

"Crown Him With Many Crowns"

V.1

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! How the heavenly
anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless
King
through all eternity.

V.2

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the
strife
for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
who died, and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

V.3

Crown him the Lord of love,
behold his hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible
above,
in beauty glorified.

No angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight
but downward bends his
burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

V.4

Crown him the Lord of
Heaven,
enthroned in worlds above,
crown him the King to whom
is given
the wondrous name of Love.
Crown him with many crowns,
as thrones before him fall;
Crown him, ye kings, with
many crowns,
for he is King of all.

V.5

Crown him the Lord of lords,
who over all doth reign,
who once on earth, the
incarnate Word,
for ransomed sinners slain,
now lives in realms of light,
where saints with angels sing
their songs before him day
and night,
their God, Redeemer, King.

