

# O sacred head now wounded

*Verse*

C F G C E Am E Am

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;  
 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:  
 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

7 C F G C E7/B Am E Am

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?

13 Em F Csus4 C F Dm A

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,

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D G Am G C F Gsus4 G C

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, 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.