1. O sacred head, surrounded by crown of piercing thorn!

2. Thy comeliness and vigour is withered up and gone,

3. In this thy bitter passion, good Shepherd, think of me

O bleeding head, so wounded, so shamed and put to scorn!

and in thy wasted figure I see death drawing on.

with thy most sweet compassion, unworthy though I be:

Death's palid hue comes o'er thee, the glow of life decays;

O agony and dying! O love to sinners free!

be beneath thy Cross abiding for ever would I rest,

yet angel-hosts adore thee, and tremble as they gaze.

Jesus, all grace supplying, turn thou thy face on me.

in thy dear love confiding, and with thy presence blest.