

O Head Once Full of Bruises

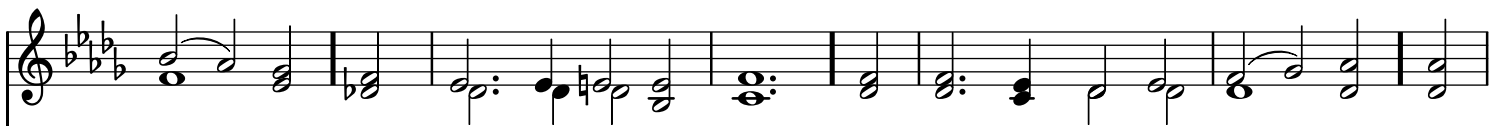
(St. Christopher. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

St. Bernard, tr. by John Gambold

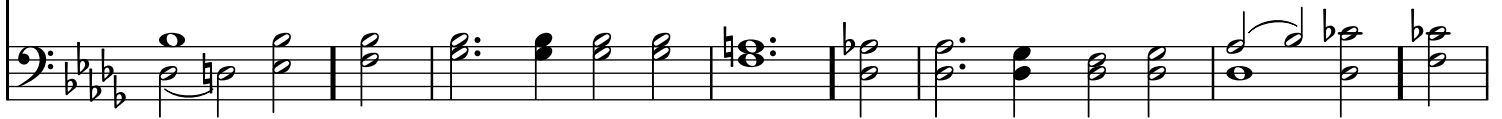
F. C. Maker



1. O Head once full of bruises, So full of pain and scorn, 'Mid other sore a -
2. Thou Countenance transcendent! Thou life-creating Sun! To worlds on Thee de -
3. We give Thee thanks unfeigned, O Saviour, Friend in need, For what Thy soul sus -



bus - es, Mocked with a crown of thorn; O Head e'en now surrounded With
pend - ent - Yet bruised and spit upon: O Lord, what Thou torment - ed Was
tain - ed When Thou for us didst bleed. Grant us to lean unshaken Up -



brightest majesty, In death once bowed and wounded On the accursed tree:
our sins' heavy load, We had the debt augmented Which Thou didst pay in blood.
on Thy faithfulness, Until to glory taken, We see Thee face to face.



Alternate tune: No. 82.