

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

St. Bernard, tr. by John Gambold

F. 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 torment-ed 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.