

O SACRED head! once wounded,  
 With grief and shame bowed down,  
 How scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, Thine only crown!  
 How pale art Thou 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,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 O, make me Thine for ever;  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to Thee!
- 4 Be near me when I'm dying,  
 O, show Thy cross to me;  
 And, for my succour flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free!  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move;  
 For he, who dies believing,  
 Dies safely through Thy love.