

O head once full of bruises

Anon.

O Head once filled with bruises,
Oppressed with pain and scorn,
O'erwhelmed with sore abuses,
Mocked with a crown of thorn!
O Head to death once wounded
In shame upon the tree,
In glory now surrounded
With brightest majesty!

Thou Lord of all transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on Thee dependent,
Yet bruised and spit upon!
O Lord! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load;
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

When we think of Thy suffering -
How Thou didst give Thy life,
Our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
With praise and thankfulness.
When o'er Thy death we ponder -
Upon the cruel tree;
Our lives we'd gladly give Thee,
And count the loss as gain.

We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
Lord Jesus, Friend in need!
For what Thy soul sustained
When Thou for us didst bleed;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until, to glory taken,
We see Thee face to face.

Bernard of Clairvaux