

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Am F C Dm C F G C E Am Esus4 E Am

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,

Am F C Dm C F G C E Am Esus4 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?

Am G C F G F C F C 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,

D G C G Am D G C Dm C Dm 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.