1. O Sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down, 
graced 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! 

2. What thou, my Lord, has suffered was all for sinners' gain; mine, mine was the transgression, but thine deadly pain. Lo, here I fall, my 
sorrow, thy pity without end? O make me thine for-Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place; look ever; and should I fainting be, Lord, 

3. What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend, for this thy dying 

O make me thine for-ever; and should I fainting be, Lord,