

## Selah

### "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 pale thou art 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, 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,  
vouchsafe 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 for thee.

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