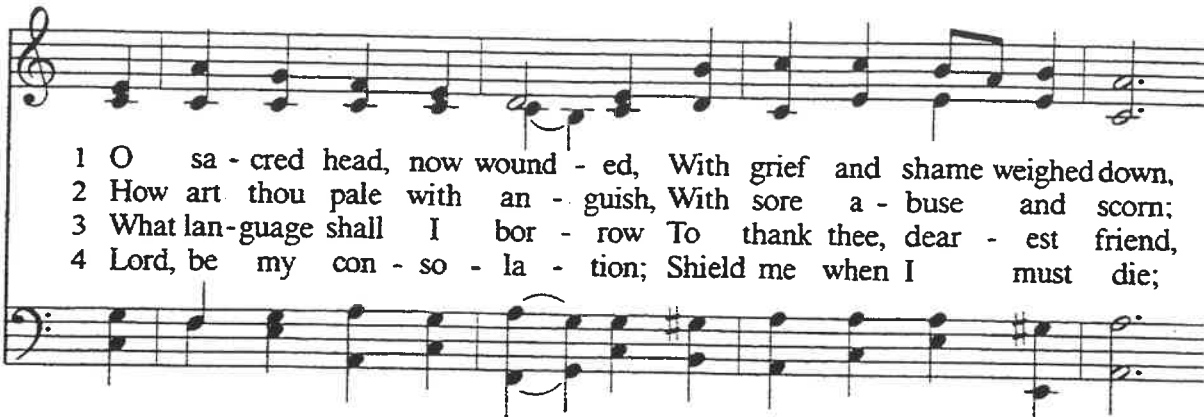
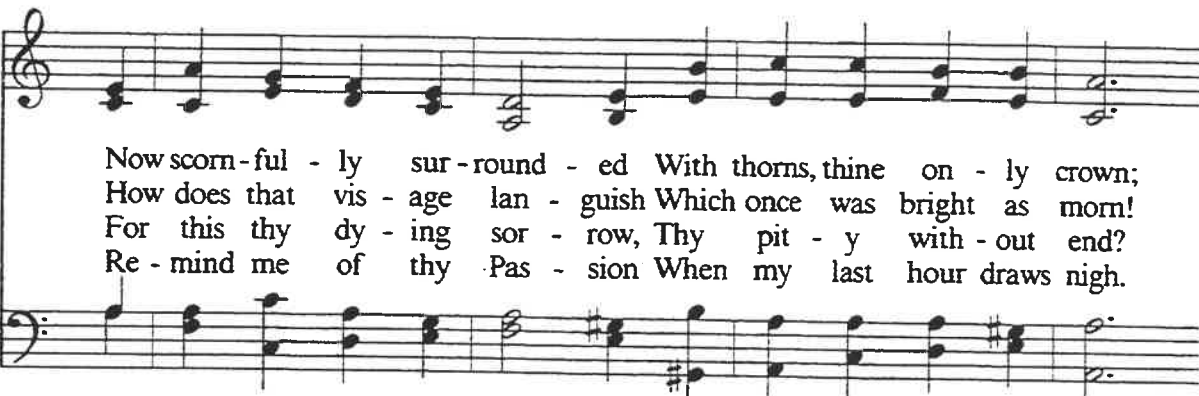


# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

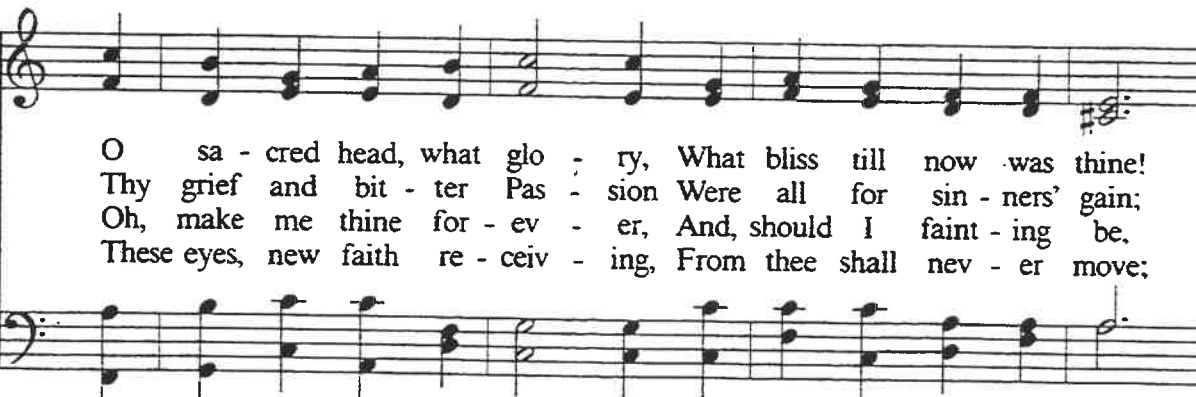
117



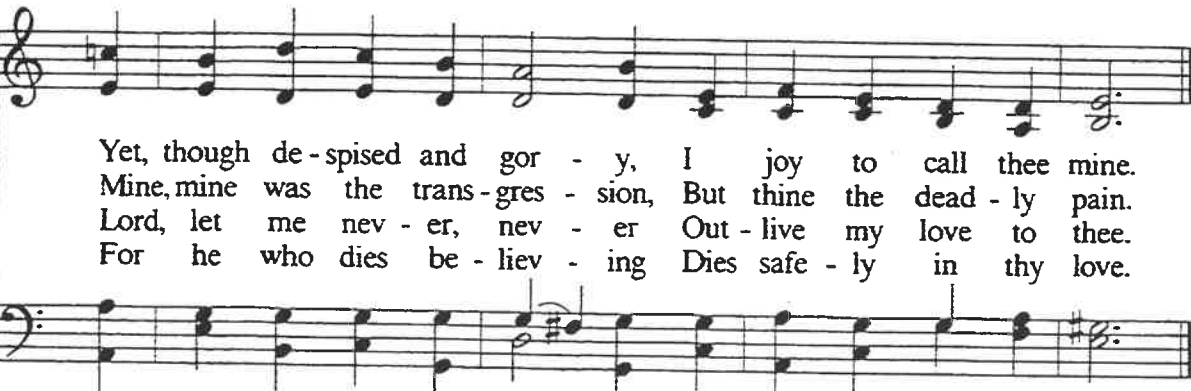
1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,  
 2 How art thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;  
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank thee, dear - est friend,  
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; Shield me when I must die;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!  
 For this thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?  
 Re - mind me of thy Pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!  
 Thy grief and bit - ter Pas - sion Were all for sin - ners' gain;  
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, And, should I faint - ing be,  
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But thine the dead - ly pain.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to thee.  
 For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly in thy love.