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Lead

1. To mock your reign, O dear-est Lord, they made a crown of thorns; set you with taunts a - long that road from which no one re - turns.

Accomp. I

2. In mock ac - claim, O gra-cious Lord, they snatched a pur - ple cloak, your pas-sion turned, for all they cared, in - to a sol-dier's joke.

Accomp. II

3. A scep-tered reed, O pa-tient Lord, they thrust in - to your hand, and act - ed out their grim cha - rade to its ap-point-ed end.

Bass

Ld.

They did not know, as we do now, that glo - rious is your crown; that thorns would flower up - on your brow, your sor - rows heal our own.

Acmp. I

They did not know, as we do now, that though we mer - it blame you will your robe of mer - cy throw a - round our na - ked shame.

Acmp. II

They did not know, as we do now, though em - pires rise and fall, your King - dom shall not cease to grow till love em - bra - ces all.

Bs.