



1. O Sa-cred Head, sur-round-ed By crown of pier-cing thorn!
2. I see thy strength and vi-gour All fad-ing in the strife,
3. In this thy bit-ter Pas-sion, Good Shep-herd, think of me



O bleed-ing Head, so wounded, Re-viled, and put to scorn!
And death with cru-el ri-gour Be-reav-ing thee of life;
With thy most sweet com-pas-sion, Un-wor- thy though I be:



Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er thee, The glow of life de-cays,
O a-gon-y and dy-ing! O love to sin-ners free!
Be-neath thy Cross a-bid-ing For ev-er would I rest,



Yet An-gel-hosts a-dore thee, And trem-ble as they gaze.
Je-sus, all grace sup-ply-ing, O turn thy face on me.
In thy dear love con-fid-ing, And with thy presence blest.

Salve caput cruentatum

Bernard of Clairvaux; Tr. H.W. Baker