

O Head once full of bruises

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

95

(Guitar: Capo 1)

G **D**
1. O Head once full of bruises, So full of pain and
G **C** **D**
scorn, Mid oth - er sore a - bus - es, Mocked with a crown of
G **C** **G** **A**
thorn: O Head e'en now sur-round - ed With bright - est ma - jes -
D **B⁷** **C** **D** **D⁷** **G**
ty, In death once bowed and wound - ed On the ac - curs - ed tree:

2. Thou Countenance transcendent!

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

3. We give Thee thanks unfeigned,

O Savior, 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.