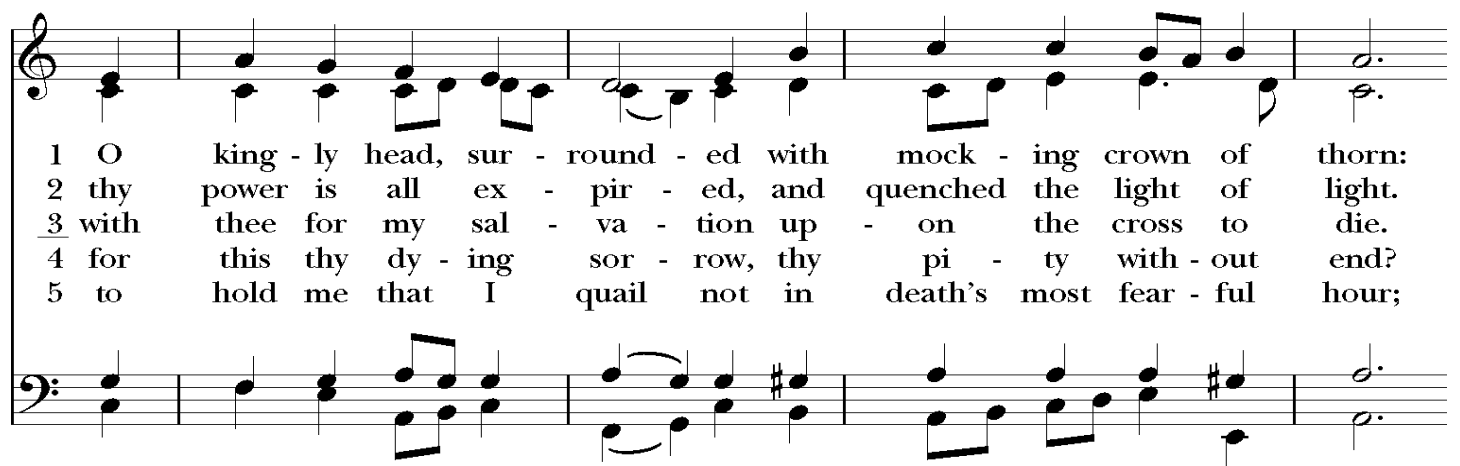


The Hymnal 1982 - #168 O sacred head, sore wounded



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 power,



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



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



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