

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 Thou, My Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ner's gain; }
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. }

3. { 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;
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
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!
Look on me with thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.