

365 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

"He was pierced for our transgressions, He was crushed for our iniquities." (Isa. 53:5)

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
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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,

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 pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! '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.