

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

descants by  
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Flute

Tenor Recorder

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down, now  
2 My Lord, what you did suf - fer was all for sin - ners' gain; mine,  
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est Friend, for

6

scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown. O  
mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain. So  
this, your dy - ing sor - row, your mer - cy with - out end? Lord,

10

sa - cred head, what glo - ry and bless - ing you have known! Yet,  
 here I kneel, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place; look  
 make me yours for - ev - er, a loy - al ser - vant true, and

14

though de - spised and gor - y, I claim you as my own.  
 on \_\_\_ me with your fa - vor and save me by your grace.  
 let \_\_\_ me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love for you.