Crown Him with Many Crowns

1 Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne.
2 Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave,
3 Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
4 Crown him the Lord of years, the potence of time,

Hark! how the heavenly anthem drows all music but its own. A-wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee, and save;
his glories now we sing who died and rose on high, who died;
no angels in the sky can fully bear that sight, but blime. All hail, Re-deemer, hail! for thou hast died for me; thy

hail him as thy matchless king through
died eternal life to bring, and
downward bends their burning eye at
praise shall never, never fail through

all eternity.
lives that death may die.
my stories so bright.
out eternity.

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