

To Mock Your Reign, O Dearest Lord

Voice



1. To mock your reign, O dear - est Lord, they made a crown of thorns; set
2. In__ mock ac - claim, O gra - cious Lord, they snatched a pur - ple cloak; your
3. A__ scep - tered reed, O pa - tient Lord, they thrust in - to__ your hand, and
5 you with taunts a - long that road from which no one__ re - turns. They
pas - sion turned, for all they cared, in - to a sol - dier's joke. They
9 act - ed out their grim cha - rade to__ its ap - point - ed end. They
could not know, as we do now, how__ glo - rious is that crown; that thorns would flowerup -
could not know, as we do now, that__ though we mer - it blame, you will your robe of__
could not know, as we do now, though em - pires rise and fall, your king - dom shall not
14 on your brow, your__ sor - rows heal__ our own.
mer - cy throw a - round our na - ked shame.
cease to grow till__ love em - brac - es all.

Words: by Fred Pratt Green © 1973 Hope Publishing Company.
Reprinted with permission. One License # A-710087