Aurelia 7s, 6s. D.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh’d down,
   Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thine only crown;
   O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss, till now was Thine!
   Yet, tho’ despised and garry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners’ gain.
   Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain:
   Lo, here I fall, my Savior! ’Tis I deserved Thy place;
   Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
   For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
   Lord, make me Thine forever, Nor let me faithless prove:
   O let me never, never, Abuse such dying love.

4. Be near when I am dying, O show Thy cross to me!
   And for my succor flying, Come, Lord, and set me free.
   These eyes, new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move;
   For he who dies believing, Dies safely through Thy love.