

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

O sacred Head now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thine only crown
O sacred Head what glory
What bliss till now was Thine
Yet tho' despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine

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

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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