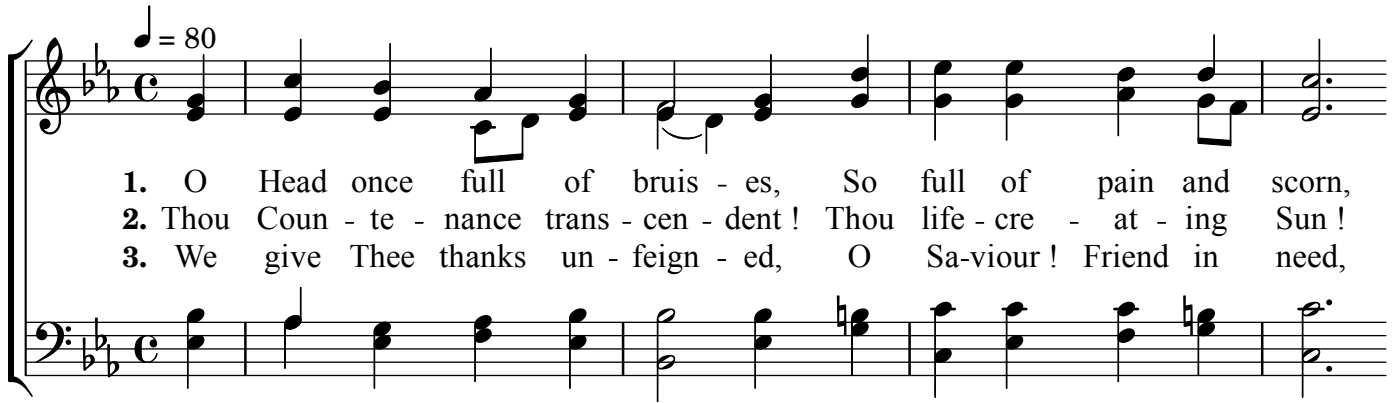


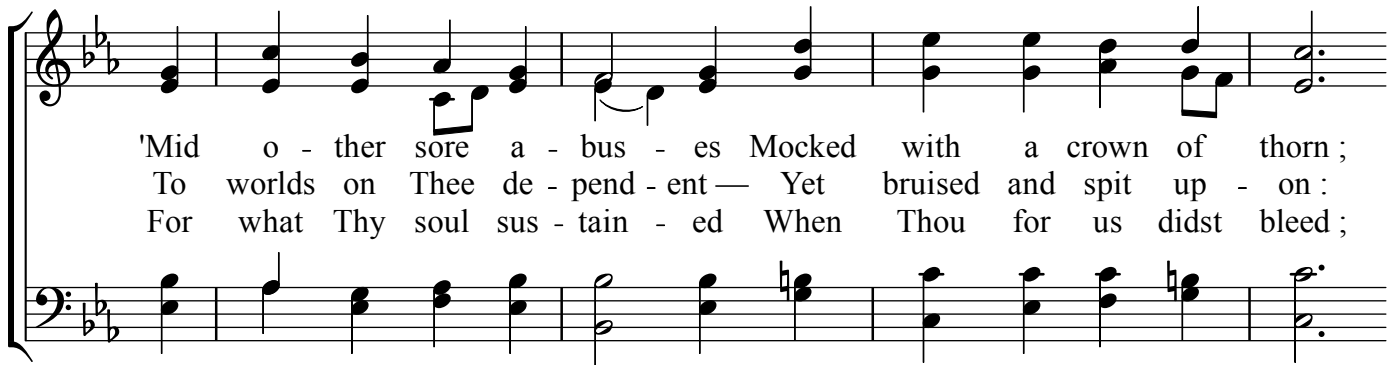
O Head once full of bruises

(PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6.D.)

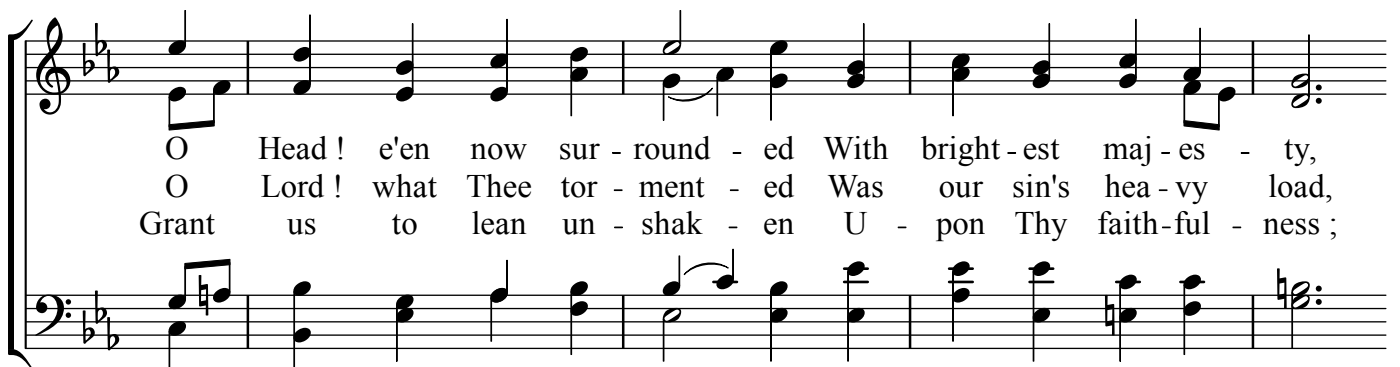
$\text{♩} = 80$



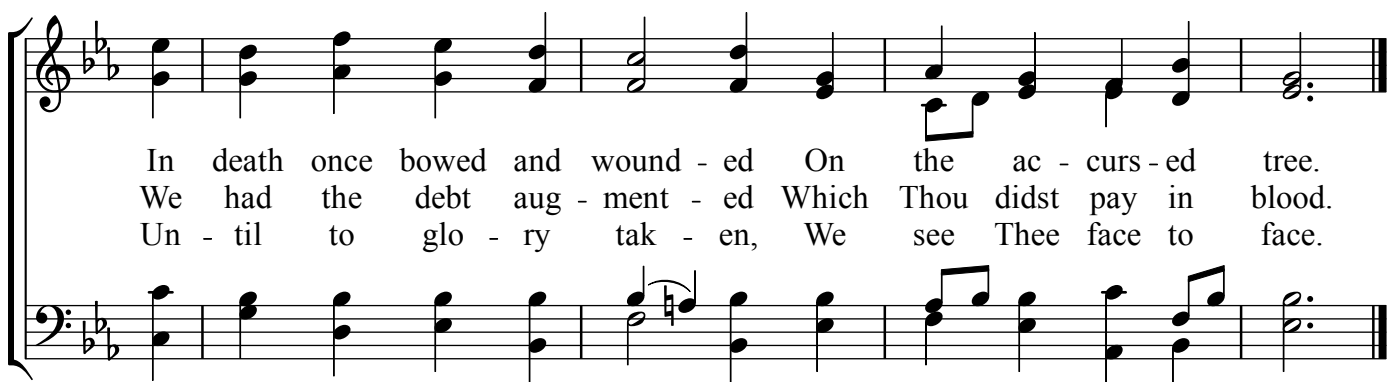
1. O Head once full of bruises, So full of pain and scorn,
 2. Thou Countenance transcendent! Thou life-creating Sun!
 3. We give Thee thanks unfeigned, O Saviour! Friend in need,



'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 Thou tormented Was our sin's heavy load,
 Grant us to lean unshaken Upon Thy faithfulness;



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.

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