

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I81JgRQIAwY>

Verse 1

O sacred head now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thy only crown
O sacred head what quarry
What bliss til now was Thine
Yet though despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine

Verse 2

What Thou my Lord has suffered
Was all for sinners gain
My sin 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
Vouchsafe me to Thy grace

Verse 3

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide
O Lord of life desiring
Thy glory now to see
Beside Thy cross expiring
I breathe my soul to Thee