121  O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

“He is the atoning sacrifice for our sins…” (I John 2:2)

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX  OLD MELODY
TRANS. BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down;
   Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns Thine only crown:
   How art Thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn;
   How does that visage languish Which once was bright as morn!

2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners’ gain:
   Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly shame:
   Lo, here I fall, my Savour! ’Tis I deserve Thy place;
   Look on me with Thy favour, 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?
   O make me Thine forever; And should I fainting be,
   Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.