Crown Him with Many Crowns

1 Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne. Hark! all creation joins the song, which the angels sing above.

2 Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave, and where the crystal sea above, in beauty glorified.

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

4 Crown him the Lord of years, the poten tate of time, creative, judicial, past, and to all eternity, immort al.

A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee, and his angels now we sing who died and rose on high, who no angels in the sky can fully bear that sight. All hail, Re-deemer, hail! for thou hast died for me. They hail him as thy matchless king through died eternal life to bring, and downeward bends their burning eye at praise shall never, never fail through all eternity. Lives that death may die, my ste ries so bright, out ever ni ty.