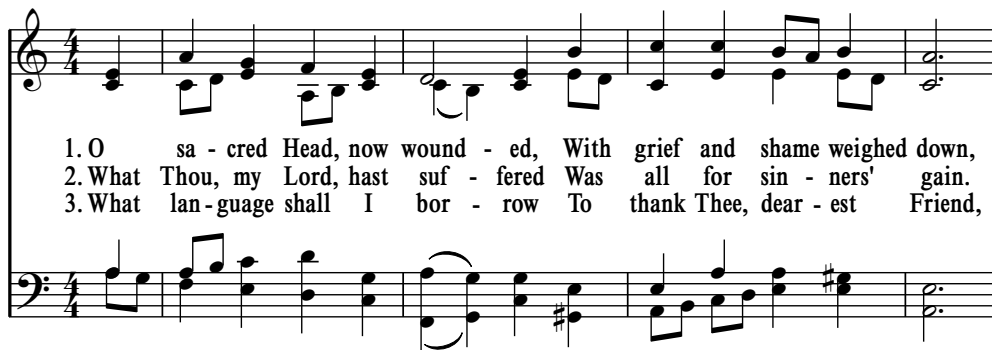
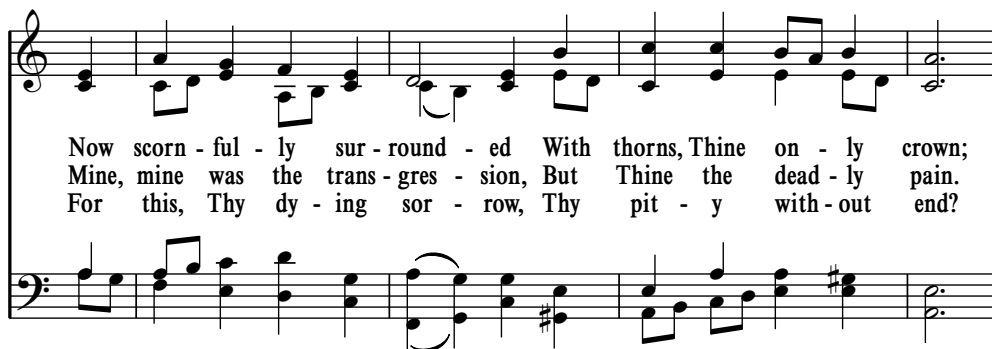


## 26. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

*"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns..." Jn. 19:5*



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?



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,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love for Thee.