

## **O Sacred Head Now Wounded**

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Your only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was Yours!  
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call You mine.

What You, my Lord, have suffered, was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Yours the deadly pain.  
See, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Your place;  
Look on me with Your favor, vouchsafe to me Your grace.

Men mock and taunt and jeer You, You noble countenance,  
Though mighty worlds shall fear You and flee before Your glance.  
How pale You are with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!  
How Your visage languishes that once was bright as morn!

Now from Your cheeks has vanished their color once so fair;  
From Thy red lips is banished the splendor that was there.  
Grim death, with cruel rigor, hath robbed You of Your life;  
And so You have lost Your vigor, Your strength in this sad strife.

My burden in Your Passion, Lord, You have borne for me,  
For it was my transgression which brought this woe on You.  
I cast myself before You, wrath is my rightful lot;  
Have mercy, I implore You; Redeemer, reject me not!

What language shall I borrow to thank You, dearest friend,  
For this Your dying sorrow, Your pity without end?  
O make me Yours forever, and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to You.

My Shepherd, now receive me; my Guardian, own all of me.  
Great blessings You did give me, O source of gifts divine.  
Your lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;  
Your Spirit has often led me to heavenly joys above.

Here I will stand beside You, from You I will not part;  
O Savior, do not chide me! When breaks Your loving heart,  
When soul and body languish in death's cold, cruel grasp,  
Then, in Your deepest anguish, I'll clasp You in my arms.

The joy can never be spoken, above all joys beside,  
When in Your body broken I thus with safety hide.  
O Lord of Life, desiring Your glory now to see,  
Beside Your cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to You.

My Savior, please be near me when death is at my door;  
Then let Your presence cheer me, forsake me nevermore!  
When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,  
But take away my anguish by virtue of Your Own!

You Be my consolation, my Shield when I must die;  
Remind me of Your passion when my last hour draws nigh.  
My eyes shall then behold You, upon Your cross shall dwell,  
My heart by faith enfolds You. Who dies that way dies well.