O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sa -cred head, now wound- ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed with thorns, thine on-ly crown;
O sa -cred head, what glo -ry, what bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though de-spised and gor -y, I joy to call thee mine.

2 How pale thou art with an-guish, with sore a -buse and scorn;
how does thy face now lan -guish, which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and bit-ter pas-sion were all for sin-ners’ gain;
mine, mine was the trans-gres-sion, but thine the dead-ly pain.

3 What lan-guage shall I bor-row to thank thee, dear-est friend,
for this thy dy-ing sor-row, thy pit-y with-out end?
Oh, make me thine for-ev-er, and should I faint-ing be,
Lord, let me nev-er, nev-er out-live my love to thee.

4 Lord, be my con-so-la-tion; shield me when I must die;
re-mind me of thy pas-sion when my last hour draws nigh;
These eyes, new faith re-ceiv-ing, from thee shall nev-er move;
for all who die be-liev-ing die safe-ly in thy love.