O Savior, Thou Who Wearest a Crown

SATB

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Hans Leo Hassler
Adapted by J.S. Bach
arr by Linda Pratt

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Ooh - diers mock and flail thee; For drink they give thee gall; Up on the cross they

nail thee To Ooh die, O King of all. No creature is so

low - ly, No sinner so depraved, But feels thy presence holy, and
Thy sacrifice transcended The mortal law's demand; Thy mercy is extended To every time and land. No more can Satan harm us, Tho long the fight may
be, Nor fear of death alarm us; We live O Lord, thru thee. What praises can we offer To thank thee, Lord most high? In our place thou didst suffer; In our place thou didst die, By
Ooh heav'n's appointed, To ransom us, our King.
O Jesus, the appointed, To Ooh thee our love we bring.
O Jesus, the appointed, To thee our love we bring.