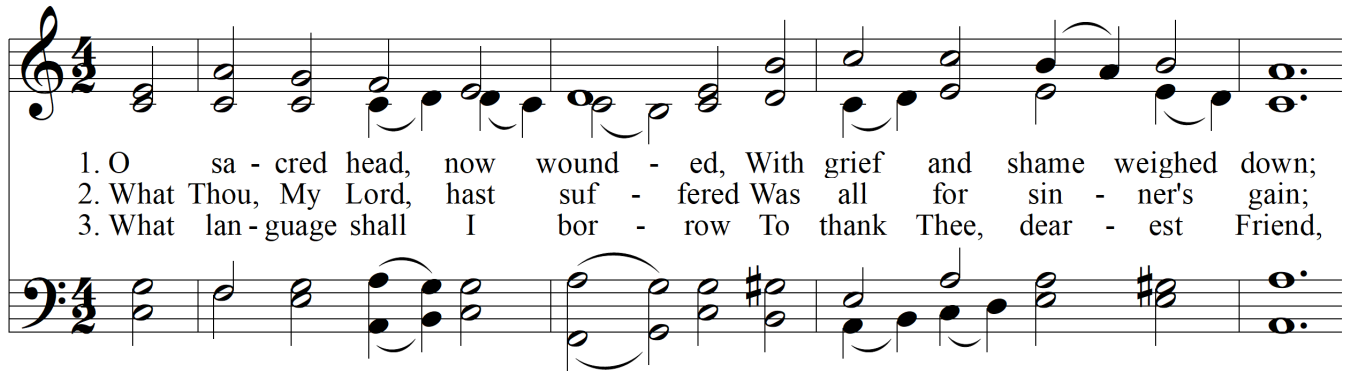
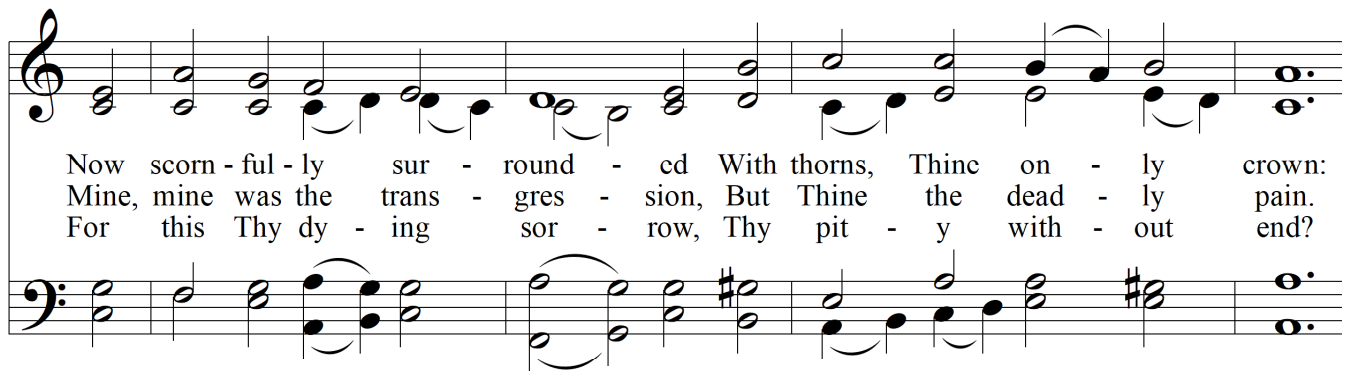


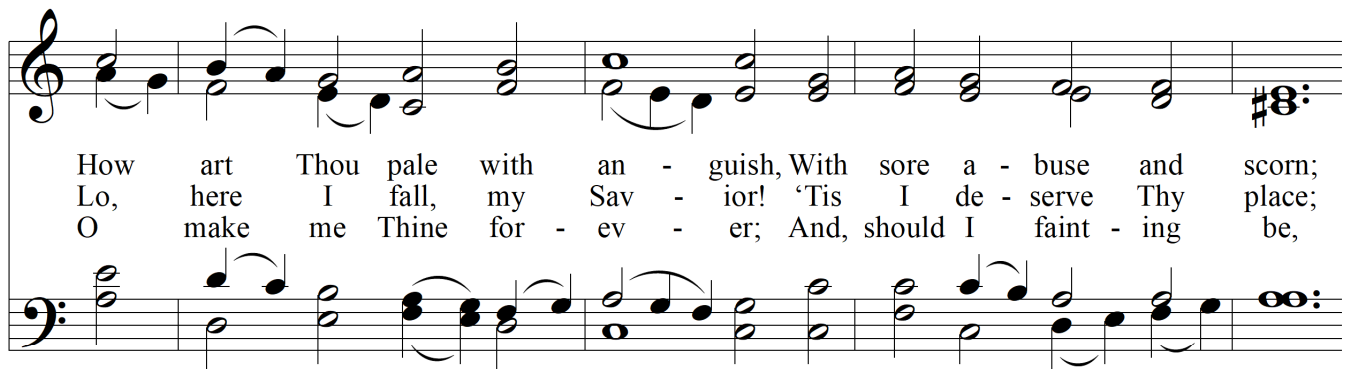
# O Sacred Head



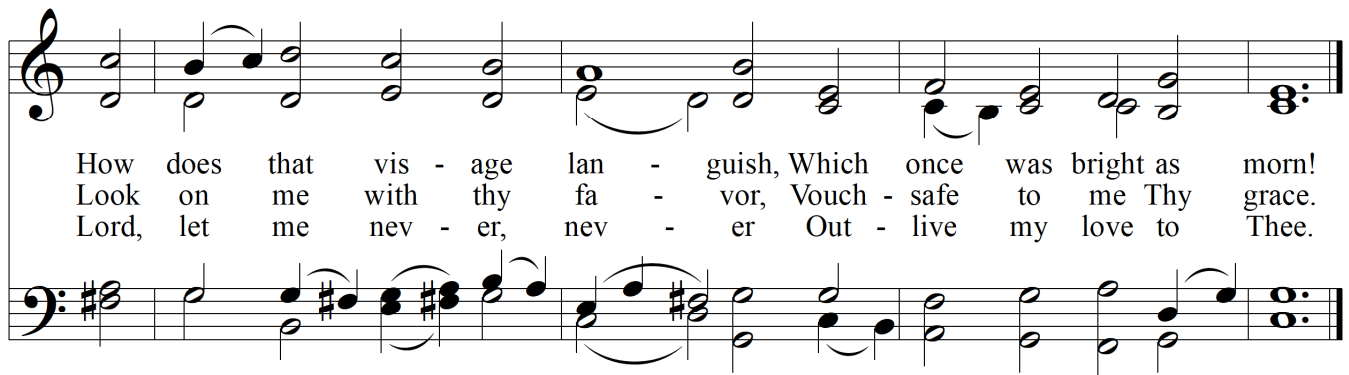
1. O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;  
2. What Thou, My Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ner's gain;  
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



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 art Thou pale 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.