

## A purple robe

Dm Gm<sup>7</sup> C Dm Am<sup>7</sup> 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;  
 A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm<sup>7</sup> C Dm Am<sup>7</sup> 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 Dm<sup>7</sup> 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;  
 A<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> C Dm Am<sup>7</sup> 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.