

# Amy Grant, O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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.