Crown Him with Many Crowns

1. Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne,
   Hark! how the heav'ly 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.

2. Crown him the Lord of life, who tri-umphed o'er the grave, and rose victorious in the strife for death may die.
   Wake, my soul, and sing of him who died on high, who died, eternal life to bring, and lives that death may dissemble.

3. Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scepter sways from pole to pole, that wars may cease, and side, those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified. All hail, Redeemer, hail! For shall not fail through out eternity.

4. Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and feet, the print of his suffering. Who may述 the life that rose, fair flowers of paradise. Shall be with him in glory, where death shall have no more dominion.