

HYMN

#

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 (C Dm⁷) Em⁷ 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, ©
 Tune: David Wilson, 1940–, © Hope Publishing Co., 1969;
 arr. Noël Tredinnick, 1949, © Hope Publishing Co., 1982

86 86 triple
 A PURPLE ROBE

A purple robe

B \flat Gm⁷ C⁷ F Dm Am Dsus⁴ Dm

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

B \flat 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.