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!

Text: Karen Lynn Davidson, b. 1943. © 1985 IRI
Music: Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612; adapted by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750

2 Nephi 2:6–9
Matthew 27:26–31, 34–35