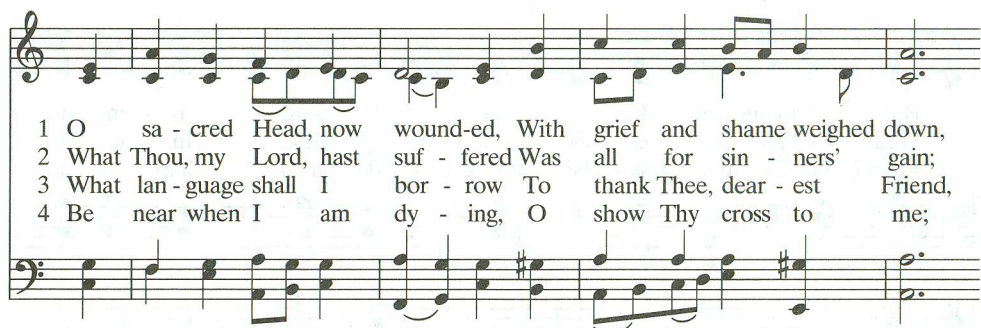
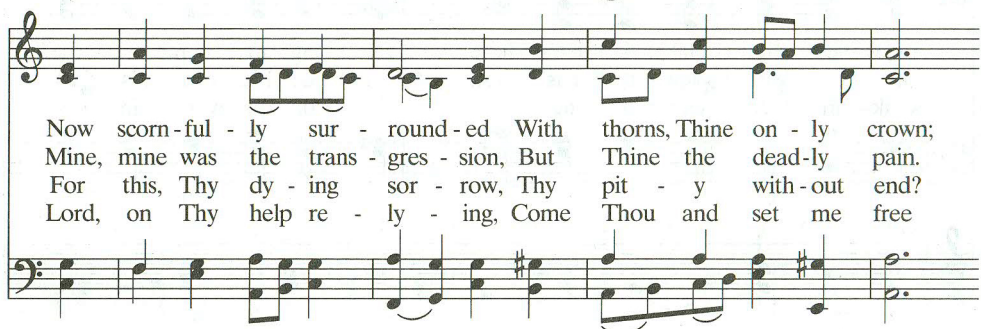


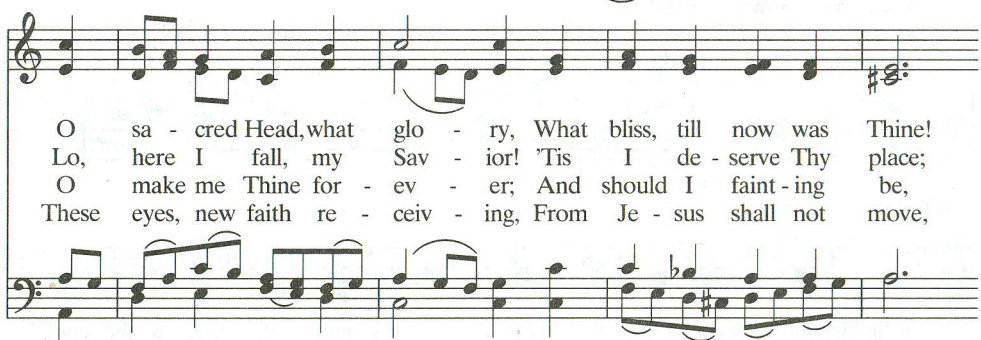
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



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,
 4 Be near when I am dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



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?
 Lord, on Thy help re - ly - ing, Come Thou and set me free



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,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move,



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, 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.
 For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly through Thy love.