

4HIM, O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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!

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