

Crown Him with Many Crowns

***Text: Matthew Bridges, st. 1, 2, 4; Godfrey Thring, st. 3
Music: George J. Elvey***

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly 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 thru all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love: behold His hands and side—
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life: who triumphed o'er the grave,
Who rose victorious to the strife for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of heav'n: one with the Father known,
One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n from yonder glorious throne.
To Thee be endless praise, for Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, thru endless days adored and magnified.