

# O Sacred Head Now Wounded

## Capo

Capo 3

C Gsus G D G B Em B Em

O sa - cred head now wound - ed with grief and shame weighed down.  
 What thou my Lord hast suf - fered was all for sin - ner's gain.  
 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thanks thee dear - est friend.

C Gsus G D G B Em B Em

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.

D C Gsus G C Am E

O sa - cred Head what glor - y! what bliss till now was thine.  
 Lo here I fall, my Sav - ior; in awe be - fore thy face;  
 O make me thine for - e - ver and should I faint - ing be,

D G/B Asus D G Am D G

Yet though de - spised and gor - y I joy to call thee mine.  
 Not guilt but love com - pels me to stand with - in thy grace.  
 Lord let me nev - er ne - ver out - live my love to thee.