

O Sacred Head

[Amy Grant](#)

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

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