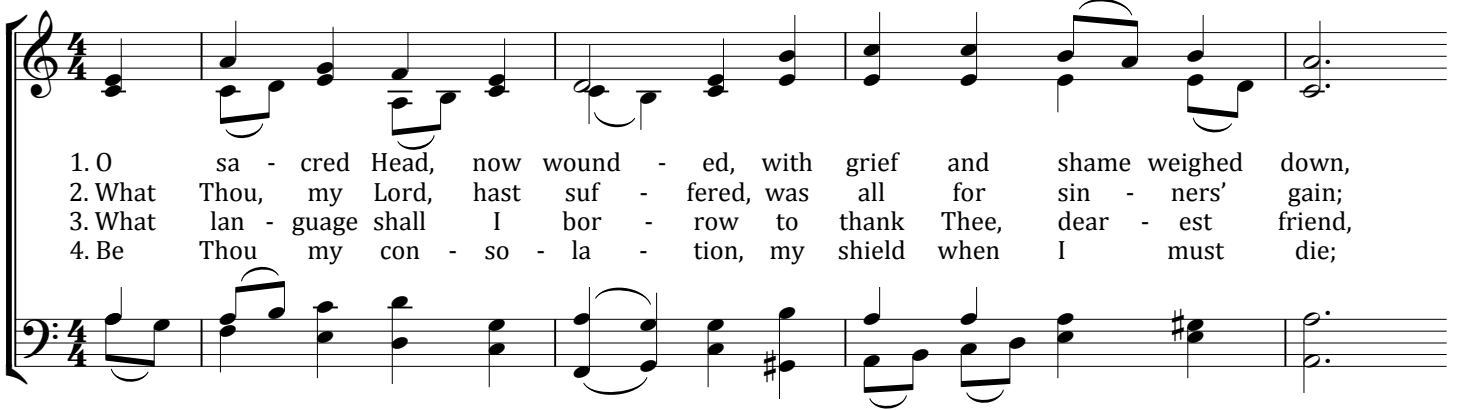
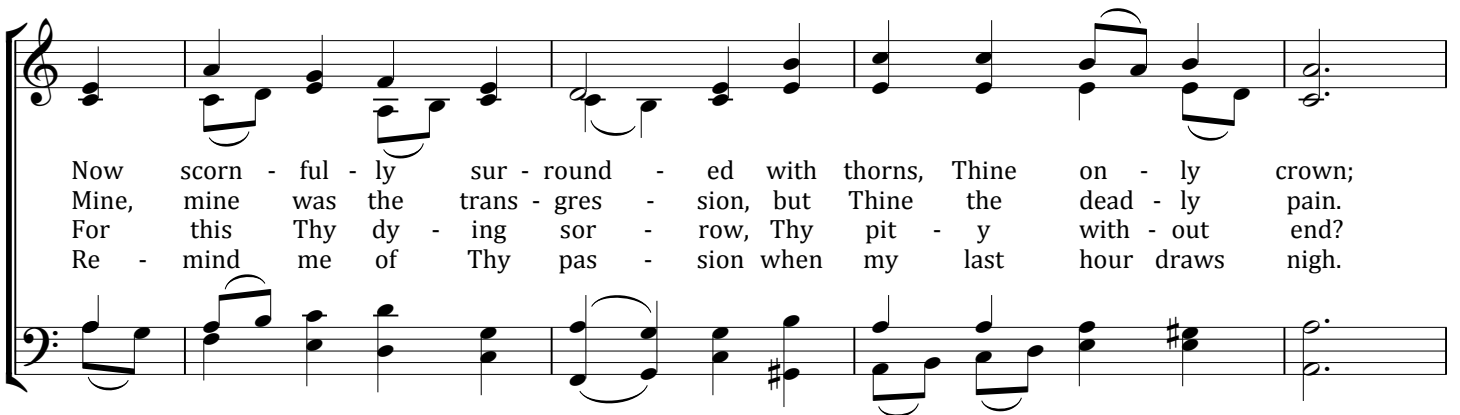


O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

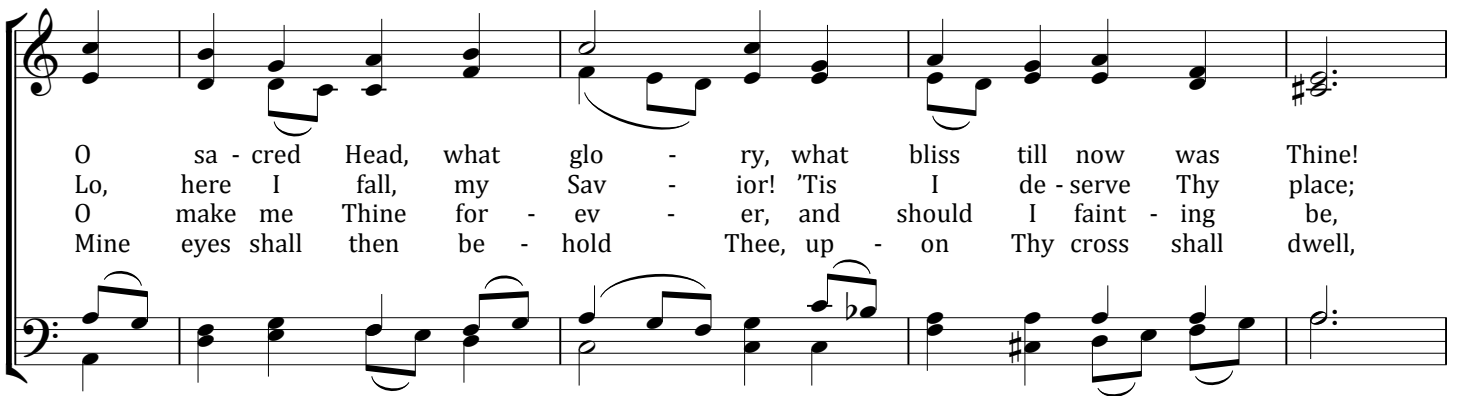
They stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! Mt. 27:28-29



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,
4. Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, my shield when I must die;



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?
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!
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,
Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, up - on Thy cross shall dwell,



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
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.
My heart by faith en - folds Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.