Crown Him with Many Crowns

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon Histrone,
   Hark! how the heav'n-ly anthem swells All music but its own;
   A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
   Matchless King Thro' all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who triumped o'er the grave,
   And rose victorious from the strife For those He came to save;
   Whose hands and side Thro' death they lived, And lives that death may die.
   Life to bring, and lives that death may die.

3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whosapow'r a scepter sways
   From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise;
   Thy praise and glory, Fair flower's of Paradise, And all that live may die.
   Their graces extended, Their fragrance ever sweet.

4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be hold his hands and side,
   Those wounds, yet vi-sible - above, In beauty glorious they.
   Hail Him the Lamb, Who died, and rose on high,
   Their Lord, who died, and rose on high.

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