

♩ ≈ 68

Lead

7. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down, O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry,  
now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly crown.

Accompaniment I

Accompaniment II

Bass

Ld.

what bliss till now was Thine! Yet, though de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

Acmp. I

Acmp. II

Bs.

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
was all for sinners' gain;  
mine, mine was the transgression,  
but Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
look on me with Thy favor,  
vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow  
to thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
for this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine forever!  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
outlive my love for Thee.