

## ***O Sacred Head***

O sacred head, sore wounded  
With grief and shame weighed down  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With thorns thine only crown  
Death's pallor now comes over thee  
The glow of life decays  
Yet hosts of heav'n adore thee  
And tremble as they gaze  
And tremble as they gaze

What language shall I borrow  
To praise thee, heavenly friend  
For this thy dying sorrow  
Thy pity without end  
O agony and dying  
O love to sinners free  
Jesus, all grace supplying  
Turn thou thy face on me  
Turn thou thy face on me!

Words by Paul Gerhardt (Public domain)  
Music by Monique Lisbon  
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