

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, hast 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,
Assist me with 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 to Thee.