

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

*They dressed Him in purple, and after twisting a crown of thorns,
they put it on Him... Mark 15:17*



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. 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.
for this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How pale Thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn.
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, for 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 and save me by Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love for Thee.

