

O sacred head, sore wounded

1. O sacred head, sore 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.

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
was all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression,
but thine the deadly pain;
lo, here I fall, my Saviour;
'tis I deserve thy place;
look on me with thy favour;
oh grant to me thy grace.