

# Amy Grant, O Sacred Head

(Paul Gerhardt, J. W. Alexander, Hans Hassler, 16th Lent, Bach)

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 dost that visage languish which once was bright as morn

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee dearest friend  
For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?  
Or, make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be  
Lord let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.