

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 eternal life 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.