

Salve caput cruentatum
O Sacred Head, Surrounded

Baker

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. I see your strength and vigour
all fading in the strife,
and death with cruel rigour,
bereaving you of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus all grace supplying,
O turn your face to me.
3. 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.

Inspiration: "Salve caput cruentatum"; attr. St Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1091-1152.
Lyrics: 76.76 D; st. 1-2, Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1861; st. 3, Arthur T. Russell, 1806-1874.