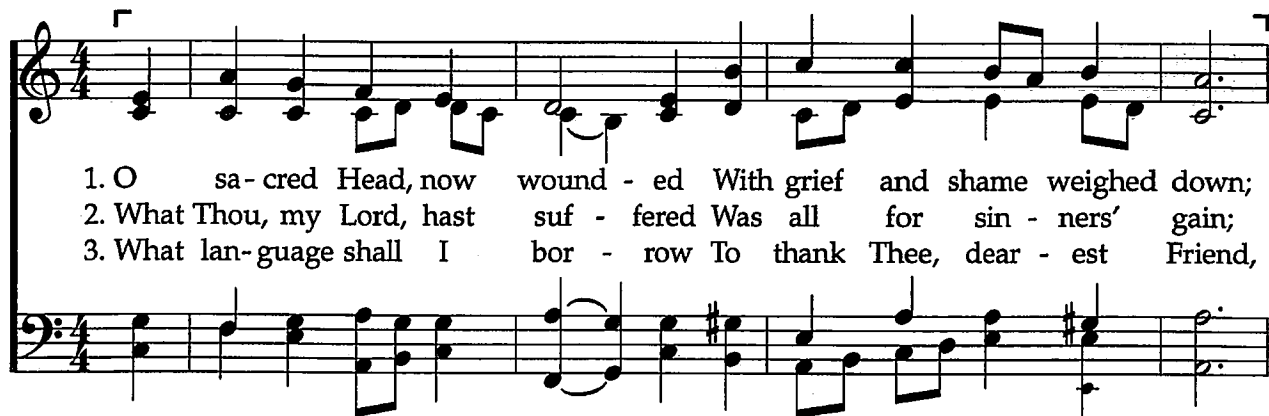
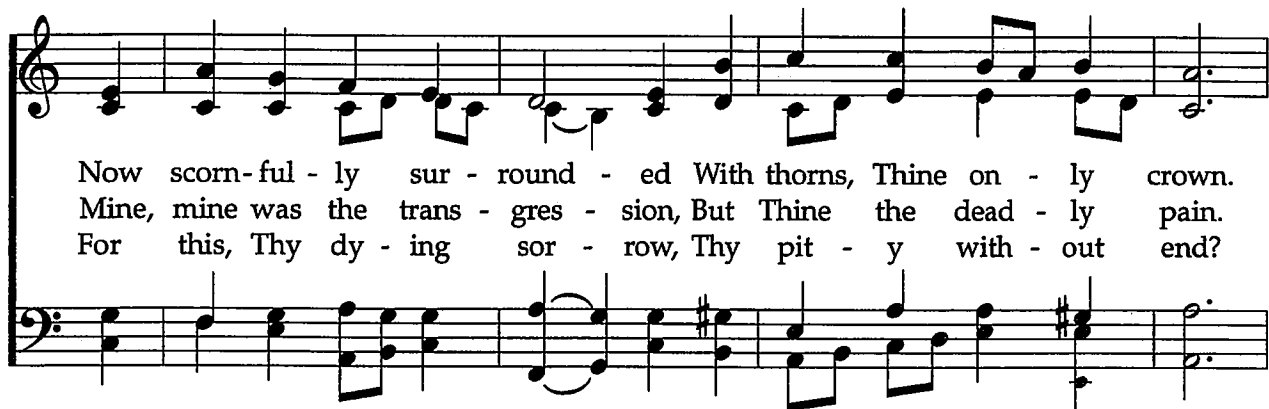


# 316 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

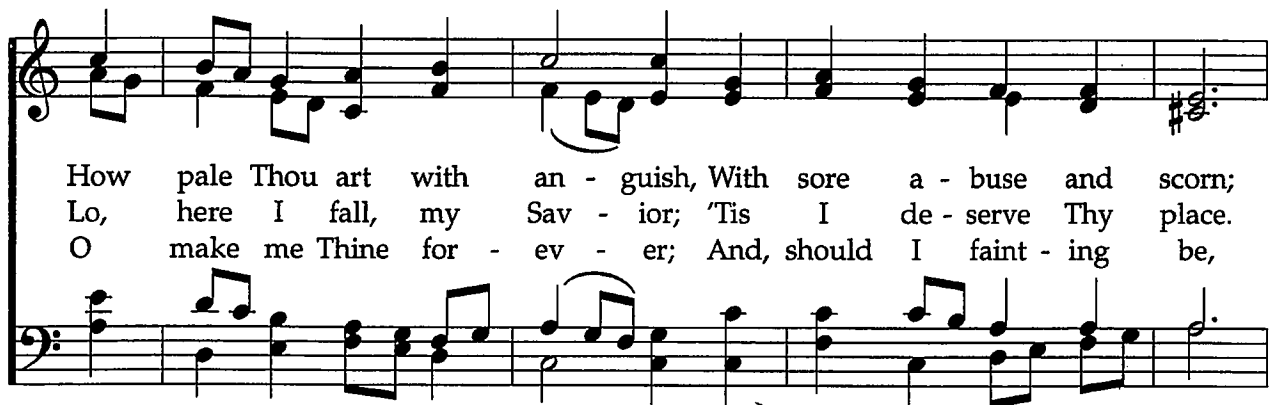
*They twisted together a crown of thorns and set it on Him. Mark 15:17*



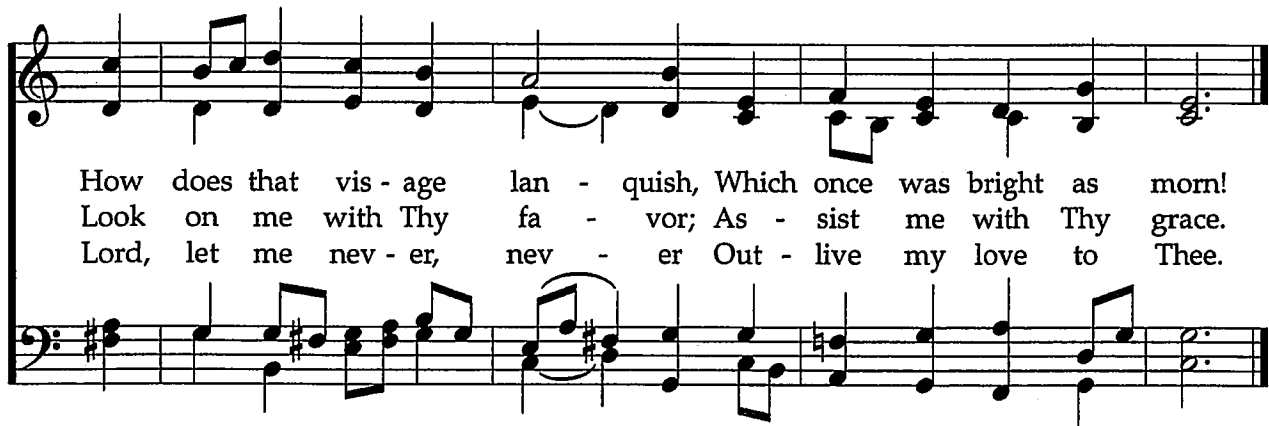
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed With grief and shame weighed down;  
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



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; '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 - quish, Which once was bright as morn!  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor; As - sist me with Thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.