

286 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

SATB Unis 1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 SATB Parts 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 SATB Parts 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?

how pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
 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,

How does that vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
 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.