

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.

