

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

1. O sacred head now wounded
 With grief and shame way down,
Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
 what bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
2. 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,
 Assist me with 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 to Thee.