

O Head, Once Filled with Bruises

Author: Paul Gerhardt 1607-1676

O Head, Once filled with bruises, Oppressed with pain and scorn,
O'er-whelmed with sore abuses, Mocked with a crown of thorn!
O Head, to death one 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.

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