

Sacred Head Now Wounded

Written by Bhavesh Zaveri

MP3 Listen - {audio}mp3/sacredhead.mp3{/audio}

1

O Sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thine only crown.
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn,
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

2

What Thou my Lord has suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain.
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deathly 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.

To download the zipfile click on the picture below:

