# Crown Him with Many Crowns 405

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 set us free,  
   and hail him as your matchless King  
   through all eternity.
2. 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 burning eye  
   at mysteries so bright.
3. 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.
4. Crown him the Lord of years,  
   the risen Lord sublime,  
   Creator of the rolling spheres,  
   the Master of all time.  
   All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
   For you have died for me;  
   your praise and glory shall not fail  
   throughout eternity.

TEXT: Matthew Bridges (1851), alt.

TUNE: George Job Elvey (1868)

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