

## **O Sacred Head**

Hymn #168

O sacred head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head surrounded with mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom de-flower?  
O countenance whose splendor the hosts of heaven adore!

Thy beauty, long desired, hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired, and quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! For whom thou diest, hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest, the brightness of thy face.

In thy most bitter passion my heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation upon the cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus moved to stand thy cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well beloved, yet thank thee for thy death