

## HYMN

## 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.