
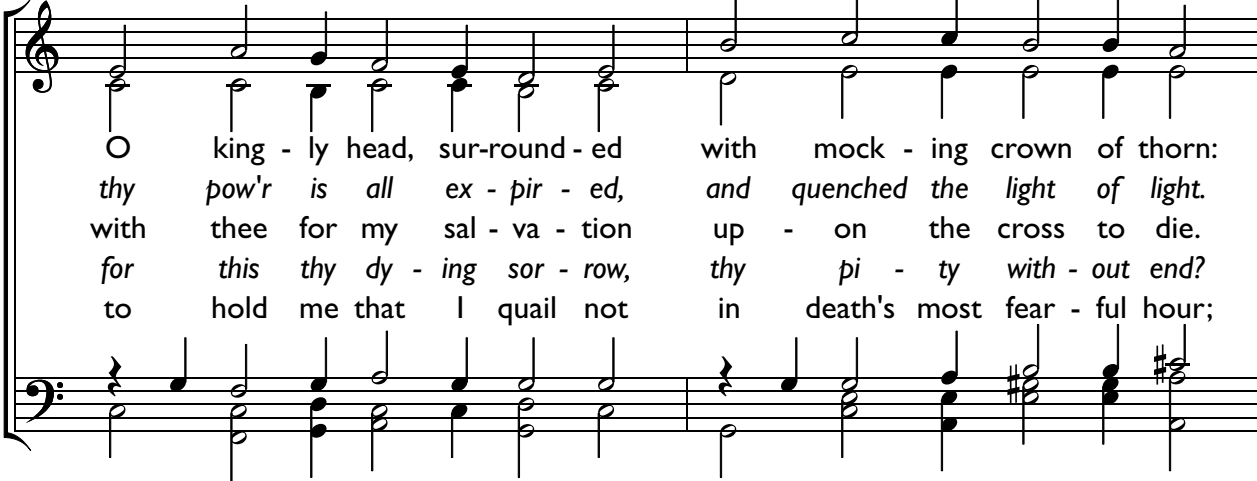


# O sacred head, sore wounded

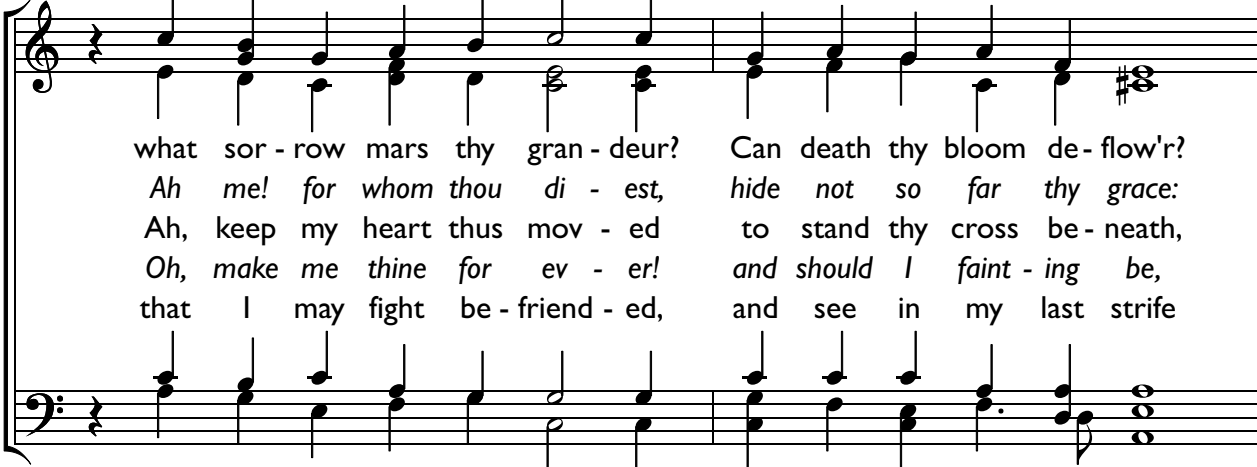
Hymnal 1982 no. 169, Melody: Herzlich tut mich verlangen



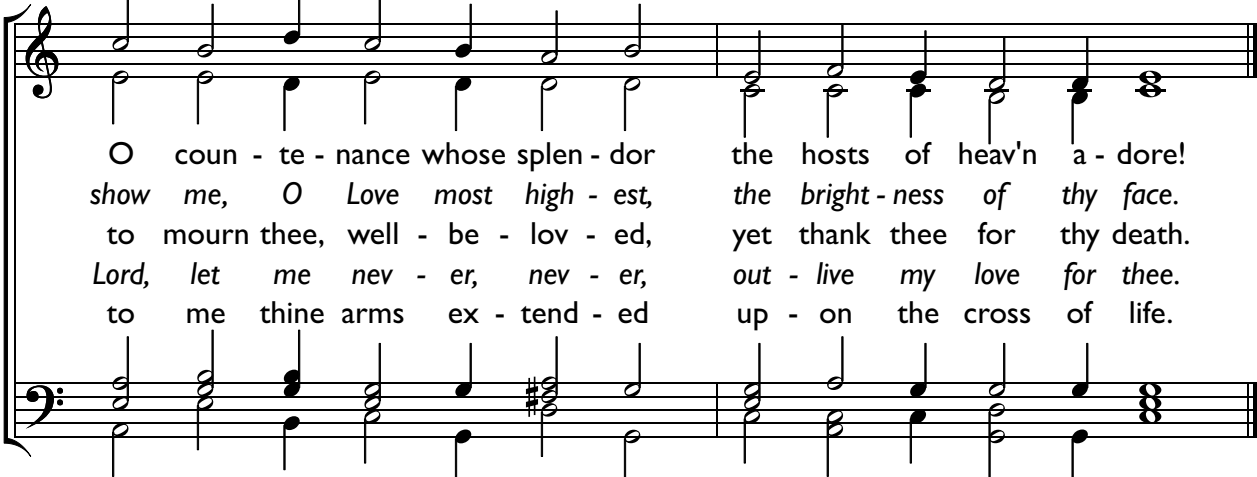
1. O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;  
2. Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;  
3. In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,  
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
5. My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal pow'r,



O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:  
thy pow'r is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.  
with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.  
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?  
to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;



what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flow'r?  
Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:  
Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,  
Oh, make me thine for ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,  
that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife



O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heav'n a - dore!  
show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.  
to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.  
to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.