

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

*"He is the atoning sacrifice for our sins..." (1John 2:2)*BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
TRANS. BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER

OLD MELODY

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 art Thou pale 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.