


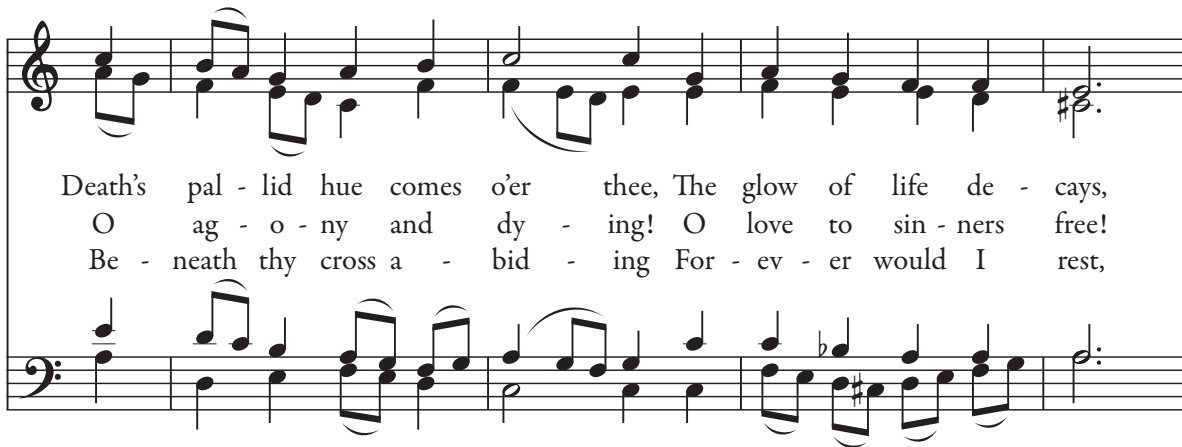
O Sacred Head, Surrounded



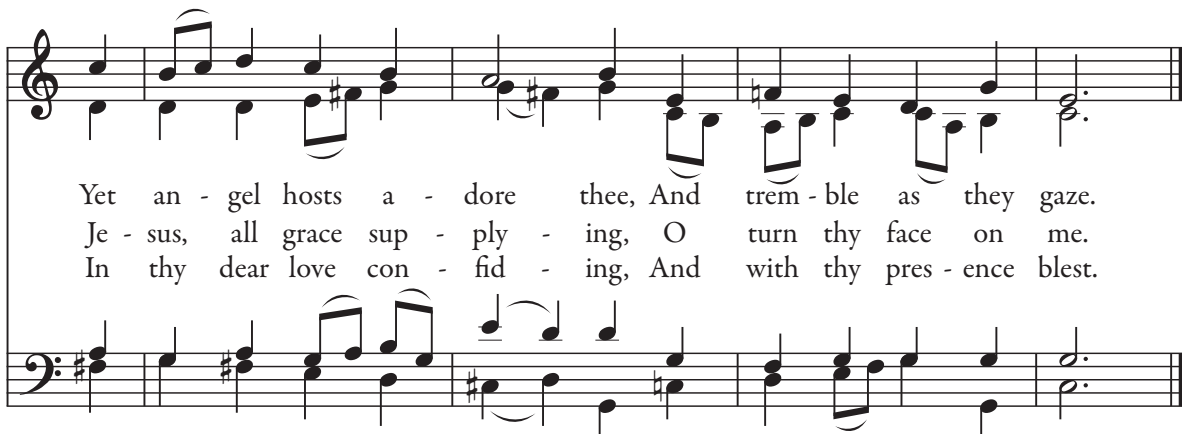
1 O Sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
2 I see thy strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,
3 In this, thy bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
And death with cru - el rig - or, 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 ag - o - ny 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 pres - ence blest.