

Salve caput cruentatum

O Sacred Head, Surrounded

Henry W. Baker + Arthur T. Russell

1. O Sacred Head, surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
reviled and put to scorn!
The pow'r of death comes o'er you,
the glow of life decays,
yet angel hosts adore you
and tremble as they gaze.
2. In this, your bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
with your most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath your cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in your dear love confiding,
and with your presence blest.
3. Christ Jesus, we adore you,
our thorn-crowned Lord and King.
we bow our heads before you,
and to your cross we cling.
Lord, give us strength to bear it
with patience and with love,
that we may truly merit
a glorious crown above.

Inspiration: "Salve caput cruentatum"; attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1091-1152.

Lyrics: 76.76 D; stanzas 1-2, Henry Williams Baker, 1821-1877, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1861; stanza 3, Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-1874.