

273

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.

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith, 1968, © Hope Publishing Co., 1968

86 86 triple

Tune: David Wilson, b. 1940; arr. Noël Tredinnick, b. 1949

A PURPLE ROBE

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A purple robe

B^b C⁷ F Dm Am Dsus⁴ Dm

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

B^b F Gm Dm Gm⁷ E⁷ Asus A *D. C. al Fine*

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