

A Purple Robe

Timothy Dudley-Smith & David G. Wilson

♩ = 60

Soprano
A pur - ple robe, a crown of thorn, A reed in his right hand; Be - fore the sol-dier's spite and scorn I see my Sav - ior stand. He
He hangs, by Whom the world was made, Be - neath the dark - end sky; The ev - er - last - ing ran - som paid, I see my Sav - ior die. He

Alto
A pur - ple robe, a crown of thorn, A reed in his right hand; Be - fore the sol-dier's spite and scorn I see my Sav - ior stand. He
He hangs, by Whom the world was made, Be - neath the dark - end sky; The ev - er - last - ing ran - som paid, I see my Sav - ior die. He

Tenor
A pur - ple robe, a crown of thorn, A reed in his right hand; Be - fore the sol-dier's spite and scorn I see my Sav - ior stand. He
He hangs, by Whom the world was made, Be - neath the dark - end sky; The ev - er - last - ing ran - som paid, I see my Sav - ior die. He

Bass
A pur - ple robe, a crown of thorn, A reed in his right hand; Be - fore the sol-dier's spite and scorn I see my Sav - ior stand. He
He hangs, by Whom the world was made, Be - neath the dark - end sky; The ev - er - last - ing ran - som paid, I see my Sav - ior die. He

10

bears be - tween the Ro - man guard The weight of all our woe; A stum - bling fig - ure bowed and scarred I see my Sav - ior go.
shares on high His Fa - ther's throne, Who once in mer - cy came; For all His love to sin - ners shown I sing my Sav - ior's name.

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