

O sacred head sore wounded,  
defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head surrounded  
with mocking crown of thron:  
what sorrow mars Thy grandeur?  
Can death Thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance Whose splendour  
the hosts of heaven adore.

Thy beauty, long-desired  
hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired,  
and quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! For whom Thou diest,  
hide not so far Thy grace:  
show me, O love most highest,  
the brightness of Thy face.

I pray Thee, Jesu, own me,  
me, Shepherd good, for Thine;  
Who to Thy fold hast won me,  
and fed with truth divine.  
Me guilty, me refuse not;  
incline Thy face to me,  
this comfort that I lose not  
on earth to comfort Thee.

In Thy most bitter passion  
my heart to share doth cry,  
with Thee for my salvation  
upon the cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus moved  
to stand Thy cross beneath,  
to mourn Thee, well-beloved,  
yet thank Thee for Thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,  
with Thine immortal power,  
to hold me that I quail not  
in death's most fearful hour:  
that I may fight befriended,  
and see in my last strife  
to me Thine arms extended  
upon the cross of life.