

# 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.