

Marketa Irglova

"O Sacred Head"

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O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown:
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What thou, my Lord, has suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve the place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

CHORUS

Sacred Head now wounded
Sacred Head with shame weighed down

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 to thee.

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