

A purple robe

Dm Gm⁷ C Dm Am⁷ Dm

1 A pur - ple robe, a crown of thorn, a reed in his right hand;
 3 He hangs, by whom the world was made, be-neath the dark-ened sky;

A⁷ Dm Gm⁷ C Dm Am⁷ Dm

be - fore the sol - diers' spite and scorn I see my Sav - iour stand.
 the ev - er - last - ing ran - som paid, I see my Sav - iour die.

Am F Dm⁷ Asus A

He bears be - tween the Ro - man guard the weight of all our woe;
 He shares on high his Fa - ther's throne who once in mer - cy came;

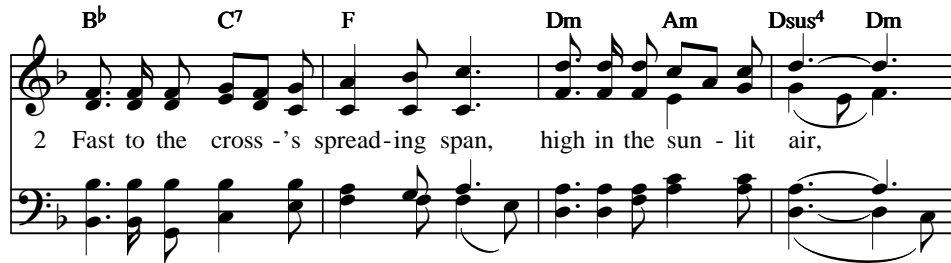
A⁷ Dm G⁷ C Dm Am⁷ Dsus Dm Fine

a stum - bling fig - ure bowed and scarred I see my Sav - iour go.
 for all his love to sin - ners shown I sing my Sav - iour's name.

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B \flat C 7 F Dm Am Dsus 4 Dm

2 Fast to the cross - 's spread-ing span, high in the sun - lit air,



B \flat F Gm Dm Gm 7 E 7 Asus *D. C. al Fine* A

all the un-num-bered sins of man I see my Sav-iour bear.

