

## 4Him "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

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O sacred Head, now wounded  
With grief and shame weighed down  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown  
How art Thou pale with anguish  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!  
What Thou, my Lord, has suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain  
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  
Vouch safe to me Thy grace

Sacred Head now wounded  
Sacred Head with shame weighed down

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!

Sacred Head now wounded  
Sacred Head with shame weighed down

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