

## O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED-crd

Am F C G7 C F-G C E7 Am Esus E7  
 O sa- cred Head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame  
 weighed down;  
 What Thou, my Lord has suf- fered was all for sin-  
 ners' gain:  
 What lan- guage shall I bor- row to thank Thee, dear- est  
 Friend,

C F C G7 C F-G C E7 Am Esus E7 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 pity with- out end?

Dm Em F G7 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 fainting be,

D7 G C G C-D G C F C F G C  
 Yet, though de-spised and gor- y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fav- or, vouch-safe to me Thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev- er, nev- er out- live my love to Thee.