O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O Sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-rended With thorns, Thine own crown; How can I dread Thy fatal blow? O Lord, look on my place;
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain; Mine mine was the trans-gression, But Thine the deadly pain; Lo, make me Thine forever, And should I fainting be, Lord, let me never;