Aurelia 7s, 6s. D.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh’d down,
   Now scornfully surround - ed With thorns, Thine only crown;
   O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss, till now was Thine!

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;

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:

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;

Yet, tho’ despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.
Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
O let me never, never, Abuse such dying love.
For he who dies believing, Dies safely thru Thy love.

Words: Jason W. Alexander
Music: S. S. Wesley