

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Fernando Ortega

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded 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!

What Thou, my Lord, has suffered was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine 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, assist me with Thy grace.

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 to Thee.