

O Head Once Full of Bruises

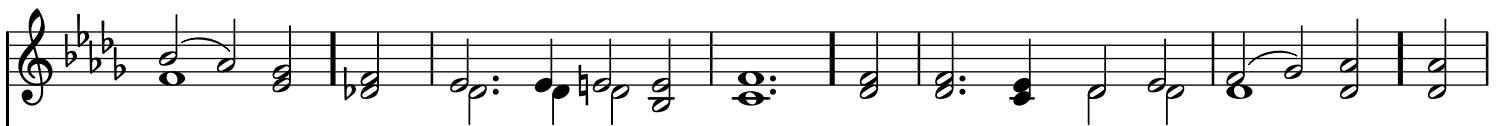
(St. Christopher. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

St. Bernard, tr. by John Gambold

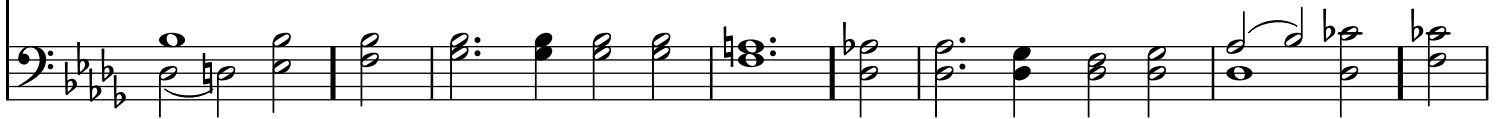
F. C. Maker



1. O Head once full of bruises, So full of pain and scorn, Mid oth - er sore a -
2. Thou Coun - te - nance transcendent! Thou life - cre - at - ing Sun! To worlds on Thee de -
3. We give Thee thanks un - feign - ed, O Saviour, Friend in need, For what Thy soul sus -



bus - es, Mocked with a crown of thorn; O Head e'en now sur - round - ed With
pend - ent - Yet bruised and spit up - on: O Lord, what Thee tor - ment - ed Was
tain - ed When Thou for us didst bleed. Grant us to lean un - sha - ken Up -



brightest ma - jes - ty, In death once bowed and wound - ed On the ac - curs - ed tree:
our sins' heav - y load, We had the debt aug - ment - ed Which Thou didst pay in blood.
on Thy faithful - ness, Un - til, to glo - ry ta - ken, We see Thee face to face.

