

(St. Christopher. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by John Gambold

Frederick C. Maker



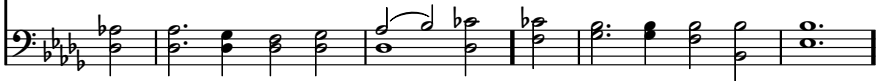
1. O Head once full of bruises, So full of pain and scorn,
2. Thou Countenance transcendental! Thou life-creating Sun!
3. We give Thee thanks unfeigned, O Saviour, Friend in need,



Mid other sore abuses, Mocked with a crown of thorn;  
 To worlds on Thee dependent— Yet bruised and spit upon:  
 For what Thy soul sustained When Thou for us didst bleed.



O Head e'en now surrounded With brightest majesty,  
 O Lord, what Thee tormented Was our sins' heavy load,  
 Grant us to lean unshaken Upon Thy faithful-ness,



In death once bowed and wounded On the accursed tree:  
 We had the debt augmented Which Thou didst pay in blood.  
 Until, to glory taken, We see Thee face to face.

