1. Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne. Hark!
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed o’er the grave, And
3. Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side, Those
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav’n, enthroned in worlds above, Crown

How the heav’n-ly anthem drowns all music but its own. Arise victorious in the strife for those He came to save. His wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified. No

-wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy

glor-ies now we sing, who died, and rose on high, Who died e-ter-nal

-angel in the sky can fully bear that sight, But down-ward bends his Him with many crowns, as thrones before Him fall; Crown Him, ye kings, with

match-less King through all e-ter-ni-ty. life to bring, and lives that death may die.
burn-ing eye at mys-ter-i- es so bright.
many crowns, for He is King of all.