1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly anthem drows All music but its own;
A- wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy high, Who died eternal feet Fair flow'rs of para-
match-less King Thro' all eternity.
life to bring, And lives that death may die.
dise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
shall not fail Thro' out eternity.

2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who triumped o'er the grave, And save; His glories now we sing Who died, and rose on praise: His reign shall know no end, and round His pierced fied: All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died for

3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways Those wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorious own; A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for

4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be hold his hands and side, And this be pray'r and Those wars may cease, And all be pray'r and

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