

O Sacred Head

Amy Grant

O sacred head now wounded
With grief and shame way 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.

What language shall i borrow
To thank thee dearest man?
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end.

O make me thine forever,
And should i fainting be,
Lord, let me never, ever
Outlive my love to thee.