

# The Crown

Ed Stivers, Christine Stern, Allison Speer

## Verse 1

Upon His head, thorns pressed round  
Blood and sorrow, mingled down  
Cruel justice on His brow  
And they called it a crown.

## Verse 2

Stained and broken, on the ground  
Trampled over by the crowd  
Soon discarded never found  
And they called it a crown

## Chorus

For the broken and the grieved  
For the hopeless and diseased  
For the ruined and the bound  
And they called it a crown

## Verse 3

Saints in glory, humbly bow  
Purchased by heaven's renown  
In whitest robes, in spotless gowns  
And they called it a crown

Repeat chorus twice

And they called it a crown