

O Head once full of bruises

(PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6.D.)

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O Head once full of bruises,
 2. Thou Countenance transcendent!
 3. We give Thee thanks unfeigned,

So full of pain and scorn,
 Thou life-creating Sun!
 O Saviour! Friend in need,

'Mid other sore abuses
 To worlds on Thee dependent—
 For what Thy soul sustained

Mocked with a crown of thorn;
 Yet bruised and spit upon;
 When Thou for us didst bleed;

O Head! e'en now surrounded
 O Lord! what Thee tormented
 Grant us to lean unshaken

With bright - est maj - es - ty,
 Was our sin's hea - vy load,
 U - pon Thy faith - ful - ness ;

In death once bowed and wound - ed
 We had the debt aug - ment - ed
 Un - til to glo - ry tak - en,

On the ac - curs - ed tree.
 Which Thou didst pay in blood.
 We see Thee face to face.

Alternate Tunes : Aurelia, 114 ; St. Christopher, 149.