O SACRED HEAD

1. O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down;
   Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thine only crown:

2. What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
   For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?

How art Thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn;
O make me Thine forever; And, should I fainting be,

How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn!
Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.