

1. O sa - cred head, now woun - ded, With grief and shame weighd 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,

6

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?

11

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;
 O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,

16

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fav - oer, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.