

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns,
Thy only crown:
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine;
Yet, through 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,
And grant 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.