

O Sacred Head

1. { O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down; }
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown: }

2. { What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, }
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? }

How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
O make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,

How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.