

## Crown Him with Many Crowns

1. 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  
Through all eternity.
2. Crown Him the virgin's Son,  
The God incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His brow adorn:  
Fruit of the mystic rose,  
Yet of that rose the stem,  
The root whence mercy ever flows,  
The babe of Bethlehem.
3. Crown Him the Lord of love.  
Behold His hands and side,  
Rich wounds, yet visible above.  
In beauty glorified.  
No angels in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bend their wond'ring eyes  
At mysteries so bright.
4. 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.
5. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n,  
Enthroned in worlds above,  
Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns  
As thrones before Him fall;  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For He is king of all.