

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
 The Lamb upon His throne;  
 Hark, how the heavenly 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 triumphed o'er the grave,  
 And rose victorious in the strife  
 For those He came to save:  
 His glories now we sing  
 Who died, and rose on high;  
 Who died eternally to bring,  
 And lives that death may die.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;  
 Behold His hands and side,  
 Those wounds yet visible above  
 In beauty glorified.  
 His reign shall know no end,  
 And round His pierced feet  
 Fair flowers of paradise extend  
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
 The Potentate of time,  
 Creator of the rolling spheres,  
 Ineffably sublime!  
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
 For Thou hast died for me;  
 Thy praise shall never, never fail  
 Throughout eternity.