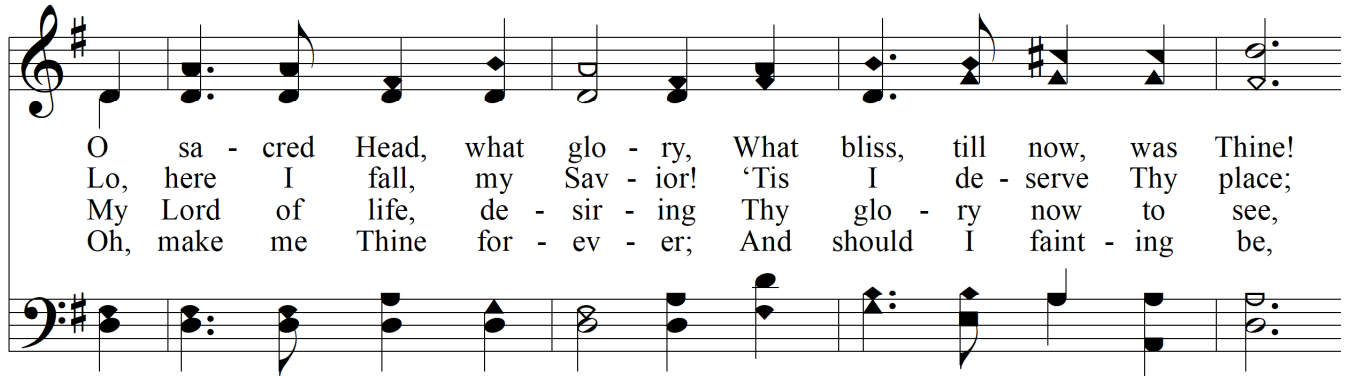
GERHARDT 7s, 6s, 8 lines



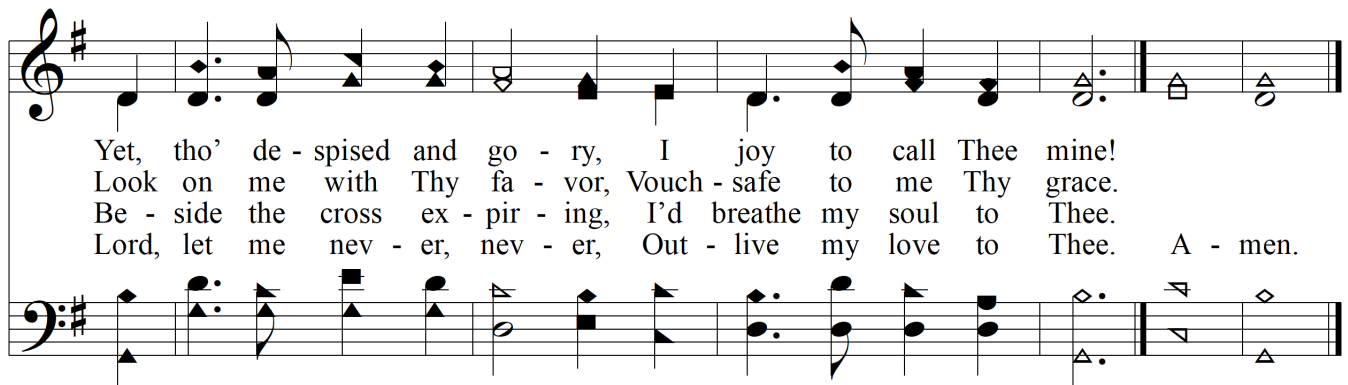
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,  
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;  
3. The joy can ne'er be spo - ken, A - bove all joys be - side,  
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row, To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



Now 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.  
When in Thy bod - y bro - ken I thus with safe - ty hide.  
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y, with - out end?



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
My Lord of life, de - sir - ing Thy glo - ry now to see,  
Oh, make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,



Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine!  
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
Be - side the cross ex - pir - ing, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee. A - men.