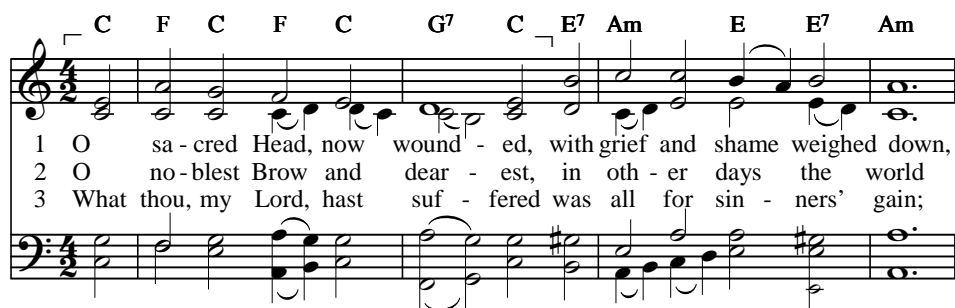


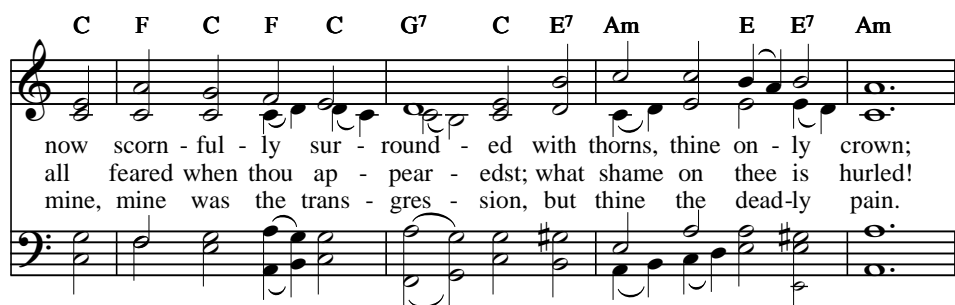
## 287 O sacred Head, now wounded

C F C F C G<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup> Am E E<sup>7</sup> Am



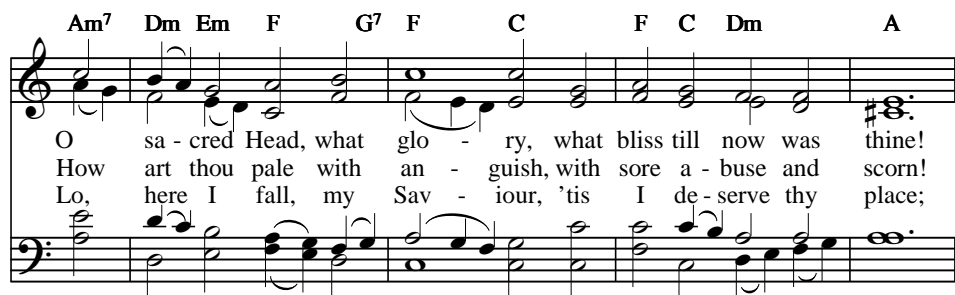
1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
2 O no - blest Brow and dear - est, in oth - er days the world  
3 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;

C F C F C G<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup> Am E E<sup>7</sup> Am



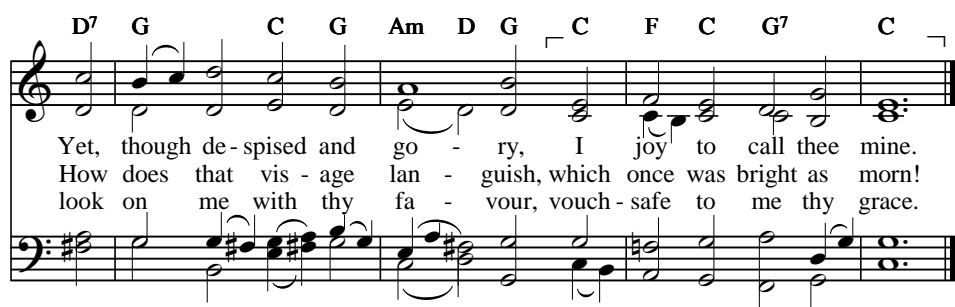
now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
all feared when thou ap - pear - edst; what shame on thee is hurled!  
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.

Am<sup>7</sup> Dm Em F G<sup>7</sup> F C F C Dm A



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
How art thou pale with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour, 'tis I de - serve thy place;

D<sup>7</sup> G C G Am D G C F C G<sup>7</sup> C



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.  
How does that vis - age lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!  
look on me with thy fa - vour, vouch - safe to me thy grace.

- 4 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,  
for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.