

450 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2 How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
4 My Shep - herd, now re - ceive me; My Guard-ian, own me Thine.



Now scorn - ful - ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
How doth Thy face now lan-guish That once was bright as morn!
Mine, mine was the trans-gres-sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
Great bless - ings Thou didst give me, O Source of gifts di - vine.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Grim death, with cru - el rig - or, Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
Thy lips have of - ten fed me With words of truth and love;



Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vig - or, Thy strength, in this sad strife.
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.
Thy Spir - it oft hath led me To heav'n - ly joys a - bove.

5 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 for Thee.

6 My Savior, be Thou near me
When death is at my door;
Then let Thy presence cheer me,
Forsake me nevermore!
When soul and body languish,
O leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish
By virtue of Thine own!

7 Be Thou my consolation,
My shield, when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion
When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee.
Who dieth thus dies well.