

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!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
the glow of life decays,
yet angel hosts adore thee
and tremble as they gaze.
2. I see thy strength and vigour
all fading in the strife,
and death with cruel rigour,
bereaving thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
O Christ, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face to me.
3. In this, thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
with thy most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath thy cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in thy dear love confiding,
and with thy presence blest.

Inspiration: "Salve caput cruentatum"; attr. St Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1091-1152.
Lyrics: 76.76 D; Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1861.