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.

1. 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.

1. 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.