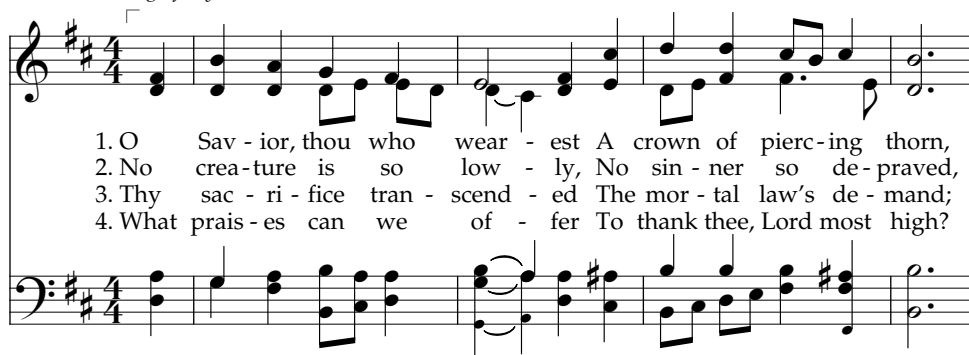
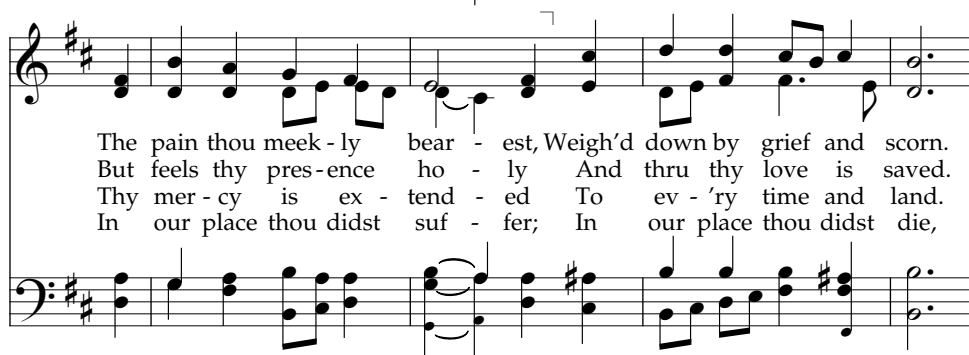


# 197 O Savior, Thou Who Wearest a Crown

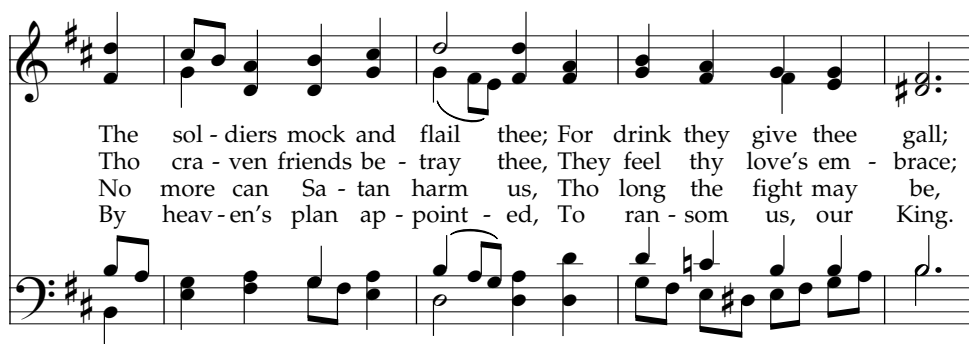
*Thoughtfully* ♩ = 60-76



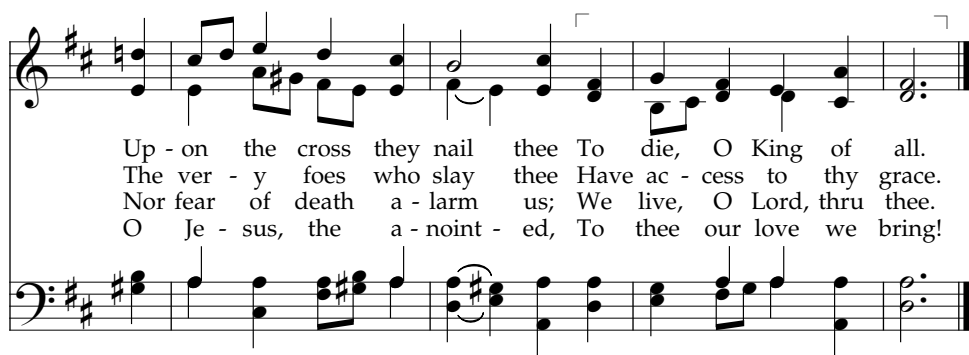
1. O Sav - ior, thou who wear - est A crown of pierc - ing thorn,  
 2. No crea - ture is so low - ly, No sin - ner so de - praved,  
 3. Thy sac - ri - fice tran - scend - ed The mor - tal law's de - mand;  
 4. What prais - es can we of - fer To thank thee, Lord most high?



The pain thou meek - ly bear - est, Weigh'd down by grief and scorn.  
 But feels thy pres - ence ho - ly And thru thy love is saved.  
 Thy mer - cy is ex - tend - ed To ev - 'ry time and land.  
 In our place thou didst suf - fer; In our place thou didst die,



The sol - diers mock and flail thee; For drink they give thee gall;  
 Tho cra - ven friends be - tray thee, They feel thy love's em - brace;  
 No more can Sa - tan harm us, Tho long the fight may be,  
 By heav - en's plan ap - point - ed, To ran - som us, our King.



Up - on the cross they nail thee To die, O King of all.  
 The ver - y foes who slay thee Have ac - cess to thy grace.  
 Nor fear of death a - larm us; We live, O Lord, thru thee.  
 O Je - sus, the a - noint - ed, To thee our love we bring!